C·G· JUNG
THE BLACK BOOKS

1913–1932
NOTEBOOKS OF TRANSFORMATION

Edited by

SONU SHAMDASANI

TRANSLATED BY MARTIN LIEBSCHER,
JOHN PECK, AND SONU SHAMDASANI

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VOLUME 1

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Toward a Visionary Science: Jung's Notebooks of Transformation

Sonu Shamdasani

Prelude

In 1935, Jung said: "A point exists at about the thirty-fifth year when things begin to change, it is the first moment of the shadow side of life, of the going down to death. It is clear that Dante found this point and those who have read *Zarathustra* will know that Nietzsche also discovered it. When this turning point comes people meet it in several ways: some turn away from it; others plunge into it; and something important happens to yet others from the outside. If we do not see a thing Fate does it to us."[1] By 1913, he had established himself as one of the leading lights in European psychiatry and was president of the burgeoning International Psychoanalytical Association. As he recounted in *Liber Novus*, "I had achieved everything that I had wished for myself. I had achieved honor, power, wealth, knowledge, and every human happiness. Then my desire for the increase of these trappings ceased, the desire ebbed from me and horror came over me."[2] He had reached a turning point that was to transform his life and work: through this, Jung *became* Jung, and analytical psychology emerged as a general psychology and as a school of psychotherapy.

This transformation took place through the exploration of the visionary imagination, charted in the *Black Books*, from 1913 to 1932. These are not personal diaries but the records of a unique self-experimentation that Jung called his "confrontation with his soul" and his "confrontation with the unconscious."[3] He didn't record day-to-day happenings or outer events in them but rather his active imaginations, depictions of his mental states, and reflections on these. From the fantasies therein, between 1913 and 1916 he composed the *Draft* of *Liber Novus*, the *Red Book*, which he then transcribed in a calligraphic volume, illustrated with paintings. The paintings from 1916 onward in the *Red Book* relate to Jung's continued explorations in the later *Black Books. Liber Novus* and the *Black Books* are thus closely intertwined. The *Black Books* cover the period before, during, and after *Liber Novus*.

Liber Novus was born from the *Black Books*. It includes Jung's meditation on his fantasies between 1913 and 1916, and his understanding of the significance of his experiences up to that point. In Jung's view, his undertaking pertained not just to himself but to others as well; he had come to view his fantasies as stemming from a general mythopoeic layer of the psyche, which he named the collective unconscious. From the notebooks of a self-experimentation, a psychological work in a literary and theogonic form was created. Jung's continued explorations of the visionary imagination in the *Black Books* from 1916 chart his evolving understanding and demonstrate how he sought to develop and extend the insights he had gained and embody them in life. At the same time, they enable his paintings from 1916 onward to be understood in the context of the evolution of the iconography of his personal cosmology.

Given the intersection of the *Black Books* and *Liber Novus*, particularly between 1913 and 1916, this introduction of necessity reprises in a reworked and expanded form sections from the introduction to *Liber Novus*, now taken up from a different angle, as both works arise from one context and shared chronology. The introduction at hand focuses more on the unfolding of Jung's

visionary self-experimentation, and provides a fuller contextualization of the later period, 1916 to 1932. Similarly, a share of the notes from the 2009 Norton edition of *Liber Novus* have been carried over in the first part of this edition. In the early twentieth century, it was not uncommon for a work to be expanded and recast through several editions. A number of Jung's pivotal publications, such as *The Psychology of the Unconscious Processes*, are prime examples of this. This introduction is part of that genre.

The Intoxication of Mythology

Vocatus atque vocatus, deus aderit: Called or not, God will be present. In 1908, Jung had this proverb carved on the portal of the house he had built in Küsnacht, on the upper shore of Lake Zürich. The statement was from the Delphic oracle, reproduced in the Dutch Renaissance humanist Erasmus's *Collectanea adagiorum*, proverbs from classical authors.[4] Jung closely worked on the plans for the house.[5] The following year, he resigned his post as senior physician at Burghölzli hospital to devote himself to his growing practice and his research interests. He kept his position as a lecturer in the medical school, where he continued to give courses on the psychology of the unconscious and psychoanalysis.[6]

His retreat from the Burghölzli coincided with a shift in his research interests to the study of mythology, folklore, and religion, and he assembled a vast private library of scholarly works. These researches culminated in *Transformations and Symbols of the Libido*, published in two installments in 1911 and 1912. It marked a return to Jung's intellectual roots and to his cultural and religious preoccupations. He found the mythological work exciting and intoxicating. "It seemed to me I was living in an insane asylum of my own making," he recalled in 1925. "I went about with all these fantastic figures: centaurs, nymphs, satyrs, gods and goddesses, as though they were patients and I was analyzing them. I read a Greek or a Negro myth as if a lunatic were telling me his anamnesis."[7] The end of the nineteenth century saw an explosion of scholarship in the

newly founded disciplines of comparative religion and ethnopsychology. Primary texts were collected and translated for the first time and subjected to historical scholarship in collections such as Max Müller's *Sacred Books of the East*.[8] For many, these works represented an important relativization of the Christian worldview.

In *Transformations and Symbols of the Libido*, Jung differentiated two kinds of thinking. Taking his cue from William James, among others, he contrasted directed thinking and fantasy thinking. The former was verbal and logical. The latter was passive, associative, and imagistic. The former was exemplified by science and the latter by mythology. Jung claimed that the ancients lacked a capacity for directed thinking, which was a modern acquisition. Fantasy thinking took place when directed thinking ceased. *Transformations and Symbols of the Libido* was an extended study of fantasy thinking, and of the continued presence of mythological themes in the dreams and fantasies of contemporary individuals. Jung reiterated the anthropological equation between the prehistoric, the primitive, and the child. He held that the elucidation of current-day fantasy thinking in adults would concurrently shed light on the thought of children, savages, and prehistoric peoples.[9]

In this work, Jung synthesized nineteenth-century theories of memory, heredity, and the unconscious and posited a phylogenetic layer to the unconscious, still present in everyone, and consisting of mythological images. For Jung, myths were symbols of the libido and they depicted its typical movements. He used the comparative method of anthropology to draw together a vast panoply of myths, and then subjected them to analytic interpretation. He later termed his use of the comparative method "amplification." He claimed that there had to be typical myths, which corresponded to the ethnopsychological development of complexes. Following Jacob Burckhardt, he termed such typical myths "primordial images" (*Urbilder*). One particular myth was given a central role: that of the hero. For Jung, this represented the life of the individual, attempting to become independent and to free himself from the mother. He interpreted the incest motif as an attempt to return to the mother to

be reborn. He was later to herald this work as marking the discovery of the collective unconscious, though the term itself was of a later date.[10]

In his preface to the 1952 revision of *Transformations and Symbols of the Libido*, Jung noted that the work was written in 1911, his thirty-sixth year: "The time is a critical one, for it marks the beginning of the second half of life, when a metanoia, a mental transformation, not infrequently occurs."[11] He was conscious of the loss of his collaboration with Freud and was indebted to his wife for her support. After completing the work, he realized the significance of what it meant to live without a myth. One without a myth "is like one uprooted, having no true link either with the past, or with the ancestral life which continues within him, or yet with contemporary human society."[12]

> I was driven to ask myself in all seriousness: "what is the myth you are living?" I found no answer to this question, and had to admit that I was not living with a myth, or even in a myth, but rather in an uncertain cloud of theoretical possibilities which I was beginning to regard with increasing distrust. . . . So in the most natural way, I took it upon myself to get to know "my" myth, and I regarded this as the task of tasks, for—so I told myself—how could I, when treating my patients, make due allowance for the personal factor, for my personal equation, which is yet so necessary for a knowledge of the other person, if I was unconscious of it?[13]

The study of myth had revealed to Jung his mythlessness. He then undertook to get to know his myth, his "personal equation."[14] Thus we see that the self-experimentation that he undertook through exploring his own fantasy thinking was in part a direct response to theoretical questions raised by research that culminated in *Transformations and Symbols of the Libido*.

"My Most Difficult Experiments"

In 1912, Jung had some significant dreams that he did not understand. He gave particular importance to two of these, which he

felt showed the limitations of Freud's conceptions of dreams. The first:

> I was in a southern town, on a rising street with narrow half-landings. It was twelve o'clock midday—bright sunshine. An old Austrian customs guard or someone similar passes by me, lost in thought. Someone says: That is one who cannot die. He died already 30–40 years ago, but has not yet managed to decompose. I was very surprised. Here a striking figure came, a knight of powerful build, clad in yellowish armor. He looks solid and inscrutable and nothing impresses him. On his back he carried a red Maltese cross. He has continued to exist from the 12th century and daily between 12 and 1 o'clock midday he takes the same route. No one marvels at these two apparitions, but I was extremely surprised.
>
> I hold back my interpretive skills. As regards the old Austrian, Freud occurred to me; as regards the knight, I myself.[15]

Jung found the dream oppressing and bewildering, and Freud was unable to interpret it.[16] The second came half a year later:

> I dreamed then (it was shortly after Christmas 1912) that I was sitting with my children in a marvelous and richly furnished tower chamber—an open columned hall—we were sitting at a round table, whose top was a marvelous dark green stone. Suddenly a seagull or dove flew in and landed elatedly on the table. I admonished the children to be quiet, so that they would not scare away the beautiful white bird. Suddenly this little bird turned into a child of eight years, a small blond girl, and ran around playing with my children in the marvelous columned colonnades. Then the child suddenly turned into the gull or dove. She said the following to me: "Only in the first hour of the night can I become human, while the male dove is busy with the twelve dead." With these words the bird flew away and I awoke.[17]

In 1925, Jung remarked that this dream "was the beginning of a conviction that the unconscious did not consist of inert material only, but that there was something living down there."[18] He added that he thought of the story of the *Tabula Smaragdina*, the twelve apostles, the signs of the Zodiac, and so on, but he "could make nothing out of the dream except that there was a tremendous animation of the unconscious. I knew no technique of getting at the bottom of this

activity; all I could do was just wait, keep on living, and watch the fantasies."[19] These dreams led him to analyze his childhood memories.

While he was engaged in this self-analytic activity, he continued to develop his theoretical work. At the Munich Psycho-Analytical Congress, on September 7–8, 1913, he spoke on psychological types. He argued that there were two basic movements of the libido: extraversion, in which the subject's interest was oriented toward the outer world, and introversion, in which the subject's interest was directed toward himself. Following from this, he posited two types of people, characterized by a predominance of one of these tendencies. The psychologies of Freud and Alfred Adler were examples of the fact that psychologists often took what was true of their type as generally valid. Hence what was required was a psychology that did justice to both of these types.[20]

The following month, on a train journey to Schaffhausen, passing by the Rhine Falls and close to where he spent his early years, Jung experienced a waking vision of Europe being devastated by a catastrophic flood, which was repeated two weeks later, on the same journey. As he later recounted in *Liber Novus:*

> I saw a terrible flood that covered all the northern and low-lying lands between the North Sea and the Alps. It reached from England up to Russia, and from the coast of the North Sea right up to the Alps. I saw yellow waves, swimming rubble, and the death of countless thousands.[21]

After the second occasion, he heard an inner voice say, "Look at it, it is completely real, and it will come to pass. You cannot doubt this."[22] In 1925, he described the event as follows:

> I was traveling by train and had a book in my hand that I was reading. I began to fantasize, and before I knew it, I was in the town to which I was going. This was the fantasy: I was looking down on the map of Europe in relief. I saw all the northern part, and England sinking down so that the sea came in upon it. It came up to Switzerland, and then I saw that the mountains grew higher and higher to protect Switzerland. I realized that a frightful catastrophe was in progress, towns and people were destroyed,

> and the wrecks and the dead bodies were tossing about on the water. Then the sea turned to blood. At first I was only looking on dispassionately, and then the sense of the catastrophe gripped me with tremendous power.[23]

Commenting on this, he remarked: "I could be taken as Switzerland fenced in by mountains, and the submergence of the world could be the debris of my former relationships."[24] This led him to the following diagnosis of his condition: "I thought to myself, 'If this means anything, it means that I am hopelessly off.' I had the feeling that I was an over-compensated psychosis, and from this feeling I was not released till August 1st, 1914."[25] After this experience, Jung feared that he would go mad.[26] He recalled that he first thought that the images of the vision indicated a revolution, but as he could not imagine this, he concluded that he was "threatened by a psychosis."[27] After this, he had a similar vision:

> In the winter I once stood at the window deep in the night and looked North. There I saw a blood-red glow, stretched from East to West over the northern horizon, like the flicker of the sea seen from far. And someone asked me at that time what I thought about the future of the world. I told him that I hadn't thought, but I saw blood, streams of blood.[28]

In the years directly preceding the outbreak of war, apocalyptic imagery was widespread in European arts and literature. For example, in 1912, the Russian painter Wassily Kandinsky wrote of a coming universal catastrophe. From 1912 to 1914, Ludwig Meidner painted a series of works known as the apocalyptic landscapes, with scenes of destroyed cities, corpses, and turmoil.[29] Prophecy was in the air. In 1899, the famous American medium Leonora Piper predicted that in the coming century there would be a terrible war in different parts of the world that would cleanse the world and reveal the truths of spiritualism. In 1918, Arthur Conan Doyle, the spiritualist and author of the Sherlock Holmes stories, viewed this as having been prophetic.[30]

In Jung's account of the fantasy on the train in *Liber Novus*, the inner voice said that what the fantasy depicted would become

completely real. It seems probable that what took place was a hypnagogic vision—that is, he entered into a stream of imagery in a state of drowsiness while reading a book. Initially, he interpreted this subjectively and prospectively, as depicting the imminent destruction of his world. His reaction to the experience was to undertake a psychological investigation of himself. In this epoch, self-experimentation was used in medicine and psychology. Introspection had been one of the main tools of psychological research.

Jung came to realize that *Transformations and Symbols of the Libido* "could be taken as myself and that an analysis of it leads inevitably into an analysis of my own unconscious processes."[31] He had projected his material onto the fantasies of an American woman he had never met, Miss Frank Miller. Up to this point, Jung had been an active thinker and had been averse to fantasy: "as a form of thinking I held it to be altogether impure, a sort of incestuous intercourse, thoroughly immoral from an intellectual viewpoint."[32] He now turned to analyze his fantasies, carefully noting everything, and had to overcome considerable resistance in doing this: "Permitting fantasy in myself had the same effect as would be produced on a man if he came into his workshop and found all the tools flying about doing things independently of his will."[33] In studying his fantasies, Jung realized that he was studying the myth-creating function of the mind.

> I recalled that until 1900 I had kept a diary, and I thought that this would be a possibility for me to try to observe myself. This would be an attempt to meditate on myself, and I began to describe my inner states. These represented themselves to me in a literary metaphor: for example, I was in a desert, and the sun shone unbearably (sun = consciousness).[34]

His first move was to attempt to find imagistic correlates to his emotional states. He picked up his brown notebook, which he had set aside in 1902, and began writing in it.[35]

He recalled that in his childhood, he used to like to build houses and structures, and he took this up again, to reconnect with that

time.[36] He built a church with a red pyramidal stone as the altar, gathering stones from the lakeshore at the bottom of his garden. This reminded him of his childhood dream of the underground phallus.[37] He would usually do this after lunch, and also sometimes in the evening. It clarified his thoughts and led him to notice fantasies, which he then recorded in the *Black Books*.[38] He had the feeling that he was practicing a rite, as in mythology. Regarding his writing, he recalled in 1925: "For the sake then of trying to achieve the maximum honesty with myself, I wrote everything down very carefully, following the old Greek mandate, 'give away all thou possessest, then thou shalt receive.' " This was from the Mithraic liturgy.[39] It occurred to Jung that he could write down his reflections in a sequence. He was "writing autobiographical material, but not as an autobiography."[40] From the time of the Platonic dialogues onward, the dialogical form has been a major genre in Western philosophy. In 387 CE, St. Augustine wrote his *Soliloquies*, which presented an extended dialogue between himself and "Reason," who instructs him. The work begins with the following lines:

> When I had been pondering many different things to myself for a long time, and had for many days been seeking my own self and what my own good was, and what evil was to be avoided, there suddenly spoke to me—what was it? I myself or someone else, inside or outside me? (this is the very thing I would love to know but don't).[41]

While writing *Book* 2, he posed a question.

> I said to myself, "What is this I am doing, it certainly is not science, what is it?" Then a voice said to me, "That is art." This made the strangest sort of impression upon me, because it was not in any sense my impression that what I was writing was art. Then I came to this: "Perhaps my unconscious is forming a personality that is not I, but which is insisting on coming through to expression." I don't know why exactly, but I knew to a certainty that the voice that had said my writing was art had come from a woman. . . . Well, I said very emphatically to this voice that what I was doing was not art, and I felt a great resistance grow up within me. No voice came

> through, however, and I kept on writing. This time I caught her and said, "No it is not," and I felt as though an argument would ensue.[42]

He thought that this voice was "the soul in the primitive sense," which he called the anima (the Latin word for soul).[43] "In putting down all this material for analysis, I was in effect writing letters to my anima, that is part of myself with a different viewpoint from my own. I got remarks of a new character—I was in analysis with a ghost and a woman."[44] In retrospect, he recalled that this was the voice of a Dutch patient he had known from 1912 to 1918 who had persuaded a psychiatrist colleague that the latter was a misunderstood artist. The woman had thought that the unconscious was art, but Jung had maintained that it was nature.[45] I have previously argued that the woman in question was Maria Moltzer, and that the psychiatrist in question was Jung's friend and colleague Franz Riklin, who increasingly forsook analysis for painting. In 1913, he became a student of Augusto Giacometti, the uncle of Alberto Giacometti and an important early abstract painter in his own right.[46]

This first sequence—from November to December 1913—could be characterized as the search for a method. It depicts Jung turning toward his soul and undertaking a reconsideration of his life, a transvaluation of values. Up to this point, he had been successful and had achieved all that he had sought. Then came the vision on the way to Schaffhausen, which provoked him to return to his soul. He considered himself an anchorite in his own desert, trying to find visual metaphors to contain and express his experience.[47] He experienced doubt and confusion. There was no movement until December 11, so he had been addressing his soul for a month before receiving a reply.

A dialogue now developed.[48] His soul told him that she was not his mother. He should be patient; the way to truth was to those without intentions, and he needed to realize that intentions limit life. He addressed his feeling of self-scorn, and his soul told him that this was out of the question; scorn was only an issue if he was

completely vain. She asked if he knew who she was; had he made her into a dead formula? On December 12, as he recounted in his 1925 seminar,

> not knowing what would come next, I thought more introspection was needed. When we introspect, we look within and see if there is anything to be observed, and if there is nothing we may either give up the introspective process or find a way of "boring through" to the material that escapes the first survey. I devised such a boring method by fantasizing that I was digging a hole, and by accepting this fantasy as perfectly real.[49]

Jung had probably actually started by physically digging holes in his garden, down by the water, to release his fantasies. He then began to imagine doing the same, while seated in his library. He descended into the depths and a fantasy sequence unfolded.[50] His "I" found himself in a dark cave. He saw a red stone, which he tried to reach through muddy water. The stone covered an opening in the rock. He placed his ear to the opening and heard a stream and saw a person who had been killed float past, as well as a black scarab. A red sun shone at the bottom of the stream and there were serpents on the wall, which crawled toward the sun and eventually covered it. Blood sprang forth and then subsided. This was a striking, horrific image. During what unfolded, he was involved passively, as a spectator.

This process shifted on December 21.[51] He encountered the figures of Elijah, the blind Salome, and a serpent. Jung's "I" looked into a stone and saw in it Eve, followed by Odysseus on his journeys. Elijah told Jung's "I" that Salome was his daughter and that they had been companions since eternity. Salome told Jung's "I" that she loved him. Elijah told him that Salome loved a prophet and announced the new God to the world. Jung's "I" was shocked at all this. He heard wild music. He wondered if Salome loved him because he had murdered the hero.[52] He had further encounters with Elijah and Salome on December 22 and 25.

These critical fantasies signaled a breakthrough from passive witnessing to active engagement. He had broken through a barrier; a method had been found and consolidated. Trusting to his soul's

vision, he entered into an exchange with the figures, listened to them, and allowed himself to be instructed. This became his Via Regia to the imaginal world. The fantasies in the *Black Books* may be understood as a type of dramatized thinking in pictorial form. As one reads them, the impact of Jung's mythological studies becomes clear. Some of the figures and conceptions derive directly from his readings. The form and the style of his fantasies bear witness to his fascination with the world of myth and epic. In these entries, Jung was both a participant in and scribe of his interior imaginal dramas, bearing witness to what he encountered. The first phase of his undertaking may be characterized as a religious quest, an effort to recover a sense of meaning in his life.

In December 1913, he referred to this first *Black Book* as the "book of my most difficult experiments."[53] In retrospect, he recalled,

> My "scientific" question went: what would happen if I switched off consciousness? I noticed from dreams that something stood in the background, and I wanted to give this a fair chance to come forward. One submits to the necessary conditions—as in a mescaline experiment—so that it emerges.[54]

In a later entry in his dream book, on April 17, 1917, he noted: "since then, frequent exercises in the emptying of consciousness."[55] These statements indicate that his interest was in studying what emerged when one emptied consciousness and allowed whatever was in the background to emerge. His procedure was clearly intentional—while its aim was to allow psychic contents to spontaneously emerge. He recalled, "Sometimes it was as if I heard with ears. Sometimes I felt it in the mouth, as if my tongue formulated words, and then it came, that I heard myself whisper a word to myself. Under the threshold of consciousness everything was living."[56]

Jung had had extensive experience studying mediums in trance states, during which they were encouraged to produce waking fantasies and visual hallucinations, and he had conducted experiments with automatic writing. Practices of visualization had

also been used in various religious traditions. For example, St. Ignatius of Loyola's fifth spiritual exercise instructs individuals to "see with the eyes of the imagination the length, breadth and depth of hell" and to experience this with full sensory immediacy.[57] Emanuel Swedenborg (1688–1772) engaged in "spirit writing." An entry in his spiritual diary reads:

> 26 Jan., 1748.—Spirits, if permitted, could possess those who speak with them so utterly, that they would be as though they were entirely in the world; and indeed, in a manner so manifest, that they could communicate their thoughts through their medium, and even by letters; for they have sometimes, and indeed often, directed my hand when writing, as though it were quite their own; so that they thought it was not I, but themselves writing.[58]

From 1909 onward in Vienna, the psychoanalyst Herbert Silberer conducted experiments on himself in hypnagogic states. Silberer attempted to allow images to appear. These images, he maintained, presented symbolic depictions of his immediately preceding thought. Silberer corresponded with Jung and sent him offprints of his articles.[59]

In 1912, Ludwig Staudenmaier (1865–1933), a professor of experimental chemistry, published a work entitled *Magic as an Experimental Science*. Staudenmaier had embarked on self-experimentations in 1901, commencing with automatic writing. A series of characters appeared, and he found that he no longer needed to write to conduct dialogues with them.[60] He also induced acoustic and visual hallucinations. The aim of his enterprise was to use his self-experimentation to provide a scientific explanation of magic. He argued that the key to understanding magic lay in the concepts of hallucination and the "underconsciousness" (*Unterbewußtsein*), and he placed particular importance on the role of personification.[61] Thus we see that Jung's procedure closely resembled a number of historical and contemporary practices with which he was familiar.[62]

The "Experimentum Crucis"

During this period, two women entered Jung's life, both of whom were to play important roles in what followed. The first was Maria Moltzer, who had come to Switzerland from Holland, and the second was Toni Wolff.

Moltzer's family owned the Bols liqueur company, and she had become a nurse in protest of alcohol abuse.[63] She had taken some courses at the University of Lausanne. Jung first mentioned her in a letter to Freud of September 8, 1910, relating that she was berating herself for painting too black a picture of Martha Böddinghaus, adding that "between the two ladies there is naturally a loving jealously over me."[64] Moltzer became an analyst.

In 1911, Jung gave a paper at a congress in Brussels on the psychoanalysis of children. As he was not working directly with children, he presented the case of a child analyzed by Moltzer, whom he described as his assistant. He reproduced this in "The Theory of Psychoanalysis," lectures presented at Fordham University the following year, which Moltzer cotranslated with Edith Eder. In an entry in his dream book in 1917, Jung noted the "idea of M. M. [Maria Moltzer] that she inspired in me the libido work"—presumably a reference to *Transformations and Symbols of the Libido*.[65] In April 1912, judging by a letter she sent to Freud on Jung's letterhead, Moltzer was dealing with his correspondence every other day in a secretarial capacity while he was away in Italy.[66] According to Freud, Jung had an affair with Moltzer. When Jung wrote to Freud that in contrast to Freud, he had been analyzed, Freud wrote to Sándor Ferenczi: "The master that analyzed him could only have been Fräulein Moltzer, and he is so foolish as to be proud of this work of a woman with whom he is having an affair."[67] Whatever the nature of their relationship at this point in time, it is clear that it was close and significant.

In an entry on November 15, 1913, Jung's "I" said to his soul: "I caught sight of a woman three years ago, whose soul seemed to me more valuable than my marital anxiety. I conquered my fear out of

love for her."[68] The woman in question was Toni Wolff. Only a few fragments of her diaries from this period (1912–13) have surfaced. Regrettably, those spanning 1913–24 have not survived, with the exception of some theoretical notes from 1916. The diaries from 1924 onward center around the trials and tribulations of her relationship with Jung. There are illuminating retrospective comments, as well as entries from which one can extrapolate to some extent on the nature of their collaboration during this critical period.

On September 20, 1910, at the age of twenty-three, Toni Wolff was brought by her mother to see Jung. According to her sister Erna, he had successfully treated the son of a friend of her mother's, who consequently recommended Jung.[69] According to Jung's pupil and biographer, the analyst Barbara Hannah, Toni Wolff was "suffering from depression and disorientation much accentuated by the death of her father."[70] Her father had died the previous year. Much later, in an active imagination with her father, on September 7, 1937, Toni Wolff said to him, "I became ill after your death—melancholic—completely unreal and sunk in the inner world."[71] Toni Wolff had audited courses at the University of Zürich on philosophy, literature, theology, and history but was not formally enrolled there. According to Hannah, "Jung immediately realized that she needed a new goal to reawaken her interest in life," and so he put her to work doing some research for what eventually became *Transformations and Symbols of the Libido*. She was stimulated by the material, which had a salutary effect on her depression and disorientation.[72] Years later, she recalled walking in her youth near the Burghölzli with her parents and thinking: "there would be a doctor who had significance for me. Perhaps I wanted to become crazy for that reason—indeed I ended up with C[arl]. I knew exactly what I wanted from him—relationships with genuine people."[73]

On August 29, 1911, Jung mentioned her in a letter to Freud as "a new discovery of mine. . . . a remarkable intellect with an excellent feeling for religion and philosophy."[74] That autumn, he took her, with Moltzer and his wife, to the International Psychoanalytic

Conference in Weimar. A diary entry from January 18, 1912, indicates that she attended a discussion session at Jung's house in Küsnacht.[75] She noted that Jung read from *Transformations and Symbols of the Libido* and that the interpretation of the tree and the cross as mother symbols and the discussion of sacrifice and renunciation fully described her own conflict with her mother.[76]

She then cited lines from *Faust* describing the exhilaration of being lifted off the earth in a fiery chariot to new spheres of activity.[77] She added that she had experienced this and now had to make it all come true. She was experiencing a sense of renewal and the opening up of new vistas. The entry continues:

> Eventually, Dr.[78] deals with the sacrifice. Perhaps I must experience this for him—with mother and maybe also with him. I must experience it—that way I was always able to deliver him the problems that he had not thought through to the end—I lived them first—with him—for him—then knowledge. Now it is conscious.

Her reference is to the final chapter of *Transformations and Symbols of the Libido*. This passage indicates that she saw her work for Jung as not purely scholarly but also existential, involving living through and experiencing something for him. This dimension was clearly significant for her. She further noted: "I must come again much closer to Dr., inwardly he is now far from me." At this point, she saw her contribution to his endeavor in the following way: "I think that he has got a lot of Symbols [*Transformations and Symbols of the Libido*] from me—I inspired it—the revision—I brought him a lot of it. He probably doesn't know that." She then noted that she herself had ended the analysis, adding that Jung had only fleetingly indicated the course and the sublimation, which she now had to find herself. In an entry on the following day, she noted that the work bound her to Jung—that a spiritual marriage had developed—but that she had to go further.

In November 1912, Jung returned from his New York lectures. In a diary entry of December 29, 1924, Toni Wolff noted that twelve years before, on Jung's return from America, she went to him and

"spoke of relationship."[79] In the November 15, 1913, entry in *Book* 2, following his account of the dream around December 1912 of the dove that transformed itself into a small girl and then back into the dove, Jung noted, "My decision was made. I had to give all my faith and trust to this woman."[80] In March 1913 he went to America again for five weeks. Decades later, Toni Wolff noted in her diary, "The feeling is somehow similar to 1913, when C[arl] went to America and we separated—and yet we couldn't do it afterward."[81] This suggests a separation may have taken place at this time.

On January 30, 1914, Toni Wolff and Maria Moltzer became lay members of the Zürich Psychoanalytical Society. The minutes noted that for two years, they had intensively participated in the life of the society.[82]

Years later, Jung spoke to Aniela Jaffé concerning the relationship with Toni Wolff. He said that he was faced with the problem of what to do with her after her analysis, which he said he had ended, despite feeling involved with her. A year later, he dreamed that they were together in the Alps in a valley of rocks, and that he heard elves singing, and that she was disappearing into a mountain, which filled him with dread. After this, he wrote to her. He noted that after this dream, he knew that a relationship with her was unavoidable, and that his life was in danger. On a later occasion, while swimming, he found himself with a cramp and vowed that if it went away and he survived, he would give in to the relationship.[83]

In a diary entry of March 4, 1944, Toni Wolff referred to "31 years of relationship and 34 years of acquaintance."[84] This confirms that her relationship with Jung began sometime in 1913.

To Aniela Jaffé, Jung recalled:

> At the beginning of her analysis T.W. had the most incredible fantasies, a whole eruption of the wildest fantasies, some even of cosmic nature. But at that point I was so preoccupied with my own material that I was scarcely able to take on hers. But her fantasies entered exactly into my line of thought.[85]

Concerning her attraction to Jung, toward the end of her life Toni Wolff recalled that she had her first transference to Friedrich Schiller, in 1905, then to Goethe, and then to Jung, as a "productive genius."[86]

In retrospect, she reflected on her analysis with Jung:

> When C. begins to participate with my psychic material perhaps I have got what I need—the nurturing and supporting substance? I suspect myself of having insufficient confidence in him, because my analysis back then was intermingled with his problems—although it was also good for me.[87]

At the inception of their relationship, Toni Wolff was not interested in marriage and having children. She was critical of what she had observed of marriage: it seemed to make men less active and less enterprising—merely content with being fathers. It made both men and women less interested in culture. After having children, women often didn't need their husbands, and their own problems tended to return. Her mother hadn't learned to work and had consequently plagued her children with unused libido. Toni Wolff was also critical of the bondage of marriage.[88]

Emma Jung came to accept the relationship between her husband and Toni Wolff. By all accounts, the triangular situation was not easy, but a respectful modus vivendi was found.[89] Jung would have dinner with Wolff on Wednesdays at her home,[90] and she came to Küsnacht on Sundays. In retrospect, Jung recalled the role that she played for him during this period as follows:

> T. W. was experiencing a similar stream of images. I had evidently infected her, or was the déclencheur [trigger] that stirred up her imagination. My phantasies and hers were in a participation mystique. It was like a common stream, and a common task. Gradually I became conscious and gradually I became the center; and in the measure to which I attained these insights, she also found her center. But then she got stuck somewhere along the way, I remained too much the center that functioned for her. Therefore I was never permitted to be other than she wanted me to be, or than she needed to have me be. At that time she was entirely drawn into this terrible process in which I was involved, and she was just as helpless as I was.[91]

Toni Wolff's active imaginations during this period have not survived. However, her diaries from 1924 onward indicate that she clearly had a facility for this. Furthermore, there are instances that bear out Jung's comments concerning their fantasies being in a "participation mystique." An important figure in Jung's fantasies was that of Ka, from Egyptian mythology.[92] Wolff had her own figure of Ka, and also had dialogues with Jung's Ka. In an active imagination on January 11, 1926, Wolff's "I" had a dialogue with Thot, the Egpytian God of writing. Thoth instructed her how to invoke someone's "Ka": "So call loudly thrice, You Ka, you Ka, you Ka of so and so, come here and move into my heart. Space has been made for you. Your Ba expects you and you should move in." She followed his instructions: "You Ka, you Ka, you Ka of C., come here, move into my heart. Space has been made for you. Your Ba expects you and you should move in."[93] On January 30, she noted:

> earlier: C.'s Ka to me
> mine not received by him
> C.'s Ka speaks about the
> abyss and the death he sees.
> I want to let myself drop down.[94]

Such entries indicate a liminal, imaginal permeability, in which she would interact with some of Jung's figures. One may infer that similar imaginal exchanges took place in the critical period from 1913 onward. On several subsequent occasions, Toni Wolff referred to their relationship as an "experimentum crucis."[95] As such, it was clearly linked to Jung's self-experimentation.

At the same time, Emma Jung continued to play a central role in Jung's life. She ran the household, raised their children, and maintained the human dimension for him, while also facilitating and accompanying him in his self-experimentation.[96] In 1910, she began an analysis with Jung, and she worked with Leonhard Seif in 1911[97] and later with Hans Trüb (who was married to Toni Wolff's sister Susanne).[98] She played an active role in the Association for

Analytical Psychology and later practiced analysis, also studying physics, mathematics, Greek, and Latin.[99] The languages later enabled her (in contrast to Toni Wolff) to accompany Jung in his explorations into alchemy. She undertook her own research, which culminated in her work on the Grail legend.[100] From around 1914, she began to do active imagination in the form of dialogues, paintings, and poems.

Enter Philemon

From December 26, 1913, through May 24, 1914, Jung continued to follow the same procedure of inducing fantasies in a waking state and entering into dialogue with the figures that emerged. An important figure was Philemon, who first appeared on January 27, 1914, as a pensioned magician from whom Jung's "I" had sought to learn the art of magic.[101]

In retrospect, Jung recalled that Philemon represented superior insight and was like a guru to him. He would converse with him in the garden. He recalled that Philemon evolved out of the figure of Elijah, who had previously appeared in his fantasies:

> Philemon brought with him an Egyptian-Gnostic-Hellenistic atmosphere, a really Gnostic hue, because he really was a pagan. He was simply a superior knowledge, and he taught me psychological objectivity and the actuality of the soul. He had showed this dissociation between me and my intellectual object. . . . He formulated this thing which I was not, and formulated and expressed everything which I had never thought.[102]

In the years that followed, Jung sought instruction from this imaginal figure and tried to fathom his nature.

The fantasies between December 26 and the first half of the entry for April 19 form the basis of the second book of *Liber Novus*, *Liber Secundus*. The material from the second half of the entry of April 19 onward would later form the basis of the third book, *Scrutinies*.[103] The fact that Jung would later end the manuscript of

Liber Secundus here indicates that this marked something of a culmination of the process that he had been engaged in. The entries up to the first half of the entry for April 19 lead to a return to and acceptance of his being alone with himself. His soul had ascended to heaven, and he was left alone with his "I," which he now had to learn to live with. This suggests that a certain self-acceptance had been achieved. The following day, April 20, 1914, Jung resigned as president of the International Psychoanalytical Association. Ten days later, he resigned from the medical faculty of the University of Zürich, where he had been a lecturer. In *Memories*, he recalled that he felt that he was in an exposed position at the university, and that he had to find a new orientation, as it would otherwise be unfair to teach students.[104]

The entries in the *Black Books* that immediately follow take up the task of the confrontation with his "I," of learning of how to live with himself. In May he attempted to reconnect with his soul, seeking further counsel as to how to proceed. In June and July 1914, he had a thrice-repeated dream of being in a foreign land and having to return home quickly by ship, followed by the descent of an icy cold. In *Liber Novus*, he recounted these as follows:

> In the year 1914 in the month of June, at the beginning and end of the month, and at the beginning of July, I had the same dream three times: I was in a foreign land, and suddenly, overnight and right in the middle of summer, a terrible cold descended from space. All seas and rivers were locked in ice, every green living thing had frozen.
>
> The second dream was thoroughly similar to this. But the third dream at the beginning of July went as follows:
>
> I was in a remote English land. It was necessary that I return to my homeland with a fast ship as speedily as possible. I reached home quickly. In my homeland I found that in the middle of summer a terrible cold had fallen from space, which had turned every living thing into ice. There stood a leaf-bearing but fruitless tree, whose leaves had turned into sweet grapes full of healing juice through the working of the frost. I picked some grapes and gave them to a great waiting throng.[105]

On July 10, 1914, the Zürich Psychoanalytical Society voted 15–1 to leave the International Psychoanalytic Association. The reason given in the minutes for the secession was that Freud had established an orthodoxy that impeded free and independent research.[106] The group was renamed the Association for Analytical Psychology. Jung was actively involved in this association, which met fortnightly. He also maintained a busy therapeutic practice. During 1913 and 1914, he had between one and nine consultations per day, five days a week, with an average of five to seven patients. He also worked on Saturdays, having no or few patients on Thursdays. In 1918, he switched his free day to Saturday.

The minutes of the Association for Analytical Psychology give no indication of the process that Jung was going through. He did not refer to his fantasies, and he continued to discuss theoretical issues in psychology. The same holds true in his surviving correspondences during this period.[107] Each year, he continued his military service duties.[108] He maintained his professional activities and family responsibilities during the day, and dedicated his evenings to his self-explorations. Indications are that this partition of activities continued during the next few years. In *Memories*, Jung recalled that during this period his family and profession "always remained a joyful reality and a guarantee that I was normal and really existed."[109]

In July 1914, Jung was in England to present some lectures. The question of different ways of interpreting fantasies, such as Jung's own, was the subject of a talk he presented on July 24 before the Psycho-Medical Society in London, "On psychological understanding." He contrasted Freud's analytic-reductive method, based on causality, with the constructive method of the Zürich school. The shortcoming of the former was that through tracing things back to antecedent elements, only half of the picture was dealt with, and the living meaning of phenomena could not be grasped. Attempting to understand Goethe's *Faust* using Freud's method would be like trying to understand a Gothic cathedral through its mineralogical aspect.[110] The meaning "only lives when we experience it in and through ourselves."[111] Inasmuch as life was essentially new, it could not be

understood merely retrospectively. Hence it was useful to look at "how, out of this present psyche, a bridge can be built into its own future."[112] Jung called this the constructive standpoint. This paper can be read both as Jung's rationale for not embarking on a causal and retrospective analysis of his fantasies and as a caution to those who might be tempted to do so. Presented as a critique and reformulation of psychoanalysis, Jung's new mode of interpretation linked back to the symbolic method of Swedenborg's spiritual hermeneutics.

On July 28, Jung gave a talk on "The importance of the unconscious in psychopathology" at a meeting of the British Medical Association in Aberdeen.[113] He argued that in cases of neurosis and psychosis, the unconscious attempted to compensate the one-sided conscious attitude. The unbalanced individual defends himself against this, and the opposites become more polarized. The corrective impulses that present themselves in the language of the unconscious should herald the beginning of a healing process, but the form in which they break through makes them unacceptable to consciousness.

A month earlier, on June 28, Archduke Franz Ferdinand, the heir to the Austro-Hungarian Empire, was assassinated by the student Gavrilo Princip, a nineteen-year-old Bosnian Serb. On August 1 war broke out. Jung returned from Scotland by ship. He first went to Holland, concerned for the safety of Maria Moltzer, and accompanied her back to Switzerland. As he narrated in *Liber Novus*,

> In reality, now, it was so: At the time when the great war broke out between the peoples of Europe, I found myself in Scotland, compelled by the war to choose the fastest ship and the shortest route home. I encountered the colossal cold that froze everything, I met up with the flood, the sea of blood, and found my barren tree whose leaves the frost had transformed into a remedy. And I plucked the ripe fruit and gave it to you and I do not know what I poured out for you, what bittersweet intoxicating drink, which left on your tongues an aftertaste of blood.[114]

Years later, he told Mircea Eliade:

> As a psychiatrist I became worried, wondering if I was not on the way to "doing a schizophrenia," as we said in the language of those days. . . . I was just preparing a lecture on schizophrenia to be delivered at a congress in Aberdeen, and I kept saying to myself: "I'll be speaking of myself! Very likely I'll go mad after reading out this paper." The congress was to take place in July 1914—exactly the same period when I saw myself in my three dreams voyaging on the Southern seas. On July 31st, immediately after my lecture, I learned from the newspapers that war had broken out. Finally I understood. And when I disembarked in Holland on the next day, nobody was happier than I. Now I was sure that no schizophrenia was threatening me. I understood that my dreams and my visions came to me from the subsoil of the collective unconscious. What remained for me to do now was to deepen and validate this discovery. And this is what I have been trying to do for forty years.[115]

Jung thought that his fantasy had depicted what would happen not to *himself* but to Europe—that it was a precognition of a collective event: what he would later call a "big" dream. After this realization, he attempted to see whether and to what extent this was true of the other fantasies that he experienced, and to understand the meaning of this correspondence between his private fantasies and public events.

He took the outbreak of the war as a sign that his *fear* of going mad was misplaced. It is no exaggeration to say that had war not been declared, *Liber Novus* would in all likelihood not have been compiled. In 1954, while discussing active imagination, Jung said that "the reason why the involvement looks very much like a psychosis is that the patient is integrating the same fantasy-material to which the insane person falls victim because he cannot integrate it but is swallowed up by it."[116]

What of Jung's fantasies did he regard as precognitive? It is important to note that there were around twelve separate events:

1–2. October 1913: Repeated vision of flood and death of thousands, and the voice that said that this will become real.
3. Vision of the sea of blood covering the northern lands.
4. December 12, 1913: Image of a dead hero.

5. December 15, 1913: Slaying Siegfried in a dream.
6. December 25, 1913: Image of the foot of a giant stepping on a state, and images of murder and bloody cruelty.
7. January 2, 1914: Image of a sea of blood and enormous dying.
8. January 22, 1914: His soul comes up from the depths and asks him if he will accept war and destruction. She shows him images of destruction, military weapons, human remains, sunken ships, destroyed states, and so forth.
9. May 21, 1914: He hears a voice saying that the sacrificed fall left and right.

10–12. June–July 1914: Dream (repeated three times) of being in a foreign land and having to return quickly by ship, and the descent of the icy cold.[117]

The Composition of Liber Novus

The outbreak of the war had given Jung a completely new understanding of his fantasies. In *Liber Novus*, he wrote: "And then the War broke out. This opened my eyes about what I had experienced before, and it also gave me the courage to say all of that which I have written in the earlier part of this book."[118] A critical part of this shift was that he no longer viewed his fantasies as purely personal. In *Liber Novus* he wrote (commenting on an entry of May 23, 1914), "I wanted to understand it all as personal experiences within me, and consequently I could neither understand nor believe it all, since my belief is weak."[119]

It is likely that at this stage he reread the entries of November 12, 1913–July 21, 1914, in *Books* 2–4. He now conceived of the idea of a work exploring the correspondence between his fantasies and what was taking place in the world, at literal and symbolic levels. This was to become *Liber Novus*. He transcribed and edited most of the entries from *Books* 2–4 covering November 12, 1913–April 19, 1914. In the main, he tended to omit material that depicted his emotional states. He reproduced the fantasies faithfully while omitting the dates. The sequence of *Liber Novus* nearly always

corresponds exactly to that of the *Black Books*. Jung maintained a "fidelity to the event." What he was writing was not to be mistaken as fiction. At the same time, he closely copyedited the fantasies, making a number of small revisions. The changes served to clarify matters at certain junctures and present a smoother sequence, and they also made the material less personally revealing. The main difference between the *Black Books* and *Liber Novus* is that the former were written for Jung's personal use, and can be considered the records of an experiment, while the latter was addressed to a public and presented in a form to be read by others. The revisions to the material mark the passage from personal notebook to public work. Dated entries became chapters. A sizable share of Jung's "confrontations with the unconscious" actually consisted of his transcription of and editorial work on and copyediting of his own material. In this edition, most of the significant changes have been noted, which enables the reader to follow Jung as editor of his own material.

In *Liber Novus*, to each of the entries Jung reproduced, he added a section explaining the significance of the episode, combined with a lyrical elaboration. He arranged the work into a series of chapters: for the most part, the chapters corresponded to individual entries. The *Draft* begins with the address "My friends," a recurring phrase.

In November 1914, Jung closely studied Nietzsche's *Thus Spoke Zarathustra* (1883–91), which he had first read in his youth. He later recalled that "then suddenly the spirit seized me and carried me to a desert country in which I read Zarathustra."[120] It strongly shaped the structure and style of *Liber Novus*. Like Nietzsche in *Zarathustra*, Jung divided the material up into a series of books comprised of short chapters. But whereas Zarathustra proclaimes the death of God, *Liber Novus* depicts the rebirth of God in the soul. There are also indications that Jung read Dante's *Commedia*, which also informs the structure of the work.[121] *Liber Novus* depicts Jung's descent into hell. But whereas Dante could utilize an established cosmology, *Liber Novus* is an attempt to shape an individual

cosmology. The role of Philemon in Jung's work has analogies to that of Zarathustra in Nietzsche's work and Virgil in Dante's.

In the *Draft*, about 50 percent of the material is drawn directly from the *Black Books*. There are approximately thirty-five new sections of lyrical elaboration and commentary. Here Jung was the exegete of his own imaginal visions. He attempted to derive general psychological principles from his fantasies, and to understand to what extent the events portrayed in them presented, in symbolic form, developments that were to occur in the world. In 1914, he had introduced a distinction between interpretation on the objective level, in which dream objects were treated as representations of real objects, and interpretation on the subjective level, in which every element concerns the dreamers themselves.[122] As well as interpreting his fantasies on the subjective level, one could characterize his procedure here as an effort to interpret his fantasies on the "collective" level. He does not try to interpret his fantasies reductively but, rather, as depicting the functioning of general psychological principles in him (such as the relation of introversion to extraversion, thinking and pleasure, and so forth), and as depicting literal or symbolic events that are going to happen. Thus the "second layer" of the *Draft* represents the first major and extended development and application of his new constructive method. It is itself a hermeneutic experiment. It provides an interpretive reading of the entries in the *Black Books* in the concentrated five-month period beginning in November 1913.

This work of understanding encompassed a number of interlinked threads. Jung wanted to understand himself and to integrate and develop the various components of his personality; to understand the structure of the human personality in general and the relation of the individual to present-day society and to the community of the dead; to fathom the psychological and historical effects of Christianity; and to grasp the future religious development of the West. He discussed many other themes, including the nature of self-knowledge, the nature of the soul, the relation of thinking and feeling and the psychological types, the relation of inner and outer

masculinity and femininity, and the uniting of opposites. He also treated solitude, the value of scholarship and learning, the status of science, the significance of symbols and how they are to be understood, and the meaning of the war. He touched on madness, divine madness, and psychiatry, how the Imitation of Christ is to be understood today; the death of God; the historical significance of Nietzsche; and the relation of magic and reason.

The overall theme of *Liber Novus* is how Jung regains his soul and overcomes the contemporary malaise of spiritual alienation. This is ultimately achieved through enabling the rebirth of a new image of God in his soul and developing a new worldview in the form of a psychological and theogenic cosmology. *Liber Novus* presents the prototype of Jung's conception of the individuation process, which he held to be the universal form of individual psychological development. Thus the work itself can be understood on one hand as depicting Jung's individuation process, and on the other as his elaboration of this concept as a general psychological schema. At the beginning of the book, he refinds his soul and embarks on a sequence of fantasy adventures, which are linked to form a consecutive narrative. He realized that until then, he had served the spirit of the time, characterized by use and value. In addition to this, there existed a spirit of the depths, which led to the things of the soul. In terms of Jung's later biographical memoir, the spirit of the times corresponds to personality no. 1, and the spirit of the depths corresponds to personality no. 2. Hence this period may be seen as a return to the values of personality no. 2.[123]

The entries from the *Black Books*, now recast as chapters, follow a particular format: they begin with the exposition of dramatic visual fantasies. In them Jung's "I" encounters a series of figures in various settings and enters into conversation with them. He is confronted with unexpected happenings and shocking statements. He then attempts to understand what transpired and to formulate the significance of these events and statements into general psychological conceptions and maxims. Jung held that the significance of these fantasies was that they stemmed from the

mythopoeic imagination, which was missing in the present rational age. The task of individuation lay in establishing a dialogue with the fantasy figures—or the contents of the collective unconscious—and integrating them into consciousness, hence recovering the value of the mythopoeic imagination, which had been lost to the modern age. Through this, the spirit of the time would be reconciled with the spirit of the depths. This task was to form a leitmotif of his subsequent scholarly work.

After completing the handwritten *Draft*, Jung had it typed and edited it. On one manuscript, he made alterations by hand (I refer to this manuscript as the *Corrected Draft*). From the annotations on the *Corrected Draft*, it appears that he gave this to someone (the handwriting is not that of Emma Jung, Toni Wolff, or Maria Moltzer) to read. That reader commented on Jung's editing, indicating that some sections that he had intended to cut should be retained.[124]

Sometime in 1915, Jung decided to retranscribe the typescript of *Liber Novus* in the form of a medieval illuminated manuscript in calligraphic script on parchment. He titled the first book "The Way of What Is to Come" and placed beneath the title some citations from the book of Isaiah and from the Gospel according to John. Thus the text was presented as a prophetic work. He completed the transcription of the first section of the work, effectively *Liber Primus*, on parchment. Initially, and throughout this section, the paintings and historiated initials represented scenes from the fantasies. Possibly for technical reasons (the parchment pages show a lot of bleed-through), he now continued to transcribe and illustrate the work in a large folio volume of more than 600 pages, bound in red leather, from the bookbinders Emil Stierli. The spine bears the title *Liber Novus* (New Book). He inserted the parchment pages into the folio volume, which continues with *Liber Secundus*. In the course of the transcription into the folio volume, he altered some of the titles to the chapters, added others, and edited the material once again. The cuts and alterations were predominantly to the "second layer" of interpretation and elaboration.

The entries and fantasies reproduced in *Liber Novus* are confined to a condensed period of time. In certain regards, Jung's commentary in the second layer reflects his understanding of the changes that happened to him in the period as a whole rather than only referring to the fantasies in question. A reading of the material later featured in *Liber Novus* as it originally unfolded in the *Black Books* enables one to see and to follow the phenomenology of Jung's experiences during the course of his self-experimentation.

Return to the Depths

In the summer of 1915, we find the first entry in *Book* 5 after an interval of nearly a year. In a later annotation, Jung added here: "During this time the I & II part were written. Immediately after the beginning of the war."[125] He reproduced the opening of this entry in the third section of *Liber Novus*, *Scrutinies*, as follows:

> From there on the voices of the depths remained silent for a whole year. Again in summer, when I was out on the water alone, I saw an osprey plunge down not far from me; he seized a large fish and rose up into the skies again clutching it. I heard the voice of my soul, and she spoke: "That is a sign that what is below is borne upward."[126]

In *Book* 5, Jung noted a dream in which an extreme cold had again descended in the midst of the summer.[127]

On the same day, he commenced a theoretical exchange with his colleague the psychiatrist Hans Schmid (1881–1932) on the topic of psychological types. The correspondence was initially intended for publication, following the model of Jung's correspondence with Rudolf Löy, *Timely Psychotherapeutic Questions*, which had appeared the previous year. A rich dialogue ensued. However, rather than reaching a consensus, Jung and Schmid diverged, and the tone of their exchange grew heated. On September 4 Jung wrote to Schmid, who replied a few weeks later. In the interim, Jung began writing in *Book* 5 again, in a series of entries dated September 14,

15, 17, and 18. In *Liber Novus*, he noted concerning these entries: "Soon after this on an autumn night I heard the voice of an old man (and this time I knew that it was Philemon)."[128]

These entries mark the return of Philemon: but this is no longer simply the Philemon of *Liber Secundus*, the pensioned magician, but an elevated teacher of the mysteries who has come to instruct Jung's "I." Philemon informs him that he wants to master him. Philemon spoke of how he himself needed to disavow what he had taught, as otherwise those he had taught would have simply received rather than taken. Jung noted that he who fathoms Philemon fathoms himself. Philemon continued to speak of the nature of giving, and against the tyranny of self-forgetting virtue. The work of redemption is first done on one's self, and through uniting with the self, we reach "the God, which unites heaven and hell in itself."[129] Serving oneself is divine service.

This critical shift of register, and the shift in the relation to others counseled by Philemon, is marked in Jung's reply on November 6 to Schmid's letter of September 28. Parts of this letter are only understandable when seen in the light of the renewed dialogue with Philemon. Jung began: "Your letter strengthens my conviction that reaching an agreement on the fundamental principles is impossible, because the point seems to be precisely that we do not agree."[130] He then adopted an irate tone, summarizing his views. Switching register, he wrote that it was through studying Birgitta of Sweden (1302–1373) that he grasped that "the devil is the devourer. To understand = comprendere = katasyllambanein, and also to devour."[131] Within the ethical and human desire to understand lurked the devil's will. This could lead to a veritable soul murder, as the "core of the individual is a mystery of life, which dies when it is 'grasped.' That is also why symbols want to keep their secrets, they are mysterious not only because we are unable to clearly see what is at their bottom."[132] The symbol itself wanted to protect itself against Freudian interpretations. It was particularly important in the latter stages of analysis to "help the other to come to those hidden and un-openable symbols, in which the seed of life lies securely hidden

like the tender seed in the hard shell." Jung related a dream he had once had and only now understood: "I was standing in my garden, and I had dug open a rich spring of water, which gushed forth mightily. Then I had to dig a trench and a deep hole, in which I collected all the water and let it flow back into the depths of the earth again."[133] From this he drew a conclusion:

> In this way salvation is given to us in the un-openable and unsayable symbol, for it protects us by preventing the devil from swallowing the seed of life. . . . We must understand the divine within us, but not the other, insofar as he is able to go and stand on his own. . . . We should be confidants of our own mysteries, but chastely veil our eyes before the mysteries of the other, insofar as he does not need "understanding" because of his own incapability.[134]

Setting aside "destructive' " understanding, realizing the necessity of allowing symbols to remain "un-openable" and "unsayable," and the task of being "confidants of our mysteries": this letter marked a turning point—a return to Jung's encounter with the spirit of the depths.

From this point onward, there is a notable shift in Jung's active imaginations. Those from the winter of 1913 to the summer of 1914 were characterized by a suspension of judgment and interpretation and an attempt to explore what instruction the situations and characters could bring. From the outbreak of the war, Jung had, in retrospect, come to view his fantasies as being not purely personal. In layer two of the commentary that he added in *Liber Novus*, he had attempted to understand this intersection between his fantasies and what was happening in the world, literally and symbolically. This then formed the guiding assumption of his new active imaginations. In his view, this practice could lead not only to enhanced self-knowledge but also deeper insight into the spirit of the depths at work in the world, which had broken through the everyday with such shattering force. Once he had come to view his fantasies as having more than personal significance, he came to see his undertaking as having wider relevance. On October 16, 1916, he wrote to his

colleague the psychiatrist Alphonse Maeder, "I must find the way through the unconscious. People who have trusted me need my insight, not only I myself. Therefore I had to exclusively dedicate myself to this work, which was very time-consuming and terribly demanding."[135]

The Return of the Dead

Meanwhile, at the beginning of 1916, the Psychological Club was founded in Zürich, through a gift of 360,000 Swiss francs from Edith Rockefeller McCormick. She had come to Zürich to be analyzed by Jung in 1913. The Club was initially housed in a sumptuous property on Löwenstrasse 1. At its inception, it had approximately sixty members—some indication that, having left the psychoanalytic movement, the Zürich school was flourishing. For Jung, the aim of the Club was to study the relation of individuals to the group, and to provide a naturalistic setting for psychological observation to overcome the limitations of one-to-one analysis, and to provide a venue where patients could learn to adapt to social situations. Emma Jung became the first president. At the same time, a professional body of analysts continued to meet together as the Association for Analytical Psychology.[136] The distinction between these two bodies is outlined in a letter of Jung's to his colleague Poul Bjerre of April 2, 1917:

> we have founded in Zürich a psychological Club with circa 60 members, in which namely the human-social side of our psychology is taken care of. In addition we have meetings of about 10 analysts which take place every 14 days, where we attempt to understand all of the great novelties which the exploration of the collective unc. has necessitated.[137]

One of the key themes in layer two of *Liber Novus* was the realization of the need to encounter the dead. Jung had come to see that chaos was not formless but filled with the dead, "not just your dead, that is, all the images of the shapes you took in the past,

which your ongoing life has left behind, but also the thronging dead of human history, the ghostly procession of the past."[138] The task of encountering the dead had its effects upon one and was best done in private: "When the time has come and you open the door to the dead, your horrors will also afflict your brother, for your countenance proclaims the disaster. Hence withdraw and enter solitude, since no one can give you counsel if you wrestle with the dead."[139] The dead needed to be accepted, and they needed salvation. It was necessary to heed their lament and accept them with love but not to be "their blind spokesman."[140] He realized that in satisfying the demands of the dead, "I gave up my earlier personal striving and the world had to take me for a dead man."[141] In the *Draft*, he summed up his understanding of the importance of this undertaking: "Not one iota of Christian law is abrogated, but instead we are adding a new one: accepting the lament of the dead."[142] Coming to the right relation to the dead was no easy task. Returning to his confrontation with his soul in the winter of 1915, Jung tried to establish this right relation. On December 26, his soul informed him that "Community with the dead is what both you and the dead need."[143]

In a critical entry of January 16, 1916, his soul presented an elaborate theogenic cosmogony.[144] She described her own nature, the nature of the daimons, the heavenly mother, and the Gods. Of particular significance was Abraxas, the powerful and fearful self-renewing God of the cosmos. She characterized the nature of man as striving for absolute individuality, through which he concentrated and countered the dissolution of the Pleroma, or the "all." Jung drew a schematic diagram of this system. At some point later, he proceeded to paint it, and titled the work *Systema Mundi Totius*, system of all the worlds. On the back of it, he wrote in English: "This is the first mandala I constructed in the year 1916, wholly unconscious of what it meant."[145]

At the beginning of 1916, Jung experienced a striking series of parapsychological events in his house. In 1923, he narrated the events to Cary de Angulo (later Baynes). She recorded it as follows:

> One night your boy began to rave in his sleep and throw himself about saying he couldn't wake up. Finally your wife had to call you to get him quiet & this you could only do by cold cloths on him—Finally he settled down and went on sleeping next morning he woke up remembering nothing, but seemed utterly exhausted, so you told him not to go to school, he didn't ask why but seemed to take it for granted. But quite unexpectedly he asked for paper and colored pencils and set to work to make the following picture—a man was angling for fishes with hook and line in the middle of the picture. On the left was the Devil saying something to the man, and your son wrote down what he said. It was that he had come for the fisherman because he was catching his fishes, but on the right was an angel who said, "No you can't take this man, he is taking only bad fishes and none of the good ones." Then after your son had made that picture he was quite content. The same night, two of your daughters thought that they had seen spooks in their rooms. The next day you wrote out the "Sermons to the Dead," and you knew after that nothing more would disturb your family, and nothing did. Of course I knew you were the fisherman in your son's picture, and you told me so, but the boy didn't know it.[146]

In *Memories*, Jung recounted that at around five in the afternoon, the front door bell began ringing, and the maids were in the kitchen. The front door could be seen from the kitchen.

> Everyone immediately looked to see who was there, but there was no one in sight. I was sitting near the door bell, and not only heard it but saw it moving. We all simply stared at one another. The atmosphere was thick, believe me! Then I knew something had to happen. The whole house was as if there was a crowd present, crammed full of spirits. They were packed deep right up to the door and the air was so thick it was scarcely possible to breathe. As for myself, I was all a-quiver with the question: "For God's sake, what in the world is this?" Then they cried out in chorus, "We have come back from Jerusalem where we found not what we sought." That is the beginning of the Septem Sermones.
>
> Then it began to flow out of me, and in the course of three evenings the thing was written. As soon as I took up the pen, the whole ghastly assemblage evaporated. The room quieted and the atmosphere cleared. The haunting was over.[147]

The dead had appeared in a fantasy on January 17, 1914, and had said that they were about to go to Jerusalem to pray at the holiest sepulchre.[148] Their trip had evidently not been successful. They returned and posed metaphysical questions. Jung's response was to address the questions of the dead and instruct them, through elaborating to them the cosmogony that his soul had described to him. This took place between December 30, 1916, and January 8, 1917. The *Septem Sermones ad Mortuos* (*Seven Sermons to the Dead*) can be regarded as a culmination of the fantasies of this period. It is a psychological cosmogony cast in the form of a Gnostic creation myth. In Jung's fantasies, a new God had been born in his soul, the God who is the son of the frogs, Abraxas. Jung understood this symbolically. He saw this figure as representing the uniting of the Christian God with Satan, and hence as depicting a transformation of the Western God-image. It was in 1952, in *Answer to Job*, that Jung elaborated on this theme.

He had studied the literature on Gnosticism in the course of his preparatory reading for *Transformations and Symbols of the Libido*. In early 1913, he read Dieterich's *Abraxas*, still from the perspective of his libido theory. In January and October 1915, while doing military service, he studied the works of the Gnostics intensively. He was struck by the closeness of these texts and his own *Liber Novus*, and also with what he saw as the similarity between the modern epoch and the time of early Christianity. After writing the *Septem Sermones* in the *Black Books*, Jung recopied it in a calligraphic script into a separate book, slightly rearranging the sequence. He added the following inscription under the title: "The seven instructions of the dead. Written by Basilides in Alexandria, the city where the East touches the West."[149] He then had this privately printed, adding to the inscription: "Translated from the Greek original into German." This legend indicates the stylistic effects on Jung of late nineteenth-century classical scholarship. He recalled that he wrote it on the occasion of the founding of the Psychological Club and regarded it as a gift to Edith Rockefeller McCormick for founding the Club.[150] He gave copies to friends and confidants. He inscribed a copy to Adolf

Keller: "This little book, that I entrust to your well meaning and friendly forbearance, brings a wish with it: it would like to have a good cover in this cold world weather. / The non-author and copyist."[151] Presenting a copy to Alphonse Maeder, he wrote:

> I could not presume to put my name to it, but chose instead the name of one of those great minds of the early Christian era which Christianity obliterated. It fell quite unexpectedly into my lap like a ripe fruit at a time of great stress and has kindled a light of hope and comfort for me in my bad hours.[152]

Toward Analytical Psychology

In 1916, Jung wrote several essays and a short book in which he began to attempt to translate some of the themes of *Liber Novus* into contemporary psychological language, and to reflect on the significance and the general applicability of his activity. Significantly, it was in these works that he presented the first outlines of the main components of his mature psychology. He attempted to translate what he had learned from the spirit of the depths into the language of the spirit of the times. A full account of these papers is beyond the scope of this introduction. The following overview highlights elements that link most directly with *Liber Novus* and the *Black Books*.

In his works between 1911 and 1914, Jung had principally been concerned with establishing a structural account of general human functioning and of psychopathology. In addition to his earlier theory of complexes, he had already formulated conceptions of a phylogenetically acquired unconscious peopled by mythic images, of a nonsexual psychic energy, of the general types of introversion and extraversion, of the compensatory and prospective function of dreams, and of the synthetic and constructive approach to fantasies. While he continued to expand and develop these conceptions in detail, an additional concern begins to emerge strongly in these papers: the attempt to provide a temporal account of higher development, which Jung termed the individuation process. This

presents the central theoretical result of Jung's self-experimentation. The full elaboration of the individuation process, and its historical and cross-cultural comparison, would come to occupy him for the rest of his life.

In 1916, he presented a lecture to the Association for Analytical Psychology entitled "The Structure of the Unconscious," which was first published in a French translation in Théodore Flournoy's *Archives de Psychologie*.[153] Here he differentiates two layers of the unconscious. The first, the personal unconscious, consisted of elements acquired during one's lifetime, together with elements that could equally well be conscious.[154] The second was the impersonal unconscious or collective psyche.[155] While consciousness and the personal unconscious were developed and acquired in the course of one's lifetime, the collective psyche was inherited.[156] In this essay, Jung discussed the curious phenomena that resulted from assimilating the unconscious. He noted that when individuals annexed the contents of the collective psyche and regarded them as personal attributes, they experienced extreme states of superiority and inferiority. He borrowed the term "godlikeness" from Goethe and Adler to characterize this. This state arose from fusing the personal and the collective psyche, and represented one of the dangers of analysis.

Jung wrote that it was difficult to differentiate the personal and the collective psyche. One impediment was the persona—one's "mask" or "role"—which represented the segment of the collective psyche often mistakenly regarded as individual. When one analyzed the persona, the personality dissolved into the collective psyche, which resulted in the release of a stream of fantasies: "All the treasures of mythological thinking and feeling are unlocked."[157] The difference between the state that ensued from this and insanity lay in the fact that the former was intentional. Two possibilities presented themselves: one could attempt to regressively restore persona, and return to the prior state. However, it was impossible to get rid of the unconscious. Alternatively, one could accept the condition of godlikeness. A third way presented itself, which

consisted of the hermeneutic treatment of creative fantasies, which resulted in a synthesis of the individual and the collective psyche, revealing the individual lifeline. This was the process of individuation. In a subsequent undated revision of this paper, Jung introduced the notion of the anima as a counterpart to that of the persona. He regarded both of these as "subject-imagoes." He defined the anima as "how the subject is seen by the collective unconscious."[158]

The vivid description of the vicissitudes of the state of "godlikeness" can be taken as representing some of Jung's affective states during his self-experimentation. The notion of the differentiation of the persona and its analysis corresponds to the first entries of *Book* 2, where Jung set himself apart from his role and achievements and attempted to reconnect with his soul. The release of mythological fantasies is precisely what ensued in his case, and the hermeneutic treatment of creative fantasies was what he presented in layer two of *Liber Novus*. The differentiation of the personal and impersonal unconscious provided a theoretical understanding of his mythological fantasies: it suggests that he did not view them as stemming from his personal unconscious but from the inherited collective psyche. If so, his fantasies stemmed from a layer of the psyche that was a collective human inheritance; they were not simply idiosyncratic or arbitrary.

In October of the same year, Jung presented two talks to the Psychological Club on adaptation and individuation. The first was titled "Adaptation." The process took two forms: adaptation to outer and inner conditions. "Inner" was understood to designate the unconscious. Adaptation to the inner led to the demand for individuation, which was contrary to adaptation to others. The answering of this demand and the corresponding break with conformity led to a tragic guilt, which required expiation and called for a new "collective function." This was because the individual had to produce values that could serve as a substitute for his absence from society. These new values enabled the reparation of the collective. Individuation was for the few. Those who were insufficiently creative should reestablish collective conformity with a

society. Not only had the individual to create new values, he had to create socially recognizable values, as society had a "right to expect *realizable values*."[159]

Read in terms of Jung's situation, this suggests that his break with social conformity to pursue his "individuation" had brought him to the view that he had to produce socially realizable values as an expiation. His self-experimentation had to result in a work that presented new values in a socially recognizable manner. This led to a dilemma: would the form in which Jung embodied these new values in *Liber Novus* be socially acceptable and recognizable?

The second talk was "Individuation and Collectivity." Jung argued that these two states were a pair of opposites related by guilt. Society demanded imitation. In analysis, "Through imitation the patient learns individuation, because it reactivates his own values."[160] It is possible to read this as a comment on the role of imitation in the analytic treatment of those of his patients whom Jung had now encouraged to embark on similar processes of development. The claim that this process evoked the patient's preexisting values was a counter to the charge of suggestion.

In November, while he was on military service in Herisau, Jung wrote a paper called "The Transcendent Function."[161] He depicted the method of eliciting and developing fantasies that he later termed active imagination and explained its therapeutic rationale in psychological language. Strikingly, there is no indication in it of the wider cosmological, metaphysical, and theological exploration that he himself was engaged with. He noted that a critical problem confronting analysis was the fact that the new attitude gained from it subsequently became obsolete. Unconscious materials were needed to supplement the conscious attitude, and to correct its one-sidedness. But since energy tension was low in sleep, dreams were inferior expressions of unconscious contents. Thus other sources had to be turned to—namely, spontaneous fantasies. There are few dreams noted in the *Black Books*. A recently recovered dream book contains a series of dreams from 1917 to 1925.[162] Close comparison of it with the *Black Books* of this period indicates that Jung's active

imaginations did not derive directly from his dreams, and that these two were generally independent streams.

Jung described his technique for inducing spontaneous fantasies: "The training consists first of all in systematic exercises for eliminating critical attention, thus producing a vacuum in consciousness."[163] One commenced by concentrating on a particular mood and attempting to become as conscious as possible of all fantasies and associations that came up in connection with it. The aim was to allow fantasy free play, but without departing from the initial affect in a free-associative process. This led to a concrete or symbolic expression of the mood, which had the result of bringing the affect nearer to consciousness, hence making it more understandable. Merely doing this could have a vitalizing effect. Individuals could draw, paint, or sculpt, depending on their propensities:

> Visual types should concentrate on the expectation that an inner image will be produced. As a rule such a fantasy-image will actually appear—perhaps hypnagogically—and should be carefully noted down in writing. Audio-verbal types usually hear inner words, perhaps mere fragments or apparently meaningless sentences to begin with. . . . Others at such times simply hear their "other" voices. . . . still rarer, but equally valuable, is automatic writing, direct or with the planchette.[164]

Once these fantasies had been produced and embodied, two approaches were possible: creative formulation and understanding. Each needed the other, and both were necessary to produce the transcendent function, which arose out of the union of conscious and unconscious contents.

For some people, Jung noted, it was simple to note the "other" voice in writing and to answer it from the standpoint of the I: "It is exactly as if a dialogue were taking place between two human beings . . ."[165] Dialogue led to the creation of the transcendent function, which resulted in a widening of consciousness. His descriptions of the use of inner dialogues and the means of evoking fantasies in a waking state match his own undertaking in the *Black*

Books. The interplay of creative formulation and understanding corresponds to his work in *Liber Novus*, which contains both elements.

In 1917, Jung published a short book with a long title: *The Psychology of the Unconscious Processes: An Overview of the Modern Theory and Method of Analytical Psychology*. In his preface, dated December 1916, he proclaimed:

> The psychological processes, which accompany the present war, above all the incredible brutalization of public opinion, the mutual slanderings, the unprecedented fury of destruction, the monstrous flood of lies, and man's incapacity to call a halt to the bloody demon—are suited like nothing else to powerfully push in front of the eyes of thinking men the problem of the restlessly slumbering chaotic unconscious under the ordered world of consciousness. This war has pitilessly revealed to civilized man that he is still a barbarian. . . . *But the psychology of the individual corresponds to the psychology of the nation*. What the nation does is done also by each individual, and so *long as the individual does it, the nation also does it*. Only the change in the attitude of the individual is the beginning of the change in the psychology of the nation. The great problems of humanity will never be solved through general laws, but *always only through the renewal of the attitude of the individual*.[166]

War made visible the chaotic unconscious. While collective events could release the demons of the unconscious, the only resolution lay on an individual level. In a language that recalled William James's essay "The Moral Equivalent of War," he asserted: "Every individual needs revolution, inner division, dissolution of the prevailing and renewal." This would be achieved through self-reflection and a return of the individual to the "ground of the human essence."[167] Understood in this manner, analysis could furnish the basis for cultural renewal. This articulated the intimate interconnection between individual and collective events that was at the center of *Liber Novus*. For Jung, the conjunction between his precognitive visions and the outbreak of war had made apparent the deep subliminal connections between individual fantasies and world events—and hence between the psychology of the individual and

that of the nation. What was now required was to work out this connection in more detail.

Jung noted that after one had analyzed and integrated the contents of the personal unconscious, one came up against mythological fantasies that stemmed from the phylogenetic layer of the unconscious.[168] *The Psychology of the Unconscious Processes* provided an exposition of the collective, suprapersonal, absolute unconscious—these terms being used interchangeably. He argued that one needed to separate oneself from the unconscious by presenting it visibly as something separate. It was vital to differentiate the "I" from the non-"I"—namely, the collective psyche or absolute unconscious. To do this, "man must necessarily stand *upon firm feet* in his I-function; *that is, he must fulfil his duty toward life completely, so that he may in every respect be a vitally living member of society*."[169] Both of these tasks—separating from the unconscious by presenting it visibly, and at the same time maintaining one's worldly duties and responsibilities—were what he had been endeavoring to do in this period.

In *Transformations and Symbols of the Libido*, Jung had called the contents of this unconscious typical myths or primordial images. He also called them "dominants": "the ruling powers, the Gods, that is, images of dominating laws and principles, average regularities in the sequence of images, that the brain has received from the sequence of secular processes."[170] One needed to pay particular attention to these dominants. Especially important was the "*detachment of the mythological or collective psychological contents from the objects of consciousness, and their consolidation as psychological realities outside the individual psyche*."[171] This enabled one to come to terms with the activated residues of our ancestral history. The differentiation of the personal from the nonpersonal resulted in a release of energy.

These comments represent another description of his activity: the attempt to differentiate the various characters that appeared and to "consolidate them as psychological realities." The notion that these figures had a psychological reality in their own right, and were not

merely subjective figments, was the main lesson that he attributed to the imaginal figure of Elijah: psychic objectivity.[172]

Jung argued that the era of reason and skepticism inaugurated by the French Revolution had had the effect that religion and irrationalism had been repressed. This had serious consequences, which had led to the outbreak of irrationalism represented by the world war. It was thus a historical necessity to acknowledge the irrational as a psychological factor. The acceptance of the irrational forms one of the central undertakings in the *Black Books*.

In *The Psychology of the Unconscious Processes*, Jung developed his concept of psychological types. He noted that the psychological characteristics of the types were commonly pushed to extremes. By what he termed the law of enantiodromia, or the reversal into the opposite, the opposing function entered in—namely, feeling, for the introvert; and thinking, for the extravert. These secondary functions were found in the unconscious. The development of the contrary function led to individuation. As the contrary function was not acceptable to consciousness, what was required to come to terms with it was production of the transcendent function. The unconscious was a danger when one was not at one with it. But with the establishment of the transcendent function, the disharmony ceased. This allowed access to the productive and beneficent aspects of the unconscious. The unconscious contained the wisdom and experience of untold ages and served as an unparalleled guide. The development of the contrary function is portrayed in the "Mysterium" section of *Liber Novus*, dealing with the December 1913 encounters with Elijah and Salome.[173] The attempt to gain the wisdom stored in the unconscious is portrayed throughout the *Black Books*. Jung's "I" asks his soul to tell him what she sees and the meaning of his fantasies. The unconscious is here viewed as a source of higher wisdom. Jung concluded the essay by indicating the personal and experiential nature of his new conceptions: "Our age is seeking a new spring of life. I found one and drank of it and the water tasted good."[174]

The Emergence of Phanes

The seventh sermon had culminated in an evocation of a star God:

> At immeasurable distance a lonely star stands in the zenith. This is the one God of this one man, this is his world, his Pleroma, his divinity. In this world man is Abraxas, the creator and destroyer of his own world.
>
> This star is the God and the goal of man, this is his one guiding God, in him man goes to his rest, toward him goes the long journey of the soul after death, in him everything that man withdraws from the greater world shines resplendently.
>
> To this one God man shall pray.[175]

The entries from the autumn of 1916 further elaborate on this figure, who is revealed as Phanes. Phanes first emerged as a golden bird from the tree of light. Jung's soul identified him as the "ultimate and highest." In the autumn of 1917, Philemon described his luminous splendor in entries that could be considered as further sermons.[176]

In 1919, Jung painted his portrait in *Liber Novus* as a divine child, noting, "I called him PHANES, because he is the newly appearing God."[177] He considered the emergence of this figure as denoting a spiritual transformation that was occurring in the world. In 1919 he wrote to an English pupil, Joan Corrie:

> in the last sermon you find the beginning of individuation, out of which, the divine child arises. Please don't speak of these things to other people. It could do harm to the child. The child is fate and amor fati & guidance and necessity—and peace and fulfillment (Isa[iah] 9.6). But don't allow yourself to be dispersed into people and opinions and discussions. The child is a new God, actually born in many individuals, but they don't know it. He is a "spiritual" God. A spirit in many people, yet one and the same everywhere. Keep to your time and you will experience His qualities.[178]

During this period, Jung's soul sought to instruct him with regard to his relations with women. Between 1916 and 1918, reference is made to the "white one" and the "black one," respectively. The

contexts seem to suggest that these refer to Maria Moltzer and Toni Wolff, respectively.[179] In an entry in his dream book of July 2, 1917, Jung referred to his "impersonal love" of both women and noted that with them his soul was "complete, fulfilled."[180] On September 27, 1916, his soul advised as follows: "Let the black one go. No excessively deep relation. She is also empty and lives through you. She can't give to you what you need."[181] The following day, his soul added, apropos the black one:

> I understand that you love her, but I would like to get rid of her. . . . Women are my most dangerous opponents, since they have my qualities. That's why you can confuse me so easily with the black one. I also have golden goat eyes and a black coat. I place myself between her and you. The white one is less dangerous to you, since she is completely unlike me and of such an adverse nature that you can't at all lose yourself there.[182]

A year later, his soul had shifted her position with regard to the black one. On October 22, 1917, she advised: "Love less. The knife, do you hear, you need the knife. Cut off what is no good. Not the black one—she is good for you. She is quiet and accompanies you. She is necessary for you. She can be happy, if things go well with you."[183] She advised the opposite concerning the white one. On February 28, 1918, she said, "For a long time I had already advised you to separate from the white one."[184] What was emerging during this period was Jung's understanding of the figure of the anima, man's feminine soul, and the necessity of recognizing the anima as an internal component rather than seeing her in women. In technical terms, he referred to this as withdrawing and integrating the projection of the anima from women.

Between June 11 and October 2, 1917, Jung was on military service in Château d'Oex, as commander of the English military war internees. Around August, he wrote to Smith Ely Jelliffe that his military service had taken him completely away from his work, and that on his return he hoped to finish a long paper about the types. He concluded: "With us everything is unchanged and quiet.

Everything else is swallowed by the war. The psychosis is still increasing, going on and on."[185]

From the beginning of August to the end of September, he drew a series of mandalas in pencil in his army notebook, which he preserved.[186] The first is titled "Phanes" and bears the legend "transformation of matter in the individual."[187] This image may be seen as an attempt to depict the "newly arising God" and his relation to the individual. These mandalas are linked to the concurrent fantasies noted in the *Black Books*. A number featured complex hieroglyphics that emerged and were in turn elucidated in dialogues with the black magician Ha in the autumn of 1917.[188] Jung then painted them in the calligraphic volume of *Liber Novus*, but they bear no relation to the text. They more properly accompany the autumn dialogues in the *Black Books*.

Jung later recalled that he did not understand these mandalas but felt that they were very significant. Beginning on August 20, he drew a mandala on most days. This gave him the feeling that he had taken a photograph of each day, and he observed how these figures changed. He recalled that he received a letter from "this Dutch woman"—Moltzer—"that got on my nerves terribly."[189] Moltzer argued that "the fantasies stemming from the unconscious possessed artistic worth and should be considered as art."[190] Modern painters were attempting to make art out of the unconscious, and Moltzer's point troubled him because it was not stupid and made him question whether his fantasies were spontaneous and natural. He drew a mandala the next day and a piece of it was broken off, and the symmetry was destroyed:

> Only now did I gradually come to what the mandala really is: Formation, transformation, / The eternal mind's eternal recreation. And that is the Self, the wholeness of the personality, which, when everything is well, is harmonious, but which can bear no self deception. My mandala images were cryptograms on the state of my Self, which were delivered to me each day.[191]

The mandala appears to be that of August 6, 1917.[192] The citation is from Goethe's *Faust*, 2, act l, ll. 6287ff.). Mephistopheles is addressing Faust, giving him directions to the realm of the Mothers:

> MEPHISTOPHELES: A glowing tripod will finally show you
> that you are in the deepest, most deepest ground.
> By its light you will see the Mothers:
> the one sits, others stand and walk,
> as it may chance. Formation, transformation
> the eternal mind's eternal recreation.
> covered in images of all creatures,
> they do not see you, since they only see shades.
> Then hold your heart, since the danger is great,
> and go straight to that tripod,
> touch it with the key!

The letter to which Jung referred has not come to light. However, in a subsequent letter, from November 21, 1918, sent from Château d'Oex, Jung wrote that "M. Moltzer has again disturbed me with letters."[193]

He reproduced the mandalas in the calligraphic volume of *Liber Novus*. A decade later, in 1929, he anonymously described this sequence in his "Commentary on *The Secret of the Golden Flower*":

> I know a series of European mandala drawings in which something like a plant seed surrounded by membranes is shown floating in the water. Then, from the depths below, fire penetrates the seed and makes it grow, causing a great golden flower to unfold from the germinal vesicle.[194]

There, he gave the following interpretation of this sequence:

> This symbolism refers to a quasi-alchemical process of refining and ennobling. Darkness gives birth to light; out of the "lead of the water region" grows the noble gold; what is unconscious becomes conscious in the form of a living process of growth. (Indian Kundalini yoga offers a

> perfect analogy.) In this way the union of consciousness and life takes place.[195]

On July 30, 1917, Fanny Bowditch Katz, who had analysis both with Jung and Moltzer, wrote notes of her discussion with Moltzer in which she spoke candidly of how Moltzer saw her relationship with Jung and their struggle, and how she had been to visit him in Château d'Oex during this period:

> Of this hour it's hard to write—I had perfect rapport and stayed 13/4 hours with her—at the end of the time I felt lifted into another world and almost as if I had been in a divine presence. She spoke wonderfully, as if inspired, and I saw more clearly than ever before what she is working for—what her struggle with Dr. Jung means. How wonderfully she spoke of the work she felt she and Dr. J. were to do together, for which they are only the instruments. Small atoms in the great universe—of our duty to life—of the subjection of self for the benefit of all—all these feelings are coming to me now as never before. She spoke of the great struggle going on now in the world, the great agony, which is the collective expression of the individual struggle. . . . She spoke of Isis—whose son took her crown from her head and threw it on the ground—after which a new crown appeared on her head, a cow with the sun and moon between her horns—is this not what is happening to her through Dr. Jung's treatment. . . . The next day we talked for almost an hour in the dining room. She in her pink kimono perched on the table. Shall I ever forget it? She spoke of going to Château d'Oex to tell Dr. J. of his injustice to her—on one side he is so fine and on the other almost a charlatan playing to the gallery. / His attitude toward their differences is the attitude of the intellectual man—the historical man. . . . Then she said—and oh how she said it—with that wonderful far away look in her eyes, that she felt that somewhere way down deep there must be an affinity between her and me and that it is meant that I should do for R. what she is doing for Dr. J.! . . . she evidently feels that R. has a great value which I can bring out.—and she spoke of her overcoming the personal in order to do this—she certainly has with Dr. Jung![196]

By early 1918, the difficulties between Moltzer and Jung had intensified. On April 14, 1918, Jung wrote to Josef Lang regarding a letter he had received from Moltzer in which she had accused him of trying to destroy her relationship with Lang in a "thirst for

revenge."[197] Jung asked Lang to indicate to Moltzer that he had not analyzed Lang's relation to her and didn't know or care about it. He said that he had no desire for revenge, and that Moltzer simply couldn't accept what he said. He told Lang that he regretted that someone as valuable as Moltzer had such idiotic fantasies and had been projecting rubbish onto him. He said he had broken off relations with her months ago. Moltzer, Jung told Lang, claimed that Jung had an unresolved transference to her. This indicated to Jung that she was paranoid. He said that she also maintained that he couldn't recognize her independence. Jung considered that the problem was that she held a "deeply degrading" conception of human nature, and always imputed the basest motive—that was why he had drawn back from her. Despite everything, she still wanted his friendship. While Moltzer claimed that Jung was projecting onto her, Jung maintained that the opposite was the case: he had left her in peace, while she bombarded him with insults.

Soon after, Moltzer resigned from the Club. This caused consternation and lengthy debate at a meeting on June 1.[198] On receiving her letter of resignation, Emma Jung, the Club's president, had tried to persuade her to remain, to no avail. So had Adolf Keller. Emma Jung noted that Moltzer had been critical of the Club for some six to eight weeks, an antipathy that actually dated from the previous summer. Moltzer's letter criticized the intellectualism of the Club, and the fact that it had been taken over by conflict over the question of types. While regretting her departure, Emma Jung did not feel that the reasons Moltzer offered for leaving were the real ones. Martha Sigg suggested that Moltzer had been influenced by her patients against the Club, which Jung thought was probable. Some members thought that the reason for her withdrawal was the deficiency of her collective function. Sarah Barker, one of her analysands, suggested that the fact that Moltzer found the Club "so unanalytical that she could no longer give it her sanction and support" was a serious matter.[199] She argued that it was a mistake to believe, as had been asserted, that "her attitude had been influenced by countless resistances brought about by her patients."

Barker noted that from the outset, Moltzer had maintained that "the Club was not founded or conducted in accordance with analytical principles."[200] In a letter of August 1, 1918, Moltzer wrote to Bowditch Katz:

> Yes, I resigned from the Club. I could not live any longer in that atmosphere. I am glad I did. I think, that in time, when the Club really shall become something, the Club shall be thankful I did. My resignation has its silent effects. Silent, for it seems that it belongs to my path, that I openly don't get the recognition or the appreciation for what I do for the development of the whole analytic movement. I always work in the dark and alone. This is my fate and must be expected.[201]

On October 19, Jung informed Lang that he had fired Moltzer as his assistant and broken off all connection with her. She had accused him of exploiting her and not recognizing her independence. On his side, he felt that she was not capable of treating him as someone of equal standing and instead always regarded him as a little boy. He had evidently followed the advice of his soul regarding the white one.[202] Jung's break with Moltzer was a significant turning point. He later recalled to Aniela Jaffé: "I can say the air cleared when I showed the door to the Dutch woman who wanted to suggest to me that what I was making was art, and secondly when I started to understand the mandala drawings."[203]

It was during this period that a living idea of the self first came to Jung. He recalled to Aniela Jaffé: "It is in accordance with the microcosmic nature of the soul and it seemed to me like the monad which I am, and which is my world. The mandala represents this self."[204] He did not know where this process was leading, but he began to grasp that the mandala represented the goal of the process: "Only when I began to paint the mandalas did I see that all the paths I took, all the steps I made, all led back to the one point, that is, to the center. The mandala became the expression of all paths."[205]

Moltzer continued to live and work in Zollikerberg and maintained her friendship with Lang. Years later, a rapprochement was

attempted, with Lang and Moltzer inviting Jung for a meeting. Jung thanked Lang for their invitation but declined it: "I know that one could look back with regrets or a certain longing on those unconscious times which were still pregnant with the future. But those times have since given birth, the covers are torn, and new realities have come into being whose immediacy does not allow me to look backward. Nothing from the past can be brought back unless it has been reborn in a creative life."[206]

Scrutinies

There are indications that Jung discussed the material from his self-experimenation with colleagues. In March 1918 he wrote to Lang, who had sent him some of his own fantasies:

> as you have observed correctly yourself, it is very important to experience the contents of the unconscious before forming any opinions about it. I very much agree with you that we have to grapple with the knowledge content of Gnosticism and neo-Platonism. These are the systems that contain the materials which are destined to become the foundation of a theory of the unconscious. I've been working on this myself for quite some time, and also have had ample opportunity to compare my experiences at least partially with those of other people. That's why I was very pleased to hear pretty much the same opinions from you. I am glad that all on your own you have discovered this area of work waiting to be tackled. Up to now, I lacked any co-workers, and I am happy that you want to join forces with me.
>
> I consider it very important that you extricate your own material in an unbiased way from the unconscious, as carefully as possible. My own material is very voluminous, very complicated, and in part I've worked it through up to almost complete, very vivid clarifications. But what's completely missing, is modern material to compare it with. *Zarathustra* has been formed too consciously. Meyrink retouches the material in an aesthetic way; furthermore, I feel he is lacking in religious sincerity.[207]

During this period, Jung continued transcribing the *Draft* into *Liber Novus* and adding paintings. After 1918, the fantasies in the *Black Books* became more intermittent. The *Draft* of the first two sections of *Liber Novus* had contained fantasies from October 1913

to February 1914. In the winter of 1917, Jung wrote a fresh manuscript called *Scrutinies*, which began where he had left off. In this, he transcribed fantasies from April 1914 through June 1916.[208] He included the *Sermones*, now with commentaries on each by Philemon. Philemon indicated that his teaching compensated or made up for what the dead lacked, through providing precisely those conceptions which they needed.[209] In *Scrutinies*, there is no clear separation between a first layer of fantasies and a second layer of commentary, and the text is not formally divided into distinct chapters. Here and there, Jung added some passages linking the fantasies to paragraphs that depicted his subsequent understanding of their significance.

The realization of the significance of the self is portrayed in *Scrutinies*. On September 18, 1915, Jung wrote, "Through uniting with the self we reach the God."[210] In the autumn of 1917, he added, "I must say this not with reference to the opinions of the ancients or that authority, but because I have experienced it."[211] This unshakable experience was nothing less than the experience of God: "The self is not God, although we reach the God through the self."[212] He realized that he had to serve the self, and that this service was also service of God and of mankind. At the same time, he had to free his self from God, since "the God I experienced is more than love; he is also hate, he is more than beauty, he is also the abomination, he is more than wisdom, he is also meaninglessness, he is more than power, he is also powerlessness, he is more than omnipresence, he is also my creature."[213] This description of Jung's experience of God corresponds to the vision of Abraxas in the *Sermones*. The realization of the significance of the self for Jung was not only a conceptual but also an experiential matter. Jung had some powerful experiences: on June 27, 1917, he wrote to Emma Jung that three days prior, he was on Pointe de Cray (a mountain just northwest of Château d'Oex), "It was a glorious day. On the summit I had a wonderful ecstatic feeling. Last evening I had a most remarkable mystical experience, a feeling of connection of many millennia. It was like a transfiguration. Today I'm probably

going down to hell again for this. I want to cling to you, since you are my center, a symbol of the human, a protection against all daimons."[214] This letter underscores the centrality of Emma Jung in his life.

In *Scrutinies*, he realized that much of the earlier part of the book (*Liber Primus* and *Liber Secundus*) had been given to him by Philemon.[215] This represented a disidentification: there was a prophetic wise old man in him, someone whom he was not identical to.[216] A critical task of Jung's "working over" of his fantasies consisted in the differentiation of voices and characters. The following are examples. In the *Black Books*, it is Jung's "I" who speaks the *Sermones* to the dead; in *Scrutinies*, it is not Jung but Philemon. In the *Black Books*, the main figure Jung's "I" has dialogues with is his soul; in some sections of *Liber Novus*, it is the serpent or the bird. In one conversation in January 1916, his soul explained to him that when the above and below are not united, she falls into three parts—a serpent, the human soul, and the bird or heavenly soul, which visits the Gods. Thus Jung's revisions, in which he now differentiated the soul into serpent, human soul, and bird, here can be seen to reflect his understanding of the tripartite nature of his soul.[217]

New Scrutinies

Jung's fantasies did not end with *Scrutinies*. If he had gone on to prepare a further section for publication, it is likely that he would have edited them in a similar way, as *New Scrutinies*, adding linking paragraphs and clarifications. While he continued to question his soul, seeking knowledge and understanding from her, she characterized her limitations and his need for her in the following way: "I can grasp for you only what you already have but don't know. The beyond from which I bring knowledge to you is your beyond. I am able to grasp what you have. But you aren't. That's why you need me."[218] The subsequent fantasies circle around themes already enunciated earlier, but in ever deepening spirals.

In the fantasies after *Scrutinies*, one sees a continued further differentiation of Jung's cosmology. New characters emerge, such as Phanes, Atmavictu, Ha, Ka, the black bird, a divine Arab youth, the spirit of gravity, and Wotan. Characters who had appeared earlier return, such as Elijah, Salome, and Philemon. However, in concert with the development of Jung's "I," they too have developed. These entries depict the metamorphoses of the characters, and Jung's deepening understanding of their interrelation in a complex shifting (and not entirely consistent) genealogy. For example, the figure of Atmavictu went through a number of incarnations, as an old man, a bear, an otter, a newt, a serpent, then simultaneously a man and an earth serpent. He was Izdubar, and became Philemon. The black magician, Ha, was the father of Philemon. Ka was the father of Salome, and also the brother of the Buddha. Ka was Philemon's shadow. Philemon further identified himself with Elijah and Khidr and claimed that he would become Phanes. In the form of Jung's emerging psychological concepts, all of these figures would be viewed as aspects of the self. As such, these sections can be seen as forming the experiential core of Jung's understanding of the structure of the self that he explored decades later in chapter 14 of *Aion: Contributions to the Symbolism of the Self* (1951).[219]

A major theme that Jung was preoccupied with here was finding the right relation to the higher powers, the Gods, and understanding the role of mankind in relation to them. He came to see that it was critical that one did not give oneself over to the Gods but maintained one's human perspective. On March 1, 1918, his soul informed him that what was necessary was maintaining simultaneously a respect and disdain for the Gods, and that this began with respect and disdain for oneself.[220] This was critical not only for humanity; Jung now realized that "man would be the mediator in the transformation process of God."[221] It was a cardinal insight, and it is the center of his later work *Answer to Job*. Toward the end of his life, in a chapter of *Memories* entitled "Late Thoughts," he formulated it as follows:

> That is the meaning of divine service, of the service which man can render to God, that light may emerge from the darkness, that the Creator may become conscious of his creation, and man conscious of himself. / That is the goal, or one goal, which fits man meaningfully into the scheme of creation, and at the same time confers meaning upon it. It is an explanatory myth which has slowly taken shape within me in the course of the decades.[222]

One can trace the inception and development of this "explanatory myth" in the *Black Books*.

During the same period, Jung continued to distill his fantasies into a psychological vocabulary suitable for a medical-scientific audience. Thus we see two parallel movements: a continued elaboration and differentiation of his cosmology, accompanied by a process of condensation of his psychology. In his paper "On the Psychological Aspects of the Figure of the Kore" (1941), the observation of products of the unconscious revealed certain regularities, types of situations and types of figures that frequently recurred.[223] Chief among these were the shadow, the wise old man, the child, the mother, the maiden, and the anima and animus. In this regard, he was attempting to determine precisely where these typicalities lay, through establishing the connections between his own material, that of his patients, and the historical record. Viewing and understanding such fantasies in this way as opposed to regarding them in a disconnected, episodic, serial manner gave them order and coherence. For Jung, they depicted the narrative of transformation and self-healing that he called the individuation process.

On one hand, Jung elaborated his personal visionary iconography, his own cosmology and mythology, and encouraged his patients to do likewise. On the other, he developed a hermeneutic system by which to interpret this symbolic language. When read in conjunction with his published psychological works, the *Black Books* enable one to follow the conjoint development of these two languages.

During this period, Jung continued to transcribe the text of *Liber Novus* into the calligraphic volume and to paint in it. However, after the sequence depicting the regeneration of Izdubar,[224] the paintings bear no relation at all to the text of *Liber Novus* but are linked to further fantasies in the *Black Books*. After the 1917 mandala sequence, we have around twenty-one major images in the calligraphic volume. At the same time, Jung also made a number of related freestanding paintings and carvings.[225] These images are active imaginations in their own right. At times, they depict and refer to characters and episodes in the concurrent fantasies in *Books* 6 and 7. At other times, they form links in the sequence. So while these paintings are in the calligraphic volume of *Liber Novus*, they directly relate to and accompany the text of *Books* 6 and 7.

The Way to the Self

In 1918, Jung wrote a paper entitled "On the Unconscious." He noted that all of us stood between two worlds: the world of external perception and the world of perception of the unconscious. This depicts his experience at this time. He wrote that Schiller had claimed that the approximation of these two worlds was through art. By contrast, Jung argued, "I am of the opinion that the union of rational and irrational truth is to be found not so much in art as in the symbol *per se*; for it is the essence of the symbol to contain both the rational and irrational."[226] Symbols, he argued, stemmed from the unconscious, and the creation of symbols was the most important function of the unconscious. While the compensatory function of the unconscious was always present, the symbol-creating function was only present when we were willing to recognize it. Here, we see him continuing to eschew viewing his productions as art. It was not art but symbols that were of paramount importance. The recognition and recovery of this symbol-creating power is portrayed in *Liber Novus*. It depicts Jung's attempt to understand the psychological nature of symbolism and to view his fantasies symbolically. He concluded that what was unconscious in any given

epoch was only relative, and changing. What was required now was the "remolding of our views in accordance with the active forces of the unconscious."[227] Thus the task confronting him was one of translating the conceptions gained through his confrontation with his soul, and expressed in a literary and symbolic manner in *Liber Novus*, into a language compatible with the contemporary outlook of the spirit of the times.

The following year, he presented a paper in England before the Society for Psychical Research on "The Psychological Foundations of Belief in Spirits."[228] Here, he differentiated between two situations in which the collective unconscious becomes active. In the first, an individual experiences a crisis and the collapse of his or her hopes and expectations. In the second, a time of great social, political, or religious upheaval occurs. At such moments, whatever has been suppressed by prevailing attitudes necessarily accumulates in the collective unconscious. Strongly intuitive individuals become aware of what has been suppressed and try to translate the material into communicable ideas. If they succeed, the results are salutary. Either way, the contents of the unconscious had a disturbing effect. If they remain suppressed, Jung said, there is the danger that the collective unconscious will replace reality, which is pathological. If instead the collective unconscious is activated as a result of collective processes, the individual may feel disorientated, but the state is not pathological.

Jung's differentiation of these two possibilities suggests that he viewed his own confrontation with the unconscious as falling under the second heading—namely, activation of the collective unconscious due to general cultural upheaval. His initial fear of impending insanity in 1913 lay in his failure to realize this distinction at that time.

Throughout this period, Jung was engaged in historical research on the type problem. Beginning in 1916, he gave presentations on the subject before the Association for Analytical Psychology and the Psychological Club. These were developed and expanded in *Psychological Types*, which appeared in 1921 to widespread acclaim.

The English edition appeared in 1923 and received many laudatory reviews.[229]

As regards the working over of themes of *Liber Novus*, the most important section of *Psychological Types* was chapter 5, "The Type Problem in Poetry." The basic issue discussed was how the problem of opposites could be resolved through the production of the uniting or reconciling symbol. The chapter presents a far-ranging historical overview of the issue. Jung offered detailed analysis of the resolution of the problem of opposites in Hinduism, Taoism, Meister Eckhart, and, in the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries, the work of Carl Spitteler. This chapter can also be read in terms of a meditation on some of the historical sources that directly informed Jung's conceptions in *Liber Novus*. Finally, it heralded the introduction of an important method. Rather than directly discuss the issue of the reconciliation of opposites in *Liber Novus*, he sought out historical analogies and commented upon them.

In 1921, the self emerged as a psychological concept. Jung defined it as follows:

> Inasmuch as the I is only the center of my field of consciousness, it is not identical with the totality of my psyche, being merely a complex among other complexes. Hence I discriminate between the *I* and the *self*, since the I is only the subject of my consciousness, while the self is the subject of my totality: hence it also includes the unconscious psyche. In this sense the self would be an (non-material) extension which embraces and includes the I. In unconscious fantasy the self often appears as the super-ordinated or ideal personality, as Faust is in relation to Goethe and Zarathustra to Nietzsche.[230]

He equated the Hindu notion of Brahman/Atman with the self. At the same time, he provided a definition of the soul. He argued that the soul possessed qualities that were complementary to the persona, and in that sense had what the conscious attitude lacked. The complementary character of the soul also affected its sexual character: a man had a feminine soul, or anima, and a woman had a masculine soul, or animus.[231] This corresponded to the fact that

men and women had both masculine and feminine traits. He also noted that the soul gave rise to images that were assumed to be worthless from the rational perspective. There were four ways of using them:

> The first possibility of making use of them is *artistic*, if one is in any way gifted in that direction; a second is *philosophical speculation*; a third is *quasi-religious*, leading to heresy and the founding of sects; and a fourth way of employing the *dynamis* of these images is to squander it in every form of licentiousness.[232]

From this perspective, the psychological utilization of these images would represent a "fifth way." For it to succeed, psychology had to distinguish itself clearly from art, philosophy, and religion. This indicates the various possibilities Jung rejected.

In terms of publications, the next few years were some of the quietest in Jung's career. He contributed to a symposium at the British Psychological Society, "The Question of the Therapeutic Value of 'Abreaction,' " in 1921;[233] 1922 saw the publication of a lecture to the Society for German Language and Literature in Zürich, "On the Relation of Analytical Psychology to Literary Artworks."[234] There were no new publications in 1923 and 1924.

Travels[235]

In 1920, he accompanied his friend Hermann Sigg[236] on a business trip to North Africa. His intention was "to see for once the European from the outside, reflected by a milieu which was foreign in every respect."[237] He held that the only way of gaining an understanding of one's own national peculiarities was through becoming aware of how others viewed them. Hence traveling was the gateway to a comparative ethnopsychology. Given his understanding of the historical layering of the collective unconscious, his geographical voyages were a form of phylogenetic time traveling.

Africa made an overpoweringly deep impression on him: it meant encountering the historical past as a living present. To Emil Medtner, he wrote in March: "The most mysterious here are the nights of the waxing moon that wanders in indescribably silver clarity across the dark clear sky of Africa. The symbol of the Punic tombs of Carthage, Astarte herself, came close to me, when I saw the moon slowly descend over the tops of the palm trees for the first time. I came here according to inner necessity, already prepared by the unconscious, a symbolic act of the grandest style, nevertheless the meaning is still dark."[238] Jung felt that the people he encountered had an intensity that Europeans lacked, and which he believed himself to be psychically infected by.[239] While in Tunis, he had a powerful dream:

> The night before we embarked for Marseilles I had a dream which, I sensed, summed up the whole experience. This was just as it should be, for I had accustomed myself to living always on two planes simultaneously, one conscious, which attempted to understand and could not, and one unconscious, which wanted to express something and could not formulate it any better than by a dream.
>
> I dreamt that I was in an Arab city, and as in most such cities there was a citadel, a casbah. The city was situated in a broad plain, and had a wall all around it. The shape of the wall was square, and there were four gates.
>
> The casbah in the interior of the city was surrounded by a wide moat (which is not the way it really is in Arab countries). I stood before a wooden bridge leading over the water to a dark, horseshoe-shaped portal, which was open. Eager to see the citadel from the inside also, I stepped out on the bridge. When I was about halfway across it, a handsome, dark Arab of aristocratic, almost royal bearing came toward me from the gate. I knew that this youth in the white burnoose was the resident prince of the citadel. When he came up to me, he attacked me and tried to knock me down. We wrestled. In the struggle we crashed against the railing; it gave way and both of us fell into the moat, where he tried to push my head under water to drown me. No, I thought, this is going too far. And in my turn I pushed his head under water. I did so although I felt great admiration for him; but I did not want to let myself be killed. I had no intention of killing him; I wanted only to make him unconscious and incapable of fighting.
>
> Then the scene of the dream changed, and he was with me in a large vaulted octagonal room in the center of the citadel. The room was all white, very plain and beautiful. Along the light-colored marble walls stood low

> divans, and before me on the floor lay an open book with black letters written in magnificent calligraphy on milky-white parchment. It was not Arabic script; rather, it looked to me like the Uigurian script of West Turkestan, which was familiar to me from the Manichaean fragments from Turfan. I did not know the contents, but nevertheless I had the feeling that this was "my book," that I had written it. The young prince with whom I had just been wrestling sat to the right of me on the floor. I explained to him that now that I had overcome him he must read the book. But he resisted. I placed my arm around his shoulders and forced him, with a sort of paternal kindness and patience, to read the book. I knew that this was absolutely essential, and at last he yielded.[240]

In retrospect, Jung reflected as follows on this dream:

> In this dream, the Arab youth was the double of the proud Arab who had ridden past us without a greeting. As an inhabitant of the Casbah he was a figuration of the self, or rather, a messenger or emissary of the self. For the Casbah from which he came was a perfect mandala: a citadel surrounded by a square wall with four gates. His attempt to kill me was an echo of the motif of Jacob's struggle with the angel; he was to use the language of the Bible like an angel of the Lord, a messenger of God who wished to kill men because he did not know them.
>
> Actually, the angel ought to have had his dwelling in me. But he knew only angelic truth and understood nothing about man. Therefore he first came forward as my enemy; however, I held my own against him. In the second part of the dream I was the master of the citadel; he sat at my feet and had to learn to understand my thoughts, or rather, learn to know man.
>
> Obviously, my encounter with Arab culture had struck me with overwhelming force.[241]

Encountering Wotan

The dream continued to echo for Jung, and two years after his return to Europe, he would encounter the figure again, in a fantasy of January 6, 1922.[242] His soul saw and described the figure and informed his "I" that the figure was a God and that he would hear from him again. The God needed to hear from him, as otherwise they both couldn't live. His soul informed his "I" that he would reach the God again through solitude, coupled with reverence for the sun,

moon, and earth, which stood for the masculine, the feminine, and the body, respectively.

A year later, when Jung was in Castagnola, the figure returned once more.[243] He had been with the dead and had seen Jung's dead: his dogs and his father. He stated that he was a wanderer who changed the form in which he appeared. However, he wanted to know who he really was, and he asked Jung's "I" to tell him this, as it would free him.

On the following day, Jung's "I" asked his soul about him.[244] She indicated that the first time she saw him, he had a terrifying beauty, like Dionysus. On the second occasion, he had a deathly pallor. Jung's "I" wondered if this was the self, the Pleroma, which led to the question of how it could appear in human form. Furthermore, he couldn't understand why it wanted to be overcome and made determinate. Two days later the figure returned, this time as a red-haired bearded hunter, wrapped in animal skins.[245] The figure reiterated his question, asking Jung's "I" to tell him who he really was. The "I" replied that he was a God. As to why he overcame him in the dream of three years earlier, the "I" thought that this was because the God couldn't remain in a state of unknowing but had to learn wisdom.

Two nights later he appeared again, this time as a sick pubescent boy who had taken the form of Jung's son.[246] The boy suffered from a burning rash and requested treatment. The sickness had arisen from a dream. The boy had been wearing a mangy wolf fur and hunting with hounds. He had wanted to play with a bear cub, and got the sickness from his wolf fur. Jung's "I" informed the boy that this was no ordinary wolf but a spirit wolf who brought sickness, and that this wasn't an ordinary dream but something that had actually occurred. The boy had been his own father, the "red-beard, the hunter of wolves and men."

Years later, recalling his encounter with this figure and describing it as a dream, Jung noted, "I suddenly knew: the Wild Huntsman had commanded it to carry away a human soul." A few days later he heard the news that his mother had died. He realized that "It was

Wotan, the god of my Alemannic forefathers, who had gathered my mother to her ancestors negatively to the 'wild horde,' but positively to the 'sälig lüt,' the blessed folk."[247]

Jung's encounter with Wotan was to reverberate in his writings, and it shaped his understanding of the social and political upheaval occurring in Germany in the 1930s. In 1936, he attributed these to the reactivation of the archetype of Wotan.[248] The presence of this figure was not restricted to Germany but was "an international phenomenon."[249] The reemergence of Wotan in the present was a phenomenon that he himself had directly experienced. As further evidence for his hypothesis, he referred to Nietzsche's elevation of Dionysus, claiming that biographical evidence suggested that the God he really had in mind was Dionysus's cousin—namely, Wotan. This part of Jung's argument, which played a critical role in his understanding of Nietzsche and the reading of *Thus Spoke Zarathustra* in his seminars in the 1930s, was clearly shaped by his own encounter with this figure. In a seminar in February 1936, Jung described Wotan's attributes as follows:

> He is the god of oracles, of secret knowledge, of sorcery, and he is also the equivalent of Hermes psychopompos. And you remember he has, like Osiris, only one eye; the other eye is sacrificed to the underworld. Therefore. he is an exceedingly apt symbol for our modern world in which the unconscious really comes to the foreground like a river, and forces us to turn one eye inward upon it, in order that we may be adapted to that side also; we feel now that the greatest enemy is threatening us, not from without but from within. So on account of all his qualities, Wotan expresses the spirit of the time to an extent which is uncanny, and that wisdom or knowledge is really wild—it is nature's wisdom. Wotan is not the God of civilized beings but a condition of nature.[250]

The Psychology of the Religion-Making Process

On January 5, 1922, Jung had a conversation with his soul concerning his vocation. She urged him to publish his material, as it was "a matter of revelation." He had to serve his calling, which was

"the new religion and its proclamation."[251] He balked at this. Three days later, his soul informed him that the new religion

> expresses itself visibly only in the transformation of human relations. Relations do not let themselves be replaced even by the deepest ~~human~~ knowledge. Moreover, a religion doesn't consist only in knowledge, but at its visible level in a new ordering of human affairs. Therefore expect no further knowledge from me. You know everything that is to be known from the revelation offered to you, but you are not yet living out everything that is to be lived at this time.[252]

Jung's "I" replied: "I can well understand and accept this. However, just how the knowledge could be implemented in life is dark to me. You must teach me this." His soul said: "There is not much to say about this. It is not as rational as you are inclined to think. The way is symbolic."[253]

During this period, an increasing number of people from England and America made their way to Zürich to work with Jung, forming an informal expatriate group. On August 22, 1922, Jaime de Angulo wrote to Chauncey Goodrich issuing "a challenge to all brother-neurotics—go, my brethren, go to the Mecca, I mean to Zürich, and drink from the fountain of life, all ye who are dead in your souls, go and seek new life."[254]

In 1922, Jung wrote a paper on the relation of analytical psychology to literary works. He differentiated two types of work: the first, which sprang entirely from the author's intention, and the second, which seized the author. Examples of the latter were Nietzsche's *Zarathustra* and the second part of Goethe's *Faust*. He held that these works stemmed from the collective unconscious. In such cases, the creative process consisted of the unconscious activation of an archetypal image. The archetypes released in us a voice that was stronger than our own:

> Whoever speaks in primordial images speaks with a thousand voices; he enthrals and overpowers . . . he transmutes our personal destiny into the destiny of mankind, and evokes in us all those beneficent forces that ever

> and anon have enabled humanity to find a refuge from every peril and to outlive the longest night.[255]

Artists who produced such works educated the spirit of the age and compensated the one-sidedness of the present. In describing the genesis of these symbolic works, it appears that Jung had his own activities in mind. Thus while he refused to regard *Liber Novus* as art, his reflections on its composition were nevertheless a critical source of his subsequent conceptions and theories of art. The implicit question that this paper raised was whether psychology could now serve the function of educating the spirit of the age and compensating the one-sidedness of the present. From this period onward, Jung came to conceive of the task of his psychology in precisely such a manner.[256]

On November 25, 1922, Jung, Emma Jung, and Toni Wolff left the Club.[257] In July 1923, Jung gave a series of seminars in Polzeath, Cornwall, England. The Analytical Psychology Club in London had been founded the previous year. The seminar was organized by Peter Baynes and Esther Harding, and twenty-nine people attended.[258] Jung gave a dozen lectures over a fortnight. The seminar had two main themes: the technique of analysis and the historical psychological effects of Christianity.

During this period, the themes of the psychology of religion and the relationship between religion and psychology became increasingly prominent in Jung's work. He attempted to develop a psychology of the religion-making process. His interest lay not in proclaiming a new prophetic revelation but in the psychology of religious experiences. The task was to depict the translation and transposition of the numinous experience of individuals into symbols, and eventually into the dogmas and creeds of organized religions, and, finally, to study the psychological function of such symbols. For such a psychology of the religion-making process to succeed, it was essential that analytical psychology, while providing an affirmation of the religious attitude, did not succumb to becoming a creed.[259] In Polzeath he drew a sharp distinction between the teaching of Christ

and ecclesiastical Christianity. He argued that the attitudes of the latter had led to the psychological exclusion and repression of the world of nature and the flesh, the animal, the inferior man, and creative fantasy and freedom. Consequently, these matters were constellated in the unconscious, and we were faced with the return of the repressed.

Toward the end of the seminar, Jung reflected on the theme of the "invisible church." While Christ had been a flame that had kindled the greater part of the world, this had been put out by the institutionalization of the Church. He argued that such a process was inevitable, and that the same fate lay in store for analysis. Reflecting on this, he noted:

> Around Eckhart grew up a group of Brethren of the Free Spirit who lived licentiously. The problem we face is: Is analytical psychology in the same boat? Are the second generation like the Brethren of the Free Spirit? If so, it is the open way to Hell, and analytical psychology has come too soon and it will have to wait for a century or two.[260]

Religious experiences led to new forms of personal relation. Jung noted that "no individual can exist without individual relationships, and that is how the foundation of your church is laid."[261] This, then, was the task that confronted analytical psychology: to form an invisible church, without succumbing to institutionalization. Jung was also here drawing together the notion, from *Liber Novus*, that "the anointed of this time" was a God who would appear in the spirit, as opposed to the flesh—"through the spirit of men as the conceiving womb."[262] As his soul had explained to him the previous year, this new religion would manifest itself through transformed human relations.[263] Evidently Jung's relations with his wife and Toni Wolff, the "experimentum crucis," was related to this. Decades later, he would write, "The unrelated human being lacks wholeness, for he can achieve wholeness only through the soul, and the soul cannot exist without its other side, which is always found in a 'You.' "[264] Individuation required conscious relationship.

Following the Polzeath seminar, Cary de Angulo wrote a paper on "Individual Relationships." She began by noting:

> In the last two or three sessions of our summer school at Polzeath, we discussed the possible contribution to be made by Analytical Psychology to the "church" of the future. We meant by this ill-omened word church, the inevitable form which will be assumed by the ideas of today that tend toward a new synthesis of subjective experience. . . . The special contribution of analysis was thought to be the building up of the right sorts of relationships, both individual and collective, and the vision of a future in which one came into full self-expression through relationships instead of skulking into them hemmed by a thousand fears, was very enticing.[265]

As she saw it, for there to be real relationships, a higher degree of consciousness than had hitherto been possible was necessary, and it was the task of analytical psychology to facilitate it. She proposed a written symposium on the subject and circulated her paper. Emma Jung wrote a response, indicating that she was essentially in agreement but thought that further consideration needed to be given to "the complications that arise when the principles should come into life."[266] She highlighted the need for a maximum of consciousness, mutual equality, and candor, describing unconsciousness as the "only sin." The value of a relationship, she said, could be measured by "the ability it has of making appear and live the individuality of the persons involved."[267] For Jung and his close circle, such questions were existential as well as theoretical.

On April 30, 1923, Eugen Schlegel, a lawyer and member of the Club, recommended that the Club try to involve Jung again. A correspondence ensued later that year between Jung and Alphonse Maeder in this regard. Jung's position was that he would return only if his collaboration was clearly and unanimously desired. There was heated discussion within the Club.[268] In February 1924, Hans Trüb stepped down as president, and a letter was sent to Jung asking him to return, which he did a month later.[269]

In May 1924, Jung gave a series of three lectures on "Analytical Psychology and Education" in London under the auspices of the New

Education Fellowship (NEF).[270] The fellowship had been founded by Beatrice Ensor, a Theosophical educationalist. She had met Jung the previous year at the conference organized by the NEF on "Education for creative service" at Montreux, where he had spoken.

In the midtwenties, publication of *Liber Novus* seems to have been one of the foremost issues in Jung's mind. At the beginning of 1924, he asked Cary Baynes to make a fresh typed transcription of the text and discussed publication. She noted in her diary:

> So then you said I was to copy down the contents of the Red Book—once before you had had it copied, but you had since then added a great deal of material, so you wanted it done again and you would explain things to me as I went along, for you understood nearly everything in it you said. In this way we could come to discuss many things which never came up in my analysis and I could understand your ideas from the foundation.[271]

Jung discussed with his colleague Wolfgang Stockmayer the form that publication might take.[272] He went back to the *Corrected Draft* and edited it again, deleting and adding material on approximately two hundred fifty pages. His revisions served to modernize the language and terminology.[273] He also revised some of what he had already transcribed into the calligraphic volume of *Liber Novus*, as well as material that had been left out.

New Mexico

In January 1925, Jung visited the Pueblo Indians in Taos, New Mexico. He thought that when he was in the Sahara, he had been with a civilization that had the same relationship to Western civilization that Roman antiquity did. This led him to want to continue the historical comparison "by descending to a still deeper cultural level."[274] In the twenties, many artists and writers went to New Mexico in recognition of the bankruptcy of American civilization. The Indians were viewed as people who had maintained their cultural integrity and were rooted in communities with living

traditions. Thus they were looked to as a source of renewal for white culture.[275]

Jung's visit was arranged by Jaime de Angulo, a linguist, ethnologist, ethnomusicologist, writer, and patron saint of the Beat Generation. In December 1924, Jung visited America.[276] Shortly after the trip, Jaime de Angulo wrote to Mabel Dodge about how he managed to take Jung to Taos, and of what ensued:

> I made up my mind that I would kidnap him if necessary and take him to Taos. . . . It was a revelation to him, the whole thing. Of course I had prepared Mountain Lake. He and Jung made contact immediately and had a long talk on religion. Jung said that I was perfectly right in all that I had intuited about their psychological condition. He said that evening[,] "I had the extraordinary sensation that I was talking to an Egyptian priest of the fifteenth century before Christ."[277]

Two issues appeared to have particularly struck Jung. The first was Mountain Lake's view of the white man:

> I asked him why he thought the whites were all mad.
>
> He replied: "They say that they think with their heads."
>
> "Why of course. Where do you think?" I asked him in surprise.
>
> "We think here," he said, indicating his heart.
>
> I fell into a long meditation. For the first time in my life, so it seemed to me, someone had drawn for me a picture of the real white man.[278]

The second was the role of the sun in Pueblo religion and cosmology: "He said, pointing to the sun, 'Is not he who moves there our father: How can anyone say differently: How can there be another god. Nothing can be without the sun.' "[279] Mountain Lake added, "We are the sons of Father Sun, and with our religion we daily help our father to go across the sky. We do this not only for ourselves, but for the whole world. If we were to cease practicing our religion, in ten years the sun would no longer rise."[280]

Jung was impressed to encounter a solar monotheism. It seemed to him to correspond to a spiritual disposition that was several thousand years old. By contrast, the mythic and cosmological

embeddedness of the Pueblo Indians showed us precisely what we had lost, he believed, and our spiritual poverty. Of the Pueblo Indian, he said, "Such a man is in the fullest sense of the word in his place."[281] Solar mythology plays a significant role in the *Black Books*. It is likely that Jung would have been reminded of his dream of praying to the sun in his encounter with Ammonius, Izdubar's longing for the sun and regeneration through becoming the sun, and the role of the sun God, Helios, in the *Septem Sermones*.[282]

The 1925 Seminar

In 1925, Peter Baynes prepared an English translation of the *Septem Sermones ad Mortuos*. It was privately published by Watkins in England; Jung was not identified as the author. Jung gave copies to some of his English-speaking students. In a letter that is presumably a reply to one from Henry Murray, thanking him for a copy, Jung wrote:

> I am deeply convinced, that those ideas that came to me, are really quite wonderful things. I can easily say that (without blushing), because I know, how resistant and how foolishly obstinate I was, when they first visited me and what a trouble it was, until I could read this symbolic language, so much superior to my dull conscious mind.[283]

It is possible that Jung may have considered the publication of the *Sermones* a "trial" for publication of *Liber Novus*. There are indications that he was ambivalent about publication of the *Sermones*. Barbara Hannah claims that he regretted publishing it and that "he felt strongly that it should only have been written in the Red Book."[284]

While engaged in her transcription of *Liber Novus*, Cary Baynes urged Jung to do a seminar on the work.[285] It is not known whether this took place. However, it is likely that the discusssions at this time played a role in his decision to speak openly in public for the first

time about his self-experimentation and some of the fantasies in the *Black Books*.

Toward the end of 1924 and into 1925, he gave a series of seminars in German at the Psychological Club on the psychology of dreams.[286] After this, he gave an extended seminar series in English under the title "Analytical Psychology." While these were held at the Psychological Club, they were not formally "Club seminars." Of the fifty-two members and three guests of the Club in 1925, only a handful attended them. There was greater continuity between those who attended Jung's Polzeath seminars and these. Thus there was a division between the locally based members of the Club, who had only recently readmitted Jung, and the more international audience of his English-language seminars. In the years to come, the latter would play the dominant role in dissemination of his work.

Strikingly, Jung began this seminar by giving an account of the development of his concepts from the time he became interested in the "problems of the unconscious."[287] He talked about his intellectual development and his collaboration with Freud, following this with a detailed presentation of his self-experimentation, focusing on the initial period: October–December 1913. His discussion of these episodes by no means replicates his commentary on them in the second layer of *Liber Novus*, and can be considered a third layer of commentary. The lyrical and evocative language of the second layer of *Liber Novus* here gave way to his psychological concepts, which, he said, he derived from his reflections upon these encounters. As he tellingly noted, "I drew all of my empirical material from my patients, but the solution of the problem I drew from the inside, from my observations of the unconscious processes."[288] At the same time, his presentation served a pedagogical function. The audience was largely composed of people he was working with, and we may presume that the practice of active imagination played a key part in their work. Thus he was in effect using his own material as a teaching exemplar, showing how his personal psychological typology was portrayed and played out in his fantasies, how he encountered and came to terms with the figures of the anima and the wise old

man, and the genesis of the transcendent function as a resolution of the conflict of opposites. In addition, a significant part of the discussion in the seminar centered around modern art and how it could be understood psychologically. The question of situating his own creative work appears to have been in the background of Jung's mind.

A few weeks following the conclusion of this seminar on July 6, Jung went to England to deliver a further English-language seminar series in Swanage, Dorset, between July 25 and August 7. The seminar was organized again by Peter Baynes and Esther Harding. The subject was dream analysis, and there were about one hundred participants.[289] Jung began by presenting a history of dream interpretation; this was followed by an analysis of a series of dreams recounted to him by a fifty-three-year-old widow.

Africa

Given Jung's phylogenetic perspective, a journey to Africa, held to be the source of mankind, had particular significance. Moreover, the desert was one of the key imaginal locations in the *Black Books*. For this trip, Jung traveled with H. G. Baynes and George Beckwith. Their group was called the Bugishu psychological expedition. Later, they were joined by an Englishwoman, Ruth Bailey. The trip led Jung to understand that "within the soul from the primordial beginning there has been a longing for light and an irresistible urge to rise out of its primordial darkness. . . . The longing for light is the longing for consciousness."[290] His journey itself became an *imitatio* of the supposed origins of consciousness. He said of his voyage up the Nile:

> The myth of Horus is the story of the newly risen divine light. It would have been told after the deliverance out of the primordial darkness of prehistoric times through culture, that is to say through the revelation of consciousness. Thus the journey from the interior of Africa to Egypt became for me like a drama of the birth of light, which was intimately connected with me, with my psychology.[291]

In Jung's fantasies in 1922, Egyptian mythology had played a significant part in formulating the role and the tasks that he, his wife, and Toni Wolff had to fulfill.[292] He gave further indication of the connection between his travels and his own psychology in a passage omitted from the published version of *Memories*:

> My experiences during the years 1913–1917 had burdened me with a tangle of problems whose nature demanded that I should study the psychic life of non-Europeans. For I suspected that the questions put to me were just so many compensations for my European prejudices. What I had seen in North Africa, and what Ochwiay Biano [Mountain Lake] told me, were the first clues to an adequate explanation of my experiences.[293]

Thus Jung's travels were directly connected to the material in the *Black Books* and *Liber Novus*, and formed part of an attempt to understand these, by placing them within a wider historical and geographical context.[294] His statement here indicates that what he personally went through could also be conceived of as a de-Europeanization. Extrapolating from this, the import for Westerners of the exploration of the collective unconscious could also be conceived of from this perspective. The task was one of reaching a balanced synthesis of the Western and the primitive.

Transforming Psychotherapy

The *Black Books* and *Liber Novus* are of critical significance in grasping the emergence of Jung's new model of psychotherapy. In 1912, when he wrote *Transformations and Symbols of the Libido*, he considered the presence of mythological fantasies—such as are present in the *Black Books*—to be the signs of a loosening of the phylogenetic layers of the unconscious, and indicative of schizophrenia. Through his self-experimentation, he radically revised this position: what he now considered critical was not the presence of any particular content but the attitude of the individual toward it, and in particular whether an individual could accommodate such

material in his or her worldview. This explains why he commented in his afterword to *Liber Novus* that to the superficial observer, the work would seem like madness, and could have become so, if he had failed to contain and comprehend the experiences.[295] In an entry of January 17, 1914, he presented a critique of contemporary psychiatry, highlighting its incapacity to differentiate religious experience or divine madness from psychopathology.[296] If the content of a vision or fantasy had no diagnostic value, he held that it was nevertheless critical to view it carefully.

Out of his experiences, he developed new conceptions of the aims and methods of psychotherapy. Since its inception through the rise of hypnotic and suggestive therapies at the end of the nineteenth century, modern psychotherapy had been primarily concerned with the treatment of functional nervous disorders, or neuroses, as they came to be known. From the First World War onward, Jung reformulated the practice of psychotherapy. No longer solely preoccupied with the treatment of psychopathology, it became a practice to enable the higher development of the individual through fostering the individuation process. This was to have far-reaching consequences not only for the development of analytical psychology but for psychotherapy as a whole.[297]

Jung attempted to show that the processes described in the *Black Books* and *Liber Novus* were not unique, and that the ideas he was developing were applicable to others. To study what his patients produced, he built up an extensive collection of their paintings. He would generally ask them to make copies of the work for him so that they would not have to part with their images.[298] He was struck by the similarity between some of the motifs in imagery of the active imaginations of his patients, which led him to consider that the conceptions that he had arrived at through studying his own material were relevant for them as well. In 1929 he described his aim as being one of bringing about "a psychic state in which my patient begins to experiment with his own nature."[299] Clearly his own self-experimentation, and its results, were the template of this therapeutic practice.

During this period, he continued to instruct his patients in how to induce visions in a waking state. In 1926, Christiana Morgan came to Jung for analysis. She had read *Psychological Types* and turned to him for assistance with her problems with relationships and with depression. In a session in 1926, she noted Jung's advice to her on how to produce visions:

> Well, you see these are too vague for me to be able to say much about them. They are only the beginning. You only use the retina of the eye at first in order to objectify. Then instead of keeping on trying to force the image out you just want to look in. Now when you see these images you want to hold them and see where they take you—how they change. And you want to try to get into the picture yourself—to become one of the actors. When I first began to do this I saw landscapes. Then I learned how to put myself into the landscape, and the figures would talk to me and I would answer them. . . . People said he has an artistic temperament. But it was only that my unconscious was swaying me. Now I learn to act its drama as well as the drama of the outer life & so nothing can hurt me now. I have written 1000 pages of material from the unconscious (Told the vision of a giant who turned into an egg).[300]

He described his own experiments in detail to his patients and told them to do as he had done. His role was one of supervising them in experimenting with their own stream of images. Jung went so far as to suggest that some of his patients prepare his or her own *Liber Novus*. Morgan noted him saying:

> I should advise you to put it all down as beautifully as you can—in some beautifully bound book. It will seem as if you were making the visions banal—but then you need to do that—then you are freed from the power of them. If you do that with these eyes for instance they will cease to draw you. You should never try to make the visions come again. Think of it in your imagination and try to paint it. Then when these things are in some precious book you can go to the book & turn over the pages & for you it will be your church—your cathedral—the silent places of your spirit where you will find renewal. If anyone tells you that it is morbid or neurotic and you listen to them—then you will lose your soul—for in that book is your soul.

In a letter to J. A. Gilbert, in 1929, he commented on his procedure:

> I found sometimes, that it is of great help in handling such a case, to encourage them, to express their peculiar contents either in the form of writing or of drawing and painting. There are so many incomprehensible intuitions in such cases, phantasy fragments that rise from the unconscious, for which there is almost no suitable language. I let my patients find their own symbolic expressions, their "mythology."[301]

Philemon's Sanctuary

In the mid-1920s, the distinction between his dream book and the *Black Books* increasingly become blurred, and we find more notations of dreams in the *Black Books* in this period. Jung's interest eventually shifted from the transcription of *Liber Novus* and the elaboration of his mythology in the *Black Books* to working on his tower in Bollingen.

In 1920, he had purchased some land on the upper part of Lake Zürich in Bollingen. Prior to this, he and his family would sometimes spend holidays camping in the delta at the upper end of the lake. He felt the need to represent his innermost thoughts in stone and to build a completely primitive dwelling: "Bollingen was a great matter for me, because words and paper were not real enough. I had to put down a confession in stone."[302] The tower was a "representation of individuation." Over the years, he painted murals and made carvings on the walls. The tower may be regarded as a three-dimensional continuation of *Liber Novus*: its "*Liber Quartus*." At the end of *Liber Secundus*, Jung wrote: "I must catch up with a piece of the Middle Ages—within myself. We have only finished the Middle Ages of—others. I must begin early, in that period when the hermits died out."[303] Significantly, the tower was deliberately built as a structure from the Middle Ages, with no modern amenities. It was an evolving work. He carved an inscription on the wall that read: "Philemonis sacrum—Fausti poenitentia" (Philemon's Shrine—Faust's Repentance). (One of the murals in the tower is a portrait of Philemon.) On April 6, 1929, he wrote to Richard Wilhelm: "Why are

there no worldly cloisters for men, who should live outside the times!"[304]

The Integration of the Anima

A critical chapter in Jung's self-experimentation was what he termed the integration of the anima. Toni Wolff saw this as one side of the story, as it also involved the process by which he had "introjected" her. In 1944, apropos a dream, she noted that Jung placed undue stress on the subjective level, "because he had to realize the anima, but he thereby introjected me and took my substance."[305]

On January 5, 1922, Jung's soul advised as follows: "You should not break up a marriage, namely the marriage with me, no person should supplant me, least of all Toni. I want to rule alone."[306] The following day, she added, "You must let Toni go until she has found herself and is no longer a burden to you."[307] On the next day, his soul elucidated the symbolic significance of the relations between Jung, Emma Jung, and Toni Wolff in terms of Egyptian mythology.[308]

On December 23–24, 1923, Jung had the following dream:

> I am on military service. Marching with a battalion. In a wood by Ossingen[309] I come across excavations at a crossroads: 1 meter high stone figure of a frog or a toad without a head. Behind this sits a boy with a toad's head. Then the bust of a man with an anchor hammered into the region of his heart, Roman. A second bust from around 1640, the same motif. Then mummified corpses. Finally there comes a barouche in the style of the XVII century. In it sits someone who is dead, but still alive. She turns her head, when I address her as "Miss"; I am aware that "Miss" is a title of nobility.[310]

A few years later, he grasped the significance of this dream. He noted on December 4, 1926:

> I now see for the first time that the dream of 23/24 December 1923 means the death of the anima ("She does not know that she is dead.") This

> coincides with the death of my mother. . . . Since the death of my mother, the A. [Anima] has fallen silent. Meaningful![311]

He continued to note a few further dialogues with his soul, but his confrontation with the anima had effectively reached a closure at this point.

In contrast to a marriage, Toni Wolff saw her relationship with Jung as an "individual relation." On December 20, 1924, she noted: "Marriage is socially, legally, psychologically accepted. Nothing new can come from there; it can only be transformed, also individually, through individual relationships. That is why the individual relationship is a symbol of the soul."[312] On September 13, 1925, she noted that their relationship stood under the "sign of Philemon."[313] In retrospect, she reflected on the role she played for him:

> What C. has achieved now is all based on me. Through my faith, love, understanding and loyalty I have kept him and brought him out. I was his mirror, as he told me right at the beginning. / But my entire feeling, phantasy, mind, energy, responsibility worked for him. I have an effect—but I don't have substance. I didn't know how to "play." I gave him his life. Now he should give me mine and be a mirror to me.[314]

She understood this mirroring through her medial function, in the terms of the typology of the feminine that she developed: "Through my medial side, I am like C.'s hollow form and therefore I always wanted to be filled in by him."[315] Wolff was extremely dependent upon Jung during these years. On April 10, 1926, she noted, "Had a psychological scurvy through C.'s absence. Vitamin C."[316] The following day, she added a further analogy: "It is the same with me as with the Elgonyi: C. is not only vitamin. Also, when I am with him the rising sun is good, relaxing, everything destructive has gone. When I am on my own, it eats away at me."[317] She repeatedly tried, but failed, to be more independent of him. She felt that his fame and success were increasingly taking him away from her and resented "his works, ideas, patients, lectures, E. [Emma], children."[318] This was cause for bitterness: "Again some resistance, when I think how

he realized all his famous ideas through the relationship with me (which he only admits occasionally) and how famous he is now, and that E. is with him instead of me, and how I can never accompany him there."[319] An entry of 1937 simply states, "Ariadne on Naxos,"[320] implicitly likening her situation to that of Ariadne, abandoned on the island of Naxos after leading Theseus through the labyrinth.

In dedicated copies of his books, Jung gave private acknowledgment of her involvement. Her copy of *Psychological Types* bears the dedication:

> This book, as you know, has come to me from that world which you have brought to me. Only you know out of which misery it was born and in which spirit it was written. I put it in your hands as a sign of gratitude, which I cannot express through words[321]

Likewise, her copy of *Psychology and Alchemy* (1944) bears a dedication to his "soror mystica."[322] In public, he acknowledged her active role in all the phases of analytical psychology in his introduction to her collected papers.[323]

The Culmination

On January 2, 1927, Jung had a dream set in Liverpool:

> I am with several young Swiss in Liverpool, down by the docks. It is a dark rainy night, with smoke and clouds. We walk up to the upper part of town, which lies on a plateau. We come to a small circular lake in a centrally located garden. In the middle of this there is an island. The men speak of a Swiss who lives here in such a sooty, dark dirty city. But I see that on the island stands a magnolia tree covered with red flowers illuminated by an eternal sun, and think, "Now I know why this Swiss fellow lives here. He apparently also knows why. I see the city map."[324]

He then painted a mandala based upon this map. He attached great significance to this dream, later commenting:

> This dream is my inner situation. I still now see this yellow-gray raincoat, shining with the moisture of the rain, and everything was terribly unpleasant. That is how I felt about myself. But I had the inner vision of this heavenly beauty, and thanks to that, one can live. And then I saw: that is conclusive, that is the goal. One cannot go above the middle. The middle is the goal and everything was directed toward this. From this I recognized that the self is an archetype of orientation and of meaning. The one Swiss is the I. He lives in one of the filthy streets in one of the carrefours. He is a small replica of the center. I know that the I is not the center, it is not the self, but from there I have a sight of the divine wonder. I certainly did not live there, but I lived "excentrically." The small light appeared to me as the likeness of the great light: so there was also something in the excentric aspect which recalled the original vision for me. After this dream I gave up painting or drawing mandalas. I then understood that there was no straight-line of development, but that development first led up from below, onto the mountain. That is one straight line development. But if one is initially above, one sees the great expanse with the lake, the island and the tree of light within it. . . . This dream described the apex of the whole unconscious process of development. It completely satisfied me, since it fully expressed my situation. I was utterly lonely then. I knew that I was occupied with something quite great, but which no one understood. This clarification through the dream made it possible for me to consider objectively what filled me. For me, the small sidelight was the I, it was like a recollection of the magnificent tree in the middle. The others did not see the tree, only I saw it. It was as if the sun shone there, but it was also as if the flowers were self-illuminated. It was as if this tree stood in sunlight. It was bright day there, and unbelievably beautiful. Where we stood was dark, cold and showery night. My life would have actually lost its meaning without such a vision. But the meaning was expressed here.[325]

The realization was that the self was the goal of the process of individuation. Progression was not linear but involved a circumambulation of the self. This realization gave him strength, for "otherwise the whole experience would have driven me crazy, or would have driven other people crazy."[326] He felt that the mandala drawings showed him the self "in its saving function" and that this was his salvation. The task now was one of consolidating these insights into his life and science.

In his 1926 revision of *The Psychology of the Unconscious Processes*, he highlighted the significance of the midlife transition.

He argued that the first half of life could be characterized as the natural phase, in which the prime aim was establishing oneself in the world, earning an income, and raising a family. The second half, the cultural phase, involved a reevaluation of earlier values. The goal in this period was one of conserving previous values while recognizing their opposites. This meant that individuals had to develop the undeveloped and neglected aspects of their personality.[327] The individuation process was now conceived as the general pattern of human development. He argued that there was a lack of guidance for this transition in contemporary society, and he saw his psychology as filling this lacuna. Outside of analytical psychology, Jung's formulations had an impact on the field of adult developmental psychology. Clearly his crisis experience formed the template for this conception of the tasks of the two halves of life. The *Black Books* and *Liber Novus* depict his reappraisal of his previous values, and his attempt to develop the neglected aspects of his personality. Thus they formed the basis of his understanding of how the midlife transition could be successfully navigated.

In 1928, as we have seen, he published *The Relations between the I and the Unconscious*. It was a small book, expanding on his 1916 paper "The structure of the unconscious." Jung wrote about the "interior drama" of the transformation process. He enlarged upon his earlier discussion and added a section dealing in detail with the process of individuation. He noted that after one had dealt with the fantasies from the personal sphere, one met with fantasies from the impersonal sphere. These were not simply arbitrary but converged upon a goal. Hence these later fantasies could be described as processes of initiation. For this process to take place, active participation was required: "When the conscious mind participates actively and experiences each stage of the process . . . then the next image always starts off on the higher level that has been won, and purposiveness develops."[328]

After the assimilation of the personal unconscious, the differentiation of the persona, and the overcoming of the state of godlikeness, the next stage was the integration of the anima for men

and of the animus for women. Jung argued that just as it was essential for a man to distinguish between what he was and how he appeared to others, it was essential to become conscious of "his invisible relations to the unconscious" and hence to differentiate himself from the anima. He noted that when the anima was unconscious, it was projected. He laid out the following sequence in the development of the anima and its relation to the man's mother:

> The first bearer of the soul-image is always the mother; later it is borne by those women who arouse the man's feelings, whether in a positive or negative sense. Because the mother is the first bearer of the soul-image, separation from her is a delicate and important matter of the greatest educational significance.[329]

For a man, the mother "protects him against the dangers that threaten from the darkness of his soul."[330] Subsequently, the anima, in the form of the mother-imago, is transferred to the wife: "his wife has to take over the magical role of the mother. Under the cloak of the ideally exclusive marriage, he is really seeking his mother's protection, and thus he plays into the hands of his wife's protective instincts."[331] What is ultimately required is the "objectification of the anima." A successful engagement and integration led to

> the overcoming of the anima as an autonomous complex, and her transformation into a function of relationship between consciousness and the unconscious. Through this process the anima forfeits the daemonic power of an autonomous complex; that means she can no longer exercise possession, since she is depotentiated.[332]

To achieve this depossession, one needed to enter into dialogue with her and pose questions, through inner dialogue or active imagination. Everyone, he claimed, had this ability to hold dialogues with him- or herself. Active imagination would thus be one form of inner dialogue, a type of dramatized thinking. It was critical to disidentify from the thoughts that arose, and to overcome the assumption that one had produced them oneself.[333] What was most

essential was not interpreting or understanding the fantasies but experiencing them. This represented a shift from his paper on the transcendent function, in which he had emphasized creative formulation and understanding. He argued that one should treat the fantasies completely literally while one was engaged in them, but symbolically when one interpreted them.[334] This was a direct description of his procedure in the *Black Books*. The task of such discussions was to objectify the effects of the anima and become conscious of the underlying content while integrating these into consciousness. When one had succeeded in doing this, the anima then became a function of the relationship between consciousness and the unconscious, enabling communication between the two, as opposed to working as an autonomous complex. Again, this process of the integration of the anima was the subject of *Liber Novus* and the *Black Books*. It also highlights the fact that the fantasies here should be read symbolically and not literally. To take statements from them out of context and to cite them literally would represent a serious misunderstanding. Jung noted that this process had three effects:

> The first effect is that the range of consciousness is increased by the inclusion of a great number and variety of unconscious contents. The second is a gradual diminution of the dominating influence of the unconscious. The third is an *alteration in the personality*.[335]

After one had achieved the integration of the anima, one was confronted with another figure—namely, the "mana personality." Jung argued that when the anima lost her "mana," or power, the man who assimilated it must have acquired this and so become a "mana-personality," a being of superior will and wisdom. However, this figure was "a *dominant* of the collective unconscious, the recognized archetype of the powerful man in the form of hero, chief, magician, medicine man, and saint, the lord of men and spirits, the friend of gods."[336] Thus in integrating the anima and attaining her power, one inevitably identified with the figure of the magician, and one faced the task of differentiating oneself from this. He added that

for women, the corresponding figure was that of the Great Mother. If one gave up the claim to victory over the anima, possession by the figure of the magician ceased, and one realized that the mana truly belonged to the "midpoint of the personality"—that is, the self. The assimilation of the contents of the mana personality led to the self. His description of the encounter with the mana personality, the identification and subsequent disidentification with it, corresponds to his encounter with Philemon. Of the self, he wrote: "It might as well be called 'god in us.' The beginnings of our whole psychic life seem to be inextricably rooted to this point, and all our highest and deepest purposes seem to be striving toward it."[337] His description of the self conveys the significance of his realization following his Liverpool dream:

> The *self* could be characterized as a kind of compensation for the conflict between inner and outer. . . . the self is also the goal of life, because it is the most complete expression of that fateful combination we call individuality. . . . With the experiencing of the self as something irrational, as an indefinable being to which the I is neither opposed nor subjected, but in a relation of dependence, and around which it revolves, very much as the earth revolves about the sun—then the goal of individuation has been reached.[338]

In the *Black Books* in the 1920s, one finds the lengthening shadows of death, commencing with Jung's grief at his mother's death, followed by the premature deaths of close friends (Hermann Sigg in 1927, and Hans Schmid in 1932) and patients (George Porter and Jerome Schloss in 1927).[339] In an entry of 1927, Jung referred to thoughts regarding the death of his wife and himself. Jung's father had died at the age of fifty-four; in 1929, Jung himself reached this age. The proximity of mortality brought with it intimations of immortality. That year, he wrote in his "Commentary on *The Secret of the Golden Flower*" that as a physician he attempted to "strengthen the conviction of immortality," especially with older patients. Death, he argued, should be seen as a goal rather than an end, and he designated the latter part of life as "life

toward death."[340] Two years later, in his paper "The Turning Point of Life," he elaborated on this theme, characterizing the psychological transformations of the midlife transition. He noted that the notion of life after death was a primordial image, and that it made sense to live in accordance with this. From the perspective of a doctor of souls, he argued, it made sense to regard death as only a transition.[341] Three years later, he wrote a paper on "Soul and death," characterizing religions as systems for the preparation for death. He argued that, given the collective soul of humanity, death might be regarded as the fulfilment of life's meaning. Belief in an afterlife was anthropologically normative, and it was rather secular materialism that viewed death as a pure cessation. This was an aberrant development, viewed from a historical and cross-cultural perspective. The issue of death became particularly acute at midlife. From then, "only those remain living who are willing to die with life. Since what happens in the secret hour of the midday of life is the reversal of the parabola, *the birth of death*."[342] The *Black Books* chart how Jung negotiated the "reversal of the parabola." Seen from this perspective, his personal transformation, his individuation, was a preparation for death.

The Confrontation with the World

In 1928, Jung painted a mandala of a golden castle in the calligraphic volume of *Liber Novus*.[343] It struck him that the mandala had something Chinese about it. Shortly afterward, Richard Wilhelm sent him *The Secret of the Golden Flower*, asking him to write a commentary on it. Wilhelm had spoken at the Psychological Club in 1921 on the *I Ching*, and Jung later got to know him at Count Keyserling's School of Wisdom in Darmstadt. Jung was struck by the text and its timing:

> the text gave me an undreamed-of confirmation of my ideas about the mandala and the circumambulation of the center. This was the first event

> which broke through my isolation. I became aware of an affinity; I could establish ties with someone and something.[344]

The significance of this is reflected in the lines he wrote beneath the painting of the Yellow Castle.[345] Jung was struck between the correspondences between the imagery and conceptions of this text and his own paintings and fantasies, and the fate that had brought him and Wilhelm together. On May 25, 1929, he wrote to Wilhelm: "Fate appears to have given us the role of two bridge pillars which carry the bridge between East and West."[346] It was only later that he realized that the alchemical nature of the text was important.[347] On September 10, 1929, he wrote to Wilhelm: "I am thrilled by this text, which stands so close to our unconscious."[348]

Jung's commentary on *The Secret of the Golden Flower* was a turning point. It was his first public discussion of the significance of the mandala. For the first time, he anonymously presented three of his own paintings from *Liber Novus* as examples of European mandalas and commented on them.[349] To Wilhelm, he wrote on October 28, 1929, concerning the mandalas in the volume: "the images amplify one another precisely through their diversity they give an excellent image of the effort of the unconscious European spirit to grasp Eastern eschatology."[350] This connection between the "European unconscious spirit" and Eastern eschatology became one of the major themes in Jung's work in the 1930s. He explored it through further collaborations—with the Indologists Wilhelm Hauer and Heinrich Zimmer.[351] At the same time, the form of the work was crucial: rather than revealing the full details of his own experiment or those of his patients, Jung used the parallels with *The Secret of the Golden Flower* as an indirect way of speaking about it, much as he had begun to do in chapter 5 of *Psychological Types*. This allegorical method now became his preferred form. Rather than write directly of his experiences, he commented on analogous developments in esoteric practices, most of all in medieval alchemy.

Shortly afterward, Jung abruptly left off working on *Liber Novus*. The last full-page image was left unfinished, and he stopped

transcribing the text. In 1932, he stopped writing in the *Black Books*. He later recalled: "When I had arrived at this central point (Tao), the confrontation with the world began: I began to give many lectures and to write small essays. At that time I gave lectures in many places."[352] A number of these were collected together in the edited volumes *Contributions to Analytical Psychology* (1928) and *Seelenprobleme der Gegenwart* [Problems of the Soul in the Present Time] *(*1931).[353] Thus his confrontation with his soul drew to a close, and the confrontation with the world began. He saw these activities as a form of compensation for the years of inner preoccupation.[354] In 1932, he received the literature prize of the City of Zürich. On November 25, he wrote to Ruth Bailey, "Since I'm getting dangerously famous in this old continent I've no peace and leisure anymore. The Negro spiritual says, 'Steal away to Jesus,' and I say, 'Steal away to Bollingen' if I can help it."[355]

The Comparative Study of the Individuation Process

In November 1928, Jung convened a seminar at the Psychological Club on the subject of dream analysis.[356] It took the form of an extended study of the dreams of an irritable, anxious, forty-five-year-old businessman who was estranged from his wife. The seminar ran till June 1930. That October, Jung gave a week-long seminar at the Hotel Sonne in Küsnacht for twelve German doctors.[357] The seminar was held in response to a request from the participants to hear him speak on "the development and meaning of unconscious images."[358] He described the active imaginations of a thirty-year-old American woman subsequently identified as Christiana Morgan.

After this, he had intended to continue with his English dream analysis seminar. Asked to repeat the seminar in English, he instead proposed an alternative, "the development . . . of the transcendent function out of dreams and visions, and the actual representations of those images which ultimately serve in the synthesis of the individual: the reconciliation of the pairs of opposites and the whole

process of symbol formation."[359] On November 31 he asked Christiana Morgan's permission to use her material to "explain the secrets of unconscious initiation processes." He added that he had already used it in his German seminar, "from a purely impersonal point of view naturally, hiding any personal inferences," and it was "really of rare beauty, and an almost unique case in its completeness and accuracy of vision, far more so than we expected, when we were personally dealing with it."[360]

Rather than present his own material, he had found an example through which he could show a process parallel to what he himself had undergone, thus vindicating its clinical application and showing its replicability. This seminar can in part be regarded as an indirect commentary on *Liber Novus*. To demonstrate the empirical validity of the conceptions that he derived in *Liber Novus*, he had to show that the processes described therein were not unique. This seminar was to run for four years, coming to a halt when Christina Morgan's identity became apparent. Thereafter, at the students' request, he turned to the subject of Nietzsche's *Thus Spoke Zarathustra*, viewing it through the lens of his own self-experimentation, and reading the work as if it were Nietzsche's *Liber Novus*.[361]

In October 1931, Jung ran a seminar in German at the Hotel Sonne.[362] He spoke again regarding active imagination, drawing this time on a series of different cases. This appears to have attracted a much larger audience than the one he had drawn the previous year, with about 40 percent of the participants being from Germany. He followed this with a collaborative seminar with Wilhelm Hauer on Kundalini yoga. Hauer presented the topic in seminars in German and English, and Jung provided psychological commentary on its symbolism, emphasizing the emergence of the imagery among contemporary American and European patients. In working with Hauer, Jung was in effect continuing his collaboration with Richard Wilhelm, exploring the cross-cultural symbolism of the individuation process, and how Eastern esoteric practices and the "unconscious initiation processes" of the psychotherapy of individuation could

illuminate each other. Hauer and Jung also worked with Heinrich Zimmer in his seminars in Berlin in 1933.[363]

Jung also began to get involved in psychotherapy organizations. In 1930, he became vice president of the General Medical Society for Psychotherapy, which was predominantly German. After Ernst Kretschmer's resignation in 1933, he became the acting president, and then president in 1934. Some of his associates, including Cary Baynes, had strongly advised him against this. He was criticized for taking on the position but saw his aim as one of "trying to get a still young and insecure science into a place of safety during an earthquake."[364] He set about internationalizing the society and protecting the status of Jewish practitioners as independent members. He was also heavily criticized for comments contrasting Aryan and Jewish psychology at this time.[365]

In the mid-1930s Jung took up the study of alchemy in earnest. His acquaintance with it went back to his research for *Transformations and Symbols of the Libido*. In his view, alchemists had been engaged in something akin to what he called the process of active imagination. Furthermore, alchemical symbols depicted the process of individuation. At a historical level, the work had further significance, as the symbolic material was precisely what was excluded by ecclesiastical Christianity and thus had the function of a compensatory undercurrent. For example, Jung's vision of the God Abraxas bore striking parallels to the figure of Mercurius in alchemy.[366] He noted in retrospect that "my encounter with alchemy was decisive for me, as it provided me with the historical basis which I had hitherto lacked."[367] The Gnostic material he had studied had been too remote from the present, and he believed that alchemy formed the historical bridge between Gnosticism and the psychology of the unconscious. If his thesis was correct, he would be able to demonstrate that the results of his undertaking were not limited to himself, close associates, and patients but had wider historical and cultural significance. Had he simply published his patients' material, their cases could easily have been dismissed as the product of autosuggestion or suggestion, rather than constituting firm empirical

evidence. His philological deciphering of alchemy took place in a series of eight notebooks and an index volume.[368] He wrote out extensive excerpts from alchemical texts and underlined key phrases, which he then recorded in the index volume. Call slips in these volumes indicated that he initially conducted extensive research in the Basel University library back in the winter of 1935. His work in the *Black Books* and the calligraphic volume of *Liber Novus* now ceded place to his work in his alchemy notebooks.

In 1935 he wrote "Individual Dream Symbolism in Relation to Alchemy" and included as an epigraph the following lines from Virgil's *Aeneid*:

> . . . *facilis descensus Averno;*
> *noctes atque dies patet atri ianua Ditis;*
> *sed revocare gradum superasque evadere ad auras*,
> *hoc opus, hic labor est* . . . (VI, 126–29)
>
> Easy is the descent to Avernus:
> night and day the door of gloomy Dis stands open;
> but to recall your steps and pass out to the upper air,
> this is the task, this is the toil.[369]

These lines are spoken by the Sibyl at Cumae, cautioning Aeneas, who ardently desires to descend to the underworld to see the face of his father once more. The citation can be read as a riposte to Freud's citation of the *Aeneid* at the beginning of *The Interpretation of Dreams*. Freud quotes Juno, who is thwarted by Aeneas: "Flectere si nequeo superos, Acheronta movebo" (If I can not bend the upper powers, I will move the Acheron).[370] The publication heralded a critical turn, as Jung was to spend the next twenty years of his life immersed in the study of alchemy. The epigragh spoke to his situation, for he had completed his descent into the underworld, his "confrontation with the unconscious," and had stopped writing in the *Black Books* and had chosen not to publish *Liber Novus* at this juncture. Hence he was faced with finding another way of presenting the insights gleaned in his self-experimentation. The return to the

upper air, by means of comparative historical scholarship, was to be his task and his toil. As he commented to Aniela Jaffé years later,

> For something like fifteen years long I read books, to find a sort of clothing material for this primal revelation, that I myself could not manage. It cost me forty-five years, so to speak, to bring the things that I once wrote down somewhat under control in the vessel of my work.[371]

While *Liber Novus* had been an attempt to present the meaning of the revelation, he now had to come back from the "human side"—from science. The cost was considerable: "I paid with my life, and I have paid with my science."[372] Alchemy now presented him with a mode to present his researches in an allegorical manner. Hence his works on the psychology of alchemy were double-sided—while they present original historical research and formidable scholarship, they were by no means purely academic studies, as in many ways the key referent was not what the alchemists may or may not have been engaged with, but Jung's presentation of his conception of the individuation process and its depiction in symbols. In an encrypted manner, images and conceptions from *Liber Novus* and the *Black Books* surfaced, contextualized and amplified.

From the 1930s onward, Jung looked for a way to rediscover, through historical scholarship, the concepts he had independently arrived at. There were two main settings in which this project unfolded. In 1933, after an interval of two decades, he returned to the university, lecturing at the Swiss Federal Institute of Technology. He was appointed a professor there in 1935. Between 1933 and 1941, he lectured over the course of fourteen semesters, presenting a historical overview of modern psychology and, above all, a comparative study of the individuation process, focusing on Patanjali's yoga sutras, the spiritual exercises of St. Ignatius of Loyola, Buddhist mediation, and Western alchemy.[373] The lectures were open to the general public. The critical insight that enabled these linkages and comparisons was Jung's realization that these practices were all based on different forms of active imagination, and that they all had as their goal the transformation of the personality.

He understood the latter as the process of individuation. Thus Jung's ETH lectures provide a comparative history of active imagination, the practice he had developed in the *Black Books*.

The lectures went hand in hand with his regular participation at the Eranos conferences in Ascona, established in 1933 by Olga Froebe-Kapteyn.[374] The conferences ran for two weeks each year. They focused on the history of religion and culture, with a particular emphasis on the relation between East and West. Jung advised Froebe-Kapteyn concerning themes and speakers to invite but was careful to avoid the conferences becoming simply a vehicle for his school.

Scholars who participated in the conferences included Henry Corbin, Heinrich Zimmer, Victor White, D. T. Suzuki, Ernesto Buonaiuti, Giuseppi Tucci, Wilhelm Hauer, Louis Massignon, Gilles Quispel, Erwin Rousselle, Mircea Eliade, Paul Radin, Louis Massignon, Karl Kerényi, and Adolf Portmann. They served as an informal peer group and a critical audience to whom Jung's works from the mid-1930s were addressed. The comparative study of the individuation process with which he was engaged required the collaboration of experts in the field of comparative religion. On the other hand, for many of these scholars, the links that he was trying to establish between psychology and their fields of expertise opened the possibility of unexpected applications of their work outside the confines of academia.

In conclusion, the *Black Books* provide a unique window into the creative process of a major psychologist. At a textual level, they enable one to follow how Jung's scholarly reading provided resources that inspired his fantasy, moving him to imagine in a mythic way. By reflecting on these resources, he attempted to divine broad insights from them, first cast in a lyrical form in *Liber Novus* and subsequently in conceptual and theoretical forms in his scholarly writings. As a *document humain* and psychological record, the *Black Books* chart Jung's attempt to resolve the twentieth-century crisis of meaning in his own person, and distill from this a means through psychotherapy for others to do likewise. In short, the *Black Books*

and *Liber Novus* together form the core of analytical psychology, and enable its historical genesis to be studied from its inception. Jung's work may now be seen in the round, and the intimate connections between the esoteric visionary cycles and the exoteric psychology may be grasped. Jung later recalled that his "entire life consisted in elaborating what had burst forth from the unconscious like an enigmatic stream and threatened to break me. . . . Everything later was merely the outer classification, the scientific elaboration, the integration into life. But the numinous beginning, which contained everything, was then."[375] Thus the *Black Books* enable one to enter the private laboratory of analytical psychology and follow the genesis of a visionary science: that is, how a psychology was born of the visionary imagination, which in turn could form a science of visions.

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1. Lecture at the Swiss Federal Institute of Technology (*ETH*) on June 14, 1935, in Barbara Hannah, ed., *Modern Psychology, Vols. 1 and 2: Notes on Lectures Given at the Eidgenössische Technische Hochschule, Zürich, by Prof. Dr. C.G. Jung, October 1933–July 1935*, 2nd ed. (Zürich, privately printed: 1959), p. 223.
2. *LN*, p. 127.
3. *MP*, p. 252; *Memories*, chapter 6. Jung first used the latter expression publicly in 1916, in "The Transcendent Function" (*CW* 8, § 183).
4. Desiderius Erasmus, *Opera Omnia*, II-3 (Amsterdam: Elsevier, 2005), pp. 240–41.
5. See Andreas Jung, Regula Michel, Arthur Rügg, Judith Rohrer, and Daniel Ganz, *The House of C.G. Jung: The History and Restoration of the Residence of Emma and Carl Gustav Jung-Rauschenbach* (Zürich: Stiftung C.G. Jung Küsnacht, 2009).
6. Between 1909 and 1914, Jung gave courses under the following titles: "Course on Psychotherapy with Demonstrations," "Psychopathology of Hysteria," "Introduction to Psychoanalysis," and "Psychology of the Unconscious" (Staatsarchiv, Zürich).
7. *Introduction to Jungian Psychology: Notes of the Seminar on Analytical Psychology Given in 1925*, rev. ed. Sonu Shamdasani; original ed. William McGuire (Princeton: Princeton University Press/Philemon Series, 2012), p. 24.
8. Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1879–1910, 50 vols. Jung possessed an almost complete set.
9. Jung, *The Psychology of the Unconscious Processes* (*CW* B, § 36). In his 1952 revision of this text, Jung qualified this (*Symbols of Transformation*,

1952, *CW* 5, § 29).

10. "Address on the Founding of the C.G. Jung Institute, Zürich, 24 April, 1948," *CW* 18, § 1131.
11. *CW* 5, p. xxvi.
12. Ibid., p. xxix.
13. Ibid.
14. Cf. *Introduction to Jungian Psychology*, p. 25.
15. *Book* 2, p. 160.
16. For Jung's subsequent understanding of this dream, see ibid., n. 53.
17. *Book* 2, p. 155.
18. *Introduction to Jungian Psychology*, p. 42.
19. Ibid., p. 43. To the psychiatrist E. A. Bennet, his friend and biographer, he recalled, "At first he thought the 'twelve dead men' referred to the twelve days before Christmas for that is the dark time of the year, when traditionally witches are about. To say 'before Christmas' is to say 'before the sun lives again,' for Christmas day is at the turning point of the year when the sun's birth was celebrated in the Mithraic religion. . . . Only much later did he relate the dream to Hermes and the twelve doves" (*Meetings with Jung: Conversations Recorded by E. A. Bennet during the Years 1946–1961* [London: Anchor Press, 1982/Zürich: Daimon Verlag, 1985], p. 93). In "On the Psychological Aspects of the Figure of the Kore" (1941), Jung presented some material from *Liber Novus* (describing it as part of a dream series) in an anonymous form ("Case Z."), tracing the transformations of the anima. He noted that the dream recounted here "shows the anima as elflike, i.e., only partially human. She can just as well be a bird, which means that she may belong wholly to nature and can vanish (i.e., become unconscious) from the human sphere (i.e., consciousness)" (*CW* 9, pt. 1, § 371).
20. "On the Question of Psychological Types," *CW* 6.
21. *LN*, p. 123.
22. Ibid., p. 124.
23. *Introduction to Jungian Psychology*, p. 44.
24. Ibid., p. 47.
25. Ibid., p. 48.
26. Barbara Hannah recalls, "Jung used to say in later years that his tormenting doubts as to his own sanity should have been allayed by the amount of success he was having at the same time in the outer world, especially in America" (*C.G. Jung: His Life and Work: A Biographical Memoir* [New York: Perigree, 1976], p. 109).
27. *MP*, p. 23.
28. *Draft*, *JFA*, p. 8.
29. Gerda Breuer and Ines Wagemann, *Ludwig Meidner: Zeichner, Maler, Literat 1884–1966* (Stuttgart: Verlag Gerd Hatje, 1991), vol. 2, pp. 124–49. For a detailed study of this theme, see Jay Winter, *Sites of Memory, Sites of*

Mourning: The Great War in European Cultural History (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 1995), pp. 145–77.

30. Arthur Conan Doyle, *The New Revelation and The Vital Message* (London: Psychic Press, 1918), p. 9.
31. *Introduction to Jungian Psychology*, p. 28.
32. Ibid.
33. Ibid.
34. *MP*, p. 23.
35. The subsequent notebooks are black. Hence Jung referred to them as the *Black Book*.
36. *Memories*, p. 197.
37. Ibid., p. 27.
38. *MP*, pp. 156–57.
39. *Introduction to Jungian Psychology*, p. 51. He had cited the same lines on August 31, 1910, in a letter to Freud, posing them as a motto for psychoanalysis (William McGuire, ed., The *Freud/Jung Letters: The Correspondence Between Sigmund Freud and C.G.Jung* [Princeton: Princeton University Press/Bollingen Series, 1974], p. 350).
40. *Introduction to Jungian Psychology*, p. 48.
41. St. Augustine, *Soliloquies and Immortality of the Soul*, ed. and trans. Gerard Watson (Warminster: Aris & Phillips, 1990), p. 23. Watson notes that Augustine "had been through a period of intense strain, close to a nervous breakdown, and the Soliloquies are a form of therapy, an effort to cure himself by talking, or rather, writing" (p. v).
42. *Introduction to Jungian Psychology*, p. 45. Jung's account here suggests that this dialogue took place in the autumn of 1913. But that is not certain, as the dialogue itself does not occur in the *Black Books*, and no other manuscript has yet come to light. If this dating is followed, and in the absence of other supporting material, it would appear that the voice was commenting on the November entries in *Book* 2, not to the subsequent text or paintings in *LN*.
43. *Introduction to Jungian Psychology*, p. 48.
44. Ibid., p. 50.
45. *MP*, p. 171.
46. Riklin's paintings generally followed the style of Augusto Giacometti: semifigurative and fully abstract works, with soft floating colors (private possession, Peter Riklin). One painting of Riklin's from 1915–16, *Verkündigung*, in the Kunsthaus in Zürich, was donated by Maria Moltzer in 1945.
47. *Book* 2, p. 164.
48. Ibid., p. 165.
49. *Introduction to Jungian Psychology*, p. 51.
50. *Book* 2, pp. 168ff.
51. Ibid., p. 179.

52. Siegfried, whom he had recently slain in a dream (ibid., p. 174).
53. Ibid., p. 171.
54. *MP*, p. 381.
55. *JFA*, p. 9.
56. *MP*, p. 145.
57. St. Ignatius of Loyola, "The Spiritual Exercises," in *Personal Writings*, trans. Joseph A. Munitiz and Philip Endean (London: Penguin, 1996), p. 298. In 1939–40, Jung presented a psychological commentary on these spiritual exercises at the ETH (ed. Martin Liebscher, Princeton University Press/Philemon Series, forthcoming).
58. This passage was reproduced by William White in his *Swedenborg: His Life and Writings* (London and Bath, 1867), vol. 1, pp. 293–94. Jung marked the second half of the passage with a line in the margin in his copy of this work.
59. See Silberer, "Bericht über eine Methode, gewisse symbolische Halluzinations-Erscheinungen hervorzurufen und zu beobachten," *Jahrbuch für psychoanalytische und psychopathologische Forschungen* 2 (1909): 513–25.
60. Staudenmaier, *Die Magie als experimentelle Naturwissenschaft* (Leipzig: Akademische Verlagsgesellschaft, 1912), p. 19.
61. Jung had a copy of Staudenmaier's book and marked some passages in it.
62. There are also similarities with theurgic practices of ritual invocation. The locus classicus for this was Iamblichus's *On the Mysteries*, with which Jung later became familiar. He had a 1497 edition of Iamblichus's work, which he cited in 1934 in "A Study in the Process of Individuation" (*CW* 9, pt. 1, § 573). On Iamblichus and theurgy, see Garth Fowden, *The Egyptian Hermes: A Historical Approach to the Late Pagan Mind* (Princeton: Princeton University Press, 1993).
63. McGuire's footnote, *Freud/Jung Letters*, p. 351.
64. *Freud/Jung Letters*, p. 352. Martha Böddinghaus came to Jung from Munich for analysis in 1910 and thereafter became an analyst. She married Hermann Sigg the year she arrived. He became a close friend of Jung's (see *Book* 7, p. 238, n. 252).
65. "Dreams," *JFA*, p. 4. See *Book* 6, p. 285, n. 321.
66. Moltzer to Freud, April 24, 1912, Freud Collection, Manuscript Division, Library of Congress.
67. Freud to Ferenczi, December 23, 1912, *The Correspondence of Sigmund Freud and Sándor Ferenczi, Volume 1, 1908–1914*, ed. Ernst Falzeder, trans. Peter Hoffer (Cambridge: Harvard University Press/Belknap Press, 1993), p. 446. Jung's pupil Jolande Jacobi recalled, "I heard from others, about the time before he [Jung] met Toni Wolff, that he had a love affair there in the Burghölzli with a girl—what was her name? Moltzer" (Jacobi interview, *CLM*, p. 110).
68. *Book* 2, p. 155.

69. Cited in Hannah, *Jung: His Life and Work: A Biographical Memoir* (New York: Putnam, 1976), p. 104.
70. Ibid.
71. *Diary* K, p. 143.
72. Hannah, *C.G. Jung: His Life and Work: A Biographical Memoir*, p. 104.
73. April 14, 1930, *Diary* H, pp. 75–76.
74. *Freud/Jung Letters*, p. 440.
75. *Diary* A.
76. *Transformations and Symbols of the Libido*, *CW* B, §§ 358ff.
77. *Faust*, 1, act 1, ll. 702–19.
78. That is, Jung.
79. Toni Wolff, *Diary* B, p. 98.
80. *Book* 2, p. 156.
81. Toni Wolff, *Diary* K, September 25, 1937, p. 151.
82. *MZS*, p. 47.
83. *MP*, p. 98.
84. Toni Wolff, *Diary* M, p. 84.
85. *MP*, p. 171.
86. Wolff, *Diary* O, February 18, 1951, p. 102. On April 26, 1936, Wolff noted in her diary: "I still transfer father symbols onto C. That is why I am never entirely with myself and am no counter-weight to him" (Toni Wolff, *Diary* J, p. 101).
87. Wolff, *Diary* K, March 11, 1937, p. 77.
88. Wolff, *Diary* A, January 30–31, 1913.
89. See especially Susanne Trüb and Fowler McCormick, interviews with Gene Nameche, *CLM*.
90. Susanne Trüb, interview with Gene Nameche, *CLM*, p. 31.
91. *MP*, p. 173.
92. See *Book* 7, pp. 163ff.
93. Wolff, *Diary* E, January 11, 1926, p. 17. Regarding the Egyptian concept of the Ba, E. A. Wallis Budge noted, "To that part of man which beyond all doubt was believed to enjoy an eternal existence in heaven in a state of glory, the Egyptians gave the name ba, a word which means something like 'sublime,' 'noble' and which has always hitherto been translated by 'soul.' The ba is not incorporeal, for although it dwells in the ka, and is in some respects, like the heart, the principle of life in man, still it possesses both substance and form: in form it is depicted as a human-headed hawk, and in nature and substance it is stated to be exceedingly refined or ethereal. It revisited the body in the tomb and re-animated it, and conversed with it; it could take upon itself any shape that it pleased; and it had the power of passing into heaven and of dwelling with the perfected souls there. It was eternal" (*The Book of the Dead: The Papyrus of Ani in the British Museum* [London: Longmans & Co, 1895], p. lxiv).

94. Wolff, *Diary* F, January 30, 1926, p. 25.
95. Wolff, *Diary* C, September 13, 1925, p. 95; *Diary* F, February 7, 1926, p. 37.
96. Ximena Roelli de Angulo, Cary Baynes's daughter, recalled, "I think that Emma must have always played just as large a part in his creative life as Toni did—just a different part" (interview with Gene Nameche, Jung biographical archive, *CLM*, p. 54).
97. Ernest Jones to Sigmund Freud, September 12, 1912, *The Complete Correspondence of Sigmund Freud and Ernest Jones 1908–1939*, ed. Andrew Paskauskas (Cambridge: Harvard University Press, 1993), p. 160.
98. Suzanne Trüb, interview with Gene Nameche, Jung biographical archive, *CLM*, p. 5.
99. *MP*, p. 174.
100. Emma Jung and Marie-Louise von Franz, *The Grail Legend*, trans. Andrea Dykes (Princeton: Princeton University Press, 1988).
101. *Book* 4, p. 228.
102. *MP*, pp. 23–24.
103. *Book* 5, p. 215.
104. *Memories*, p. 219.
105. *LN*, p. 124.
106. *MZS*, p. 61.
107. This is based on a study of Jung's correspondence at the ETH and in other archives and collections.
108. Between 1913 and 1917, these were: 1913, 16 days; 1914, 14 days; 1915, 67 days; 1916, 34 days; 1917, 117 days. In 1915 and 1916, he served as an army physician in a cavalry regiment.
109. *Memories*, p. 214.
110. Jung, "On Psychological Understanding," *CW* 3, § 396.
111. Ibid., *§* 398.
112. Ibid., § 399.
113. *CW* 3, §§ 438–65.
114. *LN*, p. 125.
115. Combat interview (1952) in William McGuire and R. F. C. Hull, eds., *C.G. Jung Speaking: Interviews and Encounters* (London: Picador, 1980), pp. 233–34.
116. *Mysterium Coniunctionis*, *CW* 14, § 756.
117. See above, pp. 17–19; *Book* 2, pp. 169, 174, 194; *Book* 3, p. 115; *Book* 4, p. 220; *Book* 5, p. 226; above, p. 35.
118. *LN*, p. 474.
119. *LN*, p. 470.
120. *ZS*, p. 381. On Jung's reading of Nietzsche, see Paul Bishop, *The Dionysian Self: C.G. Jung's Reception of Nietzsche* (Berlin: Walter de Gruyter, 1995); Martin Liebscher, *Libido und Wille zur Macht. C.G. Jungs Auseinandersetzung mit Nietzsche* (Basel: Schwabe, 2011); and Graham Parkes, "Nietzsche and

Jung: Ambivalent Appreciations," in Jacob Golomb, Weaver Santaniello, and Ronald Lehrer, eds., *Nietzsche and Depth Psychology* (Albany: SUNY Press, 1999), pp. 205–27. On the role of Nietzsche in *Liber Novus*, see Gaia Domenici, "Books 'For All and None': Nietzsche's *Zarathustra*, Jung's *The Red Book*, and 'Visionary Works,' " PhD thesis, University of Pisa, 2015.

121. See *Book* 2, p. 197. On this subject, see my "Descensus ad Infernos: la saison en enfer de C.G. Jung," in Edith Alleart-Bertin, ed., *Danger et nécessité de l'individuation* (Brussels: L'arbre soleil, 2016), pp. 27–76; and Tommaso Priviero, "On the Service of the Soul: C.G. Jung's *Liber Novus* and Dante's *Commedia*," *Phanês: Journal for Jung History* 1 (2018): 28–58.
122. *MZS*, January 30, 1914, pp. 47ff.
123. See *Memories*, chapters 2 and 3.
124. For example, by page 53 of the *Draft*, there is a note written in the margin: "Awesome! Why cut?" Jung evidently took this advice and retained the original passages. See *LN*, p. 151, second paragraph.
125. *Book* 5, p. 235.
126. *LN*, p. 474.
127. *Book* 5, p. 235.
128. *LN*, p. 475.
129. *Book* 5, p. 239.
130. Jung to Schmid, November 6, 1915, in *The Question of Psychological Types: The Correspondence of C.G. Jung and Hans Schmid-Guisan, 1915–1916*, ed. John Beebe and Ernst Falzeder, trans. Ernst Falzeder (Princeton: Princeton University Press/Philemon Series, 2013), p. 131.
131. Ibid., p. 140.
132. Ibid.
133. Ibid., p. 141. This dream may be found in *Book* 4, p. 265.
134. *The Question of Psychological Types: The Correspondence of C.G. Jung and Hans Schmid-Guisan, 1915–1916*, pp. 141–42.
135. Maeder papers.
136. On the formation of the Club, see my *Cult Fictions: C.G. Jung and the Founding of Analytical Psychology* (London: Routledge, 1998).
137. Jung to Poul Bjerre, April 2, 1917, *JA*.
138. *Liber Secundus*, "Nox secunda" (*LN*, p. 340), commenting on a fantasy of January 17, 1914 (*Book* 3, pp. 205ff.). On this issue, see James Hillman and Sonu Shamdasani, *Lament of the Dead: Psychology After Jung's Red Book* (New York: W. W. Norton, 2013).
139. *Liber Secundus*, "Nox secunda" (*LN*, p. 342).
140. Ibid., p. 344.
141. Ibid., p. 433.
142. Ibid., p. 345, n. 187.
143. *Book* 5, p. 255.
144. Ibid., pp. 269ff.

145. See appendix, p. 131.
146. *CFB*.
147. *Memories*, pp. 215–16.
148. *Book* 4, p. 207.
149. The historical Basilides was a Gnostic who taught in Alexandria in the second century CE. See Bentley Layton, ed., *The Gnostic Scriptures: Ancient Wisdom for the New Age* (New York: Doubleday, 1987), pp. 417–44.
150. *MP*, p. 26.
151. Library, Psychological Club, Zürich.
152. January 19, 1917, *Letters* 1, pp. 33–34. Sending a copy of the *Sermones* to Jolande Jacobi, Jung described them as "a curiosity from the workshop of the unconscious" (October 7, 1928, *JA*).
153. After his separation with Freud, Jung found that Flournoy was of continued support to him. See Jung in Flournoy's 1900 work *From India to the Planet Mars: A Case of Multiple Personality with Imaginary Languages*, ed. Sonu Shamdasani, trans. D. Vermilye (Princeton: Princeton University Press, 1994), p. ix.
154. *CW* 7, §§ 444–46.
155. Ibid., § 449.
156. Ibid., § 459.
157. Ibid., p. 468.
158. Ibid., p. 521.
159. *CW* 18, § 1098.
160. *CW* 18, § 1100.
161. This was published only in 1957, trans. A. R. Pope (Zürich: Students Association, C.G. Jung Institute). A revised version is found in *CW* 8.
162. *JFA*.
163. *CW* 8, § 155.
164. *CW* 8, §§ 170–71. A planchette is a small wooden board on coasters used to facilitate automatic writing.
165. *CW* 8, § 186.
166. Ibid., p. 4.
167. *CW* 7, pp. 3–4.
168. In his 1943 revision of this work, Jung added that the personal unconscious "corresponds to the figure of the *shadow* so frequently met with in dreams" (*CW* 7, § 103). He added the following definition of this figure: "By *shadow* I understand the 'negative' side of the personality, the sum of all those hidden unpleasant qualities, the insufficiently developed functions and the contents of the personal unconscious" (ibid., § 103n.). Subsequently, this phase of the individuation process was described as the encounter with the shadow (see *CW* 9, pt. 2, §§ 13–19).
169. *The Psychology of the Unconscious Processes*, in Jung, *Collected Papers on Analytical Psychology*, 2nd ed., ed. and trans. Constance E. Long (London:

Baillière, Tindall & Cox, 1917), pp. 416–17.
170. Ibid., p. 432.
171. Ibid., p. 435.
172. *Introduction to Jungian Psychology*, p. 103.
173. *Book* 2, pp. 179–96.
174. *Collected Papers on Analytical Psychology*, p. 444.
175. *Book* 6, p. 227.
176. *Book* 7, pp. 158ff., 165.
177. See appendix, p. 141.
178. Copied in Constance Long's diary, *CLM*, pp. 21–22.
179. They had fair and dark hair, respectively.
180. "Dreams," p. 17.
181. *Book* 6, p. 258.
182. Ibid.
183. *Book* 7, p. 163.
184. Ibid., p. 175.
185. John C. Burnham, *Jelliffe: American Psychoanalyst and Physician and His Correspondence with Sigmund Freud and C.G. Jung*, ed. William McGuire (Chicago: University of Chicago Press, 1983), p. 199.
186. See The Foundation of the Works of C.G. Jung, eds., *The Art of C.G. Jung* (New York: W. W. Norton, 2018).
187. See appendix, p. 123.
188. *Book* 7, pp. 148ff.
189. *MP*, p. 172.
190. Ibid., p. 220. Regarding Moltzer's conception of art, Fanny Bowditch Katz noted in her diary that Moltzer saw her paintings as "purely subjective, not works of art" (July 31, 1916, *CLM*). On another occasion, Katz notes that Moltzer "spoke of Art, real art, being the expression of religion" (August 24, 1916, *CLM*).
191. *MP*, p. 221.
192. See appendix, p. 129.
193. Unpublished letter, *JFA*. There also exists an undated painting by Moltzer that appears to be a quadrated mandala. She described it in brief accompanying notes as "a pictorial presentation of Individuation or of the Individuation process" (Library, Psychological Club, Zürich).
194. Jung, "Commentary on *The Secret of the Golden Flower*," *CW* 13, § 34.
195. Ibid., § 35.
196. Fanny Bowditch Katz, Diary, *CLM*. "R." refers to Rudolf Katz, whom Fanny Bowditch married.
197. J. B. Lang papers, Swiss Literary Archives, Berne. On Lang, see Thomas Feitknecht, ed., *"Die dunkle und wilde Seite der Seele": Hermann Hesse. Briefwechsel mit seinem Psychoanalytiker Josef Bernhard Lang, 1916–1944* (Frankfurt: Suhrkampf, 2006).

198. Minutes of the Psychological Club, Psychological Club archives.
199. Sarah Barker, "The Club problem," Katz papers, *CLM*, p. 1.
200. Ibid., p. 2.
201. Moltzer to Bowditch Katz, August 1, 1918, Katz papers, *CLM*.
202. Private possession, Stephen Martin.
203. *MP*, p. 172.
204. *MP*, p. 173. The immediate sources that Jung drew on for his concept of the self appear to be the Atman/Brahman conception in Hinduism, which he discussed in *Psychological Types*, and certain passages in Nietzsche's *Thus Spoke Zarathustra*. Nietzsche writes: "The Self also seeks with the eyes of sense, it listens too with the ears of the spirit. The Self is always listening and seeking: it compares, subdues, conquers, destroys. It rules and is also the I's ruler. Behind your thoughts and feelings, my brother, stands a mighty commander, an unknown sage—he is called Self" (Section 1, "Of the Despisers of the Body," trans. R. J. Hollingdale [Harmondsworth: Penguin, 1984], p. 62). The passage is underlined as in Jung's copy. There are also lines by the margin and exclamation marks. In commenting on this passage in 1935 in his seminar on *Zarathustra*, Jung said: "I was already very interested in the concept of the self, but I was not sure how I should understand it. I made my marks when I came across these passages, and they seemed very important to me. . . . The concept of the self continued to recommend itself to me. . . . I thought that Nietzsche meant a sort of thing-in-itself behind the psychological phenomenon. . . . I saw then also that he was producing a concept of the self which was like the Eastern concept; it is an Atman idea" (*ZS*, vol. 1, p. 391).
205. Ibid.
206. Jung to Lang, October 10, 1923 (private possession, Stephen Martin).
207. Private possession, Stephen Martin.
208. On page 23 of the manuscript of *Scrutinies*, there is a date: "27/11/17." It probably indicates that the text was written in the latter half of 1917, and after the mandala experiences at Château d'Oex.
209. *LN*, pp. 514ff.
210. *Book* 5, p. 239.
211. *LN*, p. 480.
212. *Book* 5, p. 239.
213. *LN*, pp. 482–83.
214. *JFA*. This statement is entirely in keeping with Jung's comments about her in his adolescent diary in August 1899: "E.R. I am in love; I love with that searching yearning that Swedenborg so wonderfully describes: the anticipation of the other self, the unity preparing for heavenly, eternal times. Does she think of me? Does she know it? Could I have deluded myself? Is she not the destined one? I cannot believe that my feeling has deluded me. It must be her (. . .) E.R. In the dark shades of the trees, in the bright rooms

of sunny nature I see only her, the sweet one in her familiar stature, in her bright dress with the red ribbons, she, who is so intimately akin to my soul. Does she know it? Does she feel my love regardless of the extent of space that separates?" (*JFA*). The reference is to Swedenborg's conception of conjugal love. Jung had taken out Swedenborg's book on this topic from the Basel University library on October 18, 1898.

215. *LN*, p. 483.
216. On January 17, 1918, Jung wrote to J. B. Lang, "The work on the unconscious has to happen first and foremost for *us ourselves*. Our patients profit from it indirectly. The danger consists in the prophet's delusion, which often is the result of dealing with the unconscious. *It is the devil* who says: Disdain all reason and science, mankind's highest powers. That is never appropriate even though we are forced to acknowledge (the existence of) the irrational" (private possession, Stephen Martin). The reference is to Mephistopheles's statement in *Faust*, 1, ll. 1851ff).
217. *Book* 5, p. 270.
218. September 28, 1916, *Book* 6, p. 259.
219. *CW* 9, pt. 1.
220. *Book* 7, p. 178.
221. Ibid., p. 180.
222. *Memories*, pp. 370–71.
223. *CW* 9, pt. 1, § 309.
224. Calligraphic volume of *LN*, pp. 44–64.
225. See *The Art of C.G. Jung*.
226. *CW* 10, § 24.
227. Ibid., § 48.
228. *CW* 8.
229. On the reception of *Psychological Types*, see my *Jung and the Making of Modern Psychology* (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 2003), pp. 83–87 and 334–38.
230. *CW* 6, § 706.
231. Ibid., §§ 804–5.
232. Ibid., § 426.
233. *CW* 16.
234. *CW* 15.
235. On Jung's trips to England in 1920 and 1923 and later travels, see Dan Noel, "Soul and Earth: Traveling with Jung. Toward an Archetypal Ecology," *Quadrant* 24 (1991): 56–73. On Jung's travels to Africa and New Mexico, see *Jung and the Making of Modern Psychology*, pp. 316ff. On Jung's trip to Africa, see Blake Burleson, *Jung in Africa* (New York: Continuum, 2005).
236. See *Book* 7, p. 238, n. 252.
237. *Memories*, p. 266.

238. In Magnus Ljunggren, *The Russian Mephisto: A Study of the Life of Emilii Medtner* (Stockholm: Almqvist & Wiksell International, 1994), p. 215. See also Jung's letter to Emma Jung of March 15, 1920 (*Memories*, p. 403).
239. *Memories*, p. 270.
240. Ibid., pp. 270–71.
241. Ibid., pp. 271–72.
242. *Book* 7, pp. 211ff.
243. Ibid., January 2–3, 1923, p. 224.
244. Ibid., p. 226.
245. Ibid., p. 228.
246. Ibid., p. 230.
247. *Memories*, p. 345. This was not Jung's first encounter with Wotan, the storm God. In a draft for her biography of Jung, Lucy Heyer narrated the event: "This friendly and mildly temperate landscape was struck by a severe catastrophic storm, a rare natural event at this ferocity, just as the child was being taken for baptism in the church. The home-borne young mother was anxious to see the young one safely brought through the ferocity and the eclipse. In the family, this event fell into oblivion until fifteen years later the boy wrote a poem that described a storm catastrophe. He dedicated it to his mother, and only at that moment she remembered again how threateningly the storm god had accompanied the baptism of her firstborn on that day of baptism in late summer 1875. When Jung related this poem and his mother's reaction, he noticed that he had often had such inspirations as this poem, contents foreign to consciousness that corresponded to an objective event, imposed themselves on him and sought expression. That storm poem, which was a long time in the possession of the mother, was unfortunately later lost" (Lucy Heyer Grote papers, University of Basel Archives, "Biographie von Carl Gustav Jung," "Kindheit," p. 1). On her biography, see my *Jung Stripped Bare by His Biographers, Even* (London: Karnac, 2005).
248. *CW* 10. On the intersection of Jung's understanding of Nietzsche, Wotan, and contemporary events, see Martin Liebscher, *Libido und Wille zur Macht: C.G. Jungs Auseinandersetzung mit Nietzsche* (Basel: Schwabe, 2012), pp. 102–10, and Carrie Dohe, "Wotan and the 'Archetypal Ergriffenheit': Mystical Union, National Spiritual Rebirth and Culture-Creating Capacity in C.G. Jung's 'Wotan' Essay," *History of European Ideas* 37 (2011): 344–56.
249. *ZS*, p. 871.
250. Ibid., p. 869.
251. *Book* 7, p. 211.
252. Ibid., pp. 215–16.
253. Ibid., p. 216.
254. Goodrich Papers, Bancroft Library, University of California at San Francisco.
255. *CW* 15, § 130.

256. In 1930, Jung expanded upon this theme and described the first type of works as "psychological" and the latter as "visionary" ("Psychology and Poetry," *CW* 15).
257. See my *Cult Fictions: C.G. Jung and the Founding of Analytical Psychology*.
258. Barbara Hannah, *Jung: His Life and Work: A Biographical Memoir* (New York: Putnam, 1976), p. 149.
259. See James Heisig, *Imago Dei: A Study of Jung's Psychology of Religion* (Lewisburg: Bucknell University Press, 1979); Ann Lammers, *In God's Shadow: The Collaboration between Victor White and C.G. Jung* (New York: Paulist Press, 1994); and Matei Iagher, "Theorizing Experience: Psychology and the Quest for a Science of Religion (1896–1936)," PhD thesis, University College London, 2016. See also my " 'Is Analytical Psychology a Religion?': *In Statu Nascendi*," *Journal of Analytical Psychology* 44 (1999): 539–45.
260. *Seminar—July 1923 by Dr. C.G. Jung Held at Polzeath, Cornwall*. Notes of Esther Harding, Kristine Mann Library, New York, p. 20.
261. *Notes on the Seminar in Analytical Psychology Conducted by Dr. C.G. Jung*, Polzeath, England, July 14–July 27, 1923, arranged by members of the class, p. 82, *JA*.
262. *LN*, p. 353.
263. *Book* 7, p. 215.
264. *The Psychology of the Transference* (1946), *CW* 16, § 454. Jung dedicated this book to his wife.
265. Cary de Angulo, "Individual Relationships," p. 1, *CFB*.
266. Emma Jung, ibid., *CFB*.
267. Ibid.
268. See my introduction to *Introduction to Jungian Psychology*, p. xv.
269. Minutes of the Psychological Club, Zürich.
270. *Times Educational Supplement*, May 3, 10, and 17, 1924.
271. January 26, 1924, reproduced in my "*Liber Novus*: The 'Red Book' of C.G. Jung" *(LN*, p. 213).
272. Ibid., pp. 214ff.
273. For example, substituting "*Zeitgeist*" for "*Geist der Zeit*" and "*Idee*" (idea) for "*Vordenken*" (forethinking).
274. *Memories*, p. 275.
275. Lois Rudnick, *Mabel Dodge Luhan: New Woman, New Worlds* (Albuquerque: University of New Mexico Press, 1984), p. 144.
276. See William McGuire, "Jung in America, 1924–1925," *Spring: A Journal of Archetype and Culture* (1978): 370–53.
277. January 16, 1925, Dodge papers, Beinecke Library, Yale University.
278. *Memories*, p. 276.
279. Ibid., p. 279.
280. Ibid.
281. Ibid., p. 282.

282. *Book* 3, pp. 107, 120ff.; *Book* 5, pp. 214ff.
283. May 2, 1925, Murray papers, Houghton Library, Harvard University, original in English. Michael Fordham recalled being given a copy by Peter Baynes when he had reached a suitably "advanced" stage in his analysis, and being sworn to secrecy about it (personal communication, 1991).
284. *C.G. Jung: His Life and Work*, p. 121.
285. June 5, 1924, CFB.
286. November 1 and December 8, 1924; February 21 and May 23, 1925 (Jahresbericht des Psychologischen Clubs Zürich, 1925).
287. *Introduction to Jungian Psychology*, p. 3.
288. Ibid., p. 35.
289. Hannah, *Jung: His Life and Work*, p. 166; Esther Harding's notes from the seminar, Kristine Mann Library, New York.
290. *Memories*, pp. 298–89.
291. Ibid., p. 303.
292. *Book* 7, pp. 214ff.
293. Editorial typescript of *Memories, Dreams, Reflections*, *CLM*, p. 356.
294. On Jung's trip to Palestine and Egypt in 1933 see Andreas Jung, "Carl Jung and Hans Fierz in Palestine and Egypt: Journey from March 13 to April 6, 1933," in *Turbulent Times, Creative Minds: Erich Neumann and C.G. Jung in Relationship (1933–1960)*, ed. Erel Shalit and Murray Stein (Asheville: Chiron, 2016), pp. 131–34.
295. See *LN*, p. 555.
296. *Book* 4, pp. 205ff.
297. See my "From Neurosis to a New Cure of Souls: C.G. Jung's Remaking of the Psychotherapeutic Patient," in Mererid Puw Davies and Sonu Shamdasani, eds., *Medical Humanity and Inhumanity in the German-Speaking World* (London: UCL Press, 2020).
298. These paintings are available for study at the picture archive at the C.G. Jung Institute, Küsnacht. See Ruth Ammann, Verena Kast, Ingrid Riedel, eds., *Das Buch der Bilder: Schätze aus dem Archiv des C.G. Jung-Instituts* (Zürich, Stuttgart/Ostfildern, Patmos, 2018).
299. "The aims of psychotherapy," *CW* 16, § 99.
300. July 8, 1926, analysis notebooks, *CLM*. The vision referred to at the end is in *Book* 3, pp. 129ff.
301. December 20, 1929, *JA*.
302. *MP*, p. 142.
303. *LN*, pp. 457–58.
304. *JA*.
305. Toni Wolff, *Diary N*, September 3, 1944, p. 5.
306. *Book* 7, p. 211.
307. Ibid., p. 213.
308. Ibid., pp. 214ff.

309. The municipality and village of Ossingen are in Canton Zürich, between Winterthur and Schaffhausen. There are Roman antiquities and an early medieval burial mound in Goldbuck, which is in the municipality.
310. *Book 7*, p. 234.
311. Ibid., p. 235.
312. Toni Wolff, *Diary* B, p. 62.
313. Wolff, *Diary* C, p. 90.
314. Wolff, *Diary* J, October 19, 1936, p. 18.
315. Wolff, *Diary* J, May 3, 1936, p. 30. See Wolff, "Structural Forms of the Feminine Psyche," *Psychological Perspectives* 31 (Spring–Summer 1995): 77–90.
316. Wolff, *Diary* F, p. 74.
317. Ibid., p. 75.
318. Wolff, *Diary* G, February 23, 1928, p. 99.
319. Wolff, *Diary* G, February 21, 1928, p. 95.
320. Wolff, *Diary* K, November 2, 1937, p. 179.
321. Private possession, Felix Naeff.
322. Private possession, Stephen Martin.
323. "Introduction to Toni Wolff, *Studies in C.G. Jung's Psychology*" (1959), *CW* 10, § 887.
324. *Book* 7, p. 239.
325. *MP*, pp. 159–60.
326. Ibid., p. 173.
327. *CW* 7, §§ 114–17.
328. Ibid., § 386.
329. Ibid., § 314.
330. Ibid., § 315.
331. Ibid., § 316.
332. Ibid., § 374.
333. Ibid., § 323.
334. Ibid., § 353.
335. Ibid., § 358.
336. Ibid., § 377.
337. Ibid., § 399.
338. Ibid., § 405.
339. *Book* 7, pp. 238, 246, 241.
340. *CW* 13, § 68.
341. "The Turning Point of Life," *CW* 8, § 794.
342. "The Soul and Death," *CW* 8, § 800.
343. See appendix, p. 161.
344. *Memories*, pp. 222–23.
345. "1928. When I painted this image, which showed the golden well-fortified castle, Richard Wilhelm sent me from Frankfurt the thousand-year-old

Chinese text of the golden castle, the embryo of the immortal body. *Ecclesia catholic et protestantes et seclusi in secreto. Aeon finitus*." (The Catholic Church and the Protestants and those secluded in secret. The end of an eon.) See appendix, p. 341.

346. Jung, *Letters* 1, p. 66.
347. Foreword to the second German edition, "Commentary on *The Secret of the Golden Flower*," *CW* 13, p. 4.
348. *Letters* 1, p. 68. Wilhelm appreciated Jung's commentary. On October 24, 1929, he wrote to him: "I am again struck most deeply by your comments" (*JA*).
349. See Images 105, 159, and 163 in the calligraphic edition. These pictures and two more were anonymously reproduced in 1950 in *Gestaltungen des Unbewussten* [Forms of the Unconscious] (Zürich: Rascher, 1950).
350. *JA*.
351. On this issue, see my *The Psychology of Kundalini Yoga: Notes of the Seminar Given in 1932 by C.G. Jung*, (Princeton: Princeton University Press/Bollingen Series, 1996) and Giovanni Sorge, ed., *Jung and the Indologists: Jung's Correspondences with Wilhelm Hauer, Heinrich Zimmer, and Mircea Eliade* (Philemon Series, forthcoming).
352. *MP*, p. 15.
353. A number of the essays in this collection were published in English in the collection *Modern Man in Search of a Soul*, trans. W. S. Dell and Cary Baynes (San Diego: Harcourt, Brace & World, 1933).
354. On February 8, 1923, Cary Baynes noted a discussion with Jung in the previous spring that has some bearing on this: "You [Jung] said that no matter how marked off from the crowd an individual might be with special gifts, he yet had not fulfilled all his duties, psychologically speaking, unless he could function successfully in collectivity. By functioning in collectivity we both meant what is commonly called 'mixing' with people in a social way, not professional or business relationships. Your point was that if an individual kept away from these collective relationships, he lost something he could not afford to lose" (Baynes papers).
355. *JA*.
356. William McGuire, ed., *Dream Analysis: Notes of the Seminar Given in 1928–1930* (Princeton: Princeton University Press/Bollingen Series, 1984).
357. Olga von Koenig-Fachsenfeld, ed., *Bericht über das Deutsche Seminar von Dr. C.G. Jung, 6–11 October 1930 in Küsnacht-Zürich* (Stuttgart, 1931).
358. Ibid., p. 4.
359. *VS*, p. 3.
360. *JA*.
361. On this subject, see Gaia Domenici, *Books "for All and None": Nietzsche's Zarathustra, Jung's Liber Novus and "Visionary" Works* (New York: Palgrave Macmillan, 2020).

362. Ernst Falzeder, ed., *The Practice of Active Imagination: C.G. Jung's German Seminar of 1931*, trans. Ernst Falzeder with Tony Wolfson (Philemon Series, forthcoming).
363. Giovanni Sorge, ed., *On Dream Interpretation, Yoga and Psychology: Notes of the Seminar Given by Dr. C.G. Jung in Berlin between 26 June and 1 July 1933, with a presentation by Heinrich Zimmer* (Philemon Series, forthcoming). On Jung's activities in 1933, see Thomas Fischer, "1933—The Year of Jung's Journey to Palestine/Israel and Several Beginnings," in *Turbulent Times, Creative Minds*, pp. 135–49.
364. "A rejoinder to Dr. Bally," *CW* 10, § 1022.
365. Jung, Editorial, *Zentralblatt für Psychotherapie und ihre Grenzgebiete*, *CW* 10, § 1014. Also see Geoffrey Cocks, *Psychotherapy in the Third Reich: The Göring Institute*, 2nd ed., revised and expanded (New Brunswick, NJ: Transaction, 1997); Giovanni Sorge, "Psicologia analitica e Anni Trenta. Il ruolo di C.G. Jung nella Internationale Allgemeine Ärztliche Gesellschaft für Psychotherapie (1933–1939/40)," dissertation, University of Zürich, 2010; and Giovanni Sorge, *Bestandbeschrieb der Akten zur Geschichte der Präsidentschaft von C.G. Jung in der Internationalen Ärztlichen Gesellschaft für Psychotherapie, 1933–1940 im Nachlass von C. A. Meier* (Zürich: C.G. Jung-Arbeitsarchiv, ETH-Bibliothek, 2016).
366. "The Spirit Mercurius," *CW* 13.
367. *Memories*, p. 220.
368. See my *C.G. Jung: A Biography in Books* (New York: W. W. Norton, 2012), pp. 172–88, and Alfred Ribi, "Zum schöpferischen Prozess bei C.G. Jung: Aus den Excerptbänden zur Alchemie," *Analytische Psychologie* 13 (1982): 201–21.
369. Virgil, *Aeneid*, trans. R. Fairclough, cited in Jung, *Psychology and Alchemy*, *CW* 11, § 39.
370. Virgil, *Aeneid*, VII, l. 312. On the history of this citation, see Jean Starobinski, "Acheronto Movebo," *Critical Inquiry* 13(1987): 394–407.
371. *MP*, p. 149.
372. Ibid., pp. 147–48.
373. These volumes, edited by Ernst Falzeder and Martin Liebscher, are forthcoming from Princeton University Press as part of the Philemon Series.
374. On Eranos, see Hans Thomas Hakl, *Eranos: An Alternative Intellectual History of the Twentieth Century*, trans. Christopher McIntos with the collaboration of Hereward Tilton (Montreal: McGill-Queens University Press, 2013), and Riccardo Bernardini, *Jung at Eranos: The Complex Psychology Project* (London: Routledge, 2018).
375. *MP*, p. 177.

Editorial Note

Sonu Shamdasani

The *Black Book* was the designation that Jung gave to the notebooks in which he recorded his self-experimentation between 1913 and 1932.[376] The appellation "black" refers to the fact that with the exception of the first one, which has a brown cover, they have black covers. Jung's singular designation indicates that he regarded these notebooks as an integral whole. They have subsequently been referred to in the plural as the *Black Books*; in this edition, we use the designation "the *Black Books*." These were numbered together with Jung's adolescent diary (it appears that someone other than Jung numbered them). Hence the present sequence starts with *Book* 2. The first entries in *Book* 2 represent the continuation of Jung's adolescent diary and run to 1902, so the edition here starts with page 4. As those entries properly belong in the context of the adolescent diary, they have not been reproduced here. After a lengthy interval of more than a decade, Jung took up *Book* 7 to record notes of a different kind. Those have not been reproduced here. Thus this edition presents the entirety of the entries from 1913 to 1932 in a facsimile edition on a one-to-one scale, forming a complete account of the period of Jung's self-experimentation. Each volume contains the facsimile of the book in question, followed by a translation with notes. The front matter, introduction, translators' note, image appendix, and index have been placed in this volume, which maintains the consistency of the numbering.

With the reproduction of the text, the indentation of paragraphs has been regularized. Where missing quotation marks have been added, they have been indicated by square brackets. Jung's underlinings have been maintained. Illegible letters have been indicated by "xx," and words or letters crossed out have been indicated by a strikethrough. When it has been possible to substitute a partially begun word in German with an English equivalent, this has been done; otherwise it has been left as "xx." The break from one page to the next in the facsimile is indicated in the text of the translation by a slash / between bracketed page numbers corresponding to the original notebook pages.

With the material from November 12, 1913, to June 6, 1916, which was subsequently taken up in *Liber Novus*, most of the significant changes have been indicated in the footnotes, to aid comparison. Page numbers for *Liber Novus* have been given to *A Reader's Edition*. Translations have been revised in places. Translations from Jung's *Collected Works* have at times been modified. Unless otherwise specified, dates and details concerning Jung's activities are from his appointment book and information from the Jung family archives, courtesy of Andreas Jung and Susanne Eggenberger-Jung.

376. Ibid., pp. 15, 252, 353, 354.

Translating Jung's Runes

Martin Liebscher, John Peck, and Sonu Shamdasani

In the autumn of 1917, Jung's soul forces the black magician Ha to read and explain a series of cryptic runes that he had sent.[377] The resulting entries, which include eight sets of inscribed rune shapes, form one of the most challenging sections of this work to translate, and required constant triangular comparisons between the runes, the German text, and the English translation. At the same time, they may stand as a cipher for the complexities of translating this work as a whole. In response to the request of Jung's soul, Ha takes on the task of translating the runes, literally spelling them out. It is boot camp in Code City: he gives cues to Jung's soul about how this or that shape corresponds to the sun, or a roof, or a tilted passageway, or even how one ought to feel physically while navigating this curve or that crevice. Progression links these elements, but no narrative does. Hidden meaning lurks nowhere; the signified is contained within the signifier, the semantics are contained in the syntax, while the tour guide's urgency, though palpable, remains helpless to indicate anything more. Long before Marshall McLuhan, the medium *was* the message.

Ha's patient, entirely posture-centered coaching of Jung's soul looks less to the meaning of signs and more to a yoga according to the shapes of the runes. Among these appear a serpent, sticks with schematic little heads, and a modest sun; neither Nordic-Germanic runes nor Egyptian hieroglyphs command the field, but something

other. This language has never been taught before, even during the first four years or so of Jung's experiment. Now that it arrives, however, it is transmodal, quasipictographic, and in Jung's nomenclature, runic.

Ha's sentences themselves are not difficult; the difficulty lies in grasping what is actually going on. Throughout, one senses Ha's urgency that these visitors be able to assimilate the meaning partly registered in these runes but also active among a small guild of magicians—himself and Philemon, with Ka linking them as Ha's soul and Philemon's shadow. Already the perceptions we must manage frame hybrid categories: Ka as Philemon's shadow emerges freestanding in his dealings with Ha, the black magician. But of course that helps to articulate a reading of Philemon's character. So we are learning how to read character against a particular psychic background, in this case Jung's own dramatis personae manifesting to him as real factors—as Elijah had admonished him earlier that they were real, not symbols"[378]—as well as in a cosmos that seeds itself between the tips of the world-creating cones, as is spelled out in the runes.[379] While Jung himself keeps pace with this, nonetheless his impressions of the show, or his first take on an exchange or a brush with some disconcerting fact, frequently surpasses his initial powers of assimilation.

In letters dated September 13 and October 10, 1917, Jung wrote to Sabina Spielrein commenting on the significance of certain hieroglyphs in a dream she had sent him, saying that "with your hieroglyphics we are dealing with phylogenetic engrams of an historical symbolic nature."[380] Referring to the contempt meted out to *Transformations and Symbols of the Libido* by the Freudians, he described himself as "clinging to his runes," which he would not hand over to those who would not understand them.

In meeting the Freudian objections to the view Jung took of such intermediating symbols, he points to the price paid for such harvesting: it is the wound "inflicted by oneself" (or deeply acknowledged by oneself: the same, in effect). Our meditation on translation in the *Black Books* arrives at this autosacrificial turn,

where the intention to carry one's own suffering devotedly becomes the task and the mystery.

Cary Baynes reports Jung in 1922 evoking the image of the runes to stand, *pars pro toto*, for much of what he sought to understand and convey through his encounter with the depths: "Much of your material you said has come to you as runes & the explanation of those runes sounds like the veriest nonsense, but that does not matter if the end product is sense."[381] The sense was the new hermeneutic to which the runes eventually gave rise.

The skeptic scoffs at runes, objecting that whatever projections one might bring to such symbols, they are arbitrary. Yet a handful do resemble certain bodily postures or stances, which could be described as a form of rune yoga. One justifiably supposes, however, that Jung's respect for their shapes is warranted if only because the myth about their origin in Wotan's sacrifice of himself to himself casts them as a *donum dei*, emerging as they do in his own active imagination with Ha. Translation from a runic primal layer gives weight to these signs as basic to the human psyche.

Rune yoga, in this light, emerges from the *Black Books* as a means to sort out such autonomous creative psychic events. Such events are difficult to understand, but the burden of misunderstanding is greater. A symbol in rune yoga is nearly the same as what it pictures, once it is understood as the mimicry of a right attitude on the levels of both spirit and instinct, both being archaically rooted.

Ezra Pound's Chinese ideograms connect with Jung's runes only for a moment, across a wide, swift stream; Jung's magic/runic dialect has no home among the living. The magician's black rod becomes Jung's Hermes-wand—an aid in navigating the way of life redeemed from redeemers, or saved from salvation; the signs, unlike "the solid letter" in Hölderlin's "Patmos," a poem long close to Jung's heart, bring up their own dark ground with them.

As translators of this work, we continually found that we could not confine ourselves to the text but needed to grasp the referent as a *dimension*. In that sense, we rejected Jacques Derrida's "Il n'y a

pas de hors-texte" (there is no outside-the-text). How could we pretend that Jung was not consistently compelled to venture forth into the visionary imagination, his language often seeming makeshift under the circumstances? If he had constantly needed to poke through the hermeneutic circle, how could we, as his translators, not also bear witness to the exchanges between his "I," his soul, and the numerous denizens of the depths? In something akin to a reiterative act of imagining, we needed constantly to try to enter into Jung's imaginal world to envisage what was transpiring, and to have his present moment in our minds as a third space between German and English. What was called for throughout our collaboration was an attunement to the twilight world of Jung's imaginings, followed by figuring how to return to the world of contemporary English so as to convey faithfully both this text and its fluctuating *hors-texte*.

Translation is always about carrying meaning somewhere else in a way that both keeps it the same and renders it different (Latin *translatio*, lifting something up and elsewhere). If we engage a text sufficiently, then we find that we are getting *there* by also staying *here*—to modify Gertrude Stein's quip, there's no "there" *there*, only because it's manifesting here. This coming to in the light about the trans-lateral or trans-lation in play, which confessed or official translation routinely declares, may be the psychological achievement behind the manifestation in Old Norse, first among the Western European languages, of the I-Form of speech around 400 CE. This was developed not by shortening the ends of words and shuttling the personal element forward, as in Latin and Greek, but by asserting the freestanding pronoun. Assessing the psychological significance of this linguistic change means weighing shifts in perspective and also access to inwardness. The Austrian refugee intellectual Franz Borkenau attributed this shift to a combination of primordial instinct and intellectual effort.[382] Yet the shift itself, which occurred in other northern European languages, made all those languages intensely psychological while also drawing their speakers, for the first time, into the first-person singular. What, then, might Jung's psychology have owed, during its original development in the

Black Books, to this subtle transformation of the German language itself, with his striking looks over the shoulder to both Gnostic Alexandrian Greek and Latin, as well as to Old Norse, the runes, and magic?

As for what translators do, you are sacrificing yourself for someone else's voice and thrust, even if they are dead, not because you cannot write but because you can sense the spirit in their effort and feel drawn to giving it your own blood, your bit of sacrifice. With Jung's crucial experiment, we noticed that he sweats the chance that it might not be effective; that working with his interlocutors is unpredictable and vexing, but then suddenly meaningful beyond measure, and that these proportions and no others deliver efficacy, making what he could never make alone. Most of all, one translates in recognition of effectiveness given the living by the dead.

We acknowledge a mythic act as our model: in the archaic Greek *nekyia*, the blood sacrifice poured into a pit to attract the buzzing spirits of the dead ("blood for the ghosts," in Pound's phrase, for his own appropriation of Homeric practice). To get to this zone is *to lift and carry* alertly and nakedly, but also to fall under Jung's influence. Our sensibilities were affected to a degree that others might find peculiar. Near the beginning of our enterprise, one of us wrote in his journal:

> Sensation today of the work once again coursing through my veins. Mediumistic feeling. Giving myself over to it, my voicing, my verbal articulation. The voice of the dead, of the shades. The presences that will enter the public stage, through the medium of my pen, my language. Speak, indeed, you dead! Receive my libations. Resound forth once more!

This highlights the equipoise one needs when engaging with the rustling shades. They *show up*? Then you've *got to show up*. They *respond to* the blood? Then you not only must give blood in the first place but also *be responsible for* what you hear. After all, this is only a klieg-lit, hyperlocal, more responsible transaction than the ones we engage in most of the time. Translation still costs one's blood. Sacrifice, the implication runs, feeds this insight as it feeds no other.

Another of our troika, in response to the completion of our translation, recalled a strikingly relevant passage from Nietzsche: "Of all things I love only that which is written with blood. Write with blood: and you will discover that blood is spirit."[383]

Through practice, we arrived fairly soon at the following working principles: (1) Smooth out as little as possible; retain the contours of the discourse. (2) Add nothing, nor take anything away. (3) When incapable of lifting and carrying, leave signposts for later travelers. (4) Set down what we have carried as soon as we hear the buzzing cease (the root sense of *rune* is a certain raucous sound or white noise).

Writing to his patron on completing proofs for his translation of Plotinus, Stephen McKenna humbly noted, "It will be creditable, but there is no disguising the fact that a few more decades could well be spent on bringing it to a really fine polish."[384] Ten years on from the translation of *Liber Novus*, the translation of the first part of this work, covering the entries from the autumn of 1913 to the summer of 1916, afforded two of us a welcome opportunity to continue polishing the work done in conjunction with Mark Kyburz—whose effort is gratefully acknowledged—on *Liber Novus*. Polishing went on, at the same time that we were peeling back the text to an earlier layer, before Jung's own literary elaboration. We were joined in this and in the translation of the material after 1916 by Martin Liebscher, affording a fresh set of eyes and linguistic skills. For all three of us, this labor has been a strenuous pleasure and a profitable education. It is time now to release the translated runes, which we in turn have been clinging to. Whether the results be creditable or not is for others to tell.

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377. *Book* 7, pp. 148ff.
378. *Book* 2, p. 182.
379. See *Book* 7, pp. 172ff.
380. "The Letters of Jung to Sabina Spielrein," *Journal of Analytical Psychology* 43 (2001): 186.
381. Cited in *LN*, p. 66.

382. Franz Borkenau, *End and Beginning: On the Generations of Cultures and the Origins of the West*, ed. with an Introduction by Richard Loewenthal (New York: Columbia University Press, 1981), Pt. II: Contributions to the Origin of the West, Linguistic Prelude.
383. Friedrich Nietzsche, *Thus Spoke Zarathustra*, trans. R. J. Hollingdale (Harmondsworth: Penguin, 2010), p. 67.
384. Stephen McKenna, *Journals and Letters*, ed. E. R. Dodds, with a memoir by Dodds and a preface by Padraic Colum (London: Constable, 1936), p. 80.

C·G· JUNG

THE BLACK BOOKS

1913–1932

NOTEBOOKS OF TRANSFORMATION

VOLUME 2

Edited by

SONU SHAMDASANI

TRANSLATED BY MARTIN LIEBSCHER,
JOHN PECK, AND SONU SHAMDASANI

PHILEMON SERIES

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Eine große Aufgabe stand vor mir — ich sah eine Riesengröße — und ihr Werk und Sinn entschwanden mir. Ich gerieth ins Dunkle, und ich tastete mich meinen Pfad entlang. Dein Pfad aber führte einwärts und abwärts.

12 Nov. 1913

Meine Seele, meine Seele, wo bist Du? Hörst Du mich — ich spreche, ich rufe Dich — bist Du da? — Ich bin wiedergekehrt, ich bin wieder da — ich habe alles Fremde Staub von meinen Füssen geschüttelt und bin wieder zu Dir gekommen — ich bin bei Dir — nach langer Jahre langer Wanderung bin ich wiederum zu Dir gekommen. Soll ich Dir erzählen, was ich alles geschaut, erlebt, wie mich getrieben habe? Oder willst Du nichts hören von all jenem Geräusch vollen Leben und der Welt? Aber Eines sollst Du wissen, das eine habe ich gelernt, dass man nämlich sein Leben leben muss. Dein Leben ist der Weg, der Längstgesuchte, der Weg zum Unsagbaren, das wir „göttlich" nennen. Es giebt keinen andern Weg. Alle andern Wege sind Irrpfade. Ich fand den rechten Weg und er führte mich zu Dir, zu meiner Seele. Ich kehre wieder — ausgeglüht und gereinigt. Kennst Du mich noch? Wie lange währt diese Trennung! Alles ist so anders geworden. Und wie fand ich Dich? Wie wunderlich war meine Fahrt! Mit welchen Worten soll ich Dir beschreiben, auf was für verschlungenen Pfaden mich ein guter Stern zu Dir geleitete?

Gieb mir Deine Hand, meine fast vergessene Seele! Welche Wärme der Freude, Dich wiedersehen, Dich längst vergessene, längst verleugnete Seele! Das Leben hat mich Dir wieder zugeführt. Wir wollen dem Leben danken, das ich geliebt habe, für alle heiteren und für alle traurigen Stunden, für jegliche Freude und für jeglichen Schmerz, für jede Hoffnung und für jede Enttäuschung. Es waren Alle Stationen auf dem Wege zu Dir.

Meine Seele, ich fand Dich wieder, ich wacht, nein ich werde bei Dir bleiben. Mit Dir will ich weiter wandern und aufsteigen zu meinen Einsamkeiten, nicht mehr allein wie früher und gierig und ungeduldig, sondern getrosten Muthes und stiller Freude.

14.Nov.13.

Ich bin müde, meine Seele, und lege meinen Kopf auf Deine Schulter. Zu lange dauerte mein Wandern, mein Suchen nach mir – ausser mir. Um bin ich durch die Dinge gegangen und fand Dich hinter all dem Allerlei. Sternenstäubchen auf meinem Verfahrt in dem Allerlei, Menschheit und Welt. Ich habe Menschen gefunden. Und Dich, meine Seele, fand ich wieder zuerst im Bilde im Menschen, und dann wirklich, wie Du bist. Ich fand Dich dort, wo ich glaubte, dass ich Dich aufgerufen wäre, wo mich der Gott zwang, mich selber blindlings hinzugeben und mich zu verlieren – dort stiegest Du mir aus Gottschächten herauf und ich fand Dich wieder. Du hattest Dich mir im Voraus angekündigt in Träumen, die mir dunkel waren, und die ich nach meiner unzulänglichen Art erfasste. Du kamst diese Träume, wie sie in meiner Seele brannten und mich zu allen Kühnsten und allen Verwegensten trieben und mich zwangen, die steilsten Gipfel zu erklimmen, ja über mich selber emporzusteigen. Du liessest mich Wahrheiten sehen und ihre ernste Seligkeit geniessen, von denen ich früher nichts ahnte. Du liessest mich Wege zurücklegen, deren endlose Länge mein Heimweh rettungslos erschreckt hätten, wenn nicht das Wissen um sie in Dir geborgen gewesen wäre.

Ich rede vielleicht zu viel von mir?

Vergieb, mein Herz ist voll, denn ich komme von weiter Wanderung. Ich war dort 11 Jahre lang, solange bis ich vergass, dass ich eine Seele besitze, die ich mein nennen kann. Ich gehört den Menschen und der Welt. Ich gehörte nicht mir.

Wo warst Du in all der Zeit? Welches Jenseits barg Dich und gab Dir eine Stätte, wo Du nichts verhungern musstest? Wie ist es Dir ergangen? O dass Du deutlich sprechen musst, dass meine Sprache und ich Dein Symbol bin! Wie soll ich so Dich enträtseln? Wer bist Du, Kind? Du weisst ja, dass in meinen Träumen Du Dich dieses Bildes bedienst, des Bildes eines kleinen Mädchens. (Und durch die Seele der Frau muss fand ich Dich wieder.) Ferne soll mir Kindisches Deuten liegen, denn ich muss das Bild, denen Du Dich bedienst, verehren. Wie kann mir zu, daran zu deuteln? Was wein ich von Deinem Geheimniss?

(Siehe ich bringe eine Wunde mit mir, die noch nicht geheilt ist: mein Ehrgeiz, Eindruck zu machen. Verschliesse darum meinen Mund und alle meine Worte halte in Dir. Sie sollen Dir gelten. Glaube nicht, ich sei eigennützig. Ich will Alles thun, was an mir liegt, dass die Menschen, die ich liebe, nicht erhalten sollen von den Tiefen und den Höhen, die Du umfassest und die Du in Deiner Kinderhand birgst.)

Verzeih, wenn ich wie im Traume rede, wie ein Trunkenes — bist Du — Gott? Ist Gott ein Kind? ein weibliches Kind? Ich muss es deutlich nur versagen: Bedient Er sich des Bildes eines Kindes, das jedem Menschen Seele innewohnt? Ist nicht Horus, Tages und Christos ein Kind? Auch Dionysos und Herakles waren göttliche Kinder. Nennt sich ~~Ch~~ der menschliche Gott Christos sich selber des Menschen Sohn? Was war dabei sein tiefinnerster Gedanke? Soll des Menschen Tochter der Gottesname sein?

Vergieb, wenn ich Verwirrtes rede. Mi-

man hört mich. Ich rede still mit Dir und Du weißt, Du, daß ich kein Trunkener bin und daß mein Herz sich in Schmerzen windet unter den Stichen der Stunde, aus der die Finsterniß Hohnreden führt: „Du spielst Comödie vor Dir selber, Du lügst Dir etwas vor, Du sprichst so, um Andern etwas vorzugaukeln und um sie an Dich glauben zu machen. Du willst Prophet sein und zerrst Deinem Ehrgeiz nach."

Wohl dem, der auch die eigenen Spottreden überwunden hat! Aber Du siehst, daß mein Wunde noch blutet und ich fern davon bin, die eigene Spottrede überhören zu können. Ich bringe sie eher vor Dich und mich und lasse sie liegen und ~~so~~ gehe weiter, weil es mich drängt, Dir von mir und durch mich von Dir zu reden.

Ich denke immerwieder an jene „wundersam gewundenen Pfade", die zu Dir, mein Kind, führten. (Wie wunderlich klingt es mir, Dich „Kind" zu nennen, die Du doch Unendlichkeiten in Deiner Hand hältst.)

Ich denke an jenes erste Gericht, das Du nur im Traume gabest, wo ich Dich schwachen sah. (Wie viel nicht 14 Jahre seitdem?) Wie dicht war das Dunkel damals! Wie heftig war meine Leidenschaft und wie selbstsüchtig, unterjocht von allen Dämonen des Ehrgeizes, der Habsucht, der Ruhmgier, der Lieblosigkeit, der Streberei, war ich selber in jener Zeit! Und wie ganz zerstreuend war ich damals! Das Leben riß mich hinaus und strebte weit von Dir weg und hat es alle Zeit gethan. Aber ich blieb dennoch zu meinem kleinen Theil bei Dir, bis mich die Liebe zum Weibe ganz von Dir los- und wegriß. Erkenne, wie gut dies war. Nun ich erkalte, daß Du verloren seiest oder bisweilen schien es mir, daß ich verloren sei. Du warest aber nicht verloren und ich nicht. Ich ging auf dem taghellen staubigen Wege, Du gingest unsichtbar mit mir und hast mich von Stufe zu Stufe geführt, sinnvoll Stück zum Stücke fügend und hinein mich in ~~den~~

jedem Stücke ein Ganzes und Endgültiges schien. Und Du nahmst mir, wo ich festzuhalten gedachte und Du gabst mir, wo ich nichts erwartete und immer wieder von neuen und unbekannten Seiten her führtest Du Schicksal herbei: Wo ich säete, raubtest Du mir die Ernte und, wo ich wohl säete, gabst Du mir hundertfältige Frucht. Und immer wieder verlor ich den Pfad, um ihn Du wiederzufinden, wo ich ihn nie erwartet hätte. Du hieltest meinen Glauben, wo ich allein und der Verzweiflung nahe war. Du hinktest mich in allen entscheidenden Augenblicken an mich selber glauben.

15 Nov. 1913.

Mein Kind, Du bist nicht Gott, wie könntest Du Gott sein? Du hast meine Seele und ich darf nicht — noch nicht? — wissen, warum Du Dich „Kind" nennst — und warum ein Mädchen?

Ich verzage — wie kann ich es schaffen? Ach soll ich was ausdrücken??

Meine Seele, ich will meine Erzählung weiterführen, denn das scheint der nächste Schritt zu sein. (Man muß die nächsten Schritte zu thun einen unbekümmert um das Hohngelächter, das der Teufel unter dem Herzen anstimmen, einsagen Drachbläser und zwergolkhohen Höhnischer.) Ich trage meine Last und bin mir selber Last — und Spott — und Peitsche und Kreuzesqual.) Also höre, meine Seele, nicht achtend des Hohngelächters meines eigenen Teufels rede ich weiter zu Dir:

Ich denke nach weiter zurück in mein 19tes Lebensjahr, wo mir ein Traum die Entscheidung in meinem Berufswall brachte: Zuerst sah ich in einem dichten Gestrüpp in einsamer Gegend ein stilles dunkles Wasser, einen Teich, und in seiner Mitte schwamm das wunderlichste aller Thiere, etwa vergleichbar einer vielfarbigen Qualle. Dieses Thier erweckte in mir die höchste Wissensbegier, sodass ich mit klopfendem Herzen erwachte. Und bald darauf hatte ich einen zweiten Traum: Ich war in einem dunklen Walde und fand dort einen kleinen Hügel wie einen Kohlenmeiler. Ich stieß ihn mit dem Fuße an und fand darin zu meinem größten Erstaunen die Knochen vorweltlicher Thiere. Die wieder die höchste Wissensbegier in mir entfachten. Diese Träume bewogen mich

zum Studium der Naturwissenschaft und von ihr kam ich zur Medizin.

Warum muss ich Dir das Alles sagen, meine Seele? Warum peitschst Du mich so, Dich zu suchen und zwingst meine Feder zu eiligstem Laufe, wie wenn sie einen langen Weg zu laufen hätte und eilte, ihn zu durchmessen? Warum all das? Vergiss den Lärm des Flehens, der nicht erhört. Ich hoffe auf Dich, Du erwachst unversehrt zu mir und mir jeglicher Qual. Nicht Eitelkeit oder Ruhmgier oder sonst ein nichtloses Streben vermöchten es mich ~~dazu~~ hierzu zu bewegen. Aber Du, meine Seele, scheinst es zu wollen. Was für neue wunderliche Dinge kommen an mich? Ich weiss zurzeit nur nicht zu sehen, auf welchen schwankenden Brücken ich gehe. Aber ich folge Dir, Du befiehlst, ich folge. Wohin, wohin führst Du? Vergib meine menschliche, von Visen überfallene Bangigkeit. Mein Fuss zögert, Dir zu folgen. In welchen Nebel und Dunkelheiten führt Dein Pfad? Wunderbar auch, den Sinn nunmen Lernen? Wenn Du es verlangst, so sei es. Diese Stunde gehört Dir. Was ist, wo kein Sinn ist? Nur Unsinn oder Wahnsinn scheint mir. Vergiebt es auch einen Übersinn? Ist das Dein Sinn, meine Seele? Du siehst, wie elend ich Dir nachhinke auf Verstandesbrücken. Vergieb, mein Licht, ich bin ein Mensch und Du erscheinst ~~wie~~ ein Gott.

Welche Qual, ich muss zu mir zurück, zu meinen kleinsten Dingen. Ich will vernichtet sein und sagen: ich hätte gelernt andere Dinge als gras zu sehen und damit die Dinge meiner Seele verglichen und gefunden, dass sie klein, ja erbärmlich klein seien. Du zwingst mich, sie ~~zu~~ gross zu sehen, gross zu machen. Ist das Deine Absicht? Ich folge, aber mir graut es — es war nicht Langeweile oder Überdruss, wie ich ~~zuvor~~ sie eben beschrieb, Dich dachte.

Vergieb den immerwährenden Zweifel zu dieser Stunde, da Du erwachst hast, als Deine heilige Stunde. Ich störe Deinen Gottesfrieden, aber höre auch meine Zweifel, sonst kann ich nicht folgen, denn Dein Sinn ist ein Übersinn und Deine Schritte sind eines Gottes Schritte. ~~Nicht eure~~

Nicht einmal meine Sprache ist es, die aus meiner Feder ~~fließt~~ spricht. O wüßte ich, was Du willst! Durch sollen euch nicht denken. Auch das Denken, so wie ich es verstehe, soll nicht mehr sein? Auch das willst Du? Ich soll mich ganz in Deine Hand geben — aber wer bist Du? Du sagst ich vertraue Dir nicht — nicht einmal Vertrauen — ich armer liebe zu Dir, meine Freude an Dir? Begnügt man so einem Freund? Vertraue ich nicht, dem wackern Manne, jener ehrenwerten Frau, und Dir nicht, meine Seele?

Deine Hand liegt schwer auf mir — aber ich will — ich will. Habe ich nicht mein Höchstes geliebt, Menschen geliebt und ihnen zu vertrauen und sollte Dich nicht lieben, meiner eigenen Seele ~~oder~~ der Seele vielmehr, der ich gegeben bin?

Ja, ich sehe, wo Du mich führst, ich erkenne Deine kluge Erziehung! Du überzeugst mich und ich folge. (Wohin? schreit Jemand in mir. Sei ruhig und schweige, denn ich rede mit meiner Seele.)

Vergiß, meine Seele, mein armseliges Zaudern, meinen wankelmüthigen und jämmerlichen Zweifel, schwein, es ist unschön, an Dir zu zweifeln. Ich bin nur ein Mensch, und Du weißt, wie schwer dieser Mensch den Bettelstolz aufs eigene Denken lassen kann.

Ohne Widerrede nunmehr will ich Dir weiterzählen, wie ich vor drei Jahren eine Frau zu Leichte kam, deren Leb uns werthvoller erschien, als meine Ehrängstlichkeit. Ich habe ihr zu Liebe meine Angst besiegt. Aber Du hast es so gewollt und mich Traum gegeben, der uns Entscheidung brachte: Wir traumte damals (es war kurz nach Weihnachten 1912), den ich mit meinen Kindern in einem herrlichen und reich ausgestatteten Thurmgemach sitze — eine offene Säulenhalle — wir sassen an einem runden Tisch, dessen Platte ein herrlicher dunkeler reiner Stein war. Plötzlich flog eine Möve (oder Taube) herein und setzte sich leicht beschwingt auf den Tisch. Ich machte die Kinder zur Ruhe, denn sei den schönen weißen Vogel nicht

verbeugten. Alsbald verwandelte sich der Vogel in ein Kind, Venetia 8 Jahre, ein kleines blondes Mädchen und hüpfte spielend mit meinen Kindern in herrlichen Säulengängen herum. Dann plötzlich verwandelte sich das Kind wieder in die Taube, sie sprach zu mir Folgendes: „Nur in den ersten Nachtstunden kann ich mich in einen Menschen verwandeln, während der Tauber mit den zwölf Toten beschäftigt ist." Mit diesen Worten flog der Vogel davon und ich erwachte. Mein Entschluss war gefasst. Ich hatte Dir Treue, allen Glauben und alles Vertrauen zu schenken.

Du weißt, meine Seele, welchen Segen Dir durch über mich, mein Weib und mein Haus gekommen ist. Ich kann Dir nicht in Worten Alles ausdrücken, was für ein Reichthum und was für eine Schönheit mir daraus erwachsen sind. Ich will nicht von den Qualen reden, die ich gerechterweise zu erleiden hatte — sie sind alle mehr als aufgewogen durch die Fülle an Glück und Höchstem, ~~was~~ die ich erlebte durfte.

Jener Traum steht immer noch vor mir, und mein Verständniss reicht nicht aus, ihn zu erschöpfen. ~~Jene~~ Rede der Taube — was soll sie bedeuten? Die „ersten Nachtstunden" scheinen Deine Stunden zu sein, meine Seele; Dir schwer ist der Tauber, wer sind zwölf Toten? Und was thut der Tauber bei den Toten?

Hatte an, es ist eine Qual, dieses unerträgliche Nichtverstehen, dieses Herumtappen des Unverstandenen, des Subjectiven. Darf es? Besprichst nicht Dein Traum mit meinen Freunden? Warum soll er Dir noch nie gesagt sein?

Ich vergass, vergieb mir, dass auch Du zu meinen Freunden gehörst und selbst Deinen Rechtanspruch hast, auf meinen Vertrauen, das ich Jemandem, soll Dir nicht gehören? Ich scheue meine Ungerechtigkeit. Ich verachte Dich, wie mir scheint. Ich sehe mit Schmerzen ein, wie wenig ich Dich eigentlich liebte. Meine Freude, Dich wiederzusehen, war nicht berechtigt.

denn sie wer macht. Ich verstehe, daß auch der Hohnlächler in mir Recht hatte – Mein Gefühl war macht, denn: ich liebte Dich nicht wirklich. Ich muss Dich also lieben lernen.

Du öffnest mir allmählig die Augen. Ich muss Dir danken, meine Seele. Deine Hand ist hart, aber gerecht.

Ich hoffe oder vielmehr, ich beginne auf Erlösung zu hoffen.

Hier stellt Einer neben mir und flüstert mir Schlimmes ins Ohr: „Du schreibst, damit es gedruckt werde und unter die Leute komme. Du willst Aufsehen erregen durch Ungewöhnliches. Nietzsche that es aber lieber als Du. Du äffst den heiligen Augustinus nach."

Du hörst, meine Seele, diese verfluchte Rede, und Du siehst meine Wehrlosigkeit gegen meine eigene empörte Waffe — Wehe auch die Selbstkritik, die heilsame und dennoch gelobte, auch sie soll ich lassen?

„Die Angst", sagst Du, „zeugt gegen mich" — Es ist wahr, in Angst gegen Dich und mich. So tötet der heilige Verbrauch zwischen Dir und mir. Was kann und soll es mich kümmern, wenn Einer solches sagt, wenn ich nicht eine eitle Eitelkeit in mir habe, die ich über Dich, meine ~~A~~ Seele, stelle, die mir mehr ist, als ein Gespräch mit Dir. Warum sollte ich auch diesen Zweifel vor Dir verbergen? Ich stelle die Entscheidung Dir anheim. Ist es gut und ist es Deinem Wille, so mag es so oder in anderer Form den Menschen zukommen. Ist es Dein Wille, unser Wille nicht, so soll es im Verborgenen bleiben. Was weiss ich? Ich sehe, wie unsäglich kindisch ich bin, gierig voranzustürmen und unverschämt zu handeln mit einem Gut, das ich nicht schaffte und das noch gar nicht geschaffen ist und das über Alles hinaus gar nicht geschaffen werden kann, wenn Du es, meine Seele, nicht giebst. Du kannst jahrelang schon Deine Thore schliessen und ich bliebe als ein unvermögender Bettler vor Deinen Thüren sitzen.

Dieser Gedanke aber packt an mir, dieser Pfeil traf gut, scheint mir. Erlaube mir, diesen Zweifel in Deine Hand zu legen. Du wirst es am besten wissen, was damit zu geschehen hat.

Du schweigst, meine Seele? Ich will nicht drängen und eitel streben. Willst Du hinübergehen? Schon welche Abgründe des Geheimnisses verrinnst Du? Schon kann Du nachrund Dich entschwindest.

Du sprachst mit mir, Du hast mir Gutes gethan, jetzt schweigst Du. Ich lege geduldig meine Federlin. Wo könnte ich auch anderes thun?

22 Nov. 1913.

Meine Seele, es ist Nacht, ich rufe Dich.

Keine Antwort?

Worauf ich? Welche Thore mir öffnen? „Schaue hinab in Deine eigene Tiefe", sagt eine Stimme. Aber mich plagt die Ungeduld — nicht vergebens war ich 10 Jahre lang meiner Seelefern. Und nun soll sie auf meinen Ruf bereitstehen! Wie viel Verwöhntheit steckt noch in mir!

Erbärmliche Angst vor dem Schicksal — wie wenn das Leben sich wohl zu mächtigen Kriisen erweitern sollte; es geht aber in die Tiefe, mein Haar wird grau. Nicht das ich die Tiefe fürchtete — oder fürchte ich sie wirklich?

Was sagst Du? Du flüsterst fast unvernehmlich: „Schaue in Deine Tiefe!" Schütze am Rande des tiefgrünen Brunnens und horche hinab, geduldig. Mehr Kraft! Es ist furchtbar schwer. Mehr Einsamkeit, mehr Tiefe; das ist es, was noththut. Darüber redet gleich erraunt. Ich sollte dies gelernt haben. „Bete zu Deiner Tiefe" spricht es in mir. „Wecke die Toten auf", fährt es weiter. —

Welch fremde Hier und Unrast stört mich? Du Ruhe ist anders zufrieden.

Gott, was willst Du? Ich kann noch nicht.

26 Nov. 1913.

In welcher Unterwelt bin ich? Es ist Dunkel und schwarzgrün der Tod! Alles täuscht.

„Lass Dich nicht ablenken von dem, was Du zu thun hast" sagt Die Stimme.

Was sollich thun? Dir weiter reden von meinen inneren Dingen? Sollich den Dämon meines Innern ~~ü~~ überwinden? Der hundertköpfige Drache?

Ihr muss allen den Stimmen schweigen gebieten, die mich aufhalten wollen, die mir mit schmerzhaften Stichen den Weg verlegen wollen. Bewusst dringe ich nicht durch. Ist es wirklich Dein harter Wille, meine Seele? Frage nicht warum? wozu? taugt es? hat es Werth? Thue es.

Trotz der ermüdenden Mühsal des Zieles soll der Berg erstiegen werden, trotz der Überzeugung, beinahe Überzeugung von der Werthlosigkeit des Unternommenen, soll der Glaube siegen – ohne den letzten, allerleisesten Beweis von der Richtigkeit ~~un~~ und dem Werth meines Thuns.

Mir sträubt sich die Feder — gleichviel. O welche Ohnmacht der Intellecten! Das Leben zerreisst mich über alle Kritik.

Da meine Seele, Du allein weisst es, dass es nicht heuchlerische Selbstbewunderung, nicht Selbstüberschätzung ist, die mich drängt, zu Dir von mir zu reden. Du willst es — ich kann Dir nicht widerstreben.

Ich gehe also daran, Dir wieder von den Dingen zu reden, von denen ich früher sprach, von meinen Träumen. (Schweige, Ekel!)

Ein halber Jahr oder mehr, bevor ich jenen Traum hatte von dem weissen Vogel träumte mir Folgendes:

Ich war in einer südlichen Stadt, aufsteigende Strasse mit Treppenabsätzen, schmal. Es war 12 Uhr Mittags – strahlende Sonne. Ein alter österreichischer Tollächter oder etwas dergleichen geht an mir vorüber, in sich gekehrt. Jemand sagt: Das ist Einer, der nicht sterben kann. Er ist zwischen 30–40 Jahren gestorben,

aber konnte sich noch nicht auflösen. Ich wunderte mich sehr. Da kommt eine merkwürdige Figur, ein ~~ot~~ Ritter von mächtiger Gestalt, gepanzert in gelblicher Rüstung. Er nickt fest und unverschämt aus und nichts haftet an ihm. Er trägt auf seinem Rücken ein rotes Malteserkreuz. Es existiert immer noch seit dem 12ten Jahrhundert und geht jeden Tag denselben Weg zwischen 12 u. 1 Uhr mittags. Niemand wundert sich über diese heiteren Erscheinungen, ich wunderte mich aber maßlos."

Ich schwieg von meinem Deutekünstler. Zum alten Österreicher fiel mir Freud ein, zum Ritter ich selbst.

Zu Zuneigung nichts. „Es ist Allerleer und Ekel." Ich habe es zutragen.

Danach hatte ich ~~gesehen~~ Raum von etwa 1½ Jahren:

Ich liege auf ~~an~~ einem Lager mit meiner Frau in einem nach oben offenen Gemach (wie die Schlafzimmer Kaiser Pompejis.) Plötzlich fährt meine Frau auf und steigt schnell auf die Mauer und verschwindet nach oben. Sie trägt ein langgewirktes Hemd mit mythischen Figuren, wie Hexen oder Katzen, die verbrannt werden. In diesem Augenblick weckt mich wirklich ein starkes Geräusch am Fenster – Laden, wie wenn kleine Steine drangeworfen würden, ein Zimmer trippelt etwas merkwürdig am Boden, etwa wie eine größere Vogel. Schnell schnell Licht. Draußen strahlender Mondschein, alles ruhig. Im Zimmer nichts. Nachsehen: Uhr: 3 Uhr.

Morgens um 7 Depesche, daß Hedwig Kurzenegger plötzlich und unerwartet gestorben ist. Nachherige Erkundigung ergab, daß sie um 3 Uhr nachts gestorben war.

Warum das? Ich habe geduldig zu sein. Mein Gott, wie schwer! Aber Du willst es, daß ich gehe, auch wenn ich bleibe.

Am 3 Aug. 1913 auf der Reise nach England, hatte ich den Traum:

Ich sitze einer älteren Frau gegenüber

und bewundere, wie rasch die Analyse erfasst hat; da kommt plötzlich eine kleine Kinderhand, deckt mir den Kopfherum und ich ~~A~~ sehe das kleine blonde Mädchen mit unsäglicher Freude, sie küsst mich und ich erwache mit Thränen der Rührung.

Dieser Traum gab mir grosse Heiterkeit für die Zeit in London (Congress.).

Vor 3 Wochen hatte ich einen langen Traum:

Mittelalter: ich bin mit Bauern, die ein Kloster brandschatzen wollen. Bei Einbruch der Nacht soll der Kloster genommen werden. Wir verbergen uns im Schatten der Mauern. Der Anführer, ein schlimmer Kerl, aber wird ärgerlich und zieht sich mit seiner Rotte zurück. Schluss.

Fragmentarisches Intermezzo:

Meine Schwiegermutter hat ein interessantes Buch aus München heimgebracht, betitelt: die Ausbreitung des Buddhismus in England. Es wird darin bewiesen, dass sich buddhistische Klöster in gefährlicher Weise in England ausbreiten.

Dabei Abbildungen von Klöstern in mittelalterlicher Form mit doppeltem Wall darum mit grossen Kanonen. Im Buch sind übersetzte Sanskrittexte. Onkel und Tante Bendel (die grossen Philister!) haben es gelesen. Sie hat einen Ausdruck nicht verstanden „masturbationis causa"; der Onkel erklärt ihr das.

Das Buch interessiert mich sehr.

Der Kloster ist seit langem zerstört. Gras wächst auf den Trümmern. Ich sitze an einem verfallenen Brunnen in einem Hof. Aus dem Brunnen wächst ein dreigeteilter Baum, mit herrlich grünem Schatten. Ich schaue hinauf und gedenke der Mönche, und es scheint mir, als ob sie auch so an dieser Stelle gesessen hätten. Ich sehe in der Tiefe des Brunnens feine Drahtnetze, die jenen unterirdischen Etagen entsprechen, wo die Mönche gewandelt sind. Auf dem obersten Netz liegen blaue erbsgrosse rohe Kugelchen, sie fallen in die Tiefe und bleiben zuweilen auf quer im Netzen liegen, wodurch der ohne meditierende Mönchsden unten Beobachtenden anzeigt, wo er tiefe

Gedankenhaft.

Das Kloster existiert wieder, ich bin in der Vergangenheit. Ein mächtiger Corridor. Ich sehe Laienbrüder, kräftige Männer in verschiedenen Trachten (Felle, weiße faltige Kleider, mittelalterlich bis antik.) Dann bin ich im Refectorium, Halle wie wenn eine Kirche mit 3 mächtigen Bogenfenstern, Renaissancestyl, graue Marmorsäulen, alles mächtig und schön und weit. Lange gedeckte Tafel unter den Fenstern. In der Mitte sitzt der Abt, in Gedanken verloren, wirres Hauptkaar (ein Fall: Wahnsinniger, Dionysos.) Nicht mit von ihm sitzt Einer mit weithlichem Gesicht. Farbige Gruppen von jungen Mönchen mit schönen, geistigen Augen.

Ich gehe weg und plötzlich steht ein Studienfreund vor mir (ein Halbtoter, Unfruchtender, Schroffer), ich frage ihn: „Erinnerst Du Dich noch, wie wir zusammen vor 20 Jahren im Kloster Eichenbach waren? Wer das ein Mönchs- oder Frauenkloster?" Er sagt mit bezeichnendem Lächeln: „Natürlichem Frauenkloster."

Ich dachte nach dem Erwachen: ein Menschenkloster. Seither viel neue Gedanken über neue Gesellschaftsformen.

28 Nov. 1913.

Mit innerm Widerstreben gehe ich an dieses Buch. Scheint es mir unaufhörlich und doch zwingt mich etwas dazu, dennoch hineinzutauchen, eigentlich in mich selbst. Wozu? — Es will seinen Weg gehen. Sonderbar —.

Meine Seele führt mich in die Wüste — in die Wüste meines Selbst. Ich dachte nicht, dass mein Selbst eine Wüste ist und doch scheint es so zu sein — eine dürre heiße Wüste, staubig und ohne Trank. Die Reise scheint durch heißen Sand zu führen, langsam weitend, ohne nähheres Ziel, auf Hoffnung. Es scheint so

sein zu müssen. Früher hätte ich mich gegen
deine Gedankenaufgelehnt, seitdem ich aber weiß,
daß du, meine Seele, es immer besser weißt,
folge ich dir.

Wie schaurig ist diese kurze Rede. Mir
scheint, der Weg führe so weit weg von den Menschen
ich weg nicht nach dem Wohin? zu fragen.
Es wäre auch nutzlos. Wozu voraussehen
wollen? Ich könnte es doch nicht erkennen.
Ich habe es ja nie erkannt zum Voraus. Ich
sah nur das Traurige und Häßliche und
das Schöne kam zu mir. Warum soll ich
deshalb klagen? Ich gehe meinen Weg, Schritt
für Schritt und weiß nicht wie lange meine
Reise währen wird.

Warum ist mein Selbst eine
Wüste? Wie noch kam mir diese Gedanke.
Habe ich zu sehr außer mir gelebt, in Menschen
und in Dingen? Es scheint fast so zu sein.
Warum denn ~~ich~~ mied ich mein Selbst?
War ich mir nicht theuer? —

Welch eine Täuschung! Ich habe mich
selbst gemieden, nein, eigentlich mein Selbst
der Ort meiner Seele wo sie wohnte und lebte!
Dorthin bin ich mir zurückgekehrt außer im
Traume. Ich war meine Gedanken, nachdem
ich nicht mehr die Dinge und die andern Menschen
war. Ich war aber nicht mein Selbst, meinen
Gedanken gegenübergestellt. Ich war noch in
meinen Gedanken und auch über sie stellt ich
wochenmarsteigen zu meinem eigenen Selbst,
dem Orte meiner Seele. Und dies mein Selbst
ist eine Wüste, unbewässert und ungepflegt.
Dahin scheint meine Reise zugehen und daher
scheint sie von Menschen und Dingen wegzu-
führen in die Einsamkeit mit mir selber.

Ist das Einsamkeit, mit sich selber zu sein?
Einsamkeit wohl nur dann, wenn das Selbst
eine Wüste ist. Ich höre die Worte: „Ein Ana-
choret in seiner eigenen Wüste." Mir fallen
die Mönche der syrischen Wüste ein. Mein
Traum?

Soll ich aus der Wüste einen Garten
machen? Soll ich einen oedes Land bevölkern

und wohnbarmachen, weil alle bewohnbaren Länder von Menschen überschwemmt und vom Getöse des Lebens überlärmt sind? Soll ich den lustigen Zaubergarten der Wüste öffnen für alle Jenigen, die diese dichten Gewühl des äusseren Lebens entfliehen sollen? Ich bin ratlos. Was führt mich in diese Wüste und was soll ich da?

Spiele ich Versteckes mit mir selber? Will ich es nicht sehen? Welche Täuschung kann ich meinem Denken nicht zutrauen? Wahrheit nur das Leben. Und nur der Leben führt mich in die Wüste, wahrlich nicht mein Denken, das zu bedenken, zu Ehrenhaften und zu Dingen zurückkehren möchte, denn es ist ihm unheimlich in der Wüste.

Ich frage Dich, meine Seele, mein Leben, was sollst Du hier?

Ich höre das grausame Wort „Warten". Das ist der Teufels grausamste Höllenstrafe, er lässt die Leute warten. Zur Wüste gehört die Qual — ich weiss es eigentlich, und das wollte ich nicht wissen. In der Wüste — warten — ~~es~~ und worauf?

Ein schalloses Nichts um mich und doch das Gefühl von Dingen, die sich hinter dem fernen Horizont drängen, bisweilen eine fata morgana heraufzaubernd. Die Wirklichkeit aber ist: Dürstend warten.

Ich denke an Christum in der Wüste. Jene Alten gingen äusserlich in die Wüste. Jagen sie euch in die Wüste ihres eigenen Selbst? Oder waren sie selbst nicht so öde und wüst wie das Meinige? Dort rangen sie mit dem Teufel, ich ringe mit dem Warten. Mich dünkt, es sei nicht geringer, denn es ist wahrlich eine kalte Hölle.

Ich bin müde, entlasse mich!

11. Dec. 1913.

Nach hartem Kampfe bin ich Dir um ein Stück Weges näher gekommen. Wie schwer war dieser Kampf! Ich bin in ein Gestrüpp von Zweifeln, Verirrungen und Hohnlachen gefallen. Nur die Liebe Derer, denen ich Liebe gegeben habe

hat mich aus der Dunkelheit errettet. Kein Glaube hilft, auch kein Gehorsam, sondern nur das Lebendige, ~~der Zusammenhang der Lieben~~, die Liebe derer, denen wir Liebe gegeben haben.

Ich habe eine Einsicht gewonnen aus diesem Kampfe: ich habe einsam gesein mit dem, was mir der Werthvollste schien, mit meinem Leibe und habe der, was mir das Billige schien, das Menschliche, den Menschen gegeben. Diese wunderliche Verkehrung ist mir neu. Aber diese Nothwendigkeit drängt sich auf.

Ich komme mit leeren Händen zu Dir, meine Seele. Was willst Du hören?

„Wenn Dich einer Freude kommst, wirst Du kommen, um zu nehmen?"

Ich weiß, es sollte wohl nicht so sein.

Aber es scheint mir, ich sei arm und leer und möchte mich in Deiner Nähe niedersetzen und wenigstens den Hauch Deines lebenden Gegenwart verspüren. Mein Weg ist heisser Sand. All die Tage lang — sandige Strasse. Meine Seele ist bisweilen schwach und einmal war ich verzweifelt, wie Du weißt.

„Du sprachst zu mir, wie wenn Du ein Kind wärest, das sich bei der Mutter beklagt. Ich bin nicht Deine Mutter."

Ich will nicht klagen, aber lass mich Dir sagen, dass meine Strasse lang und voll Staubes ist. Du bist mir wie ein schattiger Baum in der Einöde der trockenen Wüste. Ich möchte Deines Schattens genießen.

„Du bist genussüchtig. Wo ist Deine Treue? Noch ist Deine Zeit nicht um. Hast Du vergessen, warum Du in die Wüste gingest?"

Mein Glaube ist schwach, mein Gesicht ist blind von all dem flimmernden Glanz der Wüstensonne. Die Hitze lastet auf mir wie Blei. Der Durst quält mich und ich wage nicht auszudenken, wie unendlich lange mein Weg ist — und was Alles, ich sehe nichts vor mir.

„Du sprichst, wie wenn Du nichts gelernt hättest. Kannst Du nicht warten? Soll Dir Alles reif und vollendet in den Schooss fallen? Du bist voll, je du strotzest von Absichten und Begehrlichkeiten! Weißt Du noch nicht, dass der Weg der Wahrheit

und dem Absichtslosen offenbart? Weißt Du noch immer nicht, daß nur dem, der nicht begehrt, dem ungierigen Erfüllung wird?"

Ich weiß, daß sind Alles auch meine Gedanken. Aber ich lebe kaum danach.

„Sie, sage mir, glaubst Du denn, daß Deine Gedanken Dir helfen sollen?"

Ich gestehe, daß ich nicht wenige, sondern viele Gedanken habe, die ich nicht lebe, und von denen ich trotzdem Hilfe und Wirksamkeit erwarte. Ich möchte mich immer darauf berufen, daß ich ein Mensch sei, bloß ein Mensch, der schwach ist und bisweilen nicht sein Bestes thut.

„Denkst Du so vom Menschsein?"

Du bist hart meine Seele, aber Du hast Recht. Wie wenig sind wir doch zum Leben geschickt! Wir sollten fähig sein zu erwachen, wie ein Baum, der auch nicht um sein Gesetz weiß. (Wie Du liebst auf dem Felde.) Wir umschnüren uns aber mit Absichten, nicht eingedenk der Thatsache, daß Absicht Beschränkung, ja Ausschließung des Lebens ist. Und wie viel Kindisches, Kurzsichtiges Egoismus liegt in einer Absicht! Wir glauben, mit einer Absicht ein Dunkel erhellen zu können und peilen damit am Licht vorbei. Wie können wir uns eher vermessen, im Voraus wissen zu wollen, was kommen das Licht uns kommen wird?

Nur eine Klage kann mich vor Dich bringen: Schlucke ein Hohngelächter, ein eigenes Hohnlachen.

„Denkst Du gering von Dir?"

Ich glaube nicht.

„Denn, höre, denkst Du gering von mir. Weißt Du noch nicht, daß Du kein Buch schreibst, das Deine Eitelkeit füttern soll, sondern daß Du mit mir sprichst. Wie kannst Du ein Hohngelächter hören, wenn Du mit mir sprichst mit den Worten, die ich Dir gebe? Weißt Du denn, wer ich bin? Hast Du mich umfaßt, abgegrenzt und zu einer toten Formel gemacht? Hast Du die Tiefe meines Abgrundes gemessen und alle die Wege ausgefragt, die ich Dich

noch führen werde? Dich kann ein Hohngelächter nicht anfechten, wenn Du nicht aufbist bis in Mark Deiner Knochen."

Denn Wahrheit ist hart. Ich möcht Dir meine Eitelkeit hinlegen, denn ich fühle, zu-bleibt mich. Sieh, darum auch glaubte ich, meine Hände seien leer, als ich heute zu Dir kam. Ich dachte nicht, daß Du es bist, Die leere Hände füllt, wenn sie sich nur zur Opfergabe ausstrecken wollen. Ihr zu wollten es nicht. Denn ich dachte, ich habe es zu bringen und vergaß Deiner, wie wenn ich nicht wüßte, daß ich Dein Gefäß bin, leer ohne Dich aber überquellend mit Dir.

Die Augenblick zerreißt mich, was soll dies Alles? Wohin führt Dein Strasse? Kein Laut, keine Antwort!

12.XII.13.

Der Kampf der letzten Zeit war der Kampf mit dem Hohnlachen. Ein Traum, der mir eine schlaflose Nacht und drei Tage Qualen verursachte, hat mich mit G. Keller's Apotheker von Chamonix (dem Anfang bis Ende) verglichen. Ich kenne und anerkenne diesen Typ. Ich habe gelernt, daß man sein Herz dem Menschen geben hat, den Intellect aber dem Geist der Menschheit, dem Gotte. Dann kann sein Werk jenseits des Titels sein, denn es giebt keine gleisnerischere Maske als den Intellect, wenn er das Herz ersetzt.

„Ich falle", meldet eine Stimme in mir. „Wohin? Was willst Du?" rufen andere. Ich habe mich diesem Strudel anzuvertrauen. Sturzbäche von Zweifel brausen über mich herunter. Ich soll mich diesem Strudel anvertrauen? Mir schaudert's. Es ist eine grausige Tiefe. Du willst Dein Opfer von mir? Mich dem Zufall meiner selbst überlassen, dem Wahnsinn des eigenen Hellrunkel, das soll ich? Wohin? Wohin? Habe ich Vertrauen zu meiner Seele, so soll ich es auch wagen. Wie schwer ist es, mich selber

so gewachsen, dass man sich ruhig in einen Abgrund hineinlegen kann!

Du fällst, gut ich will mit Dir fallen, wer Du auch seiest. Ich falle mit Dir grauen Felsengang in strudelnde Tiefe, Dampfsäulen schiessen auf, es zischt und saust – Höllenfahrt. Kleine enge schwarze Höhle, ein Zweig aus Luder hütet den Eingang – hilf Himmel, welche Qual. Der Boden ist schwarzer Schlamm bis an die Knöchel. Ich zögere einzutreten. Schatten huschen an mir vorbei – vorwärts – mich fasst die Angst, es ist eng und hier, oder kalt – ich weiss nicht – hinein – ich kriche durch enge Felsritzen – eine hellblaue Höhle, am Boden schwarzes Wasser, am jenseitigen Ufer ein leuchtender Stein. Ich wate bis an die Knie – es ist kalt – bis zum Stein. Haltet mich nicht an, ihr Dazwischenschreier. Es muss sein, das muss erobert sein. Der Stein der Qual, des rothen Lichts. Das Lichtbild kalt, ein Crystall, ich hebe ihn weg, darunter ein dunkles Loch, was soll es sein? Die Höhle widerhallt von vielen Menschenstimmen, doch ist niemand hier. Ich stehe mit dem Stein in der Hand, fragend um mich blickend – nur das Eine sehend – ich will nicht auf die Stimmen hören, sie halten mich weg. Dieses dunkle Loch – wohin führt es, da will ich wissen, was sagt es? ein Orakel? Ist es der Ort der Pythia? Nicht weghalten sollt ihr mich! Uralter und Ewiger soll hier zu Worte kommen – Stille mit Eurem Geschwätz, Lächerliche Schatten, Auswurf der Oberwelt – die Orakelstätte? wäre es möglich? soll ich das Ohr an diese Öffnung legen? Ich höre das ferne und nahe Brausen unter-

wirbelnder Ströme – ein blutiges Haupt im dunkeln Strome, ein Verwundeter, der schwimmt in fürchterlicher Tiefe. Er weiss es nicht – oder ist er stark – erstarrt in eisiger Kälte in der Stellung eines Schwimmenden – ein riesengroser schwarzer Käfer zieht vorbei – wie ein Scarabaeus, aus tiefstem Grunde eine Sonne der Wahrheit durchstrahlend – ich sehe es nicht – schlängelnd an dunkeln Wänden nach der Tiefe strebend wo die Sonne matter leuchtet, Tausend Schlangen die Sonne umringelnd, umhüllend – tiefe Nacht – das Wasser rauscht – ich stehe erschöpft, Lärm von tausend Stimmen an den Wänden der Höhle widerhallend. Wüste ist die Oberwelt. Zu viel Licht, die das Gesicht stört, noch einmal den Blick in die Tiefe – ein rother Strahl, wie Blutt springt auf, wie Nebelrothes Blut, lange quellend, dann versiegend.

Was sah ich? Welche Nacht! Alles wie im Flug gerannt, hinunter – und wieder hinaufgewirbelt.

Stich die Wunden, die mir Zweifel schlägt, meine Seele. Auch das ist zu überwinden, damit ich Deinen Willen im Innern erkenne. Wie fern ist Alles und wie zurückgekehrt bin ich! Die Angst und der Zweifel reissen mich weg. O könnt' ich Stunden um Stunden sehend und lauschend liegen an jenes innersten und untersten Stelle, an der Orakelstätte, damit Du meine Seele in Deinen und nicht in meinen Worten zu mir sprächest. Mein Geist ist ein Quälgeist, er zerreisst mein innerstes Schauen, möcht' Alles zerlegen, begreifen, auseinanderreissen und zusammenstellen, niederreissen und aufbauen. Nach dem ich Opfer meines Denkens, wann bin ich Herr meines Denkens? Wann kann ich meinem Denken Ruhe gebieten, das meine Gebieterin, die widerspenstige Hündin

zu meinen Füßen kriechen? Wie kann ich je hoffen, Deine Stimme lauter zu vernehmen, Deine Gesichte klar zu sehen, wenn alle Gedanken mich umhüllen? Ich lebe erst in der Oberwelt, aber in Deiner innersten Welt, meine Seele, bin ich wie ein wesenloser Schatten, zitternd und von jedem Hauch verweht.

Ich bin pomnagolos. Ich will pomnagolos sein, denn ich habe es Dir, meine Seele, zugeschworen, Dir zu vertrauen, auch wenn Du mich durch Wahnsinn führst. Ich träume der letzten Zeit [illegible] mir davon, ich weiß. Aber ich bin willig. Denn das göttliche Licht erstrahlt aus der größten Dunkelheit. Wie sollte ich aber Deiner Sonne teilhaft werden, wenn ich nicht den nachtigen bittern Schlummertrank getrunken und bis zur Neige geleert habe? Hilf, daß ich nicht in eigenen Wässern ersticke. Ich taufte es zusammen, nicht nur aus Gier, Eitelkeit und Eitelkeit, sondern um der Wahrheit willen und um nicht zu spät zu kommen, wie ich später verstand. Aber die Fülle des Wissens droht auf mich zu stürzen. Mein Wissen hat ein Heer von tausend Reitern mit Stimmen wie Löwen; die Luft zittert, wenn sie reden, und ich bin ihr wehrloses Opfer. Sie greifen nach mir und schleppen mich weg von Deiner Stille und aus der seligen Tiefe, wo einzig Wahrheit quillt und tiefstes Schauen, wo Vergangenheit und Zukunft rauschend zusammenströmen und wo ich im Bilde früherer Vergangenheit Zukünftiges sehe in dunkeln Rätselbildern. Halte weg von mir die Deutung jenem übeln Kerkermeister der Wissenschaft, der die Seelen bindet und die leichtleere Kerker sperrt, aber vor Allem schütze mich vor der Giftschlange der Kritik, die nur da Oberfläche wie Heilschlange ist, in Deiner Tiefe aber höllisches Gift und qualvolles Ersaufen.

Ich möchte als Reiner in Deine Tiefe steigen, mit weissem Kleid und nicht wie ein Dieb hereinkommen, an mich reissen und athemlos entfliehen.

Lass mich verharren in göttlicher Fassungslosigkeit, damit ich bereit bin, Deine Wunder zu schauen, die ~~aus~~ der ewigen Tiefe entsteigen.

Hilf, Hilf, lass mich mein Haupt auf einem Stern legen vor Deinem Thore und Deines Herrn, ~~wenn~~ damit ich bereit bin, das Licht Deiner Herrlichkeit in mir zu empfangen.

15. XII. 73.

Nach meinen schweren Experimenten, mit innerm Widerstehen ~~ich~~ öffne ich Dich!

Wie sträubt sich Alles in mir vor der Unmittelbarkeit dieses Erlebens! Ich möchte mir selber gebieten wie einem aufgeregten Pferde. Ich scheue vor mir selber, wie wenn ich eine nächtige Macht wäre. Noch immer ist „Subjectiv" das Grausige und Schreckenerregende, wie wenn durch dieses Wort Alles entwerthet wäre und überflüssig. Wie wenn das „Subject" im Weltgeschehen ein Nichts wäre! Das muss ich überwinden.

16. XII. 73.

In die Hölle fahren heisst selber zerstört werden. Es ist Alles schrecklich angenommen und verworfen.

Meine Seele, auf diesem Lustwandelpfade ist nicht blos glühender Sand, sondern es giebt auch giftige umschlingende Unreinigkeiten, welche diese Wüste bewohnen. Das wusste ich nicht. Der Weg ist nur anscheinend frei, die Wüste nur anscheinend öde und leer. Sie scheint aber belebt zu sein von zauberischen Wesen, die mich anfallen, wenn Gestalt dem mich verwandelt. Ich habe wohl ungeheuerliche Farben angenommen – ~~etwa~~ unter denen ich mich selbst erkennen kann. Ich denke, es sei eine neuestens Theorform, gegen die ich mein Menschlichkeit eingetauscht habe.

Dieser Weg ist von bösartigen Zauberern umgeben, unsichtbare Schlingen sind über mich geworfen und schnüren mich.

„Steige herunter in Deine Tiefe", sagt Du.

Wie soll ich athmen?

„Versinke".

Wie kann ich versinken? Das ist die höchste und höchste Kunst, sich selber versinkenzulassen. Lehre mich. Ich bin unfähig es aus mir selber zu thun.

„Setze Dich nieder, ruhe".

Fürchterlich, vergeb, es klingt wie höhnischer Unsinn. Verlangst Du auch das von mir? Hörst Du denn kein der Empörung in mir? Da stürzest Götter, die mächtig sind und uns höchstes bedeuten, meine Seele, wo bist Du? Habe ich mich einem blödentheure anvertraut, taumle ich wie ein Betrunkener durs Strassengehen zu, um einen wüsten Rausch auszuschlafen? Stammle ich zerfetzten Blödsinn wie ein Verrückter? Ist das Dein Weg, meine Seele? Vergeb, vergeb, aber das Blut kocht mir und ich könnte Dich erwürgen, wenn ich Dich fassen könnte. Da springst dickste Finsternis, meine Seele und Dich hin wie ein Toller in Deine Netze eingefangen.

Aber ich will, ich will. Führe mich.

„Mein Pfad ist Licht."

Nennst Du das, was wir Menschen ärgste Finsternis nennen, Licht? Nennst Du unsern Tag Nacht? Führe mich, gib mir Licht, Dein Licht.

„Mein Licht ist nicht von dieser Welt."

Ich weiss nichts von jener andern Welt.

„Soll sie nicht sein, weil Du nichts weisst davon?"

Aber unser Wissen! Auch Wissen gilt Dir nichts? Was soll es sein, wenn es nicht Wissen ist? Wo ist sicher Licht? Wo Boden? Wo festes Land? Wo Licht? Dein Finsternis ist nicht blos schwärzer als Nacht, sondern auch bodenlos. Wenn es das Wissen nicht sein soll, kann auch vielleicht nicht Sprache und Worte?

„Auch keine Worte."

schrecklichen Verwandlung könnte ich nicht träumen. Vergieb, vielleicht hör ich Dich schlecht, vielleicht mißverstehe ich Dich. Vielleicht umgarne ich mich selbst mit Selbsttäuschung und höllischem Affenspiel, mir selbst eine Fratze, aus Spiegeln mich selbstangrinsend, in Narrin meiner eigenen Tollheit. Vielleicht meine Seele, fährt Darüber meine Narrheit.

„Du täuschest Dich, mich belügst Du nicht. Denn warte mir Dir Kugeln, mir nicht."

Aber ich könnte mich in rasendem Blödsinn wälzen, der mir brennende Sintfluten Dich und mich verschlingt. Ich könnte das Widersinnige, das perverse Stumpfsinnige anschreien.

„Wer gibt Dir Gedanken und Wort? Schaffst Du sie? Bist Du nicht — mein Knecht — ein Empfangender — ein Bettler, der vor meinen Thüren liegt und mein Almosen auffliest? Und Du wagst es, zu denken, daß das was Du ersinnst und sprichst, Blödsinn sein könnte? Weißt Du noch nicht, daß es aus mir kommt und mir gehört?"

Dann aber muß doch meine Empörung auch aus Dir kommen. Dann empörst Du Dich in mir gegen Dich selber.

„Das ist Bürgerkrieg."

Scheinst Phrase, die ich oftmals von mir selber hörte, auf andere angewendet. Welchem Schmerz, meine Seele, Dich Phrasen machen hören. Bist Du neurotisch? Sind wir neurotisch?

Mir wird schlecht — Comoedium Gefasel.

Aber ich will, ich will. Ich kriech

auch durch stinkenden Schlamm, durch der verhärtete Bauale. Die Teufel auf dem Wüstenpfade sollen mich nicht zwingen und nicht fällen. Ich kann euch Hand pressen, es mag Pfützenkoth regnen; ~~Das~~ das Bauale gehört auch zur Welt.

Ich weiche nicht, ich trotze. Mögt ihr unwirsche Quakerinnen, spinnebeinige Ungeheuer, komisch-gräßliche Theater- und Feuilletonungeheuer. Heran — ich bin bereit, bereit, meine Seele, die du ein Teufel bist, auch mit Dir zu ringen. Du nahmst eines Gottes Maske vor und ich verehrte Dich. Nun nimmst Du des Teufels Maske — weche — eine ungeheuerliche — die Maske des Banalen, des Wort- und Phrasen-mithauens.

Unreine Gunst! Lass mich einen Augenblick zurücktreten und überlegen? Lohnt der Kampf mit einer Maske? Lohnt die Verehrung der Gottesmaske? Ich kann nicht, mir brennt die Kampflust in den Gliedern. Nein, nicht genügt es mir den Kampfplatz räumen. Ich will Dich persönlich Dich erdrücken, Hanswurst, Affe!

Weche, der Kampf ist ungleich. Meine Arme greifen Luft — aber Deine Schläge sind auch Luft und ich merke Possen.

Und ich bin wieder auf dem Pfade der Wüste — ein Wüstengesicht — ein Gesicht der Einsamen, die die lange Strasse wandeln. — Ha, ein Kunstwerk! — Vier — furchtbar Stich, dieses Pfeilsass. Woher kam er doch? Diese Strasse ist von Abertausenden belagert, unsichtbare Räuber und Meuchelmörder lauern auf ihr — und senden todbringende Geschosse. Der Pfeil steckt mir wohlin Herzen? Sein Gift brennt. Blutige Nebel trüben meine Augen. Jemand legt Blei auf meine

schulten —:

Aber ich will, ich will.

18. XII. 13.

Die Nacht danach war schrecklich. Ich erwachte bald an einem furchtbaren Traum:

„Ich war mit einem unbekannten Jüngling in einem gewaltigen Gebirgslandschaft vor Tagesanbruch. Der östliche Himmel war schon hell. Da tönte über die Berge das Horn Siegfrieds in jubelndem Laut, und wir wurden, daß nun mehr unser Todfeind komme. Wir waren bewaffnet und lauerten an einem schmalen Felsenpfade, um den Helden zu ermorden. Da kam er hoch über den Berg auf einem Wagen aus Totengebeinen, in weißem Kleid mit schwarzen mystischen Figuren und fuhr mit unglaublicher Kühnheit über schroffe Felsen herunter und gelangte auf den schmalen Pfad, an dem wir lauerten. Als er um eine Ecke bog, feuerten wir zugleich und verwundeten ihn tödlich. Mein Gefährte verließ mich, um dem Helden eine letzte Pflege angedeihen zu lassen, ich wandte mich zur Flucht. Ein ungeheurer Regen rauschte herniedder. Ich sprang einen unglaublich steilen Weg bald hinab und half dann später meiner Frau, die langsamer nachkletterte, heraufzusteigen. Einige Leute verspotteten uns, aber mir war es recht, denn das zeigte, daß sie nicht wussten, daß ich den Helden ermordet hatte."

Nach diesem Traum ging ich durch eine seelische Qual bis zum Tode. Und ich fühlte, daß ich mich selber töten müsse, wenn ich das Rätsel nicht lösen könne. Ich wenn ich mich verachten müsse, wenn ich den Traum nicht verstünde.

Allmählig wurde es mir deutlich, daß die Wahrheit eins und dieselbe sei mit den Erinnerungen.

Da löste sich die ungeheure Spannung und wie ein Regen rauschte es herniedder

all das, was Spannung, Überspannung war. Und Geld kam der Schlafwieder und brachte ein wunderlich schönes Bild:

Gestalten in weiten Seide gehüllt in einer farbigen Atmosphäre. Jede umgeben von einer eigenthümlich duftig, farbig leuchtenden Hülle, die einen zöhlich, anders bläulich und grünlich.

Von diesem Bilde erwachte ein paradoxes geistig-sinnliches Gefühl aus und ich schlief ein wie ein Genesender. Ich bin über die Tiefe weggekommen und habe Ruhe. Aber es scheint mir, ich sei in einer neuen Welt.

Wo bin ich?

Durch schmerzvolle Schuld ein Neuer, ein Neugeborener geworden?

Ich kenne nicht Weg noch Steg, ich habe, glaube ich, in diesem neuen Zustand das Gehen noch nicht gelernt.

Soll ich mich vorwärts tasten, kriechen? Oder sollte es an mich kommen, das führt und weiter weist?

Scheinbar ist es eine Gefühlswelt, eine Welt einfachster Dinge. Keine Absicht – oder Muss-Welt, wie mir scheint, eher eine Vielmöglichkeitswelt mit gänzlich unbestimmten Möglichkeiten, eine Welt farbigen Zwielichts. Es scheint hier nur kleine, nächste Wege zu geben, keine fernen Ziele, keine breiten gerade Heerstrassen. Darüber kein Himmel, darunter keine Hölle. Eine seltsame Zwischenwelt – Alles in weichen Tönen ineinanderfliessend – ein farbenreiches, harmonisch in sich verschwebendes Gemälde.

20. XII. 13.

Der Hüter hüten sind viele, nicht die geringste ist, das neue Leben vor dieser neuen Welt zu halten. Schwach und künstlich ist eine neue Welt – künstlich – ein schlimmes Wort, aber ich habe gelernt, dass schwache

Kümmerliche Anfänge, unaufhaltsam zusammengetrieben Halbwirklichkeiten zu fruchtbaren Wirklichkeiten emporwachsen.

Das Senfkorn, das zum Baum emporwuchs, das Wort, das im Schoss einer armen Jungfrau empfangen wurde, es wurde zu einem Gott, dreimal zweitausend jährige Geschichte hat.

Ich habe Deinen Keim empfangen, Du Kommender, ich habe ihn in tiefster Not und Niedrigkeit empfangen, ich hüllte ihn in fratzenhafte Lappen und bettete ihn auf das Lager Strohernes Worte und Die Spötter bitten grinsend ~~Dir~~ an, Dein Kind, Dein wunder~~bares~~ sagnes Kind, das Kind eines Kommenden, das den Vater verhöhnen soll, eine Frucht, Nichts ist als der Baum, an dem sie wuchs.

Mit Schmerzen wurst Du empfangen, Du wolltest unglückte Deine Geburt.

Die Luft verröchelte von Hymnen der Lästerreden, als der Gott Dich in mein Herz senkte.

Angst ~~ist~~ ist Dein Herold, Zweifel stellt zu Deiner Rechten, Enttäuschung zu Deiner Linken.

Wir schrumpften zusammen in unserer Lächerlichkeit und Vernunftlosigkeit als wir Dich, wundersamstes Kind erblickten.

Unsere Augen erblindeten und unser Ohrenvertrauen, als wir Deinen Glanz umfingen.

Du neuer Funke von ewigem Feuer, in welche Nacht, in welchen Schlamm bist Du hineingeboren! Brände des Wahnsinns loben Dir als Opferfeuer entgegen –

Eiskalte Stahlhände greifen mörderisch

nach Dir und sie werden hilflos an Deiner Schuld schmelzen.

Sie werden das Gift unaufhörlicher Gedanken in Deine Nahrung mischen, und sie werden selber daran hinsiechen.

Die wollüstige und die himmlische Schönheit ~~werden~~ wird sich Deinem Lager nahen, die eine wird Dich brünstig begehren und die andere hochmüthig getreten wollen. Sie werden Dich aber ohnmächtig verehren und ihre Hände unter Dein Kissen legen.

Du wirst von Deinen Gläubigen wahrhafte Gebete erpressen und sie müssen zu Deiner Ehre in Zungen reden, die ihnen ein Greuel sind.

Du wirst über sie kommen in der Stunde ihrer Schmach und Erniedrigung und Du wirst ihnen offenbar werden, indem, Du sie hassen, fürchten und verachten.

Man wird, o Kind, Dein Antlitz erkennen in den nächtigen Thierfratzen unserer ~~und~~ hintersten Seelengründe.

Deine Stimme, der seltsame Wahllaut, wird man vernehmen im grauen Gestammel des Ungeordneten, des Weggeworfenen ~~&~~ und als werthlos Verdammten.

Dein Reich werden sie mit Händen tasten, die auch vor der tiefsten Niedrigkeit anbeteten, und deren Sehnsucht sie ~~auch auch~~ durch den Strom des Übels trieb.

Deine Gaben giebst Du denen, die mit Grauen und Zweifel zu Dir beten, und Dein Licht wird denen Auchtern, deren Knie sich widerwillig und voll Empörung sich vor Dir beugen müssen.

~~Alles~~

Dein Leben ist mit Dem, der sich selber überwunden hat und der seine Überwindung wider sich selbst verlugnet hat.

Ach ich weiss: Das Theil der Gnade ist nur Dem gegeben, der an der Thörichte glaubt und sich selber taubes Verrath für dreissig Silberlinge.

In Deinem grossen Mahle sind geladen, die ihre reinen Hände beschmutzten, die ihr bestes Wissen gegen Irrthum tauschten und die ihre Tugenden an einem Mörder-grube hielten.

Das Geheimniss Deiner Geburt ist ein Irr- und Wandelstern.

Dies, o Kind des Kommenden, sind die Wunder, die dafür zeugen werden, dass Du ein wahrhaftig Gott bist.

Mein Seele, Du hastes gewollt, dass ich alle diese Worte sagte und niederschrieb. Ich weiss nicht, dass Du solche Geheimnisse hütetest. Ich staune. Du bist ein unglaubliches Rätsel. Aber was soll meine Verwunderung?

27. XII. 13.

Wie ich mich auch sträube, es muss doch sein, dass ich wieder in die Tiefe hinuntersteige, an den Ort der Qual. Alles weist mich darauf hin. Es soll mich nicht kümmern, was ich heraufbringe. Ich weiss, warum ich jämmerliche Angst habe – die schlaflosen Nächte, das Zerfetztsein des eigenen Herzens, das ist es, was ich scheue. Es ist fast ein physischer Ekel, der mich zurückhält. Und es muss ja doch sein. O all die Dunkelheit, schwarze Nebel umdrängen mich – ich sinke – wehe, schon liege ich an einem Stein gebannt in schwarzer Tiefe – Felsgeröll ringsum – ein alter Mann

links vor uns mit grauem Bart in orientalischem Gewand – wahrsch. alter Prophet. Er hält seine rechte Hand ausgestreckt, wie wenn er lehrte – zu seinen Füssen eine grosse schwarze Schlange (ich gebarche – keine Abbildung) – im Hintergrunde ein säulengetragenes Gebäude, ein schönes junges Mädchen tritt heraus – die Tochter des Alten – sie tritt neben den Alten – ist sie blind? Ich schaue erstaunt – und erhebe mich – sie nimmt meine Hand – wir gehen zu dem Hause ~~auf zu~~ am Fusse hoher Felswände. Hinter uns folgt die Schlange – im hinern unterirdischen Dunkel – ein Teppich in einer dusteren Halle auf einem kleinen schwarzen Tische ein heller wasserfarbener Crystall von Faustgröße, der mich anzieht. Farbige Lichtgeheimnisse aus ihm aus. (jetzt wird es schwer) Ein farbiger Strahlenkreis umgiebt mein ganzes Gesichtsfeld – darin Eva unter dem Baum, daran die Schlange. – jetzt ein wunderbar schwarzblaues Meer, felsige Küste – ein Schiff mit rothem Segel. Licht darüber – Odysseus und seine Gefährten – (furchtbar – daher cursiv) ein Plakatbild dahinter, ein Alter mit einem Kind (entsetzlich – übertrieben) schblicke in die Halle, glitzernde Dinge, Waffen? Edelsteine? an den Wänden – im Hintergrunde ein herrlicher Garten mit duftendem Sonnenschein wir schreiten hinaus – blühende Granatbüsche – ein schattiger Brunnen.

Der Alte spricht:

„Kennst Du mein Kind?"

Ich bin benommen und alles ist mir unwirklich, ängstlich wie ein Traum. Darf ich Dich fragen, wer Du bist?

„Ich bin Elias und Die ist meine Tochter Salome."

Die Tochter des Herodes? Das blutrünstige Weib?

„Warum redest Du so schroff? Da siehst, sie ist blind — und meine Tochter, Du Tochter der Propheten."

Welches Wunder hat euch vereinigt?

„Kein Wunder, es war von Anbeginn so. Meine Weisheit und meine Tochter sind Eins."

Ich bin erstarrt und vermag es nicht zu fassen.

„Denke Dir nach. Elias der Prophet und Salome, die mörderische und verruchte Tänzerin — ihre Blindheit hat uns mit Entsetzt zu Befahrten gemacht, zu Vater und Tochter."

Vergib mir mein Staunen. Ich bin wohl in der Mutterwelt?

„Dies ist das Haus der Träume oder besser — gieb ihm keinen Namen."

Salome (zu mir gewendet): „Liebst Du mich?"

(Überschrecke, alles Blut drängt sich zum Herzen):

Wie kann ich Dich lieben? Wie kommst Du zu dieser Frage? Ich sehe nur Eins, Du bist Salome, ein Tiger und das Blut des Heiligen klebt an Deinen Händen. Wie sollte ich Dich lieben?

„Du wirst mich lieben."

(Das Entsetzen packt mich am Halse.)

Ich Dich lieben? Wer giebt Dir das Recht zu solchem Gedanken?

„Ich liebe Dich."

Lass ab von mir. Mir graut vor Dir, Bestie.

„Du thust mir Unrecht, Elias ist mein Vater und er kennt der Geheimnisse tiefste. Die Wände seines Hauses sind von Oele Steinen, seine Brunnen entbalten heilkräftige Wasser, und sein tiefes Auge schaut die zukünftigen Dinge. Und was gährt Du nicht darum um einen einzigen Blick in die unendlichen Dinge des Kommenden? Wäre Du Dir nicht selbst eine Sünde werth?"

Schrecklich ist Deine Vermehrung.

Ich schaue mich zurück nach der Oberwelt, hier ist es grauenhaft. Die Luft wird immer schwerer.

Ich schaue nach Elias. Mächtige Bauen beschatten seine Augen. Er spricht:

„Was willst Du? Du hast die Wahl."

Aber ich gehöre nicht zu den Todten, ich lebe am Lichte des Tages. Warum soll ich hier in der Tiefe der Unterwelt mich um Salome quälen und Lebe doch genug am eigenen Leben zu tragen?

„Du hörtest, was Salome ~~sprach~~ sagte."

Ich kann mich noch immer nicht von meinem Staunen erholen, dass Du der alte Prophet sie als Tochter und Gefährtin erkennen kannst. Ist sie nicht aus nichtlosem Samen gezeugt? ~~Hat~~ Was sei nicht eitel hier und perverse Wollust?

„Sie liebt aber einen Heiligen."

Und hat schmählich sein theures Blut vergossen.

„Unterbrich mich nicht, mein Sohn; sie liebt den Heiligen Propheten Gottes, der ~~den~~ seiner Welt den neuen Gott verkündigte. Ihr liebt sie — verstehst Du das? Denn sie ist meine Tochter.

Da meinst, weil sie Deine Tochter ist, liebte sie in Johannes den Propheten, den Vater? Verstehe ich Dich wohl?

„An ihrer Liebe magst Du sie erkennen."

Aber, wie liebt sie ihn!? Nennst Du das noch Liebe?

„Was war es anderes?"

Aber mir graut, denn wem sollte es nicht grauen, wenn Salome ihn liebt?

„Bist Du ein Feigling? Und überdies — Ich und meine Tochter — wir sind seit Ewigkeiten Eins."

Grausame Rätsel giebst Du mir auf. Wie könnte es möglich sein, daß dies heilloses Weib und Du, der Prophet Deines Gottes, Eins wären?

„Warum wundert Du Dich. Du siehst es doch, wir sind beisammen."

Was ich mit eigenen Augen sehe, das ist mir unfassbar. Du, Elias, der Du ein Prophet, der Mund Gottes bist, und sie, ein blutdürstiges, ~~und~~ geiles Ungeheuer — ihr seid doch die Symbole äußerster Gegensätze.

„Wir sind ~~nur~~ wirklich beisammen und sind keine Symbole. Wir sind wirklich und beisammen."

Die schwarze Schlange windet sich um einen Baumstamm und verbirgt sich in den Zweigen.

Alles wird düster, zweifelhaft. Elias und Salome erheben sich, er führt sie bei der Hand, ich stehe unschlüssig. Elias geht voran, winkt mir mit der Hand und wir gehen zurück in die Halle. Der Crystall leuchtet matt. Ich denke wiederum des Bilds von Odysseus, wie er an der Felsenküste der Sirenen vorbeifuhr an langer Irrfahrt. soll ich, soll ich nicht?

Elias und Salome schweigen. Wir treten unter die Säulen am Eingang. Der Zweifel zerreisst mein Herz – ich weiss nicht. Es ist so unwirklich und dennoch bleibt ein Stück meiner Sehnsucht zurück. Werde ich wiederkommen? Werde ich den Weg wiederfinden zum Hause dieses Rätsels? Den Weg, den ich nicht gesucht und nie erwartet habe? Salome liebt mich? Liebe ich sie? Ich hör wilde Musik, das Tamburin, – eine schwüle Mondnacht – dann das blutig-starre Haupt des Heiligen – mich fasst die Angst – ich stürze hinaus, es ist finstere Nacht um mich, ich bin zerschlagen. Felsgeröll, ferne rauscht ein Strömer über Klippen – wer hat den Helden gemordet? Liebt mich Salome darum? Liebe ich sie, und habe ich darum den Helden gemordet? Sie ist Eins mit dem Propheten, eins mit Johannes, eins auch mit mir? Wehe, wer sie die Hand Gottes?

Ich liebe sie nicht, ich fürchte sie. meine Kniee zittern.

Eine Stimme sagt: „Daran erkennst du ihre Gotteskraft."

Muss ich Salome lieben?

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Was werde ich denken? Es ist Alles Dunkel vor mir. Kein Umriss, kein Helles und kein Dunkler. Es ist das Thor der Finsterniss, vor das Du eingehst, Du hast nach Nächstem zu tasten, Du hast einen Weg zu fühlen von Stein zu Stein. Kein Gedanke kommt Dir hier entgegen, man muss sie alle abtasten, werthvolles und werthloses mit gleicher Liebe umfassen, denn in dieser Welt des Dunkels sind unsere Werthe aufgehoben. Ein Berg ist ein kleinstes Nichts, und ein Sandkorn birgt Königreiche — ~~Jedenfalls~~ oder auch nicht.

Jegliches Werthvorthil muss von Dir abfallen, auch jegliches sonstiges logisches Urthil; selbst Dein Geschmack soll vor dem Thore abgelegt werden. Entledige Dich allen Wissens und vor Allem ~~Last~~ opfere den Dunkel, auch wenn er auf Verächtern zu beruhen scheint.

Wer hier eintritt, tritt als ein Armer und Blöder, denn was wir Wissen nennen, ist hier Unwissenheit, Sehen Blindheit, Hören Taubheit, Fühlen Stumpfheit.

Ganz arm, elend, demüthig, unwissend gehe durch das Thor. Aber auch in Deiner Armuth, Unwissenheit und Demuth sei nicht gierig und anmassend und erwarte nicht Brot noch Steine, sondern ~~sei~~ bleibe begierdelos und kindlich-haftlos. Wende all Dein Zorn gegen Dich selbst, denn nur Du selbst kannst Dich hindern am Schauen. Das Mysteriengiel ist zart wie Seeft und Dünner Rauch und Du bist brutaler Stoff, der an sich schon störend schwer ist.

All Deine Hoffnung allein, Du Dein höchstes Gut und höchstes Können ist bis vorangehen und ~~Du~~ Du als Führer in der Welt des Dunkels dienen, denn Du ist von ähnlicher Substanz wie

die Gestaltungen jener Welt. Lass deine Hoffnung ihr entgegenschwellen wie Muttermilch.

Ich stehe oben unten auf jener weiten Stelle in einer felsigen Tiefe, die mir erscheint wie ein riesiger Krater. In der Ferne erblicke ich an den felsigen Hang gerichtet das säulengetragene weiße Haus. Es ist Alles dicht, nebelig und nächtig.

Ich sehe Salome in weitem Kleid ferne nach links hingehend längs der Wand des Hauses als eine Blinde. Hinter ihr die schwarze Schlange. Unter dem Portal steht der Alte, er winkt mir von ferne. Ich nähere zögernd mich. Er ruft Salome zurück, sie nähert sich ihm und lehnt sich an ihn. Sie ist wie eine Leidende. Nichts kann ich entdecken an ihr, was ein Geringstes an ihrem Frevel.

Ihre Hände sind weiß und ihr Gesicht ist von sanftem Ausdruck.

Vorden Birken kriecht die Schlange.

Ich stehe verlassen, ungeschickt, ungewiss wie ein thörichter Knabe.

„Dahin ich wieder, möchte ich sagen. Du warst bleiben mir aber im Halse stecken. Es ist Alles so schrecklich ungewiss und geheimnisvoll.

Der Alte sieht mich forschend an:

„Was willst du hier?" fragt er mit strengem Ton.

„Vergieb, es ist nicht meine Zudringlichkeit oder Unwissenheit, die mich hierhertreibt. Ich bin wie von Ungefähr hier, nicht wissend wo ich will. Ich gestehe aber, dass eine Sehnsucht mich hierher zurückgebracht hat, eine Sehnsucht, die gestern in Deinem Hause zurückblieb.

Ich sehe wie Salome ~~ihr~~ ~~das~~ Gesicht zum Alten erhebt. Es sieht

aus, wie Lises Glück. Ja – es sieht so aus. Doch – ist sie nicht Salome?

Liebe, Prophet, ich bin müde, mein Kopf ist schwer wie Blei. Ich bin verirrt in meiner Unwirklichkeit. Ich habe genug mit mir selber gespielt; es waren heuchlerische Spiele, die ich mit mir trieb, und sie wären mir alle gleichgültig geworden, wenn es nicht klug wäre, in der Welt der Menschen das zu spielen, was die Andern von uns erwarten. Es ist mir, als obich hier wirklich wäre. Und doch liebe ich es nicht, hier zu sein; ich glaube sogar, es widersteht mir.

Elias und Salome treten wortlos ins Innere des Hauses. Ich folge wiederstrebend nach. Mich quält ein Schuldgefühl – ist es böses Gewissen? Ich möchte umkehren. Aber ich muss, ich fühle es.

Die Halle ist düster. Dort ist der leuchtende Crystall. Ich muss vor ihn treten und in sein Feuerspiel blicken. Ich sehe die feurigen Kränze der Gottesmutter mit dem Kind wie ein altes Gemälde. Links neben ihr Petrus, sich verneigend – Petrus allein mit den Schlüsseln – der Papst mit Spaten Krone in feierlicher Andacht – ein betender Buddha erscheint in Feuerkreis – jetzt ein vielarmige Kali, jene blutige Gottheit – jetzt Salome selber mit verzweifelt gerungenen Händen, jetzt jene wirre Mädchengestalt mit dem schwarzen Haar – meine eigene Seele – und jetzt jener weisse Männergestalt, die mir damals auch erschienen ist – sie ist wie der sitzende Moses des Michelangelo – es ist Elias.

Elias und Salome stehen vor mir, wirklich, wie Lise lächelnd.

Dieses Schauen ist qualvoll und die Frau Sia Bibbi ist mir Dunkel. Elias, ich möchte Dich bitten, gieb Licht.

Elias wirkt schweigend und geht mir noch links voran. Sodann wendet sich rechts in einen Faulengang. Ich folge Elias in einen noch dunkleren Raum. An den Wänden scheinen Büchergestelle zu sein. Von der Decke herab eine zöhlich brennende Lampe herunter. Ich setze mich erschöpft in einen Armstuhl. Elias steht vorm mir auf einer marmornen Bank gestützt. Hinter ihm düstre blaue und rothe Kleine Fensterscheiben.

Er spricht:

„Bist Du bange? Warum fürchtest Du Dich? Deine Unruhe trägst Schuld an Deinem bösen Gewissen. Nicht-Wissen wirkt wie Schuld. Du wähnst, der Drang nach verbotenem Wissen sei die Ursache Deines Schuldgefühles. Du täuschest Dich besonders sehr über Dich selbst. Warum denkst Du, daß Du hier bist?"

Ich weiß es nicht. Ich versank an diesen Ort, als ich unwissend dem nicht Geweihten mich entgegenschlich. So bin ich hier erstaunt und verwirrt, wie ein unerwachter Thor. Ich erfahre Wunderliches in Deinem Hause, Dinge, die mich erschrecken und von denen ich nicht weiß, was sie bedeuten sollen.

„So höre: Wäre es nicht Dein Gesetz hier zu sein, wie wärest Du hier?"

Mich befällt das Gefühl tödtlichen Schmerzes, mein Vater —

„Du weichst aus. Du kannst Dich Deinem Gesetz nicht entwinden."

Wie ~~meinst~~ Du? Wie kann ich mich dem entwinden, ~~da~~ was mir unbekannt ist,

was ich euch mit Gefühl und Ahnung nicht erreichen kann?

„Du lügst – wirst Du nicht, den Du selber erkannt hast, was es bedeutet, wenn Lalonne schläft?

Du hast Recht. Es ist ein zweifelnder und unsicherer Gedanke für einen Augenblick in mir aufgestiegen, doch ich hatte ihn wieder vergessen.

Du hast ihn nicht vergessen. Erträumte tief in deinem Innern. Aber du hast Angst vor dem Grübeln. Bist du so feige? oder kannst du diesen Gedanken nicht gut genug von dir selber, von deiner Menschlichkeit unterscheiden, sodass du ihn für dich in Anspruch nehmen wolltest?"

Der Gedanke ging mir zu weit und erschreckte mich vor weitfliegenden Ideen. Sie sind gefährlich, denn

ich bin auch ein Mensch und Du weißt, wie sehr die Menschen gewöhnt sind, Gedanken als ihr Eigentum, Innerstes anzusehen, sodass sie sich schließlich selbst mit verwechseln.

„Wirst du, frage ich dich, dich darum mit einem Baum oder einem Thier verwechseln, weil du in ihnen und mit ihnen in einer und derselben Welt existierst? Wirst du deine Gedankenwelt, weil du in der Welt deines Gedankenlebens? Ich denke, es wäre doch einleuchtend, dass deine Gedanken ebenso ausserhalb deines ~~Geistes~~ Selbst sind, wie Bäume und Thiere ausserhalb deines Körpers sind."

Du hast gewiss Recht von deinem Standpunkt aus. Jedoch war ~~war~~ meine Gedankenwelt für mich mehr wert als Thatsache. Ich dachte, ~~ich~~ meine Gedankenwelt, das sei Ich.

„So arbeitest du, ohne es zu sehen

Du Beute deines Größenwahnes. Sagst Du zu deiner Menschenwelt, ja zu jedem Ich und Lebendigem Wesen ausser Dir: das ist mein Ich oder mein Körper?"

Ich trat in dein Haus, mein Vater, mit dem Gefühl, wie ein kindjunge gehalten zu werden. Du lehrst mich aber eine heilsame Weisheit: ich kann einen Gedanken auch außerhalb meiner selbst sind betrachten. Das hilft mir, zu einer erschreckenden Schlussfolgerung zurückzukehren, die meine Zunge scheut, auszusprechen.

Ich dachte, Salome liebe mich, weil ich Johannes oder Dir ähnlich sei. Dieser Gedanke erschien mir allzu kühn und unglaubhaft. Deshalb verwarf ich ihn und dachte, sie liebe mich vielleicht, weil ich Dir gerade schroff gegenüberstehe, sei, das heißt, sie liebe ihr Schlechtes in meinem Schlechten. Diese Gedanken verwichten.

Der Alte schweigt lange. Dürftige Schwere liegt auf mir. Salome tritt plötzlich in den Raum, legt ihren Arm um meine Schultern. Sie hält mich wohl für ihren Vater, in dessen Stuhl ich offenbar sitze. Ich wage mich nicht zu rühren noch zu sprechen.

Sie spricht: „Ich weiß, du bist nicht mein Vater. Du bist mein Sohn und ich bin deine Schwester."

Du, Salome, meine Schwester? Aber sind der schreckliche Brief, den du anströmtest, jener unnennbare Entsetzen vor Dir, vor deiner Berührung? Wer war unsere Mutter?

„Maria".

Ist es ein höllischer Traum, Salome, Elias? Maria, unsere Mutter?

Welcher Wahnsinn lauert in Deinen Worten? Die Mutter der Menschen — unsere Mutter?

Als ich heute Eure Schwelle überschritt, schlug mir Unheil — Wehe. es ist eingetroffen. Der Zweifel zerrissen mein Herz. Bist Du von Sinnen, Salome? Du Elias, Hüter der göttlichen Rechts, sage: ist es ein teuflischer Zauber der Verworfenen? Wie kann sie solches sagen — oder sind ihr Blick von Sinnen? Oder bin ich von Sinnen?

Ihr sind Symbole und Maria ist ein Symbol — ich bin nur zu verwirrt, um euch jetzt zu durchschauen.

Der Alte spricht:

Du wagst uns Symbole nennen, mit demselben Recht, wie Du deine wirklichen Mitmenschen Symbole nennen kannst, wenn Du hart Herz hast. Hier wir sind und sind ebenso wirklich wie Deine Mitmenschen. Du entkräftest nichts und lösst nichts, wenn Du uns euch ~~mit ein~~ Symbole ~~benennst~~ nennst."

Du stürzest mich in eine ungeheuerliche Verwirrung. Ihr wollt Realitäten sein?

Der Alte lächelt: „Gewiss sind wir das, was Du Realitäten nennst. Hier sind wir und Du hast anzunehmen. Du hast die Wahl."

Ich stehe schweigend. Salome hat sich von mir entfernt. Ich blicke zweifelnd und bedrückt um mich. Im Hintergrunde des Raumes brennt eine hohe gelbrothe Flamme auf einem kleinen mundartlichen Marmoraltar. Um die Flamme hat sich die Schlange im Kreis gelegt, ihre Augen

glitzern gelblichen Widerschein. Ich wende mich schwankend zum Ausgang. Vor mir geht langsam ein gewaltiger Löwe durch die Halle. Ich sehe ihn ohne Grauen. Draussen wölbt sich ein gewaltiger Sternhimmel über der wilden Felslandschaft — kühle Nachtluft — ich höre das ferne Gewässer rauschen. Alles ist so wirklich und kalt. Ich gehe langsam hinaus in die Felswüste, in dieses Thal der Rätsel. Wo bin ich hergekommen? Welcher war der Weg in die Unterwelt. Ist es wirklich die oder eine Unterwelt? Oder ist es die andere Wirklichkeit? Es scheint hier prinzipiell Realitäten zu geben. Was hat mich hieher gezwungen, wenn es nicht diese andere Realitäten waren? Offenbar muss sie mir irgendwie überlegen, denn ich wurde nicht von ihnen, sie wohl aber von mir und zwangen mich zu kommen. Ich konnte nicht zu ihnen zukommen auf mir unbekanntem Weg, den ich bewusstlos durchflogen haben muss.

Und schon bin ich wieder hier, an meinem Bücherschreibtisch, Stunden sind vergangen und ich bin müde wie von langer Fahrt. Was habe ich mitgebracht? Ich glaube, ich muss diesen Menschen wohl sehr dumm vorkommen.

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Darf ich ~~das~~ dieses bis heute Letzte wohl auch wünschen, sogar wollen? Ich weiss es nicht, denn es ist Alles so überaus dunkel und durchaus geheimnisvoll. Das Geheimnis soll jungfräulich bewahrt bleiben — aber was sehe ich? Es ist besser bewahrt, als je ein Mensch es berühren könnte, denn keines Menschen Hand kann es berühren, es sei denn, dass es ihm gegeben

werde. Niemand kann es mir stehlen, niemand gewaltthätig rauben.

Nur wer arm und unwissend an der Pforte harrt, den öffnet sie sich vielleicht.

Ich stehe an einem Felsgrat, der steilaufwärts führt in wüster Gegend. Graues zackiges Gestein – ein blauer Himmel. Da erblicke ich oben in größerer Höhe den Propheten. Seine Hand macht eine abwehrende Bewegung und ich stehe ab von meinem Entschluss hinaufzusteigen. Ich harre unten, hinaufblickend. Der Mantel des Propheten flattert im Winde.

Ich sehe: Rechts von ihm ist Nebel – Nacht, links ist heller Tag. Der Felsgrat scheidet Tag und Nacht. Die Nacht ist wie ein ungeheuer großes schwarzes, eher durchsichtiges Ungethüm wie eine Schlange oder ein Drache.

Der Tag dagegen enthält eine riesengroße weiße Schlange (mit einer goldenen Krone?)

Die beiden Schlangen ~~sind~~ wälzten wie kampfbegierig ihre ~~beiden~~ Häupter gegeneinander. Elias steht oben in der Höhe dazwischen. Der Prophet hebt betend die Hände empor. Plötzlich stürzen sich die Schlangen über den Felsgrat und ein wirkliches Ringen beginnt. Die Nachtschlange ist ein größeres Stück auf der Seite des Tages. Ungeheure Staubwolken erheben sich vom Kampfplatz und trüben den Anblick. Die Nachtschlange zieht sich zurück. Der vordere Theil ihres Körpers ist weiss geworden. Die Schlangen zupfen sich auf und verschwinden, die eine im Licht, die andere im Dunkeln. Elias steigt von oben herunter und bleibt in einiger Entfernung über mir stehen.

Er spricht zu mir: „Habt ihr Du gesehen?"

Ich sah den Kampf zweier gewaltiger Schlangen, einer weissen und einer schwarzen. Es schien mir, als ob die schwarze Schlange die weisse überwinden werde, aber siehe da, die schwarze zog sich zurück, und ihr Kopf und der vordere Theil ihres Körpers waren weiss geworden.

„Verstehst Du das?"

Ich habe schon darüber nachgedacht, aber ich kam zu keiner deutlichen Erklärung kommen. Soll es vielleicht heissen, dass die Macht des guten Lichtes so gross sei, dass selbst die Nacht, die ihm widerstrebt, davon erhellt wird?

„Folge mir!"

Elias stieg von mir dem Grate entlang in die Höhe. Ich folge. Wir steigen auf zu einer sehr grossen Höhe. Oben finden wir cyclopisches Mauerwerk, mit Durchgängen Spalten und Löchern. Es scheint wie ein Hof zu sein oder ein Wallring. Unter den Wällen ~~wie~~ höhlenartige Gelasse. In der Mitte des Hofraumes ein mächtiger Stein, ein gewaltiger, oben flacher Felsblock. Auf diesem steht der Prophet.

Er spricht:

„Dies ist der Tempel der Sonne.

Dieser umwallte Raum ist ein Gefäss, welches das Licht der Sonne, des Guten, sammelt.

Wie Elias vom Steine herunterstiegt, bemerke ich, dass seine Gestalt viel kleiner geworden ist. Er ist zum Zwerg geworden, der mir fremd erscheint.

Ich frage ihn erstaunt: Wer bist Du?

„Ich bin Mine und ich will Dir die Quellen zeigen. Das Licht, das dies Gefäss sammelt, wird zu Wasser und ~~kauft~~

fließt in vielen Quellen aus dem Gipfel des Berges in die Erdenklüfte. Ulrine geht zu einer der dunkeln Öffnungen im Mauerwerk des Altbaues und taucht ins Dunkel hinab. Ich folge ihm. ~~Ich~~ Um mich ist schwarze ~~Dunkle~~ Nacht. Man hört das Plätschern einer Quelle.

Von unten tönt die Stimme des Zwerges: „Hier sind meine Brunnen. Wasser wird, wer daraus trinkt.“

Doch ich kam nicht hinunter, sondern klammere mich oben an einen Stein. Allmählig gewöhnen sich meine Augen ans Dunkle. Ich sehe in bläulich-mattem Licht den Zwerg stehen neben einer kleinen Wasserader. Aber ich kam nicht hinunter.

Mir wird leer zu Muthe. Ich ruhe draussen auf dem gigantischen Hofraum die helle Sonne flutheit. Mir kommt der Zwerg spuckhaft vor. Ich hab das Gefühl einer Halluccination. Ich schreite zweifelnd auf den gewaltigen Dramen des Hofes hinunter, unschlüssig, ob ein Phantom mich hieher gelockt hat. Denn mir erscheint Alles fremd und unverständlich. Wer es Elias? war es Ulrine?

Es ist hier so einsam und totenstill und eine kühle klare Luft wie auf hochragenden Bergen – ein wunderbares fluthendes Sonnenlicht ringsum. Ich sehe ringsum rings die gewaltige Mauer, die den Horizont bildet – zinnenhaft zackig. An den Steinen wachsen graue und gelbe Flechten, sonst kein Halm. Was hat es für eine Bewandtniss mit diesem Ort? Ich denke es sei eine alte druidische Cultstätte.

Da kriecht eine schwarze Schlange über die Steine – die Schlange des Projectes. Wie kommt sie hieher aus der Unterwelt? Ich folge ihr mit den Blicken und sehe

wie zur Mauer kriecht. Mir wird's so seltsam zu Muthe. Dort steht ja ein kleines Häuschen mit einem Säulenvorbau, ganz winzig klein, an den Fels geschmiegt. Die Schlange wird unendlich klein – ich selber schrumpfe zusammen – die Mauern erhöhen sich zu gewaltigen Gebirgen und ich bin unten auf dem Grunde Kraters – in der Unterwelt und stehe vor dem Hause des Propheten, das wiederum natürliche Grösse zu haben scheint.

Es ist hier unten dunkel und nächtig, wie immer.

Der Prophet erscheint in der Thüre des Hauses. Ich gehe raschen Schrittes hinein und spreche zu Elias:

„Ich merke, Du hast mich allerhand Merkwürdiges sehen und erleben lassen, ehe ich heute ~~bei~~ zu Dir kommen durfte. Aber ich gestehe, es ist mir Alles dunkel. Deine Welt erscheint mir heute in einem neuen Lichte. Eben war es mir noch, als sei ich durch Gestirnsweiten von Deinem Orte getrennt, wo ich heute doch hingelangen hoffte und siehe da, es scheint ein und derselbe Ort zu sein.

„Du warst, mein Sohn, zu begierig hierher zu kommen. Nicht ich, sondern ~~Du hast Dich~~ hast Dich selber getäuscht. Es sieht nicht gut, wer sehen will. Es wirkt zu sehr. Du hast Dich vermessen."

Es ist wahr, ich wünschte nicht nur, sondern ich begehrte sogar heftig, zu Dir zu gelangen, um ~~ein~~ zu hören, was Du und Salome mir weiter erklären würden. Salome hat mich erschreckt und in Verwirrung gebracht, mir schwindelte, denn was sie mir sagte, erschien mir ungeheuerlich und wie Wahnsinn. Wo ist Salome?

„Wie stürmisch Du heute bist! Was kommt Dich an? Tritt vorerst zum Krystall

und erforsche Dein Herz in seinem Lichte."

Ich trete zum Crystall. Eine fürchterliche Feuerfarbe tritt uns vor die Augen: Er umschlingt eine Leere. Mich befällt Angst. Mein Vater, ich sehe einen Schuh, wie ihn der Bundschuh im Wappen führte — ich sehe den Fuß eines Gewaltigen, der eine ganze Stadt zertritt — ich sehe den Antlitz der Furie — mein eigenes Bild, es lacht — wehe, was heißt es?

„Schaue weiter, Du bist begehrlich. Dämpfe Deine Begier. Du nicht Du steht Dir selber im Wege."

Sehe das Kreuz — die Kreuzabnahme die Beklagung — wie qualvoll dieses Schauen —

Schwill nicht mehr.

„Du musst".

Sehe das Kind, in der rechten Hand die weiße und in der linken die schwarze Schlange.

Über den grünen Berg, darauf das Kreuz, und Ströme von Blut fließen am Fuße des Berges.

Ich kann nicht mehr — es ist unerträglich.

„Du musst."

Sehe das Kreuz und daran Christum in seiner letzten Stunde und letzten Qual. Um den Fuß des Kreuzes hat sich die schwarze Schlange geringelt.

Ich fühle um meine Füsse hat sich die Schlange der Propheten geringelt und schnürt mich zusammen. Der Prophet nickt auf mich flammenden Blickes. Ich bin in der Gewalt und beuge meine ~~Arme~~ Arme zurück von rechts her nicht mehr Salome. Mein Körper ist schon ganz umschlungen von der Schlange und erstickt mich als hätte ich das Gesicht eines Löwen.

Salome spricht:

„Maria war die Mutter Christi. Versteht Du jetzt?"

Ich sehe, das eine furchtbare

und unbegreifliche Gewalt mich zwingt den Herrn in seiner letzten Qual nachzuahmen. Aber wie könnte ich mir anmassen, Maria meine Mutter zu nennen?

„Du bist Christus".

Ich stehe mit ausgebreiteten Armen, wie ein Kreuzigter, mein Körper eng und grässlich umschlungen von der Schlange. Elias blickt auf mich kommenden Tage.

Du Salome sagst, ich sei Christus?

Es ist mir als stünde ich auf einem hohen Berge allein mit starr ausgebreiteten Armen, die Schlange presst meinen Körper in ihr furchtbaren Ringe und mein Blut strömt aus meinem Körper in Quellen an den Seiten der Berges hinunter.

Doch ich bin wieder vor dem Zeltes, immer noch in gleicher Stellung. Salome beugt sich zu meinen Füssen und umwickelt sie mit ihrem schwarzen Haare. Sie liegt langsam, dann ruft sie: „Ich sehe Licht". Und wirklich sie sieht, ihre Augen sind geöffnet. Die Schlange fällt von meinem Leibe und liegt matt am Boden. Ich schreite über sie hinweg und knie zu den Füssen des Propheten, dessen ganze Gestalt hell erwacht.

Er spricht: „Dein Werk ist hier erfüllt. Es werden andere Dinge kommen, von denen du jetzt nichts weisst. Aber sache unermüdlich, und vor Allem, schreibe getreu, was du siehst."

Salome blickt wie in Verzückung zum Richter, das vor ihr Prophetin entsteht, aus meiner weissleuchtenden gewaltigen Flamme und die Schlange kriecht zu Füssen der Flamme. Salome kniet vor dem Licht in wunderbarer Hingebung. Mir stürzen die Thränen aus den Augen. Schon sieht hinaus in die Nacht. Meine Füsse berühren den Boden nicht, die pendeln

Erde, und es ist mir, als ging' ich in Luft.

Hier bin ich weiter. Etwas ist vollendet. Es ist mir, als hätte ich eine Gewißheit mitgebracht — und eine Hoffnung.

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26 XII 73.

„Dein Hauch der liebe lauscht' ich minnend;
Was sie mit ihnen vorspielt, nahm ich wahr
Und schrieb es nach, nichts aus mir selbst ersinnend."

Dante. Purgatorio. 24 Ges. 52 ff.

„Und gleich der Flamme, die sich nachbewegt,
Wo irgendhin des Feuers Pfade gehen,
So folgt die Form, wohin der Geist sie trägt."

Dante. 25. Ges. 99 ff.

Diese Nacht begann mit dem Gefühl der Nichtsinnes und Nichtkönnens. Einzig die Erwartung wacht und blickt aus mir wie einem hohen Thurme, der rings um das Land überwacht.

Ich stehe auf hohem Thurme. Weit dehnt sich der Horizont. Ein grauer Wolkenhimmel deckt die Erde. Ich bin ganz Erwartung. Am äußersten Ende des Landes entdecke ich einen rothen Punkt. Er kommt näher auf geschlängelter Straße, verschwindet bisweilen in Wäldern, kommt wieder hervor — ein Reiter in rothem Mantel, ein rother Reiter — der rothe Ritter?

Ich bin auf einer Burg auf steilem Felsen — eine mittelalterliche Stimmung. Mir scheint, ich trage ein grünes Gewand. Ein mächtiges Horn hängt an meiner Schulter. Der rothe Reiter nähert sich der Burg.

Soll ich ins Horn stoßen? Ein Zögern befällt mich — doch, ich thue es. Ein dröhnender Hornstoß. Unten eilen viele Leute aus den Thüren — sie öffnen das Thor. Der Rothe reitet herein und springt vom Pferd. Ich schaue neugierig abwärts hinab. Etwas Unheimliches scheint mit ihm zu kommen. Ich ziehe mich ins Thurmgemach und muss nach der Thüre schauen. Wie wenn der Rothe zu mir käme — ein Gast der Burg vielleicht — warum sollte er zu mir heraufsteigen?

Ich höre Schritte auf der Treppe. Die Stufen knarren — es pocht — ich zittere und öffne die Thüre. Da steht der Rothe. Eine lange Gestalt, ganz in Roth, selbst sein Haar ist roth. Ich denke, es ist am Ende der Teufel.

Er spricht: Ich grüsse Dich, Mann auf hohem Thurm. Ich sah Dich so von ferne ausschauend und erwartend. Deine Erwartung hat mich gerufen."

Wer bist Du?

„Wer ich bin? Du denkst ich sei der Teufel. Urtheile nicht voreilig. Du kannst vielleicht auch mit mir reden, ohne dass Du weißt, wer ich bin. Was hat Du für ein abergläubischer Geselle, dass Du gleich an den Teufel denkst?

Wenn Du nicht ein übernatürliches Vermögen hast, wie konntest Du fühlen, dass ich erwartend auf meinem Thurme stand? ausschauend nach dem Unbekannten und Neuen? Unser Leben auf der Burg ist arm, und mein Leben ganz besonders, da ich immer hier oben sitze und Niemand zu mir heraufsteigt.

„Was erwartest Du denn?"

Ich erwarte vielerlei und besonders erwarte ich, dass Etwas vom Reichthum der Welt, die mir

nicht sehen, zu mir kommen möchte.

„Denn bin ich bei Dir wohl am rechten Ort. Ich wandere seit langem durch alle Lande und suche mir Dich, die wir Du an meinen Thurmsitzen und nach ungesehenen Dingen Umschaukelten."

Du machst mich neugierig. Du scheinst von seltener Art zu sein. Auch Dein Aussehen nicht gewöhnlich. Auch – verzeih mir – scheint es mir, als bringest Du eine merkwürdige Atmosphäre mit, so etwas weltliches, freches oder ausgelassenes – oder – wenn ich es deutlich bezeichnen soll – sachtes Heidnisches.

Der Fremde lacht wohlgefällig:

„Du beleidigst mich nicht, mir Gegenheit, Du trifft deinen Nagel auf den Kopf. Ich bin kein alter Heide, wie Du jedenfalls scheinst."

Das wollte ich auch nicht behaupten. Dazu bist Du nicht breitspurig und lateinisch genug. Du hast nichts Römisches an Dir. Du scheinst ein Sohn unserer Zeit zu sein, aber wie ich bemerken muss, ein etwas ungewöhnlicher – ja sagen sehr ungewöhnlicher. Du bist kein sachter Heide, sondern ein Heide, der seinen unseren Christlichen Religion herkäme.

„Du bist wahrhaftig ein guter Patriarchus. Du machst Deine Sache besser als viel andere, die mich gänzlich verkannt haben."

Dein Ton ist kühl und spöttisch. Hast Du dem Herz ~~nicht~~ nie gebrochen für die allheiligsten Mysterien unserer Religion?

„Du bist ja ein unglaublich schwerfälliger und ernsthafter Mensch. Bist Du immer so eindringlich?"

Ich möchte – vor Gott – immer so ernsthaft und mir selbergetreu sein, wie ich es auch jetzt versuche zu sein. Sei mir alterungsschwer in Deiner Gegenwart. Du ~~bist~~ bringst eine Art Galgenluft mit. Sowie bist Du

Eine vandverschwarzen Schrift in Lateinis, wo verderbliche Künste gelehrt wird, wie Hinden und Heilungsbekündungen."

„Du bist abergläubisch und — zu deutsch. Du nimmst es aufs Wort genau, was deine heiligen Schriften sagen. Sonst könntest du mich nicht so hart beurtheilen."

Ein hartes Urtheil sollte mir ferne liegen. Aber meine Witterung täuscht mich nicht. Du bist ausweichend und elastisch und willst Dich nicht verrathen. Wer verbirgst du?

Der Rothe scheint noch röther zu werden, erscheint wie glühendes Eisen aus seinem Lauend.

„Ich verbirge nichts, du Freiheitsjäger, ich ergötze mich blos an deinem gewichtigen Ernst und an deiner komischen Wahrheitsfähigkeit. So was ist selten in unserer Zeit, besonders bei Menschen, die über Vertrauen verfügen wie du."

Ich glaube, du kannst mich nicht ganz verstehen. Du mussst mich wohl an denen, die du von lebenden Menschen kennst. Aber ich muss dich sagen, um der Wahrheit willen, dass ich eigentlich nicht in die Zeit gehöre. Ein merkwürdiger Zauber hat mich mit jahr und Tag an diesen Ort und in diese Welt-zeit gebannt. Warum und wieso, das weiss ich nicht. Ich bin in Wirklichkeit nicht so, wie du mich nimmst.

„Du sagst erstaunliche Dinge. Ich habe dennoch gewarnt. Wer bist du denn?"

Das thut nichts zur Sache, wer ich bin. Ich stehe so vor dir, wie ich bin. Warum ich hier bin, weiss ich nicht. Aber das weiss ich, dass ich hier ~~es~~ sein muss und nach bestem Wissen und Gewissen dir Rede und Antwort stehen muss. Ich weiss ebensowenig, wer du bist, als du, wer ich bin.

„~~Hm~~ Das klingt sehr merkwürdig. Bist du

etwa ein Heiliger? ein Philosoph wohl kaum, denn Du gelehrte Sprache liegt Dir nicht. Ihrem Heiligen? Das wohl eher; denn Ernsthaftigkeit nicht nach Fanatismus. Du hast eine christliche Atmosphäre und Du bist von einer Einfachheit, die an trockenes Brod und Wassereinnert."

Ich kann nicht ja und nicht nein sagen. Ich kann nur sagen, Du sprichst befangen in Zeit und Zeit. Das fehlen, wie mir scheint die Vergleiche.

„Bist Du etwa auch bei den Heiden in Dir Schulgegangen? Du antwortest geschickt wie ein Sophist." Wie kommst Du denn dazu, mich mit dem Maasstab der christlichen Religion zu messen, wenn Du kein Heiliger bist?"

Mir scheint, als ob dies doch ein Maasstab wäre, den man anwenden kann, auch wenn man kein Heiliger im Sinne der christlichen ~~Religion ist~~ Anschauung ist. Ich glaube erfahren zu haben, dass Keiner sich ~~ungetraft~~, um die Mysterien der christlichen Religion herumdrücken kann. Ich wiederhole, der wer immer sein Herz nicht mit dem Herrn Jesus Christus gebunden hat, einen Heiden ~~im~~ mich herumschleppt, der ihn von Besten zurückhält.

Der Rothe erglüht wieder und sagt ärgerlich: „Wieder dieselbe Tonart? Wozu das, wenn Du kein christlicher Heiliger bist? Bist Du nicht doch ein aufgeklärter Sophist?"

Du bist befangen in deiner Welt. Aber Du kannst Dich doch denken, dass es möglich wäre, den Werth des Christenthums richtig einzuschätzen ohne dass man gleich ein Heiliger zu sein wäre.

„Bist Du nun Doctor der Theologie?, der sich das Christenthum von Aussen beredt und historisch würdigt? also doch ein Sophist?"

Du bist hartnäckig. Was ich meine ist, dass es zwar kein Zufall sei, dass alle Welt christlich geworden ist, sondern dass eine der grossen Aufgaben der Menschheit — genauer genauer — der abendländischen Menschen

hist gewesen sei, Christum im Herzen zu tragen und an seinem Leiden, Sterben und Auferstehen emporzuwachsen.

„Nun, es giebt doch auch Juden, die rechte Leute sind und doch dieses gelobten Evangeliums nicht bedürften."

Du bist, glaube ich, kein guter Menschenkenner, trotzdem du sonst die Welt besser wie ich zu kennen scheinst. Hast du nie bemerkt, dass dem Juden etwas fehlt, dem Einen am Kopf, dem Andern am Herzen, und dass er es selber fühlt, dass ihm etwas fehlt.

„Ich bin zwar kein Jude, aber ich muss den Juden doch in Schutz nehmen. Du scheinst ein Judenhasser zu sein."

Damit sprichst du gedankenlos allen jenen Juden nach, welche eine gerechte Beurtheilung immer des Judenhasses beschuldigen, weil sie einen gewissen Mangel an Gegenwart des Christus nur zu deutlich fühlen, sowohl sie sich mit unverständiger Empfindlichkeit gegen die Thatsache. Glaubst du, all das Ringen und alle die Blutopfer seien spurlos an der Seele der Christen vorbeigegangen und glaubst du, dass eines, der deinen Kampf nicht innerlichst mitdachte, doch seines Fluches theilhaft werde? Niemand kann sich über eine seelische Entwicklung so sehr hinwegsetzen und dann ernten, wo er nicht gesäet hat.

Der Rothe ist etwas kühler geworden.

„Du hast Argumente, die sich hören lassen. Aber deine Ernsthaftigkeit! Du könntest es bequemer haben. Wenn du kein Heiliger bist, so sehe du wirklich nicht ein, warum du so ernsthaft sein musst. Du verdrehst dir ja den Spasswollständig. Was, zum Teufel, steckt dir denn in Kopf? Nur das Christenthum mit seiner jammervollen Weltflucht kann dich so schwerfällig machen."

Ich denke, es gäbe wichtigere Dinge, welche den Ernst predigen.

„Ach, ich weiß schon, Du meinst das Leben. Diese Phrase kenne ich. Ich lebe auch und kann mir kein graues Haar darüber wachsen. Das Leben erfordert keine Ernsthaftigkeit, im Gegentheil, man tanzt sich besser durchs Leben."

Ich kenne das Tanzen — ja, wenn es mit dem Tanzen getan wäre! Das Tanzen gehört zur Brunstzeit. Ich weiß, daß es Menschen giebt, welche immer Brunstzeit haben und solche, welche auch ihrem Gott tanzen wollen; die einen sind lächerliche Jubelgreise und -greisinnen, die andern posieren mit Antike, anstatt daß sie den Mangel an religiöser Ausdrucksmöglichkeit ehrlich zugeben.

„Ihr — mein Lieber — lege ich eine Maske ab. Jetzt werde ich ehrgeizhaft, denn das betrifft mein Gebiet. Es wäre denkbar, daß es noch ein Drittes gäbe, wofür das Tanzen Symbol wäre."

Das Rote des Rüterz verwandelt sich in ein zarteres Röthlich-Fruchtfarben. Das meinen grünen Feuerwerksprosenröhrchen Blätter. Der Rothe nicht nur eigentlich rehrähnlich.

Es giebt vielleicht auch eine Freude vor Gott, die ~~nicht~~ man Tanzen nennen könnte, aber diese Freude fand ich nach nicht. Ich hatte Ausschau nach den kommenden Dingen. ~~Aber~~ Es kamen Dinge, aber darunter war die Freude nicht.

„Erkennst Du mich nicht, mein Bruder? ich bin die Freude."

Du solltest die Freude sein? Ich sehe dich, wie durch einen Nebel. Dein Bild schwindet mir. Rasch mich deine Hand, Geliebte — wo bist du? wo bist du?

Ich bin allein in Thurmgemach. Der Regen schlägt an die Fenster, eine kalte stürmische Nacht ist draussen. Auf meinem Tische wandert eine kleine röthliche Flamme

wie ein Irrlicht hin und her. Doch ihr Schein ist warm. Ein heißer Rosenduft erfüllt das Zimmer. Es geht gen Mitternacht.

Du Freude? Wer ist die Freude? Hilf Gott, was soll werden?

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28 XII 13.

Wohin strecke ich meine Hand? Was soll sie ergreifen? Auf welches Gesicht richtet sich mein Blick? Die unendliche Fülle ist so gut wie das unendliche Nichts. Nicht fordernd, sondern betend, auch nicht bittend tritt an die Schwelle des Gesichtes. Nimm dankbar und gläubig, frage nie, warum? urteile nie über das, was auf deine Hand gelegt wird. Es mag dir scheinen, als ob es Steine wären. Aber auch aus Steinen kann Brot werden. Harre geduldig auf das Wort, das dein Seele spricht.

Sie spricht:

„Ich bin da. Wo warest du?"

Ich habe Gesichte gesehen von merkwürdiger Art.

„Habe Du deinen Hunger gestillt?"

Ich habe sie in mich getrunken wie ein Verdurstender. Ich habe sie aufgenommen mit jenem Maassenglauben und Hoffnung, das ich aufzubringen vermag. Du weißt, wie arm das ist. Aber ich konnte nicht sagen, dass mein Hungern und Dürsten gestillt wäre. Du weißt, wie sehr ich mich nach dem sehne, was wir Zeugnisse nennen. Aber diese Gesichte sind von dunkler und zweifelsvoller Natur. Ich vermag nicht klar zu sehen, was sie sagen wollen.

„Du wirst mehr sehen — Dinge von größerer Klarheit."

Ich hoffe in Dankbarkeit.

Ein Schloss, in Wasser stehend — ein dunkles sumpfiges Wasser. Die Mauern grünlich feucht — Ein Wald darum — alles ungeheuer einsam und verlassen. Es ist Abend. Ich bin ein Wanderer, der irre scheint, in der Irre gehend, durch den Wald an dieses Schloss gelangt. Eine alte Holzbrücke führt über den Teich — das Thor ist geschlossen. Ich klopfe mit dem Thürklopfer, dem es scheint mir als ob an einem Fenster ein ~~wo~~ Licht wäre. — Schwarte — es regnet, und es wird Nacht. Schwarte und klopfe noch einmal. Jetzt höre ich Schritte — jemand öffnet — ein Mensch in einem Diener mit grobem Gesicht in mittelalterlicher Tracht öffnet und fragt nach meinem Begehr — ich möchte eine Unterkunft für die Nacht. Der Diener lässt mich eintreten — ein niederer, dunkler Vorraum, schwergezeichnete Möbel.

Ich werde in eine alte Treppe emporgeführt. Oben ein höherer und weiterer Gang mit weingetünchten Wänden — daran einige Truhen und Hirschgeweihe. Schwerde in eine Art Empfangszimmer geführt. Es ist ein einfacher Raum mit einfachen Polstermöbeln — ~~das~~ unter einem matten Licht einer Ampel erhellt dürftig das Zimmer. Der Diener klopft an eine Lutenthüre und öffnet in dem Eise — ~~es ist~~ ich trete rasch einen Blick hinein — das Arbeitszimmer eines Gelehrten — Büchergestelle an allen drei Wänden — ein grosser Schreibtisch, an dem ein Alter sitzt in langem schwarzem Talar. Er ist mit Lesen und Schreiben beschäftigt. Er winkt mir hereinzukommen. Ich trete ein. Die Luft im Zimmer ist schwer und der Alte macht einen sorgenvollen Eindruck. Er ist nicht ohne Würde, ein ernsteres bescheiden-ängstlichen Ausdruck eines gelehrten

Menschen, der von der Fülle des Erfahrbaren und Wissbaren längst zu Nichts zerdrückt ist. Ich denke: ein wehmütiger Gelehrter, der die grosse Berühmtheit vor der Unvergänglichkeit des Wissens gelernt ~~hat~~ und sich ohne Rest dem Stoff der Wissenschaft dahingegeben hat, ängstlich-gerecht abwägend, wie wenn er selber in Person den Racen des wissenschaftlichen Irrsinnigen verantwortlich zu stellen hätte.

Er begrüsst mich ängstlich-verlegen, etwas ablehnend. Ich wundere mich nicht, ~~sondern~~ denn ich ~~bin~~ sehe aus ein ganz gewöhnlicher Mensch. Er kann seinen Blick nur mühsam von seiner Arbeit wegwenden und fragt mich wie abwesend nach meinem Begehr. Ich wiederhole meine Bitte ~~für~~ um eine Unterkunft für die Nacht, um einen Platz, wo ich mich schlafen legen könnte.

„So, du willst schlafen? Schlafe nur ganz ruhig."

Ich merke, er ist abwesend und bitte ihn, dem Diener es mitzuteilen, damit er mir eine Kammer anweise.

„Du verlangst viel – warte – ich kann mich nicht gerade bemühen."

Er versinkt wieder in sein Buch. Ich warte geduldig. Nach einer Weile blickt er erstaunt auf: „Was willst du hier? Oh – verzeih – ich vergass ganz, dass du hier ~~bis~~ wartest. Ich werde gleich den Diener rufen. Der Diener kommt und führt mich auf den gleichen Stock in eine kleine Kammer mit nackten Wänden und einem grossen Bett mit blauem Überzug. ~~Dann~~ Er wünscht mir gute Nacht und schliesst die Türe.

Ich kleide mich aus und lege mich zu Bett, nachdem ich das Licht, ein mir ungewohntes Talglicht gelöscht habe mit einem spitzen kupfernen Häubchen, das hier der Kerze liegt. Die Umwelt ist ungewohnt rauh – das Kopfkissen hart.

Mein Irrweg hat mich an einen seltsamen Ort geführt – ein kleines altes Schloss

senen gebeugten Greises hier offenbar seinen Lebensabend allein mit seinen Büchern verbringt — sonst scheinen keine lebenden Wesen im Hause zu sein — ausser dem Diener, dessen Thorhäuschen wohnt — ein ideales aber doch recht einsames Dasein, dieses liebe Veralten Mannes mit seinen Büchern — denke ich — Der Gedanke, dass der Alte eine schöne junge Tochter hier verborgen hat, lässt mich nicht los — abgeschmackte Romanidee — ein fades und verschossenes Sujet — aber das Romantische steckt einem doch in allen Gliedern. — eine richtige romantische Idee — ein Schloss im Wald — einsam — ein in seines Büchers versteinerten Kreis, der ein kostbares Schatz hütet und aller Welt mürrisch verbirgt. Was für Schurkereien Gedanken kommen mich an — ist es Hölle oder Purgatorium, dass ich auf meinen nächtlichen Spaziergängen auch solche kindischen Phantasieen aufwecken muss? Aber ich fühle mich unfähig, meine Gedanken zu irgend etwas Höherem oder Schönerem zu erheben — ich muss diese Phantasieen verabgewähren lassen — was hülfe es, sie wegzudrängen, sie kommen wieder — besser diesen schalen Trank hinunterschlucken als im Mund behalten.

Wie sieht sie denn aus — diese langweilige Romanheldin? — Gewiss blond — blass — veilchenblaue Augen — schwächlich in jedem verirrten Wanderer den Retter aus dem verlassenen Gefängniss hoffend. — ach, ich kenne diese abgedroschenen Ursinn — ich will lieber schlafen — warum, zum Teufel, muss ich mich mit solchen leeren Phantasien plagen?

Der Schlaf kommt nicht. Ich wälze mich hin und her. Aber kommt Schlaf kommt? Habe ich diese unerlöste Seele in mir? Und lässt sie mich nicht schlafen? Habe ich eine romantische Seele? Es ist geradezu lächerlich. Nimmt denn dieser schale alte Trunke gar kein Ende? Es muss schon

Mitternachtsein — und noch kein Schlaf. Was in aller Welt hält mich denn nicht schlafen? Ist etwas an diesem Zimmer? Wo mein Bett steht? — Es ist grausam, wozu die Schlaflosigkeit einen Menschen treiben kann — sogar zu den ungereimtesten und abergläubischsten mittelalterlichen Theorien! — Es scheint kühl zu sein, ich friere — vielleicht schlafe ich deshalb nicht. — — — Eigentlich ist es hier unheimlich — wenn der Himmel, was hier vorgeht — wenn er nicht einzelne Schritte sehen? Nein, das muss ich ganz gewiss sein. Ich lege mich auf die andere Seite, schliesse fest die Augen — ich muss schlafen — — ging da nicht eben die Thür? — Mein Gott, da steht jemand? Seh ich deutlich? Ein schlankes Mädchen, blass wie der Tod steht an der Thür? Ich kann nicht sprechen vor Schreck und Erstaunen. Sie kommt näher —

„Kommst du endlich?"

fragt sie —

Unmöglich, das ist ein grauser Irrsinn, der Roman wirklich werden — Zu welchem Ende bin ich verdammt? Enthält mein Leben solche Langeweile überwundener Romanherrlichkeiten? Muss ~~der~~ auch das an mich kommen? Ich bin wirklich in der Hölle — schlimmer Erwachen nach dem Tode, wenn man in eine Leihbibliothek ~~zu~~ erwacht! Haben die Menschen ~~und~~ meiner Zeit und ihren Geschmack so verachtet, dass ~~es gut~~ ich in der Hölle die Romane erleben und nachschreiben muss, welche mir schon im 15ten Lebensjahr zum Greuel geworden sind? Hat die untere Hälfte der Durchschnittsgeschmackes der Menschen auch ~~so~~ Heiligkeit und Unsterblichkeit beansprucht, so dass wir kein übles Wort darüber zu sagen dürfen, ohne die Sünde schwer büssen zu müssen?

„Ach denkst auch ~~der~~ du des Genius von mir? Auch du lässt dich bethören

von dem unglückseligen Wahn, daß ich in einen Romanchöre?* Auch Du, von dem ich hoffte, er habe den Schein von sich geworfen und erfasse das Wesen der Dinge?"

Vergeb – aber bist Du denn wirklich? Es ist eine so unglückliche Ähnlichkeit mit jenen Romancenen, Du bis zur Albernheit ausgedrechselt und, als daß ich annehmen könnte, Du seeest nicht bloß eine Ausgeburt meines schlaflosen Gehirns. Mir zweifelt ich schwerlich berechtigt, wenn eine Situation in solcher Weise mit dem Typus aller sentimentalen Ritterromane schlimmster Sorte übereinstimmt?

„Unseliger, wie kannst Du an meiner Wirklichkeit zweifeln?"

Sie fällt zu Füßen meines Bettes ~~schluchzend~~ auf die Knie und birgt ihr Gesicht in den Händen.

Mein Gott, ist es aus Euch doch wirklich und thue ich ihr Unrecht? Mein Mitleid wird wach.

Aber was Himmelswillen sage mir Eines: Bist Du wirklich? Muss ich Dich als wirklich-keit ernst nehmen?

Sie weint und antwortet nicht.

Ein tolles Abenteuer!

Wer bist Du denn?

„Ich bin Du Tochter des Alten, er hält mich hier in unerträglicher Gefangenschaft, nicht aus Neid oder Hass, sondern aus Liebe, denn ich bin sein einziges Kind und das Ebenbild meiner frühverstorbenen Mutter."

Ich fasse mich an den Kopf: Ist das nicht eine köstliche Banalität? Wort für Wort der Romane aus der Leihbibliothek! Oh ihr Götter, wohin habt ihr mich geführt! Ich hoffte diese Nacht im Walde werde mich einen Funken des ewigen Lichtes scheuen lassen und wohin hat mich mein Beten und Hoffen geführt? Zum Lachen, zum gellenden Hohnlachen. Schön Ruinende, tragisch Zerschmetterte seid ihr geworden, ihr Frosch, aber zum

Offen ist keines unter euch geworden. Die Perle, jenes schönste Menschheitsgut, kommt ihr wahren – auch in der Hülle. Das Banale und arg-Lächerliche, das unsäglich Abgeschmackte ist euch wie als Himmelsgunst in die betend-erhobenen Hände gehaft worden. Ist das mein Theil?

Doch da liegt sie immer noch und weint – aber wenn sie wirklich wäre? Dann wäre sie doch bedauernswerth, jeder Mensch hätte Mitgefühl mit ihr. Wenn sie ein anständiges Mädchen ist – was muss erst ge-kostet haben, nachts in die Kammer eines wildfremden Menschen einzutreten! Wo muss sie gelitten haben, bis sie ~~sich~~ ihre Ehrensaeit überwand?

Mein liebes Kind, ich will dir glauben. Trotz Allem und Allem, dass du wirklich bist. Was kann ich für Dich thun?

„Endlich, endlich, ein Wort aus menschlichem Munde."

Sie erhebt sich, ihr Gesicht strahlt. Sie ist schön wie ein Engel. Eine tiefe Reinheit ist in ihrem Blicke. Sie hat eine Seele, schön und weltfern, eine Seele, die zum Leben der Wirklichkeit kommen möchte, zu allen erbarmungswürdigen Wirklichkeit, die die Seelen verwüstet, beschmutzt, gereift – und läutert, wiederum läutert. Oh, über diese Schönheit der Seele! Wenn sie erblindend ist das Bad des Schmutzes steigt – und wenn sie nach zeitlichem Verlorensein wiederum emportaucht ehrengslos durch die Dämmerungen aufsteigt zum Reiche des ewigen Lichtes – welches Schauspiel!

„Was du für mich thun kannst? Du hast schon viel für mich gethan. Du machtest das erlöschende Wort, als du das Banale nicht mehr zwischen dich und mich stelltest. Denn wisse, ich war durch das Banale gebannt."

Wehe mir, du wirst nun gar mährchenhaft!

„Sei versichert, mein lieber Freund, und folgere nun nicht noch über das Mährchenhafte,

denn das Märchen ist bloss die Ahnung des Romans, und viel allgemeingültiger als der gelesenste Roman deiner Zeit. Und du weisst doch, dass das, was sich Jahrtausende durch aller Leute Munde ~~trägt~~, zwar schon das Verkennteste ist, aber eben doch der ~~grossen~~ menschlichen Wahrheit am nächsten kommt. Also kann der Märchenhafte nicht gewissen nur sein."

Du hast klug und scheinst nichts die Weisheit deines Vaters geerbt zu haben. Aber was denkst du von den göttlichen, den sogenannten äussersten Wahrheiten? Es käme mir sehr sonderbar vor, sie in der Bauchlehre zu suchen. Ihre Mütter nach müssen sie doch ungewöhnlich sein. Denke nur an unsere grossen Philosophen!

~~Ungewöhnlich und die äussersten Wahrheiten gewiss~~ Je ungewöhnlicher die äussersten Wahrheiten sind, desto unmenschlicher müssen sie auch sein, und desto weniger werden sie die irgend etwas Verkörpernde oder Sinnliches über der menschlichen Wesen und Sein sagen. Nur was menschlich ist und was du als banal und abgeschmackt belächelst, das enthält die Wahrheit, die du suchst. Der ~~Kaum~~ Ramenhafte und ~~sagen~~ erst recht der Märchenhafte spricht nicht gegen ~~uns~~ sondern für uns und beweist, wie allgemeingültig menschlich ich bin und wie sehr ich der Erlösung nicht nur bedarf, sondern sie auch verdiene. Denn ich kann in der Welt der Wirklichkeit so gut oder vielleicht besser als viele Andere meines Geschlechtes."

Merkwürdiges Mädchen, du bist verwirrend. Als ich deinen Vater sah, hoffte ich, er werde mich zu einem gelehrten Gespräch einladen. Er that es nicht und sehr war ich grem drüber, denn ich fühlte mich etwas in meiner Würde gekränkt durch seine zerstreute Nachlässigkeit. Bei dir fand ich mehr Besseres. Du giebst mir Stoff zum Denken. Du bist ungewöhnlich.

„Du irrst dich, ich bin nur gewöhnlich."

Das kann ich nicht glauben. Wie schön

und verehrungswürdig ist der Ausdruck deiner Augen. Glücklich und beneidenswerth der Mann, der Dich freien wird.

„Liebst Du mich?"

Bei Gott, ich liebe Dich — aber — hm, leider bin ich verheirathet.

„Also nehmt Du, deine ~~traurige~~ Wirklichkeit ist sogar ein Erlöser."

„Ich danke Dir, lieber Freund, und bestelle Dir einen Gruss von Salome."

Mit diesen Worten zerfließt ihre Gestalt in der Dunkelheit. Mattes Mondlicht dringt ins Zimmer. Auf dem Platz, wo sie stand, scheint etwas Dunkles zu liegen. Ich springe auf — es ist eine Fülle duftender Rosen. Ich presse die thränenden Augen an meine Lippen.

29.XII.73.

Man hat wohl an Anderen nichts zu bessern. Es selber thun bis in die kleinsten Dinge, das scheint von Nöthen zu sein. Es soll nicht mehr heißen „Du sollst" oder „Er sollt", sondern „Ich soll", wenn er mir nicht schon vorher hineingekommen ist, zu sagen „Ich will".

Welche Last und Gefahr ist die Eitelkeit! Es giebt nichts, worauf man nicht auch eitel sein könnte. Es giebt nichts schwereres als die Grenze der Eitelkeit abzustecken. Ein Hilfsmittel hat sich vor Allem vor den Erfolge, ohne den er nicht bedarf.

Es ist Abend — eine schneebedeckte Landschaft. Ich wandere wieder. Zu mir hat sich Einer gesellt, der nicht vertrauenswürdig aussieht. Vor Allem, er hat nur ein Auge und sonst noch ein paar Farben im Gesicht. Er ist ärmlich und dürftig gekleidet — ein Vagant. Er hat einen schwarzen Stoppelbart, der mit Wasser kein Scheermesser gesehen. Er hat den Kragen verkehrt wegen hoch-

gekrümmt und sein Nase ist etwas röthlich. Ich habe einen guten Stock für alle Fälle.

„Es ist verdammt kalt", meint er nach einer Weile. Schweigen. Nach längerer Pause: „Wohin gehen Sie?"

Ich gehe noch bis zum nächsten Dorf, wo ich in der Herberge zu übernachten gedenke.

„Das möchte ich auch tun. Aber gnädiges Bett wird kaum langen."

Fehlt's an Geld? Nun wir wollen sehen. Haben Sie keine Arbeit?

„Ja, die Zeiten sind schlecht. Ich war bis vorem paar Tagen bei einem Schlosser in Arbeit. Dem hatte er keine Arbeit mehr. Jetzt bin ich auf der Walz und mache etwas zu verdienen."

Wollen Sie nicht bei einem Bauern Arbeit nehmen? Auf dem Lande fehlt es immer an Arbeitskräften?

„Die Arbeit bei den Bauern passt mir nicht. Da heißt es am Morgen früh aufstehen, die Arbeit ist schwer und der Lohn gering."

Aber auf dem Land ist's doch immer viel schöner als in einer Stadt.

„Auf dem Land ist's langweilig. Man sieht niemand."

Nun es gibt ja auch Leute auf dem Dorf.

„Man hat aber keine geistige Anregung. Die Bauern sind wie Klötze."

Ich kann ihn erstaunt an: Was, der will auch noch geistige Anregung? Darauf doch lieber einen Unterhalt sich verdienen, und wenn er das getan hat, dann mag er auch an die „geistige Anregung" denken.

Ja aber was haben Sie denn in der Stadt für geistige Anregung?

„Man kann Abends in den Cinéma gehen. Das ist gewaltig interessant und billig. Man sieht dort, was in der Welt vorgeht."

Schnurrende Stille denken, dort gibt es wohl auch Kinematographen für diejenigen, die dies Vergnügen auf Erden verachteten und nicht hineingingen, mit Alle-

Andern ihren Geschmack dran fanden. Soll auch der Kinematograph eine allgemein-gültige Wahrheit sein? Oh Salome!

Was hat Ihnen am Kinematograph am meisten interessiert?

„Man sieht allerlei schöne Kunst. Da war Einer, der lief an den Häusern hinauf, Einer trug den eigenen Kopf unter dem Arm. Einer stand sogar mitten im Feuer drin und wurde nicht verbrannt. Ja, das ist schon merkwürdig, was da Leut' alles können."

Und das nennt der Mensch „geistige Anregung"! Doch halt, da fällt daher merkwürdig aus: Trugen nicht Felix und Regula auch ihren Köpfe unterm Arm? Ist nicht der heilige Franz, auch der hl. Ignez von Loyola vom Bocksempörgeflogen und die 3 Männer im Feuerofen? Ist er nicht eine gotteslästerliche Idee die Acta Sanctorum als ein historisches Kinema zu betrachten? Die Wundergeschichten sind etwas weniger mythisch als technisch. Ich betrachte meinen Begleiter mit Rührung. Der lebt Weltgeschichte, denke ich.

Gewiß, das ist schrecklich gemacht. Haben Sie sonst noch was Interessantes gesehen?

„Ja, ich sah, wie der König von Spanien ermordet wurde."

Ja, aber der wurde daheim nicht ermordet.

„Nun das macht nichts, dann wird's ein Anderer von diesen verfluchten Kapitalisten-Königen – oder Kaiserin. Einen hat's wenigstens genommen. Wenn nur Alle käme, damit das Volk frei würde."

Schwer-schwer nichts mehr zu sagen: Wilhelm Tell, ein Werk von Friedrich von Schiller. Da kommen steht ja Mitten im Strom heraus Geschichte, Einer, der die Kunde vom Tyrannenmord neuen Völkern verkündet.

Unter diesen Gesprächen langen wir an der Herberge an – eine Bauernwirtschaft. Eine halbwegssaubere Stube mit einem hässlichen eisernen Ofen – ein schänklich serp. Buffet mit Bürgermeisterhahn steht störend und ungehörig da. Einige Männer

sitzen bei einem Bier in einer Ecke und spielen Karten. Ich werde als „Herr" erkannt und in die bessere Ecke geleitet, wo ein gewürfeltes Tuchein Tischende bedeckt. Der Andere setzt sich unten an den Tisch, und ich beschließe, ihm ein rechtes Nachtessen aufwarten zu lassen. Er sieht mich schon erwartungsvoll und hungrig an — mit seinem einen Auge.

Wo haben Sie denn ihr Auge verloren?

„Bei einer Prügelei, ich habe aber den Andern auch schön gestochen. Er hat 3 Monate nachhergekriegt. Wir haben sie 6 aufgebrummt. Es war halt schon im Zuchthaus. Es war damals ein ganz neues Gebäude. Ich habe in der Schlosserei und in der Schmiede gearbeitet. Man hatte nicht viel zu thun und doch recht zu essen. Das Zuchthaus ist garnicht so schlimm."

Ich schaue umsich, um mich zu vergewissern, das auch Niemand zhört, wie ich mich mit einem ehemaligen Zuchthäusler unterhalte. Es scheint es aber Niemand bemerkt zu haben. Ich bin in eine andere Gesellschaft gerathen zu sein. Geht es in der Welt auch Zuchthäuser für Sie, die noch nicht drin waren? Übrigens muss es nicht ein eigentlich schönes Gefühl sein, einmal so ganz unten auf dem Boden der Realität angelangt zu sein, von wo es kein Hinunter, sondern höchstens nach oben hinauf geht? Wenn Sie ganz tiefe Wirklichkeit einmal vor sich hat?

„Nachher war ich dann schon auf dem Pflaster, weil man mich der Heimat verwiesen hatte. Dann nach Frankreich gegangen. Ich verstand zwar am Anfang die Sprache lange nicht, aber es ging doch. Und schon was,

was für Bedingungen stellt doch die Schönheit! Von den Menschen kann man was lernen.

Die Suppe kommt, ein dünnes hinres Gewässer, das ich kritisch hereinlöffle. Es vertieft sich mit Barbaritätsverein und hat bald seinen enormen Suppentopf gänzlich geleert.

Warum haben Sie denn die Prügelei gehabt?

„Es war wegen eines Mädchens. Sie hat von ihm ein Unehelichs gehabt, aber ich wollte sie heirathen. Sie was sonst recht. Nachher wollte sie denn nicht mehr. Ich habe nichts mehr vonder gehört."

Wie alt sind Sie denn jetzt?

„35 werd' ich im Frühling. Ich muss nur mal recht Arbeit haben, dann wollen wir schon heirathen. Ich kriegt schon noch eine; ich hab' allerdings etwas außer Lunge. Aber das wird schon ~~[illegible]~~ besser werden."

Er bekommt einen heftigen Hustenanfall. Ich denke, das ein nicht gerade glänzende Aussichten für eine Heirath und bewundere im Stillen den unentwegten Optimismus des armen Teufels.

Nachdem Nachtessen gehe ich in eine ärmliche Kammer zu Bett. Ich höre, dass mein Kamerad neben an sein Nachtlager bezieht. ~~Ich~~ Er hustet mehrere Male heftig und trocken. Dann wird es still. Ich schlafe ein.

Plötzlich erwache ich zu einem unheimlichen Stöhnen und Gurgeln mit halberstickten Husten gemischt. Ich höre eine Weile aufmerksam. Kein Zweifel, es ist mein Kamerad. Es tönt wie etwas Gefährliches. Ich stehe auf und kleide mich nothdürftig an. Ich öffne die Thür meiner Kammer. Der Mond scheint hell herein. Er liegt angekleidet auf einem Strohsack. Aus seinem Munde fließt ein dunkles Strom Blutes und bildet eine große Lache am Boden. Er ~~stickt~~ halberstickt und hustet ein Wenn Blutes aus. Er will sich erheben, sinkt aber wieder zurück. Ich eile hinzu ihm zu stützen. Aber ich sehe, das allbereits der Tod Hand an ihn gelegt hat. Er ist über und über mit Blut besudelt. Meine Hände triefen auch von Blut. Ein letztes Wort ringt sich aus seinem Munde: „Mutter". Dann hört sich alle Starre, ein leises Zucken überfliegt nochmals sein Gesicht. Und damit Alles tot und ruhig.

Gott, wo bin ich? Sieht es in der Hölle auch Todesfälle für Sie, die wir anders denken? Ich betrachte meine ~~Hände~~ von Blutgetränkten Hände. Ich stehe da wie ein Mörder oder wie ein Opferer. ~~Der~~ Zeugt es nicht mein Bruder, dass Blut an meinen Händen klebt? Der Mond zeichnet schwarz meinen Schatten an der weissen Kalkwand des Kämmerchens. Was thue ich hier? Wozu dieses grausige Schauspiel? Ich schaue gegen nach dem Mond aber dem einzigen Zeugen dieser Scene.

Was gibt es den Mond an? Hat er nicht schon Regen geschaut? Hat er nicht hundert-tausendmal in gebrochenen Augen geleuchtet? Seine Ringgebirge von einiger Dauer ist die doch gewiss einerlei — Eins mehr oder weniger. Der Tau, deckt er nicht den geheiligten Beginn des Lebens auf? Darum ist es wohl dem Mond auch ganz einerlei, ob und wie Eins von hinnen fährt. Nur wir machen daraus ein Aufhebens — mit welchem Recht? Was hat einer da gethan? Er hat gearbeitet, gelacht, getrunken, gegessen, geschlafen, hat sein eines Auge für das Weib hingegeben und um ihret willen seine bürgerliche Ehre verscherzt, ausserdem hat er den Menschen Muthes schlicht und recht gelebt, die Wunderthäter bewundert, ~~und~~ den Tyrannenmord gelobt und von der Freiheit des Volkes unklar geträumt. Und dann — dann ist er kläglich gestorben — wie alle Andern.

Das ist allgemein-gültig. Habe Dank, meine Seele, — schlafe mich auf den untersten Grund gedacht. Hier giebt es kein weiteres Absenken, sondern nur ein Hinauf.

Welcher Schatten über der Erde! Alle Lichter löschen in letzter Verzagtheit und Einsamkeit. Der Tod ist eingezogen, und es ist keines mehr da zum Wehklagen. Dieser ist eine letzte Wahrheit und kein Rätsel. Die äussersten Menschlichkeiten wahren und keine Rätsel. Warum dachten wir doch, es seien Rätsel? Welche Täuschung konnte uns an Rätsel glauben machen?

Meine Seele, du bist furchtbar real. Du stellst mich mit hartem Ruck auf die spitzen Steine von Elend und Tod. Sie wird nun zahm und elend — mein Blut — mein theures Lebensblut vorwimmt zwischen diesen Steinen.

Schlichte unsern Kummer dahinein und rette heimlich mein nackstes Leben.

Meine Seele, mir graut vor Dir!

Ich bin wohl ein Spielen des Lebens, der solche Worte hören muss.

BOOK 2

November 12–December 29, 1913

[4]
A huge task lay before me—I saw its enormous size—and its value and meaning escaped me. I got into the dark, and I groped along my path. That path led inward and downward. [4/5]

12. Nov. 1913

[1]My soul, my soul, where are you? Do you hear me? I speak, I call you—are you there? I have returned, here I am again. I have shaken the dust of all the lands from my feet, and I have come to you again, I am with you. After long years of long wandering, I have come to you anew. Shall I tell you everything I have seen, experienced, and drunk in? Or do you not want to hear about all the noise of life and the world? But one thing you must know, the one thing I have learned is that one must live this life. This life is the way, the long sought-after way to the unfathomable, which we call "divine."[2] There is no other way. All other ways are false paths. I found the right way and it led me to you, to my soul. I return, tempered and purified. Do you still know me? How long the separation lasted! Everything has become so different. And how did I find you? How strange my journey was! What words should I use to tell you on what twisted paths a good star has guided me to you? [5/6]

Give me your hand, my almost forgotten soul! How warm the joy at seeing you again, you long forgotten, long disavowed soul! Life has led me back to you. Let us thank the life I have lived for all the happy and all the sad hours, for every joy and every pain,[3] for every hope and every disappointment. All were stations on the path toward you.

My soul, I found you again, I would like to, no, I will stay with you.[4] My journey should continue with you. I will wander with you and ascend to my solitude, no longer alone as before and greedy and impatient, but with comforting courage and quiet delight.[5]

14. Nov. 13.

[6]I am weary, my soul, and lay my head on your shoulder. My wandering has lasted too long, my search for myself outside of myself. Now I have gone through events and found you behind all the farrago. For on my straying through this farrago[7] I discovered [6/7] humanity and the world. I found men. And you, my soul, I found again, first in images within men and then for real, how you are. I found you where I believed you the furthest away from me, where God forced me to surrender blindfolded and to lose myself—there you climbed out of golden shafts and I found you again.[8] You announced yourself to me in advance in dreams, which were dark to me, and which I sought to grasp in my own inadequate way. You know these dreams,[9] how they burned in my soul and drove me to all the boldest acts of daring, and forced me to push for the steepest summits, yes, even to rise above myself. You let me see truths and enjoy their solemn bliss,[10] of which I had no previous inkling. You let me undertake journeys, whose endless length would have scared my consciousness beyond rescue, if the knowledge of them had not been secure in you. Maybe I talk too much about myself? [7/8]

Forgive me, my heart is full, because I have come from far wandering.[11] I wandered for eleven[12] years, so long that I forgot that I possessed a soul that I could call my own.[13] I belonged to men and things. I did not belong to myself.

Where were you all this time? Which Beyond sheltered you and gave you sanctuary, where you did not starve to death? How did you fare?[14] Oh, that you must speak through me, that my speech and I are a symbol for you! How should I decipher you? Who are you, child? [15]You certainly know that you have used this image in my dreams, the image of a little girl. (And I found you again only through the soul of the woman.) Childish interpretation shall be far from me, because I must prize the image that you use. How dare I guess about this? What do I know of your mystery?

(Look, I bear a wound [8/9] that as yet is not healed: my ambition to make an impression. Hence, close my mouth and keep all my words inside of you. They are directed toward you. Do not believe that I am selfish. I will bend everything in me to alert those I love to the depths and heights that you hold and hide in your child's hand.)

Forgive me if I speak as in a dream, like a drunkard—are you—God? Is God a child, a female child?[16] I must tell myself most clearly: does He use the image of a child that dwells in every man's soul? Were Horus, Tages, and Christ not children?[17] Dionysus and Heracles were also divine children.[18] Did Christ, the God of man, not call himself the son of man? What was his innermost thought in doing so? Should the daughter of man be God's name?

Forgive me if I babble. No [9/10] one else hears me. I speak to you quietly, and you know ∓ that I am not a drunkard and that my heart twists in pain from the stabbing wound, whose darkness delivers speeches full of mockery: "You're starring in your own comedy, you're lying to yourself! You spoke so as to deceive others and make them believe in you. You want to be a prophet and chase after your ambition."

Blessed is he who has also overcome his own mockery. But you see that the wound still bleeds, and that I am far from being able to pretend that I do not hear my own mockery. I bring it before both you and me and leave it and go on, because I feel that I must speak to you from myself and through myself from you.[19]

Again and again I think of those "amazingly tortuous paths"[20] that led to you, my child.[21] (How strange it sounds to me to call you a "child," you who still hold the all-without-end in your hand.) [10/11]

I am thinking of this first vision that you gave me in a dream, where I saw you hovering. (Is it 14 years since then?)[22] How thick the darkness was back then! How impetuous and how egotistic my passion was, how subjugated I was by all the daimons of ambition, the desire for glory, greed, uncharitableness, and zeal at that time! And how totally ignorant I was then! Life tore me away, and I deliberately moved away from you and I have done so for all these years. But I remained with you minimally until the love for women tore me completely off and away from you. I recognize how good all of this was. But I thought that you were lost or sometimes it seems to me that I was lost.[23] But you were not lost nor was I. I went on the dusty way of the day. You went invisibly with me and guided me step by step, putting the pieces together meaningfully and letting me [11/12] see the whole and ultimate in each part.

You took away where I thought to take hold, and you gave me where I did not expect anything and time and again you brought about fate from new and unexpected quarters. Where I sowed, you robbed me of the harvest, and where I did not sow, you give me fruit a hundredfold. And time and again I lost the path and found it again where I would never have foreseen it. You upheld my belief, when I was alone and near despair. At every decisive moment you let me believe in myself.[24]

15 Nov. 1913.

[25]My child, you are not God, how could you be God? You are my soul and I am not allowed—not yet—to know, why you call yourself "child"—and why a girl?

I despair—how can I manage it?—how and what should I express??

My soul, I will continue my story as this seems to be the next step. [12/13] (One must know how to do the next steps, regardless of the scornful laughter that the devils set up below the heart, those cowardly ear-whisperers and two-inch-high poison-mixers. I carry my burden and am myself a burden and mockery and whip and torment of the cross.) So listen, my soul, regardless of the scornful laughter of my own devils I continue talking to you:

I think further back to my 19th year of age, when a dream decided upon my career choice: First I saw, in a dense undergrowth of a solitary region, a quiet dark water, a pond, and in its middle swam the most fantastic of animals, roughly comparable to a many-colored jellyfish.[26] This animal aroused in me the highest intellectual curiosity, so that I awoke with a pounding heart. And soon thereafter I had a second dream: I was in a dark forest, where I found a small hill like a charcoal kiln.[27] I poked it with my foot and discovered in it to my greatest surprise the bones of prehistoric animals, which also sparked off the greatest curiosity in me. These dreams motivated me [13/14] to the study of the natural sciences and that led me to medicine.[28]

Why must I tell you all that, my soul? Why do you chain me to this book? And why do you drive my pen so furiously, as if it had to go a long way and hurry to cover it? Why all this? Forgive the din of mockery that rises in me. I trust you that it's not in vain and will not turn into empty agony. Neither vanity nor thirst for glory nor any other meaningless striving are able to lead me to this ~~that~~.[29] Yet you, my soul, want me to do this. What strange new things are happening to me? I know too much not to see on what swaying bridges I go. Yet I follow you, you command, I follow where, where are you leading to? Forgive my human apprehension, brimful of knowledge. My foot hesitates to follow you. Into what mist and darkness does your path lead? Must I also learn to do without meaning? If this is what you [14/15] demand, then so be it. This hour belongs to you. What is there, where there is no meaning? Only nonsense, or madness, it seems to me. Or is there also a supreme meaning? Is that your meaning, my soul? Look, how I limp

after you on crutches of understanding. Forgive me, my light, I am a man and you stride like a God.

What torture! I must return to myself, to my smallest things. I want to be careful and say: I had learned to see other things as large and had compared those with the things of my soul and had discovered that they were small, even pitiably small.[30] You force me to see them as large, to make them large. Is that your aim? I follow, but it terrifies me—it was not boredom or tedium as I just thought ~~before~~ in an appeasing manner.[31]

Forgive the never-resting doubt in this hour chosen by you as your holy hour.[32] I disrupt your divine peace,[33] but hear also my doubts, otherwise I cannot follow, since your meaning is a supreme meaning, and your steps are the steps of a God. [15/16] ~~Not even~~

It is not even my language that ~~flows~~ speaks through my pen. Oh, if I only knew what you want! But I must not think either.[34] Even thought, as I understand it, should no longer be? You want that too? I should give myself completely into your hands—but who are you? You see, I do not trust you—not once to trust—is that my love for you, my joy in you? Is this the way to welcome a friend?[35] Do I not trust every valiant man, every honorable woman, and not you, my soul?

Your hand lies heavy on me—but I am willing—I am willing. Have I not rendered my best to love men and trust them, and should I not render this to you, my own soul, or rather the soul, by which I am owned?[36]

Yes, I see how you guide me. I recognize your wise schooling. You convince me and I follow. (Whereto? someone cries in me. Be quiet and remain silent, because I speak with my soul.)[37] [16/17] Forget, my soul, my pathetic hesitation, my fickle and pitiful doubt.[38] I know it is ignoble to doubt you. I am only a man and you know how difficult it is for this man to set aside the beggar's pride he takes in his own thought.

[39]Without talking back from now on, I will continue to tell you how I caught sight of a woman three years ago, whose soul seemed

to me more valuable than my marital anxiety.[40] I conquered my fear out of love for her. But you wanted it that way and gave me a dream, which rendered a decision: I dreamed then (it was shortly after Christmas 1912), that I was sitting with my children in a marvelous and richly furnished tower chamber—an open columned hall—we were sitting at a round table, whose top was a marvelous dark green stone. Suddenly a seagull or dove flew in and landed with light feathers on the table. I admonished the children to be quiet, so that they would not scare away the beautiful white bird [17/18]. Suddenly this little bird turned into a child of eight years, a small blond girl, and ran around playing with my children in the marvelous columned colonnades. Then the child suddenly turned into the gull or dove. She said the following to me: "Only in the first hour of the night can I become human, while the male dove is busy with the twelve dead." With these words the bird flew away and I awoke. My decision was made. I had to give all my faith and trust to this woman.

You know, my soul, what blessing was bestowed through that upon me, my wife, and my house. I cannot express it all in words, what flourishing and beauty sprang from that for me. I do not want to talk about the torments that I rightfully had to endure—all these are more than offset by the abundance of beauty [18/19] and elevation which I was allowed to experience.

This dream still stands right in front of me and my understanding does not suffice to exhaust it. ~~Each~~ That speech of the dove—what does it mean? The "early hours of the night" seem to be your hours, my soul; but who is the male dove, who are the twelve dead? And what is the male dove doing in the realm of the dead?[41]

Hold on, it is a torment, this unbearable non-understanding, this digging up of things not understood, of the most subjective. What's the point of that? Did I not discuss this dream with my friends? Why should it still be told to you once more?

I forgot, forgive me, that you are also one of my friends,[42] and have the first right to that dream, to my trust. Should what I give them not belong to you? I recognize my injustice. It seems to me

that I despised you. I accept with sorrow how little I loved you.[43] My joy at finding you again was not justified, [19/20] because it was not genuine. I recognize that the scornful laughter in me was also right. My feeling was not genuine, because I did not truly love you.[44] I must therefore learn to love you.

You gradually open my eyes. I must thank you, my soul. Your hand is strong, yet just.

I hope, or much more: I begin to hope for redemption.

Here, someone stands beside me and whispers terrible things into my ear: "You write to be printed and circulated among people. You want to cause a stir through the unusual. Nietzsche did this better than you. You are aping Saint Augustine."[45]

You hear, my soul, this damned speech, and you see my defenselessness against my own indignant weapon—Woe, even self-criticism, healing and thrice-praised, shall I even let go of that?[46]

"This fear," you say, "testifies against me"—It is true, it testifies against you and me. It kills the holy trust between [20/21] you and me.[47] How and why should I care, if someone says things like that, if there was not a nasty vanity in me, which I rank above you, my ~~xx~~ soul, which is more to me than a conversation with you. Why should I hide this doubt from you at all? I leave the decision to you. If it is good and your will, so it might befit men in this or any other form. If it is your will, not our will, then it should be kept secret. What do I know? I understand how ineffably childish I am, to eagerly run ahead and to trade impertinently in a commodity that I have not created and that has not even been created and that besides everything cannot be created at all, if you, my soul, will not render it. You could close your doors this very day and I would remain seated as a poor beggar in front of your doors.

However, this thought gets to me, it seems to me that your arrow hit home. Allow me to lay this doubt in your hand. You will know best what to do with it.

[21/22] You are silent, my soul? I don't want to force you and strive conceitedly. Do you want to cross over? Alas, into what

abysses of secrecy are you descending? I watch you and you disappear.

You spoke to me, you did good to me, now you are silent. I patiently put down my pen. What else could I do?

22 Nov. 1913[48]

My soul, it is night, I call on you.

No answer?

Where do I stand? Which doors will open? "Look down ~~up~~ into your own depths," a voice says.[49] But I am plagued by impatience—not in vain have I been absent from my soul for 11 years. And now she should be ready at my call! How much pamperedness there still is in me!

Pathetic fear of fate—as if life should broaden itself into ever more powerful spheres [22/23]; but it goes into the depths, my hair turns gray. Not as if I feared the depths—or am I really afraid of them?

What are you saying? You whisper almost inaudibly: "Look into your depths!" I am sitting on the edge of a deep green well, listening, full of patience: More power! It is terribly difficult. More solitude, more depth; that's what's needed. It cannot be achieved hastily. I should have learned this. "Pray to your depths," it says in me. "Waken the dead," it continues ~~in~~.[50]—

What foreign greed and restlessness disturbs me? Serenity has to be found again. God, what do you want? I am not ready yet. [23/24]

26 Nov. 1913[51]

In which underworld am I? It is dark and black as death! Everything deceives. "Don't let yourself be distracted from what you have to do," the voice says.

What is it I shall do? Tell you more about my inner matters? Shall I overcome the daimon of my interior? Is it the hundred-headed dragon?

I have to bid silence to all these voices that want to hinder me, that want to block the way with painful mockery. Otherwise I won't cut through. Is it really your firm will, my soul? Don't ask why? To what end? Is it useful? Is it valuable? Do it.

Despite the tiresome toil of doubt the mountain shall be climbed, despite the conviction, near conviction, of the worthlessness of the undertaking, faith shall triumph—without the quietest, the supremely quiet proof of the correctness and the value of my action. [24/25] My pen bristles—regardless. Oh what impotence of the intellect! Life pushes me beyond criticism.

You, my soul, you alone know that it is not hypocritical self-admiration, not hubris, that drives me forth to talk to you about me. You want it—I cannot resist you.

Hence I set about speaking again to you about things of which I have spoken before, about my dreams. (Shut up, disgust!)

Half a year or so before I had that dream about the white bird I dreamed the following:

I was in a southern town,[52] on a rising street with narrow half-landings. It was twelve o'clock midday—bright sunshine. An old Austrian customs guard or someone similar passes by me, lost in thought. Someone says: That is one who cannot die. He died already 30–40 years ago, [25/26] but has not yet managed to decompose. I was very surprised. Here a striking figure came, a knight of powerful build, clad in yellowish armor. He looks solid and inscrutable and nothing impresses him. On his back he carried a red Maltese cross. He has continued to exist from the 12th century and daily between 12 and 1 o'clock midday he takes the same route. No one marvels at these two apparitions, but I was extremely surprised.

I hold back my interpretive skills. As regards the old Austrian, Freud occurred to me; as regards the knight, I myself.[53]

Inside, a voice calls: "It is all empty and disgusting". I must bear it.

After that I had this dream around 1½ years ago:

I am lying on a bed with my wife in a chamber with an open ceiling (similar to the roofless houses of Pompeii.)[54] All at once my

wife [26/27] startles and climbs the wall rapidly and disappears upward. She wears a long white dress with mystical figures, such as witches or heretics, who are burnt at the stake. At that moment I was woken in reality by a strong noise from the window shutter, as if pebbles are thrown against it. In the room something strange trips on the floor, something like a larger bird. I rush to make light. Outside the moon shines bright, everything is still. Inside nothing. I look at my watch: 3 o'clock.

The next morning at 7am a telegram that Hedwig Sturzenegger has died suddenly and unexpectedly.[55] Retrospective investigations revealed that she had died at 3 o'clock at night.

Why is that? I have to be patient. My God, how difficult! But you want me to go, even when I am blind.

On 3rd Aug. 1913 on my journey to England,[56] I had a dream:

I am sitting opposite to an elderly lady [27/28] and admire how quickly she has grasped the analysis; suddenly there appears a little child's hand, it turns my head around and I see the little blond girl with ineffable delight, she kisses me and I wake up with tears of emotion.

This dream provided me with great assurance for the time in London (congress).

Three weeks ago I had a long dream:

Middle Ages: I am together with peasants who want to plunder a monastery. At nightfall the monastery ought to be captured. We hide ourselves in the shadow of the wall. But the leader, a bad fellow, gets frightened and retreats with his gang. I stay.

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fragmentary intermezzo:

My mother-in-law[57] has brought home with her an interesting book from Munich entitled: The Spread of Buddhism in England. There it is shown that Buddhist monasteries spread all over England in a dangerous way.[58] [28/29]

It comes with depictions of monasteries in medieval form, circumvallated twice, with big cannons. The book contains texts translated from the Sanskrit. Uncle and Aunt Bendel (the biggest philistines!) have read it.[59] She has not understood an expression, "masturbationis causa," uncle explains it to her.

I am very interested in the book.

The monastery was destroyed a long time ago. Grass grows on the ruins. I am sitting at a derelict well in a courtyard. From the well grows a tripartite tree, with a delightful green shade. I look down and remember the monks, and it seems to me as if they had sat on this place the same way. In the depths of the well I can see delicate wire meshes, each of them representing an underground floor, where the monks used to walk. On the uppermost mesh lie small, pea-sized red pellets. These are falling into the depths and get caught in certain meshes. This way the upper meditating monk can indicate to the observers below what [29/30] thoughts he has. The monastery is in existence again, I am in the past. A mighty corridor. I see lay brothers, strong men in different costumes (furs, white pleated clothes, mediaeval to ancient). Then I am in the refectory, a hall as big as a church with 3 mighty arched windows, renaissance style, gray marble columns, everything is mighty and beautiful and wide. A long laid table below the windows. The abbot sits in the middle, lost in thoughts, disheveled hair (ideas: a lunatic, Dionysus). Not far away from him sits someone with a female face. Colorful groups of young men with beautiful, spiritual eyes.

I leave and suddenly an old college friend is standing in front of me (an unstable, insignificant person, a chatterer), I ask him: "Do you still remember how we were together in the monastery of Eschenbach 90 years ago?[60] [30/31]Was this a men's or women's cloister?" He says with a distinctive smile: "Of course a women's cloister."

I thought after waking: a men's cloister. Ever since then many new thoughts about new forms of society.

28. Nov. 1913[61]

With inner resistance I approach this book. I ceaselessly devalue it and yet something forces me to dive into it, actually into myself. Why?—It wants to follow this way. Strange—.[62]

My soul leads me into the desert—into the desert of my own self. I did not think that my soul is a desert and yet it seems to be the case—a barren, hot desert, dusty and without drink. The journey leads through hot sand, slowly wading without a visible goal to hope for. It seems to be [31/32] necessary that way. In former times I would have revolted against these thoughts, but since I know that you, my soul, always know better, I follow you.[63]

How eerie is this hot wasteland. It seems to me that the way would lead so far away from mankind. I do not dare to ask for the Where to? It would be useless anyway. Why look ahead? I could not recognize it anyway. I only saw the sad and ugly and the beautiful came to me. Why should I lament over this?[64] I take my way step by step not knowing how long my journey will last.

Why is my self a desert? This thought has never occurred to me.[65] Have I lived too much outside of myself in men and events? It almost seems to be the case.[66] Why then did I avoid my self? Was I not dear to myself?—

What a deception! I have [32/33] avoided myself, no, actually my self, the place of my soul, where she dwelled and lived. I have never returned to this place except while dreaming.[67] I was my thoughts, after I was no longer events and other men. But I was not my self, confronted with my thoughts. I was still in my thoughts whereas I should even rise up above my thoughts to my own self, the place of my soul. And this my self is a desert, unwatered and untended.[68] My

journey goes there and that is why it seems to lead away from men and events into solitude with myself.

Is it solitude, to be with oneself? Solitude is true only when the self is a desert. I hear the words: "An anchorite in his own desert." The monks in the Syrian desert occur to me. My dream?[69]

Should I make a garden out of the desert? Should I people a desolate land[70] [33/34] and make it inhabitable, because all the inhabitable lands are flooded with humans and stormed by the uproar of life? Should I open the airy magic garden of the desert[71] for all those, who want to escape the dense bustle of outer life? I am clueless. What leads me into the desert, and what am I to do there?

Do I play hide and seek with myself? Do I not want to see it? What deception can I not trust my thoughts to handle? Only life is true. And only life leads me into the desert, truly not my thinking, which would like to return to thoughts, to men and events, since it feels uncanny in the desert.

I ask you, my soul, my life, what am I to do here?

I hear the cruel word "Wait."[72] This is the devil's most horrible punishment of hell, he lets people wait. Torment belongs to the desert—I actually know it, but I didn't [34/35] want to know. In the desert—waiting—~~xx~~ and for what?

Nothingness surrounds me, without an echo, and yet the feeling of events crowded behind the far-away horizon, occasionally conjuring up a fata morgana.[73] But reality is: waiting.

I think of Christianity in the desert.[74] Physically, those ancients went into the desert. Did they too enter the desert of their own self? Or was their self not as barren and desolate as mine? There they wrestled with the devil. I wrestle with waiting. It seems to me not less since it is truly a hot hell.

I am tired, release me!

11. Dec. 1913[75]

After a hard struggle I have come a piece of the way nearer to you. How hard this struggle was! I had fallen into an undergrowth of doubt, confusion, and scorn.[76] Only the love of those, to whom I gave love, [35/36] saved me from the darkness. No faith helps, nor does any dogma, but only the living thing, ~~the relation of love~~ the love of those to whom we have given love.

I have gained an insight from this struggle: I need to be alone with what seemed most valuable to me, my spirit, and must give what seemed cheapest to me, the human, to men. This curious reversal is new to me. But this necessity thrusts itself upon me.

I come with empty hands to you, my soul. What do you want to hear?[77]

"If you come to a friend, do you come to take?"

I knew that this should not be so. But it seems to me that I am poor and empty and I would like to sit down near you and at least feel the breath of your animating presence. My way is hot sand. All day long—sandy path. My patience is sometimes weak, and once I despaired of myself, as you know.

[78]"You speak to me as if you [36/37] were a child complaining to its mother. I am not your mother."

I do not want to complain, but let me say to you that mine is a long and dusty road. You are to me like a shady tree in the dry desert. I would like to enjoy your shade.

[79]"You are pleasure-seeking. Where is your patience? Your time has not yet run its course. Have you forgotten why you went into the desert?"

My faith is weak, my face is blind from all that shimmering blaze of the desert sun. The heat lies on me like lead. Thirst torments me, I dare not think how unendingly long my way is—and above all, I see nothing in front of me.

[80]"You speak as if you have still learned nothing. Can you not wait? Should everything fall into your lap ripe and finished? You are full, yes, you teem with intentions and desirousness!—Do you still not know yet that the way to truth [37/38] stands open only to those without intentions? Do you still not know that fulfilment comes

only to the one who does not desire, to the one who is not greedy."[81]

I know that all of these are also my thoughts. But I hardly live accordingly.

[82]"How, tell me, do you then believe that your thoughts should help you?"

I confess that I have not a few, but many thoughts that I do not live, and from which nevertheless I expect help and efficacy.[83] I would always like to refer to the fact that I am a human being, just a human being who is weak and sometimes does not do his best.

[84]"Is <u>this</u> what you think it means to be human?"

You are hard, my soul, but you are right. How little adept we are at living! We should grow like a tree that likewise does not know its law. (As the lilies of the field.)[85] We tie ourselves up with intentions, not mindful of the fact that intention [38/39] is the limitation, yes, the exclusion of life. And how much childish, shortsighted egotism lies in an intention! We believe that we can illuminate the darkness with an intention, and in that way aim past the light.[86] How can we presume to want to know in advance from where the light will come to us?

Let me bring only one complaint before you: I suffer from scorn, my own scorn.

[87]"Do you think little of yourself?"

I do not believe so.

[88]"Then, listen, you think little of me. Do you still not know that you are not writing a book to feed your vanity, but that you are speaking with me? How can you suffer from scorn if you address me with those words that I give you? Do you actually know who I am? Have you grasped me, defined me, and made me into a dead formula? Have you measured the depths of my chasms, and explored all the ways down which [39/40] I am yet going to lead you? Scorn cannot challenge you if you are not vain to the marrow of your bones."

Your truth is hard. I want to lay down my vanity before you, since it blinds me. See, that is why I also believed my hands were

empty when I came to you today. I did not consider that it is you who fills empty hands if they just stretched out willingly to sacrifice. Yet they do not want to. Because I thought that I have to offer it and forgot about you, as if I did not know that I am your vessel, empty without you but brimming over with you.

[89]Impatience is tearing me apart, what is this all about? Where does this road end? No sound, no answer? [40/41]

12. XII. 13.[90]

The battle of late was the battle with scorn. A dream that caused me one sleepless night and three days of torment has likened me to G. Keller's druggist of Chamonix (from start to finish).[91] I know and acknowledge this style. I have learned that one must give one's heart to men, but one's intellect to the spirit of humanity, God. Then its work can be beyond vanity, since there is no more hypocritical whore than the intellect when it replaces the heart.[92]

"I am falling," a voice said in me. "Where to? What do you want?" others shout. I need to entrust myself to this vortex. Torrents of doubt rush down on me. Should I entrust myself to this confusion? I shuddered. It is a dreadful deep. Do you want this sacrifice from me? To leave myself to chance, to the madness of my own semi-darkness, is that what you want from me?[93] Whither? Whither? If I have confidence in my soul, I must dare to do it. How difficult it is to trust [41/42] in yourself to the extent that you can quietly lay yourself down in an abyss![94]

You fall, and I want to fall with you, whoever you are. I fall with you along gray rocks into whirling depths, pillars of steam shoot up, hissing and roaring noises—descent into hell.[95] I see a black cave, a leather dwarf protects the entrance—heaven help, what a torture.[96] The ground is black dirt up to my ankles. I hesitate to enter. Shadows scurry alongside me—forwards—I am seized by fear, it is narrow and hot, or cold—I don't know—inside—I crawl through a narrow crack in the rock—a bright-dark cave, the ground covered with black water, on the other shore a luminous red stone. I wade

knee-deep—it is cold—to the stone. Do not stop me, you heckler. It [42/43] has to be, this needs to be conquered. The stone of the torment, of the red light. The light is cold, a crystal, I raise it, a dark hole underneath, what shall it be? The cave reverberates with many human voices, but no one is here. I stand with the stone in my hand, peering around inquiringly—seeing only one—I do not want to listen to the voices, they keep me away. This dark hole—I want to know where it leads and what it says? An oracle? Is this the place of Pythia? You shall not keep me away! Ancient and eternal things want to be uttered—be quiet with your yelling, ridiculous shadows, castaways of the upper world—the site of an oracle? Could it be?[97] Shall I place my ear to your opening? I hear the far and near roaring of [43/44] underground waters—the bloody head of a man on the dark stream, someone wounded, who swims in horrible depths. He does not know—or is he numb—frozen in the icy cold in the posture of a swimmer[98]—an immensely large black beetle floats past—like a scarab—from the deepest reach a sun is radiating through the water—I cannot grasp it—curled up serpents on the dark rock, striving toward the depths, where the sun shines duller. A thousand serpents crowd around, veiling the sun—deep night—the water rushes. I stand exhausted, noise from a thousand voices is echoed from the walls of the cave. How noisy is this upper world. Too much hustle that destroys the vision. One more gaze into the depths[99]—a red stream like blood springs up, like thick red blood, surging for a long time, then ebbing. [44/45]

What did I see? What a night! Everything viewed as if in flight, swirled down and then up again.[100]

Heal the wounds that doubt inflicts on me, my soul. That too is to be overcome, so that I can recognize your supreme meaning. How far away everything is, and how I have turned back! Fear and doubt have torn me away. Oh, could I lie hour after hour at this innermost and lowest place, at the site of the oracle, watching and listening, so that you, my soul, would speak in your words and not in mine.[101] My spirit is a gadfly, it tears asunder my contemplation, it would like to dismantle and understand everything, rip it apart and

put it together again, tear it down and rebuild it. I am still a victim of my thinking. When will I be the master of my thinking?[102] When can I order my thinking to be quiet, so that my thoughts, those unruly hounds [45/46], will crawl to my feet? How can I ever hope to hear your voice louder, to see your face clearer, when all my thoughts howl? I live first in the upper world, but in your inner world, my soul, I am like a shadow without substance, trembling and blown away by every breeze.[103]

I am stunned. I want to be stunned, since I have sworn to you, my soul, to trust you even if you lead me through madness. Many dreams of the recent time told me about it, I know. But I am willing. Because the divine light shines bright for us in the greatest darkness.[104] How shall I ever walk under your sun if I do not drink the nightly bitter draught of slumber to the lees? Help me so that I do not choke on my own knowledge [46/47]. I piled it up, not out of greed, ambition, and vanity only, but for the sake of truth and to come closer to you, as I realized later.[105] The fullness of my knowledge threatens to fall in on me. My knowledge musters an army of a thousand orators, with voices of lions; the air trembles when they speak, and I am their defenseless sacrifice. They claw at me and drag me away from your silence and from the blessed depths, where only truth wells up and deepest contemplation, where past and future converge rustling and where I see, in dark puzzling images, the future in the images of the remotest past.[106] Keep interpretation far from me,[107] that bad prison master of science who binds the soul and imprisons it in a lightless cell, but above all protect me from the venomous serpent of critique,[108] which is a healing serpent only on the surface, yet in your depths is infernal poison and agonizing death. [47/48]

I want to go down cleansed into your depths with white garments and not rush in like some thief, seizing whatever I can and fleeing breathlessly.

Let me persist in divine astonishment, so that I am ready to behold <u>your</u> wonders, which ~~xx~~ emerge from the eternal depths.[109] Help, help, let me lay my head on a stone before your door and wait

for you, ~~xx~~ so that I am prepared to receive the light of your glory.[110]

15. XII. 13[111]

Book of my most difficult experiments, I ~~xx~~ open you with inner resistance!

Everything in me balks at the immediacy of this experience! I want to coax myself like a nervous horse. I shy away from myself as if I were a nocturnal monster. The "subjective" is still the horrible and terrifying. As if through this word everything became devalued and superfluous. As if the "subject" were nothing in the events of the world! This is what I must overcome. [48/49]

16. XII. 13[112]

But on the fourth night I cried, "To journey to Hell means to become Hell oneself."[113] It is all frightfully muddled and interwoven.

My soul, on this desert path there is not just glowing sand, but also horrible tangled invisible beings who live in the desert. I didn't know this. The way is only apparently clear, the desert is only apparently deserted and empty. But it seems inhabited by magical beings who attack me and daimonically change my form. I have evidently taken on completely monstrous forms in which I can no longer recognize myself. It seems to me that I have become a monstrous animal form for which I have exchanged my humanity.

This way is surrounded by hellish magic, invisible nooses have been thrown over me and ensnare me.

"Climb down into your depths,"[114] you say. How shall I do it?

"Sink." [49/50]

How can I sink? This is the hardest and highest art, to let yourself sink. Teach me.[115] I am unable to do it by myself.

"Sit yourself down, be calm."

How frightful, forgive me, it sounds like nonsense. Do you also demand this of me? Can you hear the uproar of outrage in me?[116]

You overthrew the mighty Gods who are powerful and mean the most to us. My soul, where are you? Have I entrusted myself to a stupid animal, do I stagger like a drunkard to the roadside ditch in order to sleep off a wild intoxication?[117] Do I stammer mangled nonsense like a lunatic? Is this your way, my soul? Forgive me, forgive me, but the blood boils in me and I would strangle you if I could seize you. You weave the thickest darknesses, my soul, and I am like a madman caught in your net. [50/51]

But I yearn, teach me.

"My path is light."

Do you call light what we men call the worst darkness? Do you call our day night? Guide me, give me light, your light.[118]

"My light is not of this world."[119]

I know of no other world.

"Should it not exist because you know nothing of it?"

But our knowledge! Does our knowledge also not hold good for you? What is it going to be, if not knowledge? Where is security? Where is ground? Where is firm land? Where is light? Your darkness is not only darker than night, but bottomless as well. If it's not going to be knowledge, then perhaps it will do without speech and words too?"

"No words either." [51/52]

I could not have dreamed of a more horrendous destruction.[120] Forgive me, perhaps I'm hard of hearing, perhaps I misinterpret you. Perhaps I ensnare myself in self-deceit and hellish monkey business, and I am a rascal grinning at myself in a mirror, a fool in my own madhouse. Perhaps, my soul, you stumble over my folly.

"You delude yourself, you do not deceive me. Your words are lies to you, not me."

But I could wallow in raging nonsense, which like a breaking flood will swallow you and me.[121] I could hatch absurdity, perverse monotony—

"Who gives you thoughts and words? Do you make them? Are you not—my serf—a recipient—[52/53] a beggar who lies at my door and picks up my alms? And you dare think that what you devise and

speak could be nonsense? Don't you know yet that it comes from me and belongs to me?"

But then my indignation must also come from you. Then in me you are indignant against yourself. My soul then spoke the ambiguous words:

"That is civil war."

Oh, a catchword I have often heard from myself applied to others.[122]

"How painful, my soul, to hear you use catchwords. Are you neurotic? Are we neurotic?[123]

I feel sick—comedy and drivel.

But I yearn, I yearn. I also crawl [53/54] through the stinking mud, the most despised banality. The devils on the desert path shall not catch me and fell me.[124] I can also eat dust, let it rain filthy clichés.[125] ~~Even~~ The banality is also part of Hell.

I do not yield, I am defiant. You can go on devising torments, spider-legged monsters, comical, hideous, frightful theatrical tabloid monsters. Come close – I am ready, ready, my soul, you who are a devil, to wrestle with you too. You donned the mask of a God, and I worshipped you. Now you wear the mask of a devil—woe—a monstrosity—the mask of the banal, of the dunghill of words and phrases.

Only one favor! Give me a moment to step back and consider! Is the struggle with [54/55] this mask worthwhile? Was the mask of God worth worshiping? I cannot do it, the lust for battle burns in my limbs. No, I cannot leave the battlefield defeated. I want to seize you, crush you, buffoon, monkey.[126]

Woe, it's an unequal struggle. My hands grab at air—but your blows are also air, and I perceive—trickery.

I find myself again on the desert path—a desert vision—a vision of the solitaries who have wandered down long roads.—Ha, a work of art!—Damned stab, that arrow hit the target. Where did it come from?[127] In this street lurk invisible robbers and assassins—and shooters of poison darts. Suppose the murderous arrow is sticking in

my heart?[128] Its poison burns. Bloody mist blurs my eyes. Someone loads lead on my [55/56] shoulders—

But I want it, I want it.

18. XII. 13.[129]

The following night was terrible. I soon awoke from a frightful dream:[130]

I was with an unknown youth, a brown savage,[131] in a mighty mountainscape before daybreak. The Eastern sky was already light. Then Siegfried's horn resounded over the mountains with a jubilant sound, and we knew that our mortal enemy was now coming.[132] We were armed and lurked beside a narrow rocky path to murder the hero. Then he came high across the mountain on a chariot made of the bones of the dead, in a white garment with black mystical figures[133] and drove with unbelievable boldness over the steep rocks and arrived at the narrow path where [56/57] we lay in wait. As he came around the turn, we fired at the same time and wounded him fatally. My companion left me in order to attend to the hero one last time, that, is to finish him off.[134] Thereupon I turned to flee. A terrible rain swept down. I bounded up nimbly an incredibly steep path and later helped my wife, who followed me at a slower pace, to ascend. Some people mocked us, but I didn't care, since this showed that they didn't know that I had murdered the hero."[135]

But after this dream I went through a mental torment unto death. And I felt that I must kill myself, if I could not solve the riddle. I knew that I must shoot myself, if I could not understand the dream.[136]

Gradually it dawned on me that the highest truth is one and the same with the absurd.[137]

In this moment the enormous tension was released and like rain it swept away [57/58] everything that was tensed, too highly strung. And soon sleep returned and brought with it a curiously beautiful image:[138]

Forms walked clad in white silk in a colored atmosphere. Each surrounded by a strangely fragrant, glowingly tinted aura, some reddish, the others blueish and greenish.[139]

A magical, spiritual, and sensual feeling radiated from this image and I fell asleep like a convalescent.[140] I have stridden across the depths and see light. But it seems to me that I am in a new world.[141]

Where am I?

Through painful guilt, a new man, a newborn?[142]

I don't know the way or the wherefore, I have—I assume—not yet learned how to walk in this new state. [58/59]

Shall I grope my way, or crawl? Or will something attach itself to me, that leads and shows me the way further?

Certainly this is an animated world, a world of the simplest things. No world of will-be or must-be, it seems to me, rather a world of maybe with entirely undetermined possibilities, a world of colorful twilight. It seems as if there are only modest waysides here, close at hand, no distant targets, no broad straight military roads. No heaven above, no hell below. A strange world in between—everything merges in soft shades—a colorful painting, harmonically fused in itself.

20. XII. 13.[143]

There are many uncertainties, not least of which is whether to keep this new life or this new world.[144] A new world is weak and artificial—artificial—a bad word, but I have learned that weak [59/60] artificial beginnings, unsightly put together semi-unrealities developed into horrible realities. The mustard seed that grew into a tree,[145] the word that was conceived in the womb of a poor virgin, became a God with a two-thousand-year-old history.[146]

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[147]I have received your sprout, you who are to come, I have received it in deepest need and lowliness, I covered it in shabby patchwork and bedded it down on words of straw, and the mockers grinningly worshipped ~~you~~ it, your child, your ~~odd~~ wondrous child, the child of one who is to come, who should announce the father, a fruit that is older than the tree on which it grew.

In pain were you conceived [60/61], lust glowed around your birth.[148]

The air shook with the anthem of blaspheming souls, when the God plunged you into my heart.

Fear ~~was~~ is your herald, doubt stands to your right, disappointment to your left.

We shrank together in our ridiculousness and senselessness when we caught sight of you, most strange, miraculous child.

Our eyes were blinded and our knowledge fell silent when we received your radiance.

You new spark of an eternal fire, into which night, into what kind of mud were you born![149] Fires of madness are blazing toward you as sacrificial fires—

Ice-cold hands of steel murderously grasp [61/62] after you and they will melt helplessly from your glow.

They will mix the venom of treacherous thoughts into your food, and they themselves will pine away because of it.

The lustful and heavenly beauty ~~xx~~ will approach your camp. One would like to slobber over you in heat and the other would like to trample you arrogantly. But they will powerlessly worship you and lay their hands under your feet.

You will wring truthful prayers from your believers, and they must invoke your glory in tongues that are atrocious to them.[150] You will fall on them in the hour of their disgrace and humiliation, and will become known to them in [62/63] what they hate, fear, and abhor.

[151]Your face, Oh child, will be found in the hideous features of mighty beasts in the remotest ground of our souls.

Your voice, the rarest pleasing sound, will be heard amid the horrible stammerings of wretches, rejects, and those condemned as

worthless.

Your realm will be touched by the hands of those who also worshipped before the most profound lowliness, and whose longing drove them ~~also~~ through the tide of evil.

You will give your gifts to those who pray to you in terror and doubt, and your light will shine upon those whose knees must bend before you unwillingly and who are filled with resentment. [63/64]

~~Oh~~ Your life is with he who has overcome himself and who has disowned his self-overcoming.[152]

Oh I know that the salvation of mercy is given only to those who believe in the highest and faithlessly betray themselves for thirty pieces of silver.[153]

Those who will dirty their pure hands, cheat on their best knowledge against error, and take their virtues from a murderer's grave are invited to your great banquet.

The constellation of your birth is an ill and changing star.

These, Oh child of what is to come, are the wonders that will bear testimony that you are a veritable God. [64/65]

[154]My soul, you wanted me to utter and write down all these words. I did not know that you guarded such secrets. I am astonished. You are an unbelievable riddle. But what to make of my astonishment?

21. XII. 13[155]

As much as I resist, still I must descend into the depths again, to the place of torment. Everything points to that. I shall not be concerned with what I will carry up. I know why I have pathetic fear—the sleepless nights, the shredded state of my own heart, that is what I shy away from. It is an almost physical nausea that holds me back. Oh, all this darkness, black mists encompass me—I sink—woe already, I lie propped against a rock in dark depths—boulders all around—an old man[156] [65/66] to my left with a gray beard and wearing an Oriental robe[157]—probably an old prophet. His right hand is stretched out as if he were teaching—a big black serpent lay at his

feet (I obey—no resistance)[158]—in the background a house with columns, a beautiful young maiden steps out—the daughter of the old man—she walks up to his side—is she blind? I look in astonishment—and rise—she takes my hand—we walk to the house ~~xx~~ at the foot of sheer rock walls.[159] The serpent creeps behind us—obscure darkness inside—a carpet in a bleak hall, on a small black table [66/67] a bright water-colored crystal the size of a fist that attracts me.[160] Gleams of color radiate from it. (Now it gets difficult.) A colored wreath of rays surrounds my entire field of vision—in it Eve under the tree, the serpent before it—[161] now a wonderful bluish black sea, a rocky coast—a ship with red sail passes by—Odysseus and his companions[162]—(frightful—but it must be) a poster picture behind it, an old man with a child—(disgusting—survived) I peer into the hall, glittering things, weapons? Gemstones? On the walls—in the background a beautiful garden with gleaming sunlight, we step outside—blossoming bushes of pomegranates—a shady fountain [67/68]—the old man says:

"Do you know my land?"[163]

I am a stranger here and everything seems strange to me, anxious as in a dream. May I ask who are you?

"I am Elijah[164] and this is my daughter Salome."[165]

The daughter of Herod? The bloodthirsty woman?

"Why do you judge so harshly? You see that she is blind—and <u>my</u> daughter, the daughter of the prophet."

What miracle has united you?

"It is no miracle, it was so from the beginning. My wisdom and my daughter are one.

I am shocked and I am incapable [68/69] of grasping it.

"Consider this.[166] Elijah, the prophet, and Salome, the murderous and infamous dancer—her blindness has made us companions since time immemorial, father and daughter."

Forgive my astonishment, am I truly in the underworld?

"This is the house of dreams, or better—do not give it a name."[167]

Salome (turned to me): "Do you love me?"

(I get scared, all the blood pushes to my heart):[168] How can I love you? How do you come to this question? I see only one thing, you are Salome, a tiger, and your hands are stained with the blood of the holy one. How should I love you? [69/70]

"You will love me."

(Horror grabbed me by the throat.)[169]

I, love you? Who gives you the right to such thoughts?

"I love you."

Leave me be, I dread you, you beast.

"You do me wrong, Elijah is my father, and he knows the deepest mysteries, the walls of his house are made of precious stones, his wells hold healing water and his deep eye sees the things of the future—And what wouldn't you give for a single look into the infinite unfolding of what is to come? Are these not worth a sin for you?"

Your temptation is horrible. [70/71] I long to be back in the upper world, it is dreadful here. How oppressive and heavy is the air.

I look for Elijah. Mighty brows shade his eyes. He says:[170]

"What do you want? The choice is yours."

But I do not belong to the dead, I live in the light of day. Why should I torment myself here with Salome? Do I not have enough of my own life to deal with?

"You heard what Salome ~~xx~~ said."

I cannot believe that you, the prophet, can recognize her as a daughter and a companion. Is she not ~~xx~~ engendered from heinous seed? Was she not vain greed and perverse[171] lust? [71/72]

"But she loved a holy man."

And shamefully shed his precious blood.

"Do not interrupt me, my son;[172] she loved the holy prophet of God, who announced the new God to his world. She loved him—do you understand that? For she is my daughter."

Do you think that because she is your daughter, she loved the prophet in John, the father? Do I understand you correctly?

"By her love shall you know her."

But, how did she love him!? Do you still call that love?

"What else was it?"

But I am horrified, because who wouldn't be horrified if Salome [72/73] loved him?

"Are you a coward? And besides—I and my daughter—have been one since eternity."

You pose dreadful riddles. How could it be that this unholy woman and you, the prophet of your God, could be one?

"Why are you amazed. But you see it, we are together."

What my eyes see is exactly what I cannot grasp. You, Elijah, who are a prophet, the mouth of God, and she, a bloodthirsty, ~~and~~ horny[173]—monster—you are the symbol of the most extreme contradiction.

"We are ~~and~~ really together and are not symbols. We are real and together."[174] [73/74]

The black serpent writhes up the tree, and hides in the branches.

Everything becomes gloomy and doubtful. Elijah and Salome[175] rise, he leads her by the hand, I stand hesitating. Elijah leads, waves with his hand and we go back to the hall. The crystal shines dimly. I think again of the image of Odysseus, how he passed the rocky island of the Sirens on his lengthy odyssey. Should I, should I not?

Elijah and Salome are silent. We come beneath the columns at the entrance.[176] Doubt tears my heart apart—I don't know. It is so unreal and yet a part of my longing remains behind. Will I come again? Will I find [74/75] the way back to the house of that riddle? The way that I did not seek and never expected?[177] Salome loves me? Do I love her? I hear wild music, a tambourine—a sultry moonlit night—then the bloody-staring head of the holy one[178]—fear seizes me—I rush out, I am surrounded by the dark night, I am in the midst of boulders, in the distance water cascades over cliffs[179]—who murdered the hero? Is this why Salome loves me? Do I love her, and did I therefore murder the hero? She is one with the prophet, one with John, but also one with me? Woe, was she the hand of the God?

I do not love her, I fear her. My knees tremble.[180]

A voice[181] says: "Therein you acknowledge her divine power."

Must I love Salome?[182][75/76]

22. XII. 13.[183]

[184]What am I going to write? Everything is dark in front of me. No shape, no bright and no dark. It is the gate to darkness. Who enters there, must grope what is closest, he must feel his way from stone to stone. No clear thought comes toward him, one has to sample them all, valuable and worthless must be embraced with the same kind of love, because in this world of darkness our values are suspended. A mountain is the smallest nothing, and a sand grain contains kingdoms[185]~~—at least~~ or it may not.

Every value judgment must fall off from you, equally every other logical judgment; even your taste must be shed before the gate. Get rid of all your knowledge and above all ~~let~~ sacrifice your arrogance, even when it seems to be based on merits. [76/77] Who enters here, enters as a poor or stupid one, because what we call knowledge here is ignorance, seeing blindness, hearing deafness, feeling dullness.

Enter through that gate entirely poor, pathetic, humble, ignorant. But even in your poverty, ignorance, and humility do not be greedy and presumptuous and expect neither bread nor stones, but look without desire and passion. Turn all your anger against yourself, because only you can hinder yourself from looking. The mystery play is delicate as air and thin smoke and you are brutal matter that itself is already disturbingly heavy.

Yet let all your hope, which is your greatest good and highest ability, precede and serve you as a leader in the world of the dark, because it is of similar substance as [77/78] the creations of this world. Let your hope swell toward it into the indeterminable.

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[186]I am already standing on this waste spot in the rocky depth that seems to me like a giant crater. In the distance I see, nestled in the hillside, the white house with columns.[187] Everything is bleak, foggy, and night-like.[188]

I see from afar Salome in a white dress[189] walking along the length of the wall toward the left, touching the wall like a blind person. The black serpent behind her. The old man stands under the portal, he waves to me from the distance. Hesitantly I draw closer. He calls Salome back, she approaches him and leans against him.[190] She is like someone suffering. I cannot detect any sacrilege in her nature. [78/79] Her hands are white and her face has a gentle expression.

The serpent lies before them. I stand before them clumsily, uncertain like a stupid boy.[191]

"Here I am again," I would like to say. The words get stuck in my throat. Everything is terribly uncertain and ambiguous.[192]

The old man eyes me searchingly.

"What do you want here?" he asks in a harsh tone.[193]

"Forgive me, it is not my obtrusiveness or arrogance that leads me here. I am here perchance, not knowing what I want. But I admit that a longing has brought me back, a longing that stayed behind in your house yesterday.["]

I see how Salome raises her face, softly smiling, ~~xx~~ to the old man. It looks [79/80] like quiet happiness. Yes—it looks like that. But—isn't she Salome?[194]

You see, prophet, I am tired, my head is as heavy as lead. I am lost in my ignorance. I have toyed with myself enough; I played hypocritical games with myself and they all would have disgusted me, were it not clever to perform what others expect from us in the world of men. It seems to me as if I were more real here. And yet I do not like being here; I even believe it resists me.[195]

Wordlessly Elijah and Salome step inside the house. I follow them reluctantly. A feeling of guilt torments me—is it bad conscience? I would like to turn back. But I have to, I feel it.

The hall is bleak. There is the [80/81] shining crystal. I need to walk up to it and look into its play of fire.[196] I see in a fiery corona the mother of God with the child as if in an old painting. Peter stands to her left, bowing.[197] Peter alone with the keys—the Pope with a triple crown in a festive audience[198]—a sitting Buddha appears in a circle of fire—now a many-armed Kali,[199]—this bloody Goddess—now Salome herself desperately wringing her hands,[200] now that white shape of a girl with black hair—my own soul—and now that white shape of a man, which also appeared to me at the time—it resembles Michelangelo's[201] sitting Moses—it is Elijah.

Elijah and Salome stand before me, real, as if softly smiling. [81/82]

These visions are full of torment, and the meaning of these images is dark to me, Elijah; please shed some light.

Elijah waves silently, and leads the way toward the left. Salome enters a colonnade to the right. I follow Elijah into an even darker room. There seem to be bookshelves on the walls. A burning red lamp hangs from the ceiling. I sit down exhausted in an armchair. Elijah stands before me leaning on a marble lion. Behind him are bleak dark and red little window panes.[202]

He speaks:

"Are you anxious? Why are you afraid?[203] Your ignorance is to blame for your bad conscience. Not-knowing works like guilt. But you believe that it is the urge toward forbidden knowledge [82/83] that causes your feeling of guilt. You err, especially about yourself. Why do you think you are here?"

I don't know. I sank into this place when unknowingly I tried resisting the not-known. So here I am, astonished and confused, like an ignorant fool. I experience strange things in your house, things that frighten me and whose meaning I don't know."[204]

"So listen: If it were not your law to be here, how would you be here?"

I'm afflicted by fatal weakness, my father—

"You are evasive. You cannot extricate yourself from your law."

What do you mean? How can I extricate myself from what is unknown to me, [83/84] which I cannot reach with either feeling or presentiment?

"You are lying. Do you not know that you yourself recognized what it means if Salome loves you?"

You are right. A doubtful and uncertain thought arose in me for a moment, but I have forgotten it again.

"You have not forgotten it. It burned deep inside you. But you are afraid of megalomania?[205] Are you that cowardly? Or can you not differentiate this thought from your own self, from your human nature, enough so that you wished to claim it for yourself?"

The thought went too far for me, and I shun far-fetched ideas. They are dangerous, since [84/85] I am also a man, and you know how much men are accustomed to seeing thoughts as their very own, as their innermost, so that they eventually confuse them with themselves.

"Will you, I ask you, therefore confuse yourself with a tree or animal, because you look at them and because they exist with you in one and the same world? Must you be your thoughts, because you are in the world of your thoughts? I think it would be obvious that your thoughts are just as much outside your ~~mind~~ self as trees and animals are outside your body."[206]

You are certainly right from your point of view.[207] But my thought world was for me more word than fact.[208] I thought, my thought world, this is I.

"That way you became the victim of your megalomania without seeing it [85/86]. Do you say to your human world, to each I, and to every being outside of you: this is my I or my body?"[209]

I stepped into your house, my father, feeling like a schoolboy about to be scolded. But you taught me a salutary wisdom: I can also consider a thought as being outside my self. That helps me to return to that terrible conclusion that my tongue is reluctant to express.

I thought that Salome loves me because I resemble John or you. This thought seemed all-too bold[210] and unbelievable to me. That's

why I rejected it and thought that she loves me because I am really quite opposite to you [86/87], that she loves her badness in my badness. This thought was devastating.

The old one is silent. Bleak heaviness lies on me. Suddenly Salome steps into the room, lays her arm around my shoulder. She presumably takes me for her father in whose chair I seem to sit. I dare neither move nor speak.

She speaks: "I know that you are not my father. You are his son, and I am your sister."

You, Salome, my sister? Was this the terrible attraction that emanated from you, that unnamable horror of you, of your touch? Who was our mother?

"Mary."

Is it a hellish dream, Salome, Elijah?[211] Mary, our mother? [87/88]

What madness lurks in your words? The mother of our Savior—our mother?

When I crossed your threshold today, I foresaw calamity—Alas! It has come. Doubt tears my heart apart.[212] Are you out of your senses, Salome? You Elijah, protector of the divine law, speak: is this a devilish spell cast by the rejected? How can she say such a thing—or are both of you out of your senses? Or am I out of my senses?[213]

You are symbols and Mary is a symbol—I am simply too confused to see through you now.

The old man speaks: ~~?~~

"You may call us symbols for the same reason that you can also call your real fellow men symbols [88/89], if you wish to. But we exist and are just as real as your fellow men. You invalidate nothing and solve nothing by calling us ~~xx~~ symbols."

You plunge me into a terrible confusion. Do you wish to be realities?[214]

The old man speaks: "We are certainly what you call realities.[215] Here we are, and you have to accept us. The choice is yours."

I am sitting in silence. Salome has removed herself. Uncertainly and gloomily I look around. In the background of the room a high

golden red flame burns on a round marble altar. The serpent has encircled the flame. Its eyes [89/90] glitter with golden reflections. Swaying I turn to the exit. Before me a powerful lion walks slowly through the hall.[216] I watch it without horror. Outside, a mighty starry sky arches over the wild rocky landscape—cool night air—I hear the distant waters roaring. Everything is so real and cold. I slowly walk into the rocky desert, into this valley of riddles. Where did I come from? Which was the way into this underworld. Is it really the, or an underworld? It seems as if compulsory realities exist here. What forced me to come here if not those "other" realities? Apparently they are somehow superior to me as I did not know [90/91] anything about them, whereas they knew about me and forced me—could force me—to come to them on a way unknown to me, that I must have flown through unconsciously.

And immediately I am back again writing in my book, hours have passed and I am tired from this long journey. What did I bring with me? I think I must appear very stupid to these people.

25. XII. 13.[217]

May I, ~~xx~~ perhaps, also wish for this—until now—bitter necessity, even desire it? I don't know as everything is extremely dark and thoroughly mysterious. The secret shall be kept virginally—but what am I talking about? It is better kept as any man could ever keep it, because no human hand can touch it, unless it has been given [91/92] to him. No one can steal it, no one can rob it violently.

The gate might open only to he who waits there poor and unknowingly.[218]

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[219]I stood before a ridge that leads steeply upward in a wasteland. Gray jagged stones—a blue sky. At that moment I catch sight of the prophet high above me. His hand makes an averting

movement, and I abandon my decision to climb up. I wait below, gazing upward. The prophet's coat flutters in the wind.

I look: to his right it is dark—night; to the left it is bright day. The rock separates day and night.

The night is like a monstrously huge, black, but transparent monster like a serpent or a dragon.[220] [92/93]

The day, in contrast, contains a massive white serpent (with a golden crown?)[221]

Both serpents ~~one~~ thrust their ~~both~~ heads toward each other, eager for battle. Elijah stands on the heights between them. The prophet raises his hands in prayer.[222] Suddenly the serpents throw themselves from the ridge and a terrible wrestling ensues. The serpent of the night is to a larger extent on the side of the day.[223] Enormous billows of dust rise from the place of struggle and blur sight. The serpent of the night pulls itself back. The front part of its body has become white. The serpents curl about themselves, one in light, the other in darkness. Elijah climbs down from above and positions himself standing at some distance.[224]

He says to me: "What did you see?" [93/94]

I saw the fight of two formidable serpents, a white and a black one. It seemed to me as if the black would overcome the white serpent; but behold, the black one withdrew and its head and the top part of its body had turned white.

"Do you understand that?"

I have thought it over, but I cannot come to a clear explanation. Should it perhaps mean that the power of the good light will become so great that even the night that resists it will be illumined by it?[225]

"Follow me."[226]

Elijah climbs before me along the ridge into the heights. I follow. We climb up to a very high summit. On top we find some cyclopean[227] masonry with dark cracks [94/95] and holes. It appears to be like a courtyard or a circular rampart. Beneath the bulwarks ~~xx~~ cavernous rooms. In the middle of the courtyard a mighty rock, an enormous boulder, flat on top.[228] The prophet stands on this stone.

He says:

"This is the temple of the sun." This encircled place is a vessel that collects the light of the sun, the God.["][229]

As Elijah climbs down from the stone, I realize that his form has become smaller. He has become a dwarf, who seems foreign to me.

I ask astonished: Who are you?

"I am Mime and I will show you the wellsprings.[230] The light that has been collected by this vessel becomes water and [95/96] flows in many springs from the summit into the valleys of the earth." Mime goes to one of the crevices in the masonry and dives down into the dark. I follow him. Inside it is black ~~dark~~ night. One can hear the rippling of a spring.

The voice of the dwarf sounds from below: "Here are my wells. Whoever drinks from them becomes wise."

But I cannot reach down;[231] instead I cling onto a stone above. Slowly my eyes get accustomed to the dark. I see the dwarf standing in blueish dim light beside a small water rivulet. But I cannot reach down.

I lose courage. Outside in the giant courtyard I see the bright sun pouring. The dwarf seems ghostly to me. I have the feeling [96/97] of a hallucination.[232] Doubting, I pace back and forth on the giant squares of the yard, undecided whether a phantom has lured me to this place or not.[233] Because everything appears to me strange and incomprehensible. Was it Elijah? Was it Mime?[234]

It is so solitary and deathly silent here, and a clear and cool air as on the remotest mountains—a wonderful flood of sunlight all around. I see around me the mighty walls that form the horizon—jagged crenellations. Gray and yellow lichen grows on the stones, apart from this not a blade of grass. What is it with this place? I think it could be a Druidic sacred place of worship.[235]

A black serpent crawls over the stone—it is the serpent of the prophet. How did it come here from the underworld? My gaze follows it and I see [97/98] how it crawls to the wall. I feel weird all over. A little house stands there with a portico—minuscule, snuggling against the rock, the serpents become infinitely small—I feel as if I too am shrinking—the walls enlarge into a huge mountain and I am

below on the foundation of the crater in the underworld, and I stand before the house of the prophet, which seems to have returned to his natural size.[236]

Here below it is dark and nocturnal, as always.

The prophet appears in the door of the house. I enter with quick steps and speak to Elijah:

I notice that you have shown me and let me experience all sorts of strange things before you allowed me to come to you today. But I confess that it is all dark to me. Your world appears to me today in a new [98/99] light. Just now it was as if I were separated by a starry distance from your place, which I still hoped to reach today. But behold, it seems to be one and the same place.

"You, my son, wanted to come here far too much. I did not deceive you, you deceived yourself yourself. He sees badly who wants to see, he measures too much. You have overreached yourself."

It is true, I not only wished to, but I eagerly longed to reach you, to ~~xx~~ hear what you and Salome would continue to explain to me. Salome startled me and led me into bewilderment, I felt dizzy, because what she said seemed to me to be monstrous and like madness. Where is Salome?

"How impetuous you are today? What is up with you? Step first over to the crystal [99/100] and probe your heart in its light."

I walk to the crystal.[237]A wreath of fire appears in front of my eyes: it encircles a void. I am seized with fear. My father,[238] I see a boot like the one the *Bundschuh* has in its coat of arms—I see the foot of a giant that crushes an entire city[239]—I see the face of the sun—my own image, it smiles—woe, what does it mean?[240]

"Look further, you are impetuous. Temper your desire. You see, you stand in your own way."

I see the cross—the removal of the cross[,] the mourning—how agonizing this sight is!

No longer do I yearn.

"You must."[241]

I see the child, with the white serpent in his right hand, and the black serpent in his left hand. [100/101]

I see the green mountain, the cross on it, and streams of blood flowing from the summit of the mountain.

I can look no longer—it is unbearable.

"You must."[242]

I see the cross and Christ on it in his last hour and last torment. At the foot of the cross the black serpent has coiled itself.

I feel that the serpent of the prophet has wound itself around my feet and ties itself up tightly. The prophet looks at me with fiery gaze.[243] I am contained and I spread ~~xx~~ my arms wide as if spellbound. Salome draws near from the right—The serpent has wound itself around my whole body, and it seems to me as if my countenance is that of a lion.

Salome says:

"Mary was the mother of Christ. Do you understand now?"

I see that a terrible [101/102] and incomprehensible power forces me to imitate the Lord in his final torment. But how can I presume to call Mary my mother?

"You are Christ."

I stand with outstretched arms like someone crucified, my body taut and horribly entwined by the serpent. Elijah looks at me with blazing eyes.[244]

"You, Salome, say that I <u>am</u> Christ?"[245]

It is as if I stood alone on a high mountain with stiff outstretched arms, the serpent squeezes my body in its terrible coils and the blood streams from my body, spilling down the mountainside.

But I am back in front of the crystal, still in the same position.[246] Salome bends down to my feet and wraps [102/103] her black hair round them. She lies thus for a long time, then she cries, "I see light!" And truly, she sees, her eyes are open. The serpent falls from my body and lies languidly on the ground. I stride over it and kneel at the feet of the prophet, whose form shines like a flame.

He speaks: "Your work is fulfilled here. Other things will come, of which you do not know yet.[247] But seek untiringly, and above all

write exactly what you see."

Salome looks as in rapture at the light that streams from the prophet. Elijah transforms into a huge flame of white light and the serpent lies down at the feet of the flame. Salome kneels before the light in wonderstruck devotion. Tears fall from my eyes. I hurry out into the night.[248] My feet do not touch the ground, this alien [103/104] earth, and it is as if I were melting into air.[249]

I am back again. Something has been completed. It is as if I had brought with me a certainty—and ~~xx~~ a hope.[250]

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26 XII 13.[251]

> "I am the one who, when love
> Breathes on me, notices, and in the manner
> That he dictates within, I utter words."
> Dante. *Purgatorio*. 24. 52ff.

> "And then, in the same manner as a flame
> Which follows whatever shape it takes,
> The new form follows the spirit exactly."
> Dante. [*Purgatorio*] 25ff. 97ff.[252]

[104/105] This night begins with the feeling of ignorance and incapacity. Only expectancy is on the lookout as if from a high tower

that dominates the surrounding country.[253]

I am standing on a high tower. The horizon stretches far. A gray and cloudy sky covers the earth. I am utter anticipation.[254] In the furthest end of the country I discover a red spot. It comes nearer on a winding road, disappearing for a while in forests and reappearing again—it is a horseman in a red coat, a red horseman—the red knight?[255]

I am in a castle on a steep rock—a mediaeval atmosphere.[256] It seems to me that I am wearing a green garment. A mighty horn hangs from my shoulder. The red horseman approaches the castle. [105/106][257] Should I blow on the horn? Hesitation gets hold of me—but I do it. A resounding blow on the horn. Below many people rush out from the doors—they open the gate. The Red One rides in and jumps off the horse. I look down steadfastly. Something uncanny seems to accompany him. I withdraw to the tower's chamber and must watch the door. What if the Red One came to me—a guest of the castle maybe—why should he climb up to me?

I hear steps on the stairs—the boards creak—he knocks—a strange fear comes over me. I shiver and open the door. There stands the Red One. A long shape wholly shrouded in red, even his hair is red. I think: in the end he will turn out to be the devil.

He says: "I greet you, man [106/107] on the high tower. I saw you from afar, watching and waiting. Your waiting has called me."

Who are you?

"Who am I? You think I am the devil. Do not pass judgments. Perhaps you can also talk to me without knowing who I am. What sort of a superstitious fellow are you, that immediately you think of the devil?"

If you have no supernatural ability, how could you feel that I stood waiting on my tower?, looking out for the unknown and new?

Our life in the castle is poor, especially my life,[258] since I always sit here and no one climbs up to me.

"So what are you waiting for?"

I await all kinds of things, and especially I'm waiting for some of the world's wealth, which we [107/108] don't see here, to come to me.

"So, I have come to absolutely the right place. I have wandered a long time through the world, seeking those like you who sit upon a high tower on the lookout for things unseen."

You make me curious. You seem to be a rare breed. Even your appearance is not ordinary. And then too—forgive me—it seems to me that you bring with you a strange atmosphere, something worldly, impudent, or exuberant —or—if I shall name it clearly—something pagan.

The stranger laughs complacently:[259]

"You don't offend me, on the contrary, you hit your nail on the head. But I'm no old pagan as you seem to think."

I don't want to insist on that. [108/109] You are also not pompous and Latin enough. You have nothing classical about you. You seem to be a son of our time, but as I must remark, a rather unusual one—yes, even a most unusual one. You're no real pagan, but the kind of pagan who runs alongside our ~~r~~ Christian religion.

"You're truly a good diviner of riddles. You're doing better than many others who have totally mistaken me."

You sound cool and sneering. Have you ~~not~~ never broken your heart over the holiest mysteries of our Christian religion?

"You're an unbelievably ponderous and serious person. Are you always so insistent?"

I would—before God—always like to be as serious and true to myself as I also try to be now. However, that certainly becomes difficult in your presence. You ~~are~~ bring a certain gallows air with you. You're bound to be [109/110] from the black school of Salerno,[260] where pernicious arts are taught by pagans and the descendants of pagans.

"You're superstitious and—too German. You take literally what your Holy[261] scriptures say, otherwise you could not judge me so hard."

A hard judgment is the last thing I would want. But my nose does not play tricks on me. You're evasive and elastic and don't want to reveal yourself. What are you hiding?

The Red One seems to get redder, his garments shine like glowing iron.

"I hide nothing from you, you true-hearted soul. ~~He~~ I simply amuse myself with your weighty seriousness and your comic veracity. This is so rare in our time, especially in men who have understanding [110/111] at their disposal."

I believe you cannot fully understand me. You apparently compared me with those whom you know. But I must say to you for the sake of truth that I really belong neither to this time nor to this place. A strange spell has banished me to this place and world-time for years. Why and for what reason I do not know. I am in reality not as you see me.

"You say astounding things. I did not know that. Who are you then?"

That is irrelevant, who I am. I stand before you the way I am. Why am I here, I do not know. But I do know that I must be here to justify myself in all conscience. I know who you are just as little as you know who I am.

"Hmm, that sounds very strange. Are you [111/112] something of a saint? Hardly a philosopher, since you have no aptitude for scholarly language. But a saint? Surely that. Your solemnity smells of fanaticism. You have an ethical air and a simplicity that smacks of stale bread and water."

I can say neither yes nor no. All I can say is that you speak as one trapped in the spirit of this time. It seems to me that you lack the terms of comparison.

"Perhaps you attended the school of the pagans? You answer artfully like a sophist.[262] How can you then measure me with the yardstick of the Christian religion, if you are no saint?"

It seems to me, though, that one can apply this yardstick even if one is no saint in the sense of the Christian ~~religion~~ conception. I believe I have learned that no one is allowed to avoid the [112/113] mysteries of the Christian religion unpunished. I repeat, he whose heart has not been broken over the Lord Jesus Christ drags a pagan around ~~with~~ in himself, who holds him back from the best.

The Red One glows again and says angrily:[263] "The same old tune again? What for, if you are not a Christian saint? Are you not a damned sophist after all?"

You are ensnared in your own world. But you might conceive that one can assess the worth of Christianity correctly without being a downright saint.

"Are you a doctor of theology, who examines Christianity from the outside and appreciates it historically? And therefore a sophist after all?"

You're stubborn. What I mean is that it's hardly a coincidence that the whole world has become Christian, since it has been one of the major tasks of man—to be more precise—of Western man [113/114] to carry Christ in the heart and to grow with his suffering, death, and resurrection.

"Well, there are also Jews who are good people and yet had no need for your solemn gospels."

You are, I believe, no good reader of people, though in all other things you seem to know the world better than I.[264] Have you never noticed that the Jew himself lacks something—one in his head, another in his heart, and he himself feels that he lacks something.

"Indeed I'm no Jew, but I must come to the Jew's defense: you seem to be a Jew hater."

Well, now you speak thoughtlessly[265] like all those Jews who always indict a correct judgment as Jew hating.[266] Since they only too clearly feel that particular lack in the presence of the Christian[267], they defend themselves [114/115] with ignorant sensitivity against this fact.[268] Do you believe that all that struggle and all these blood sacrifices left no mark on the soul of the Christian?[269] And do you believe that one who has not experienced

this struggle[270] most intimately can still partake of its fruit? No one can flout the spiritual development of many centuries and then reap what they have not sowed.[271]

The Red One has become slightly more pale.[272] "You argue your case well. But your solemnity! You could make matters much easier for yourself. If you're no saint, I really don't see why you have to be so solemn. You wholly spoil the fun. What the devil is troubling you? Only Christianity with its mournful escape from the world can make people so ponderous[273]."

I think there are still other things that bespeak seriousness. [115/116]

"Oh, I know, you mean life. I know this phrase. I too live and don't let my hair turn white over it. Life doesn't require any seriousness. On the contrary, it's better to dance through life."

I know how to dance—yes, if only dancing could do it! Dancing goes with the mating season. I know that there are those who are always in heat, and those who also want to dance for their Gods; some are ridiculous jubilant old men and women and others posture at antiquity, instead of honestly admitting their utter incapacity for religious[274] expression.

"Here—my dear fellow—I doff my mask. Now I grow somewhat more serious, since this concerns my own province. It's conceivable that there is some third thing for which dancing would be the symbol." [116/117]

The red of the rider transforms itself into a tender reddish flesh color. My green garments everywhere burst into leaf. The Red One actually looks very much like me.[275]

Perhaps too there is a joy before God that one can call dancing. But I haven't yet found this joy. I look out for things that are yet to come. Things came, but joy was not among them.

"Don't you recognize me, brother, I am joy!"

Could you be joy? I see you as through a cloud. Your image fades. Let me take your hand, beloved—where are you?—where are you?[276]

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[277]I am alone in the chamber of my tower. Rain pelts the window, a cold stormy night outside. A small ruddy flame flits over my table top [117/118] like a will-o'-the-wisp. But it is a warm glow. A silent scent of roses fills the room. It is around midnight.

Joy? Was he joy? God help me, what shall come of this?[278]

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28 XII 13.

[279]Where shall I reach out my hand? What should it grasp? To what vision is my gaze turning? The endless fullness is as good as the endless nothingness. Not demanding nor beseeching, but praying, approaches the threshold of the vision. Receive gratefully and in faith, never ask why?, never judge what has been placed in your hand. To you it may seem to be stones? But even stones can turn into bread. Patiently wait on the word that your soul speaks. [118/119]

She says:

"I am here. Where have you been?"

I have seen visions of a remarkable kind.

"Did they satisfy your hunger?"

I drank them in like someone dying of thirst. I have received them with the measure of faith and hope that I could summon up. You know how little that is. But I could not say that my hunger and thirst have been satisfied. You know how much I long for what we call certainty~~ies~~. But the nature of these visions is dark and full of doubt. I cannot see clearly what they want to say.

"You are going to see more—things of greater clarity."

I hope in gratitude.

[119/120] [280]A castle, standing in water—dark swamp water. The walls greenish damp—a surrounding forest—everything is dreadfully lonely and deserted. It is evening. I am a wanderer who, as it seems, erring, has reached this castle through the forest.[281] An old wooden bridge leads over the pond—the gate is shut.[282] I knock with the door knocker, because it seemed to me as if there was ~~xx~~ light in one of the windows.[283]—I wait—it is raining, and night falls.[284] I wait and knock again. Now I hear steps—someone opens—a man similar to a servant with a harsh face in mediaeval attire[285] opens and asks what I want—I would like lodging for the night. The servant lets me enter—a low dark vestibule, black oak furniture. [120/121] I am led up an old stairway. At the top a higher and wider corridor with whitewashed walls—lined with some chests and deer antlers. I am led into a kind of reception room. It is a simple space with plain upholstered furniture—a hazy dim light of a hanging lamp lights the room only very meagerly. The servant knocks on a side door and then quietly opens it—~~it is~~ I scan it swiftly—it's a scholar's study—with bookshelves on all four walls—a large writing desk, at which an old man sits wearing a long black robe. He is occupied with reading and writing.[286] He beckons me to come in. I enter the room. The air in the room is heavy and the old man seems careworn. He is not without dignity[287] but has that modest-fearful look of scholarly [121/122] men who have long since been squashed to nothing by the abundance of what can be experienced and known.[288] I think, a real scholar who has learned great modesty before the immensity of knowledge and has entirely given himself to the material of science and research, anxiously and equably appraising, as if he personally had to represent the working out of scientific truth.

He greets me embarrassed, as if defensive. I do not wonder about this since I ~~am~~ look like an ordinary person. Only with difficulty can he turn his gaze away from his work and he asks me

absentmindedly what I wish.[289] I repeat my request for lodgings for the night, for a place to sleep.

"So, you want to sleep, then sleep well."

I notice that he is absentminded, and therefore ask [122/123] him to inform the servant to show me a chamber.

"You are demanding—wait—I cannot just drop everything!"

He sinks again into his book. I wait patiently. After a while he looks up astonished: "What do you want here? Oh—forgive me—I totally forgot that you ~~xx~~ are waiting here. I'll call the servant straightaway." The servant comes and leads me to a small chamber on the same floor with bare walls and a large bed with a blue cover.[290] ~~Then~~ He wishes me good night and closes the door.

[291]I undress immediately and go to bed, after I have snuffed out the light with a pointed copper snuffer that lay next to the candle—a tallow candle that seemed unusual.[292] The sheet is uncommonly rough—the pillow hard.

My errant way has led me to a strange place—a small old castle [123/124] whose scholarly owner is apparently spending the evening of his life alone with his books—no one else seems to be living in the house—apart from the servant who lives over there in the gatehouse—an ideal though fairly solitary existence, this life of the old man with his books—I think. The thought that the old man has hidden a beautiful young daughter here, doesn't let go of me—a vulgar idea from a novel—an insipid, worn-out theme—but the romantic can be felt in every limb.—a real novelistic idea—a castle in a forest—solitary—an old man petrified in his books, protecting a costly treasure and enviously hiding it from all the world. What ridiculous thoughts come to me—is it Hell or purgatory that I must also contrive such childish fantasies on my nocturnal wanderings? But I feel impotent to elevate my thoughts[124/125] to something higher or more beautiful—I suppose I must allow these thoughts to come—what good would it do to push them away, they will come again—better to swallow this stale drink than keep it in the mouth.

So what does she look like—this boring heroine of the novel?—Surely blond—pale—water blue eyes—hoping longingly that every

lost wanderer is her savior from the paternal prison—Oh, I know this hackneyed nonsense—I'd rather sleep—why the devil must I plague myself with such empty fantasies?

Sleep does not come. I toss and turn. But sleep still does not come. Must I harbor this unsaved soul in myself? And is it this that will not let me sleep? Have I such a novelistic soul? It is agonizingly ridiculous. Does this bitterest of all drinks never end? It must already be [125/126] midnight—and still no sleep. What in the wide world, then, won't let me sleep? Is it something to do with this chamber? Is the bed bewitched? It's terrible, what sleeplessness can drive a man to—even the most absurd and superstitious mediaeval[293] theories! It seems to be cool, I'm freezing—perhaps that's what keeps me from sleeping—actually it's uncanny here—Heaven knows what goes on here—weren't those steps just now? No, that must have been outside in the corridor—I roll over, firmly closing my eyes—I simply must sleep—wasn't that the door just now?—My God, someone is standing there? Am I seeing straight? A slim girl, pale as death, standing at the door? I cannot speak out of fear and wonder.[294] She's coming nearer—

"Have you come at last?" [126/127] she asks.

Impossible, this is a cruel mistake, the novel shall become real.[295] To what nonsense am I damned? Is it my soul that harbors such novelistic brilliance? Must this, too, happen to me? I am truly in Hell—the worst awakening after death, to be resurrected in a lending library! Have I held the men ~~and~~ of my time and their taste in such contempt that I must live in Hell and write out the novels that I already loathed at the age of 15?[296] Does the lower half of average human taste also claim holiness and invulnerability, so that we might not say any bad word about it without having to atone for the sin[297]?

"Oh, so you too think me common? Do you too let yourself be deluded [127/128] by the wretched delusion that I belong in a novel? You as well, whom I hoped had thrown off appearances and striven after the essence of things?"

Forgive me—but are you real? It's the sorriest likeness to those foolishly threadbare scenes in novels for me to assume that you are not simply some unfortunate product of my sleepless brain. Is my doubt then truly confirmed by a situation that conforms so thoroughly with the type of a sentimental chivalric novel of the worst kind?[298]

"You wretch, how can you doubt my reality?"

She falls to her knees at the foot of my bed, ~~crying~~ sobbing and holding her face in her hands.

My God, in the end is she really real, and do I do her an injustice? My pity awakens. [128/129]

But for Heaven's sake, tell me one thing: Are you real? Though as a reality must I take you seriously?

She weeps and does not answer. Great adventure this![299]

Who are you, then?

"I am the old man's daughter, he holds me here in unbearable captivity, not out of envy or hate, but out of love, since I am his only child and the image of my mother, who died young."

I scratch my head: is this not some hellish banality? Word for word, pulp fiction from the lending library! Oh you Gods, where have you led me! I hoped that this night in the forest might let me glimpse a spark of the light eternal and where did my praying and hoping lead me?![300] It's enough to make one laugh, screaming laughter of mockery.[301] You great ones, you have become beautiful sufferers, tragic shattered persons, but not one [129/130] of you has become an ape. Even in hell you were able to secure grace, this loveliest of mankind's goods.[302] To you the banal and eternally ridiculous, the unutterably hackneyed and emptied out, has been delivered in your uplifted praying hands like a gift of Heaven. Is this my part?[303]

But still she lies there, crying—yet what if she were real? Then she would be worth feeling sorry for, every man would have compassion for her. If she is a decent girl—what must it have cost her to enter into the room of a strange man! How she must have suffered to overcome her shame in this way?

My dear child, I believe you, despite all and everything, that you are real. What can I do for you?

"Finally, finally a word from a human mouth!"

She gets up, her face beaming. [130/131] She is beautiful like an angel.[304] A deep purity rests in her look. She has a soul, beautiful and unworldly, a soul that wants to come into the life of reality, to all reality worthy of pity,[305] that desolates souls, besmirches, rends—and cleanses, cleanses again. Oh this beauty of the soul! When she descends blinded into the bath of filth and after having been utterly lost, she innocently dives upward again through the twilights into the realm of the eternal light[306]—what a spectacle!

"What can you do for me? You have already done much for me. You spoke the redeeming word when you no longer placed the banal between you and me. Know then: I was bewitched by the banal."

Woe is me, you now become very fairy-tale-like.

"Be reasonable, dear friend, and do not stumble now over the fabulous, [131/132] since the fairy tale is the ancestress[307] of the novel, and has even more universal validity than the most-avidly read novel of your time. And you know that what has been on everyone's lips for millennia, though repeated endlessly, still comes nearest the ~~greatest~~ ultimate human truth. So do not let the fabulous come between us."[308]

You are clever and do not seem to have inherited the wisdom of your father. But tell me, what do you think of the divinity, of the so-called ultimate truths? I found it very strange to seek them in banality. According to their nature, they must be quite uncommon. Think only of our great philosophers!

"~~These truths are indeed uncommon~~ The more uncommon these highest truths are, the more inhuman must they be and the less they speak to you as something valuable or meaningful concerning human [132/133] essence and being. Only what is human and what you call banal and hackneyed contains the wisdom that you seek. The ~~banal~~ novelistic and ~~even~~ especially the fabulous does not speak against me ~~and~~ but for me, and proves how universally human I am and how much I too not only need redemption but also deserve it.

For I can live in the world of reality as well or better than many others of my sex."

Strange maiden, you are bewildering—when I saw your father, I hoped he would invite me to a scholarly conversation. He did not, and I was slightly aggrieved at him because of this, since his distracted slackness hurt my dignity. But with you I find it much better. You give me matters to ponder. You are uncommon.

"You are mistaken, I am very common."

I can't believe that. How beautiful [133/134] and worthy of adoration is the expression of your soul in your eyes. Happy and enviable is the man who will free you.

"Do you love me?"

By God, I love you—but—hmm, unfortunately I am already married.

"So you see, even your "banal" reality is a redeemer."

"I thank you, dear friend, and I bring you greetings from Salome."

With these words her shape dissolves into darkness. Dim moonlight penetrates the room. Where she stood something shadowy seems to lie. I jump up—it is a profusion of dark red roses. With tears in my eyes I press them against my lips.[309]

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29. XII. 13.

[310]One must not improve others, it seems. To do things oneself [134/135] in minutest detail, that is what is needful. No longer should it be said, "you should," but rather "I should" if I have not already thought "I will."

What a burden and danger is vanity! There is nothing about which one could not be vain. Nothing is more difficult than to define the limits of vanity. One who creates should be especially wary of success, though needs it.

It is evening—a snow-covered landscape.[311] I am wandering once more. Someone who does not look trustworthy has joined me. Most notably, he has only one eye and a few scars on his face. He is poor and shabbily clothed, a tramp. He has a black stubble beard that has not seen a razor for a long time. Because of the cold he has buttoned up [135/136] his collar and his nose is slightly red.[312] I have a good walking stick for any eventuality.

"It's damned cold," he remarks after a while.

I agree. After a longer pause: "Where are you going?" I

I'm going to the next village, where I plan to stay in the hostel overnight.

"I'd like to do that too, but will hardly manage to get a bed."

Have you no money? Well, let us see. Are you out of work?

"Yes, times are bad. Until a few days ago, I was working for a locksmith. But then he had no more work. Now I'm on the road looking to earn something."[313]

Wouldn't you work for a farmer? There is always a shortage of farm labor?.

["]Working for a farmer doesn't suit me. That means getting up early in the morning, the work is hard and wages are low." [136/137]

But it's always much more beautiful in the country than in a town.

"It's boring in the country. One meets nobody."

Well, but there are also villagers.

["]But there is no mental stimulation. The farmers are like clods."

I look at him astonished: What, he even wants mental stimulation? Better that he honestly earn his keep, and when he has done that he can think of "mental stimulation."

But what kind of mental stimulation is there in the city?"

"You can go to the cinema in the evenings. That's of great interest and it's cheap. You get to see everything that happens in the world.["]

I have to think of Hell, where there are also cinemas for those who despised this institution on earth and did not go there because everyone [137/138] else found it to their taste. Shall even the cinema be a universally valid truth? Oh Salome![314]

What interested you most about the cinema?

"One sees all sorts of stunning feats. There was one man who ran up houses, another carried his own head under his arm. Another even stood in the middle of a fire and wasn't burnt. Yes, it's really remarkable, the things that people can do."

And that's what this fellow calls "mental stimulation"! But wait, that does seem remarkable: didn't Felix and Regula also carry their heads under their arms?[315] Didn't Saint Francis and Saint Ignatius of Loyola levitate and what about the three men in the fiery furnace?[316] Isn't it a blasphemous idea to consider the Acta Sanctorum as historical cinema?[317] Today's miracles are simply somewhat less mythical than technical. I regard my companion with feeling. He lives the history of the world, I think.[318] [138/139]

Certainly, it's very well done. Did you see anything else like this?

"Yes, I saw how the King of Spain was murdered."

Yes, but he wasn't murdered at all.

"Well, that doesn't matter, in that case it was another one of those damned capitalist kings—or emperors. At least they got one of them. If only all of them were taken out, the people would be free."

Not a word more dare I say: *Wilhelm Tell*, a work by Friedrich von Schiller. The man is standing right in the stream of heroic history, one who announces the murder of the tyrant to new peoples.[319]

Conversing that way we have arrived at the inn—a country tavern—a reasonably clean parlor [320]with an unsightly iron oven—a bar or buffet with a pressure tap for beer stands there disturbingly and inappropriately. A few men [139/140] sit with tepid beer in the corner playing cards.[321] I am recognized as a "gentleman" and led into the better corner where a checkered cloth covers the end of a table. The other sits down at the far end of the table, and I decide to have him served a proper evening meal. He is already looking at me full of expectation and hunger—with his one eye.

Where did you lose your eye?

"In a brawl. But I still got my knife into the other fellow pretty nicely. After that he got three months. They gave me six. But it was beautiful in prison. At the time the building was completely new. I worked in the locksmith's and the blacksmith's. There wasn't much to do and yet there was enough to eat. Prison really isn't all that bad."

I look around to make sure that no one is listening to me talking with a former convict. But no one seems to have noticed. I seem [140/141] to have ended up in well-to-do company. Are there also prisons in Hell for those who never saw the inside of one? Incidentally mustn't it be a peculiarly beautiful feeling to hit bottom in reality at least once, where there is no going down any further, but only upward beckons at best? Where for once one stands before the whole height of reality?

"So after that there I was, out on the street, since they banished me. Then I went to France. Though I did not understand the language at first, but nevertheless it worked. And it was lovely."

What demands beauty makes! Something can be learned from this man.

The soup arrives, a thin hot broth, which I spoon down critically. He gulps it down devotedly and soon he has completely emptied an enormous bowl of soup.[322]

Why did you have this brawl?

"It was over a woman. She had a bastard from him but I wanted to marry her. Otherwise she was fine. After that she didn't want to

anymore. I haven't heard from her since." [141/142]

How old are you now?

"I'll be thirty-five in spring. Once I find a proper job we can get married right off. I'll find myself one, I will. There's something wrong with my lungs, though. But that'll soon get ~~a bit~~ better again."

He has a coughing fit. I think that the prospects are not good for a marriage and silently admire the poor devil's unswerving optimism.

After dinner I go to bed in a humble room. I hear how my comrade[323] settles into his lodging for the night next door. He ~~xx~~ coughs several times heftily and dryly. Then it becomes still. I fall asleep.

Suddenly I awaken again at an uncanny moan and gurgle mixed with a half-stifled cough. I listen attentively for a while. No doubt, it is my comrade.[324] It sounds like something dangerous. I jump up and throw something on. I open the door of his room. Moonlight floods it. The man lies still dressed on a sack of straw. [142/143] A dark stream of blood is flowing from his mouth and forming a large puddle on the floor. He moans half choking and coughs out a lot of blood. He wants to get up but sinks back again. I hurry to support him. But I see that the hand of death lies on him. He is sullied with blood twice over. My hands are also covered with it. A final word twists out of his mouth: 'Mother'.[325] Then every stiffness loosens, a gentle shudder passes over his limbs. And then everything is deathly still.

God, where am I? Are there also cases of death in Hell for those who have never thought about death? I look at my ~~bl~~ bloodstained hands. As if I were a murderer or sacrificer. ~~Was~~ Is it not the blood of my brother that sticks to my hands? The moon paints my shadow black on the white chalk walls of the chamber. What am I doing here? Why this horrible drama? I look inquiringly at the moon as the only witness of this scene. [143/144] How does this concern the moon? Has it not already seen worse? Has it not shone into the broken eyes of hundreds of thousands? This is certainly of no avail to its eternal craters—one more or less. Death, does it not uncover the terrible deceit of life? Therefore it is probably all the same to the

moon, whether and how one passes away. Only we kick up a fuss about it—with what right? What did this one do? He worked, laughed, drank, ate, slept, gave his eye for the woman, and for her sake forfeited his good name, furthermore he lived the human myth after a fashion, he admired the wonder-workers, ~~and~~ praised the death of the tyrant, and vaguely dreamed of the freedom of the people. And then—then he died miserably—like everyone else.

That is generally valid. Thanks to you, my soul,[326] I placed myself on the lowest fundament. From here there is no further downward, but only upward.[327]

What shadows over the earth! All [144/145] lights gutter out in final despondency and loneliness. Death has entered, and there is no one left to grieve. This is a final truth and no riddle. The most extreme human truths are no riddles. Why did we think they were riddles?[328] What delusion could make us believe in riddles?

[329]My soul, you are terribly real. You have set me with hard thrust on the sharp stones of misery and death. I grow weak and miserable—my blood, my precious lifeblood trickles away between these stones.

I step clear of this chamber of horror and secretly save my bare life.

My soul, I shudder at you!

I really must be a player at life, who needs to hear such words.

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1. Wednesday. *Liber Primus*, chapter 1, "Refinding the Soul" (*LN*, p. 127).
2. The quotation marks were dropped in *LN*. This affirmation occurs a number of times in Jung's later writings—see, for example, Jane A. Pratt, "Notes on a Talk Given by C.G. Jung: 'Is Analytical Psychology a Religion?,' " *Spring: A Journal of Archetype and Culture* (1972): 148.
3. Friday. The last clause and next sentence were not reproduced in *LN*.
4. The previous sentence was not reproduced in *LN*.
5. The first and second sentence of this paragraph were not reproduced in *LN*. Jung later described his personal transformation at this time as an example of the beginning of the second half of life, which frequently marked a return to the soul, after the goals and ambitions of the first half of life had been achieved (*Symbols of Transformation*, *CW* 5, p. xxvi); see also "The Turning

Point of life" (1930, *CW* 8). For the commentary on this entry, see *LN*, pp. 128ff.

6. Friday. *LN*, chapter 2, "Soul and God," p. 130.
7. *LN* has "through events."
8. The previous sentence was not reproduced in *LN*.
9. This clause and the last two clauses of the previous sentence were not reproduced in *LN*. In the following clause, "my soul" was replaced by "my heart."
10. The second half of this clause was not reproduced in *LN*.
11. The last two sentences were not reproduced in *LN*.
12. *LN* has "many."
13. The last clause and the next two sentences were not reproduced in *LN*.
14. The previous sentence and the last clause of the last sentence were not reproduced in *LN*.
15. The remainder of this paragraph and the next paragraph were not reproduced in *LN*, which instead has "I am ignorant of your mystery" (p. 131).
16. The remainder of this paragraph was not reproduced in *LN*.
17. Horus, the son of Isis and Osiris, is the Egyptian God of the sky. Tages is an Etruscan deity, depicted as a boy with the wisdom of an old man.
18. Dionysus, the son of Zeus and Semele, is the Greek God of the vine. Heracles, the son of Zeus and the mortal Alcmene, is a Greek hero.
19. The first sentence, first clause of the second sentence, and third sentence were not reproduced in *LN*.
20. This appears to be a citation from a German translation of Augustine's *Confessions*, from the last paragraph of Book 6 (*o tortuosas vias!*): "What tortuous paths! How fearful a fate for the rash soul which nursed the hope that after it had departed from you it would find something better!" (trans. Henry Chadwick [Oxford: Oxford University Press, 1991], p. 110).
21. The preceding sentence was not reproduced in *LN*.
22. The preceding sentence was not reproduced in *LN*. This is evidently the following dream, noted in Jung's adolescent diary:

> In the night from 11th to 12th September 99 I suddenly woke up from a dream. It seemed to me as if I was in a dark house, where all kinds of uncanny, ghostly phantoms looked at me. I woke up and discovered that I was awake; I opened up my eyes—completely awake—and saw a faintly illuminated whitish figure beside my bed. The phantom looked like the figure of a very beautiful girl about 10 years old of small stature. The figure hovered, so it seemed, about one meter above the floor. The child had dark loose hair, the face was directed above and sideways, that I could not perceive her physiognomy; a wide, creased, gauze-like garment engulfed her body

in a hanging way. The figure hardly stayed a few seconds. Then it seemed to me as if I saw an old woman of big shape, then again, by a statue of marble of an older age man.

My nerves were not at all overexcited this evening. I cannot think of any physiological or psychological reason.

This vision has appeared again to me the first time for a very long time (*JFA*, pp. 28–29).

23. The preceding sentences of this paragraph were not reproduced in *LN*.
24. For Jung's commentary on this entry, see *LN*, pp. 132ff.
25. Friday. The first four paragraphs and first part of the fifth paragraph weren't reproduced in *LN*.
26. In Jung's account of this dream in *Memories*, he noted, "It was a giant radiolarian, measuring about three feet across. It seemed to me indescribably wonderful that this wonderful creature should be lying undisturbed, in the hidden place, in the clear, deep water" (p. 105).
27. In Jung's account of this dream in *Memories*, he noted that the wood stretched along the Rhine, and that the hill was like a burial mound, and he began to dig in it (p. 104).
28. In *Memories*, the order of these dreams was reversed.
29. In Liber Primus, chapter 3, "On the Service of the Soul," begins here with the lines "On the following night I had to write down all the dreams that I could recollect, true to their wording. The meaning of this act was dark to me. Why all this? Forgive the fuss that that rises in me" (*LN*, p. 137). This seems to refer to the pivotal dreams that Jung recorded in this entry, which he didn't reproduce in *LN*.
30. Instead of this sentence, *LN* has "I saw the things of my soul as small, pitiably small" (p. 138).
31. The last half of this sentence was not reproduced in *LN*.
32. This sentence was not reproduced in *LN*.
33. This clause was not reproduced in *LN*.
34. The preceding two lines and preceding paragraph were not reproduced in *LN*.
35. This sentence was not reproduced in *LN*.
36. This last clause was replaced in *LN* by "should I not do this with you?" (p. 138).
37. The preceding sentences of this paragraph were not reproduced in *LN*.
38. "my soul . . . pitiful doubt" was replaced in *LN* by "my doubt" (p. 138).
39. The following four paragraphs were not reproduced in *LN*.
40. Toni Wolff. See introduction, pp. 26ff.
41. For Jung's subsequent understanding of this dream, see introduction, p. 17.
42. The remainder of this sentence was not reproduced in *LN*.
43. The preceding sentence was not reproduced in *LN*.
44. This sentence was not reproduced in *LN*.

45. The reference is to Nietzsche's *Zarathustra* and to Augustine's *Confessions* (400 ce), a devotional work written when he was forty-five years old, in which he narrates his conversion to Christianity in an autobiographical form (*Confessions*, trans. H. Chadwick [Oxford: Oxford University Press, 1991]). The *Confessions* are addressed to God and recount the years of Augustine's wandering from God and the manner of his return. Echoing this, in these opening sections, Jung addresses his soul and recounts the years of his wandering away from her and the manner of his return. In his published works, Jung frequently cited Augustine, and he referred to his *Confessions* several times in *Transformations and Symbols of the Libido*.
46. The preceding four paragraphs were not reproduced in *LN*.
47. The rest of this entry was not reproduced in *LN*. For Jung's commentary, see *LN*, pp. 139–40.
48. Saturday. *Liber Primus*, chapter 3, "On the Service of the Soul" (*LN*, p. 137). On November 21 Jung had given a presentation to the Zürich Psychoanalytical Society on "Formulations regarding the psychology of the unconscious." The minutes report:

> At first there was a short explanation of the libido concept. Psychological phenomena are manifestations of an energy. In psychology we call this energy libido, and it can roughly be compared to Schopenhauer's will, the platonic eros, the élan vital, or the like. The libido, which does not imply any sexual meaning, is not a power in the old sense, but an imperceptible thought, a numeric factor, which cannot be attributed to ~~the~~ objective reality. The libido concept corresponds to the energetic perception of conservation and transformation of energy sums; yet the equivalent transformation do not *have* to be similar in character, as, for instance, in the old chemistry everything was related to the same phlogiston. It is a similar fallacy to talk of religion as sexuality, because sexual manifestations are replaced by religious ones.
>
> There are different states of energy; first they have to be looked at kinetically. The object is occupied and that way a conditioning influence on the subject is created. But the occupying energy emanates from the subject. That way the outer world obtains a larger emotional value, like extraversion, which is not the same as transference. Next to this there is introversion, where the subjective holds the upper hand. Extraversion and introversion can be conditional, e.g., in the case of conditional extraversion. The occupation of the outer world is only temporary, e.g., the ideological system is supported by reality, but the end goal is of introverse nature; everything goes sub specie of the system.—In the case of conditional introversion the outer realm *dominates*, because the end

goal is extraverted nature; that is why, for instance, the empiricist goes only so far as his experience allows him to.—The normal waking state is of extraverted nature, but it might be a conditional introversion in order to turn toward nature. The sleeping state is entirely introverted.

Even in the case of abnormal fluctuations the energetic interpretation does not assume absolute vacillations. Where there is no manifestation one must assume an inner equivalent. In the case of dementia praecox the patient erects a reality inside; also in the case of melancholy a major part is occupied with the inner equivalent. In the case of the neurotic the unconscious is always occupied with the creation of a new form of adaptation; this might also be the case for the melancholy.

The abnormal extra- and introversion. In the former case absolute valence is bestowed upon reality through an occupying energy that is lost to the subject. The occupation of the subject is practically zero. From that follows an immense lack of balance. The libido moves into the object, subjectivizes and anthropomorphises the object.—The abnormal introversion withdraws energy occupation from the object. Because the contemporary reality function ceases, a former is activated. Infantilisms gain an absolute value. That is the reason for the longing for the childhood land cf. Hölderlin.

In the case of hysteria the hysterical symptoms have to be grasped as reactive attempts o the nervous system. They lend themselves to arouse compassion, e.g., the barking cough in order to fill the inner lack of the hysteric patient. To be bound to bed by symptoms equals a compulsory introversion, i.e., a useful biological reaction. It is a conditional introversion.

In contrast dementia praecox is linked with conditional transference (extraversion). The negativism leads to the exclusion of the conditioning influence of the outer world, the delusional systems serve to establish a connection with reality.

The transference is an involuntary extraversion that exceeds every limit. If it is arbitrary, it can lead to a cultural achievement as it intentionally exceeds the doubt. In the same way the introversion is only pathological at first, but it can also represent an intentional immersion in itself, in order to assert itself anyway. In so far as the introversion is abnormal, i.e., with the loss of the reality function, it is always regressive, i.e., with historical equivalents of reality, passive movement of libido.

Infantile things are the primordial seeds.

This was followed by a lively discussion involving Alphonse Maeder, Franz Riklin, Alexander von Muralt, Oskar Pfister and Hans Schmid.

49. In *LN*, this statement is attributed to the spirit of the depths (p. 140). The rest of this entry was not reproduced in *LN*.
50. These comments were reproduced in *LN* as part of the statement of the spirit of the depths.
51. Wednesday. This entry was not reproduced in *LN*.
52. In *Memories*, Jung noted that the city "reminded me of a particular part of Basel, the Kohlenberg. . . . The city was Basel, and yet it was also an Italian city, something like Bergamo" (p. 188).
53. In 1925 he gave the following interpretation of this dream: "The meaning of the dream lies in the principle of the ancestral figure: not the Austrian officer—obviously he stood for the Freudian theory—but the other, the Crusader, is an archetypal figure, a Christian symbol living from the twelfth century, a symbol that does not really live today, but on the other hand is not wholly dead either. It comes out of the times of Meister Eckhart, the time of the culture of the Knights, when many ideas blossomed, only to be killed again, but they are coming again to life now. However, when I had this dream, I did not know this interpretation" (*Introduction to Jungian Psychology*, p. 42). In *Memories*, Jung commented on this dream in the context of his relation to Freud (pp. 186ff.). He added: "The stories of the Grail had been of the greatest importance to me ever since I read them, at the age of fifteen, for the first time. I had an inkling that a great secret lay hidden behind those stories. Therefore it seemed quite natural to me that the dream should conjure up the world of the Knights of the Grail and their quest—for that was, in the deepest sense, my own world, which had scarcely anything to do with Freud's. My whole being was seeking for something still unknown which might confer meaning upon the banality of life" (p. 189).
54. Jung visited Pompeii in early March 1913, on the way by ship to America. It made a strong impression on him, particularly the frescoes in the Villa of Mysteries. He brought back a number of postcards. In *Memories* he recalled sailing from Genoa to Naples: "As the vessel neared the latitude of Rome, I stood at the railing. Out there lay Rome, the still smoking and fiery hearth from which ancient cultures had spread, enclosed in the tangled rootwork of the Christian and Occidental Middle Ages. There classical antiquity still lived in all its splendor and ruthlessness" (p. 318).
55. Hedwig Sturzenegger, née Bendel (1876–1912), was a first cousin of Emma Jung's. She died of leukemia. In *Memories*, Jung wrote: "I dreamed that my wife's bed was a deep pit with stone walls. It was a grave, and somehow had a suggestion of antiquity about it. Then I heard a deep sigh, as if someone were giving up the ghost. A figure that resembled my wife sat up in the pit and floated upward. She wore a white gown into which curious black symbols were woven. I awoke, roused my wife, and checked the time. It was

three o'clock in the morning. The dream was so curious that I thought at once that it might signify a death. At seven o'clock came the news that a cousin of my wife had died at three o'clock in the morning!" (p. 332).

56. Jung gave two talks in London on "Psychoanalysis": at the Psycho-Medical Society on August 5, 1913 (*CW* 4), and at the 17th International Medical Congress (August 6–12).
57. Bertha Rauschenbach-Schenk (1856–1932) had wide-ranging interests. She regularly hosted musical performances and poetry readings. She had many technical books and was interested in astronomy. She discussed chemistry, physics, and technology with her grandchildren.
58. There was a work with a similar title by Heinrich Hackmann: *Buddhism as a Religion: Its Historical Development and Its Present Conditions* (London: W. C. Probsthain, 1910).
59. Professor Heinrich Bendel (1845–1931) and Anna Barbara Bendel-Rauschenbach (1853–1924) were the parents of Hedwig Sturzenegger-Bendel. Bendel was a specialist in ancient languages in St. Gallen. Bendel-Rauschenbach was well versed in music and literature and was hardworking.
60. The Eschenbach cloister is a women's Cistercian cloister founded in 1285 (see http://www.kloster-eschenbach.ch/).
61. Friday. *Liber Primus*, chapter 4, "The desert" (*LN*, p. 141).
62. This sentence was not reproduced in *LN*.
63. This sentence was not reproduced in *LN*.
64. The preceding seven lines were not reproduced in *LN*.
65. This line was not reproduced in *LN*.
66. This line was not reproduced in *LN*.
67. The preceding three sentences were replaced in *LN* by "But I have avoided the place of my soul" (p. 141).
68. This sentence was not reproduced in *LN*.
69. The last three lines were not reproduced in *LN*.
70. The rest of this sentence was not reproduced in *LN*.
71. The rest of this sentence and the next four lines were not reproduced in *LN*.
72. The rest of this entry was not reproduced in *LN*. For Jung's commentary, see *LN*, p. 142 (from "Through giving my soul . . .").
73. A fata morgana is a mirage seen on the horizon. Named after the Arthurian witch Morgan Le Fay, the illusion was said to be caused by her witchcraft, to lure sailors to their death.
74. Christ was tempted by the devil for forty days in the desert (Luke 4:1–13).
75. Thursday. *Liber Primus*, "Experiences in the Desert" (*LN*, p. 143).
76. The following line and the next two paragraphs were replaced in *LN* by "I recognize that I must be alone with my soul" (p. 143).
77. In *LN* Jung added, "But my soul spoke to me and said," (p. 143).
78. In *LN* Jung added, "My soul answered and said," (p. 144).
79. In *LN* Jung added, "But my soul answered," (p. 144).

80. In *LN* he added, "But the soul answered," (p. 144).
81. The preceding line was not reproduced in *LN*.
82. In *LN* Jung added, "The soul said," (p. 144).
83. The preceding line was not reproduced in *LN*.
84. In *LN* Jung added, "But the soul said," (p. 144).
85. The preceding line was not reproduced in *LN*. It cites Matthew 6:28: "Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin."
86. In "Commentary on *The Secret of the Golden Flower*" (1929), Jung criticized the Western tendency to turn everything into methods and intentions. The cardinal lesson, per the Chinese texts and Meister Eckhart, was that of allowing psychic events to happen of their own accord: "Letting things happen, the action through non-action, the 'letting go of oneself' of Meister Eckhart, became the key for me that succeeded in opening the door to the way: *One must be able to psychically let things happen*" (*CW* 13, § 20).
87. In *LN* Jung added "But my soul said to me," (p. 145).
88. In *LN* he added, "My soul answered," (ibid.).
89. The following line was not reproduced in *LN*. For Jung's commentary on this entry, see *LN*, pp. 145–46.
90. Friday. *Liber Primus*, chapter 5, "Descent into Hell in the Future" (*LN*, pp. 146ff.).
91. Gottfried Keller (1819–1890) was a Swiss writer. See "Der Apotheker von Chamounix: Ein Buch Romanzen," in Gottfried Keller, *Gesammelte Gedichte: Erzählung aus dem Nachlass* (Zürich: Artemis Verlag, 1984), pp. 351–417.
92. The preceding paragraph was not reproduced in *LN*.
93. The preceding two lines were not reproduced in *LN*.
94. The preceding two lines were not reproduced in *LN*.
95. The reference to falling with his soul was not reproduced in *LN*; nor was the expression "journey to hell." Albrecht Dieterich refers to the underworld in Aristophanes's *The Frogs* (which he understood to be of Orphic origin) as having a large lake and a place with serpents (*Nekyia: Beiträge zur Erklärung der neuentdeckten Petrusapokalypse* [Leipzig: Teubner, 1893], p. 71). Jung underlined these motifs in his copy. Dieterich referred to his description again on page 83, which Jung marked in the margin, and he underlined "Darkness and Mud." Dieterich also referred to an Orphic representation of a stream of mud in the underworld (p. 81). In his list of references in the back of his copy, Jung noted, "81 Mud."
96. The last two clauses of this sentence were not reproduced in *LN*. The remainder of this paragraph is largely paraphrased in *LN*.
97. The last four lines were deleted in *LN*.
98. The last three clauses were not reproduced in *LN*.
99. The preceding clause and the previous two lines were not reproduced in *LN*.
100. The preceding two lines were not reproduced in *LN*.

101. The preceding two lines were not reproduced in *LN*.
102. The preceding sentence was not reproduced in *LN*. Jung narrated this episode in his 1925 seminar, stressing different details: "When I came out of the fantasy, I realized that my mechanism had worked wonderfully well, but I was in great confusion as to the meaning of all those things I had seen. The light in the cave from the crystal was, I thought, like the stone of wisdom. The secret murder of the hero I could not understand at all. The beetle of course I knew to be an ancient sun symbol, and the setting sun, the luminous red disk, was archetypal. The serpents I thought might have been connected with Egyptian material. I could not then realize that it was all so archetypal, I need not seek connections. I was able to link the picture up with the sea of blood I had previously fantasized about. / Though I could not then grasp the significance of the hero killed, soon after I had a dream in which Siegfried was killed by myself. It was a case of destroying the hero ideal of my efficiency. This has to be sacrificed in order that a new adaptation can be made; in short, it is connected with the sacrifice of the superior function in order to get at the libido necessary to activate the inferior functions" (*Introduction to Jungian Psychology*, p. 48). (The killing of Siegfried occurs below, in the entry for December 18, 1913). Jung also anonymously cited and discussed this fantasy in his *ETH* lecture on June 14, 1935 (Hannah, *Modern Psychology*, Vols. 1 and 2, p. 223).
103. The preceding line was not reproduced in *LN*.
104. The preceding three lines were not reproduced in *LN*.
105. The preceding sentence was not reproduced in *LN*.
106. The preceding sentence was not reproduced in *LN*.
107. This phrase was not reproduced in *LN*.
108. This expression was replaced in *LN* by "serpent of judgment" (p. 149).
109. The last clause was not reproduced in *LN*.
110. "Your glory" was not reproduced in *LN*.
111. Monday. This entry was not reproduced in *LN*.
112. Tuesday. *Liber Primus*, chapter 6, "Splitting of the Spirits" (*LN*, p. 156).
113. In *Beyond Good and Evil* (1886), Nietzsche writes: "Anyone who fights with monsters should take care that he does not in the process become a monster. And if you gaze for long into an abyss, the abyss gazes back into you" (trans. Marion Faber [Oxford: Oxford University Press, 1998], § 146, p. 68).
114. In *LN*, this statement is attributed to the spirit of the depths (p. 157).
115. The previous two sentences were not reproduced in *LN*.
116. The previous sentence was not reproduced in *LN*.
117. The previous clause was not reproduced in *LN*.
118. The previous sentence was not reproduced in *LN*.
119. Cf. John 18:36: "My kingdom is not of this world."
120. The previous sentence was not reproduced in *LN*.

121. The previous clause was not reproduced in *LN*.
122. The previous sentence was not reproduced in *LN*.
123. The previous sentence was not reproduced in *LN*.
124. The previous sentence was not reproduced in *LN*.
125. The previous clause was not reproduced in *LN*.
126. German: "Hanswurst," a reference to a German comic buffoon character, popular in plays in the eighteenth century. Also used as a term of insult.
127. The previous three lines were not reproduced in *LN*.
128. The remainder of this entry was not reproduced in *LN*. For Jung's commentary on this entry, see *LN*, pp. 159–60.
129. Thursday, *Liber Primus*, chapter 7, "The Murder of the Hero" (*LN* p. 160).
130. The preceding two sentences were replaced in *LN* by "On the following night, however, I had a vision:" (p. 160).
131. The preceding clause was added in pencil.
132. Siegfried is a heroic prince who appears in old German and Norse epics. In the twelfth-century *Nibelungenlied* he is described as follows: "And in what magnificent style Siegfried rode! He bore a great spear, stout of shaft and broad of head; his handsome sword reached down to his spurs; and the fine horn which this lord carried was of the reddest gold" (trans. A. Hatto [London: Penguin, 2004], p. 129). Siegfried's wife, Brunhild, is tricked into revealing the only place where he could be wounded and killed. Wagner reworked these epics in *The Ring of the Nibelung*. In *Transformations and Symbols of the Libido*, Jung presented a psychological interpretation of Siegfried as a symbol of the libido, principally citing Wagner's libretto of *Siegfried* (*CW* B, §§ 568ff.).
133. Siegfried's garments are not mentioned in *LN*.
134. The last clause was added in pencil.
135. The previous two sentences were not reproduced in *LN*.
136. The preceding sentence was added in pencil. Jung recounted this dream in the 1925 seminar, stressing different details. He preceded it with the following remarks: "Siegfried was not an especially sympathetic figure to me, and I don't know why my unconscious got engrossed in him. Wagner's Siegfried, especially, is exaggeratedly extraverted and at times actually ridiculous. I never liked him. Nevertheless the dream showed him to be my hero. I could not understand the strong emotion I had with the dream." After narrating the dream, Jung concluded: "I felt an enormous pity for him [Siegfried], as though I myself had been shot. I must then have had a hero I did not appreciate, and it was my ideal of force and efficiency I had killed. I had killed my intellect, helped on to the deed by a personification of the collective unconscious, the little brown man with me. In other words, I deposed my superior function. . . . The rain that fell is a symbol of the release of tension; that is, the forces of the unconscious are loosed. When this happens, the feeling of relief is engendered. The crime is expiated

because, as soon as the main function is deposed, there is a chance for other sides of the personality to be born into life" (*Introduction to Jungian Psychology*, pp. 61–62). In his later remarks about this dream in *Memories* (p. 204), Jung said that he felt that he would have to kill himself if he could not solve this riddle.

137. In *LN*, this statement was attributed to the spirit of the depths (p. 161).
138. This paragraph was replaced in *LN* by "Then I had a second vision:" (p. 162).
139. Jung recounted this dream to Aniela Jaffé and commented upon it as follows: "This is some kind of in-between realm (the term definitely occurs in the original version of the dream). The idea was that if one is confronted with the shadow—as was the case through the experience of Siegfried's dream—then the idea comes: I enter into a twilight: I am this and yet also something else. And this doubleness presents itself: I plus my aura. Something that I am, and something else, that is distinct from me. It is an indication of the unconscious, which reaches strangely far beyond me. Like a saint's halo.—This has a strange effect on the attitude toward the human being. If one is in the company of several persons, and one knows them and knows about their shadows, one then sees these people as they are, but they are also something entirely different. They are surrounded by a strange sphere. They live in a strange, light-colored sphere, which circumscribes their 'other' state. This seemed to me to like a vision of the world beyond, where men are whole and complete, unlike here. The saint's halo also characterizes his transcendent shining light, his psychic being" (*MP*, p. 170). The remainder of this entry was replaced in *LN* by "I know, I have stridden across the depths. Through guilt I have become a newborn" (p. 162).
140. The previous sentence was not reproduced in *LN*.
141. The previous sentence was not reproduced in *LN*.
142. In October 1916, in a talk to the Psychological Club on "Adaptation," Jung spoke of the importance of guilt: "The first step in individuation is tragic guilt. The accumulation of guilt demands *expiation*" (*CW* 18, § 1094).
143. Saturday. *Liber Primus*, chapter 8, "The Conception of the God" (*LN*, p. 164). The previous evening, Jung gave a presentation to the Zürich Psychoanalytical Society on "The psychology of the unconscious." He discussed the relation to reality of primitives, noting in particular, "The finding of analogies is therefore a very important activity. It suffices to talk the myth in order to reach the effect that the myth describes. The myth was originally a healing formula through the power of the thought. Magic of analogy to reach sublimation."
144. The previous sentence was not reproduced in *LN*.
145. Cf. Matthew 13:31–32: "Another parable put he forth unto them, saying, The kingdom of heaven is like to a grain of mustard seed, which a man took, and sowed in his field: / Which indeed is the least of all seeds: but when it is

grown, it is the greatest among herbs, and becometh a tree, so that the birds of the air come and lodge in the branches thereof."

146. "with . . . history" was replaced in *LN* by "to whom the earth was subject" (p. 164).
147. These lines were introduced in *LN* by "As I spoke thus, the spirit of the depths suddenly erupted. He filled me with intoxication and mist and spoke these words with a powerful voice:" (p. 165).
148. Cf. Psalms 51:5: "Behold, I was shapen in iniquity and in sin did my mother conceive me." *LN* instead has "In pain will you conceive and joyful is your birth" (p. 165).
149. The remainder of this paragraph and the next three paragraphs were not reproduced in *LN*.
150. In Mark 16:17, Christ says that those who believe shall speak with new tongues. The issue of speaking in tongues is discussed in 1 Corinthians 14 and is central in the Pentecostal movement.
151. The following paragraph was not reproduced in *LN*.
152. The theme of self-overcoming is an important one in the work of Nietzsche. In *Thus Spoke Zarathustra*, he writes: "I teach you the Superman. Man is something that should be overcome. What have you done to overcome him? All creatures hitherto have created something beyond themselves: <u>and do you want to be the ebb of this great tide, and return to the animals rather than overcome man?"</u> ("Zarathustra's Prologue 3," p. 41; underlined as in Jung's copy). For Jung's discussion of this theme in Nietzsche, see *ZS*, vol. 2, pp. 1502–08).
153. Judas betrayed Christ for thirty pieces of silver (Matthew 26:14–16).
154. The following paragraph was not reproduced in *LN*.
155. Sunday. *Liber Primus*, chapter 9, "Mysterium. Encounter" (*LN*, p. 174).
156. The preceding was replaced in *LN* by "On the night when I considered the essence of the God, I became aware of an image."
157. The physical description was not reproduced in *LN*.
158. The preceding clause was not reproduced in *LN*.
159. In *LN*, the old man waves to him and he follows him into the house (p. 174).
160. The following sentence and first clause of the next sentence were not reproduced in *LN*.
161. The next two clauses were not reproduced in *LN*.
162. In place of the remainder of the paragraph, *LN* has: "Suddenly a door opens on the right, onto a garden full of bright sunshine. We step outside and the old man says to me:" (p. 174).
163. *LN* instead has "Do you know where you are?" (ibid.).
164. Elijah was one of the prophets of the Old Testament. He first appears in 1 Kings 17, bearing a message from God to Ahab, the king of Israel. In 1953, the Carmelite Père Bruno wrote to Jung asking how one established the

existence of an archetype. Jung replied by taking Elijah as an example, describing him as a highly mythical personage, which did not prevent him from probably being a historical figure. Drawing together descriptions of him throughout history, Jung described him as a "living archetype" who represented the collective unconscious and the self. He noted that such a constellated archetype gave rise to new forms of assimilation and represented a compensation on the part of the unconscious (*CW* 18, §§ 1518–31).

165. Salome was the daughter of Herodias and the stepdaughter of King Herod. In Matthew 14 and Mark 6, John the Baptist tells King Herod that it is unlawful for him to be married to his brother's wife, and Herod puts him in prison. Salome (who is not named but simply called the daughter of Herodias) dances before Herod on his birthday, and he promises to give her anything she wishes for. She requests the head of John the Baptist, who is then beheaded. In the late nineteenth century, the figure of Salome fascinated painters and writers, including Guillaume Apollinaire, Gustave Flaubert, Stéphane Mallarmé, Gustave Moreau, Oscar Wilde, and Franz von Stuck, featuring in many works. See Bram Dijkstra, *Idols of Perversity: Fantasies of Feminine Evil in Fin-de-Siècle Culture* (New York: Oxford University Press, 1986), pp. 379–98.
166. The first two and final clauses of this sentence were not reproduced in *LN* (p. 175).
167. This sentence was not reproduced in *LN*.
168. This sentence was not reproduced in *LN*.
169. This sentence was not reproduced in *LN*.
170. This paragraph was not reproduced in *LN* (p. 176).
171. In place of "perverse," *LN* has "criminal" (ibid.).
172. The preceding sentence was not reproduced in *LN*.
173. This adjective was not reproduced in *LN*.
174. In place of this paragraph, *LN* has "We are real and not symbols" (p. 176).
175. Only Elijah is mentioned here in *LN*.
176. The last two sentences were not reproduced in *LN*.
177. The last two sentences were not reproduced in *LN*.
178. That is, the head of John the Baptist.
179. The previous two clauses were not reproduced in *LN*.
180. The preceding sentence was not reproduced in *LN*.
181. In *LN* the voice was identified as the spirit of the depths (p. 177).
182. For Jung's commentary on this entry, see *LN*, pp. 178–83. In the 1925 seminar, Jung recounted: "I used the same technique of the descent, but this time I went much deeper. The first time I should say I reached a depth of about one thousand feet, but this time it was a cosmic depth. It was like going to the moon, or like the feeling of a descent into empty space. First the picture was of a crater, or a ring-chain of mountains, and my feeling

association was that of one dead, as if oneself were a victim. It was the mood of the land of the hereafter. I could see two people, an old man with a white beard and a young girl who was very beautiful. I assumed them to be real and listened to what they were saying. The old man said he was Elijah and I was quite shocked, but she was even more upsetting because she was Salome. I said to myself that there was a queer mixture: Salome and Elijah, but Elijah assured me that he and Salome had been together since eternity. This also upset me. With them was a black serpent who had an affinity for me. I stuck to Elijah as being the most reasonable of the lot, for he seemed to have a mind. I was exceedingly doubtful about Salome. We had a long conversation but I did not understand it. Of course I thought of the fact of my father being a clergyman as being the explanation of my having figures like this. How about this old man then? Salome was not to be touched upon. It was only much later that I found her association with Elijah quite natural. Whenever you take journeys like this you find a young girl with an old man" (*Introduction to Jungian Psychology*, pp. 680–89). Jung then refers to examples of this pattern in the work of Herman Melville, Gustav Meyrink, and Rider Haggard, in the Gnostic legend of Simon Magus (see *Book* 6, p. 217, n. 214), in Kundry and Klingsor from Wagner's *Parsifal* (see *Book* 4, pp. 218ff.), and in Francesco Colonna's *Hypnerotomachia*. In *Memories*, he noted: "In myths the snake is a frequent counterpart of the hero. There are numerous accounts of their affinity. . . . Therefore the presence of the snake was an indication of a hero-myth" (p. 206). Of Salome, he said: "Salome is an anima figure. She is blind because she does not see the meaning of things. Elijah is the figure of the wise old prophet and represents the factor of intelligence and knowledge; Salome, the erotic element. One might say that the two figures are personifications of Logos and Eros. But such a definition would be excessively intellectual. It is more meaningful to let the figures be what they were for me at that time—namely, events and experiences" (*Introduction to Jungian Psychology*, pp. 96–97). In 1955–56, Jung wrote: "For purely psychological reasons I have elsewhere attempted to equate the masculine consciousness with the concept of *Logos* and the feminine with that of *Eros*. By Logos I meant discrimination, judgment, insight, and by Eros I meant the placing into relation" (*Mysterium Coniunctionis*, *CW* 14, § 224). On Jung's reading of Elijah and Salome in terms of Logos and Eros, respectively, see *LN, A*ppendix B, "Commentaries" (pp. 562ff.).

183. Monday. The following are the minutes for Jung's December 19, 1913, talk on "The psychology of the unconscious" to the Zürich Psychoanalytical Society:

> For the primitives there exists an intimate relationship with reality, which leads to a big specification of perception, which expresses itself in language through the absence of universal concepts. This intensive

connection with reality appears to us as concretism. E.g., the man has killed a rabbit is expressed through: he, one, animated, arrow etc. shot rabbit. Hence, instead of the concept man a specific image.—There is not a simple plural, but e.g., in Guinea a Dualis, Trialis, Quadralis. The original numerical value is obviously not arithmetic, but mystical, it is a character of quality.

This way an immense complication of language emerges. There must always be e.g. for animals the following information: position in space, distance, direction; e.g., "table" needs the addition of: not animated, upright, wooden; e.g., I eat bread = I am breading or something similar depending on the type of food.

This concretism hinders the emergence of abstract concepts for a long time. Shock is in negro language: coronary artery in the stomach tears. Anger: the human's aching stomach. Time: walking sun. Milk: the hunter does not eat. Scorpion: man watches and cries. Tarantula: bites man, he goes home and tells.

Here we can already see the interference of the subjective observer in the objective. In the further development this leads to the primitive's ability to add qualities to things against all the experience and to give random meanings to symbols. E.g., the corn is a stag, equally the stag is a feather or clouds, cotton etc. are feathers. The inner psychological value has the same meaning as objective in reality. E.g., each disease, according to a primitive language, is an unfulfilled desire of the soul.—Only through participation mystique something becomes effective. E.g., venom does not kill in itself, but only the venom that is bewitched.—A psychological system is forced upon the things. For the Chinese the death statue of the husband is still able to impregnate.

Hence the enormous importance of dreams, and there is no difference between dream and experience; the origin in the subjective prevails over the object. There are causal effects. Everything can be understood as a consequence of thinking, which falls together with the deed. If one would only act, nothing would be done. That is why the ceremonies have to be done in a correct way. Thus they are full of hallucination. The inner world imposes itself the same way as the external world; hence effects on nature through words: e.g., not: the sun shines and lets grow, but: our father thinks.

Finding analogies is therefore a highly important activity. It is sufficient to tell the myth and the effect told by the myth will take place. The myth was originally a healing formula through the power of the mind. Magic of analogies to reach sublimation.

It follows from that: the primitive mind knows two mental activities: concrete rendering of reality, 2. psychic interior world

imposes itself on reality. The aim is: to put the spiritual over concrete things. To let oneself be killed for faith, i.e., to emphasize the importance of the spirit.

184. The following four paragraphs were not reproduced in *LN*.
185. Cf. William Blake: "To see a World in a Grain of Sand / And a Heaven in a Wild Flower, / Hold Infinity in the palm of your hand / And Eternity in an hour" (*Auguries of Innocence*).
186. *Liber Primus*, chapter 10, "Instruction" (*LN*, pp. 184ff.). *LN* has in addition: "On the following night, I was led to a second image" (p. 184).
187. Instead of the preceding sentence, *LN* has "Before me I see the house with columns" (ibid.).
188. The preceding sentence was not reproduced in *LN*.
189. The details of Salome's dress were not given in *LN*.
190. The preceding two clauses were not reproduced in *LN*.
191. *LN* continues: "overwhelmed by uncertainty and ambiguity" (p. 185).
192. This paragraph was not reproduced in *LN*.
193. Elijah's tone is not described in *LN*.
194. The preceding paragraph was not reproduced in *LN*.
195. The last sentence was not reproduced in *LN*.
196. The last three sentences were not reproduced in *LN*.
197. In *LN*, Peter is described as "in admiration" (p. 184).
198. The audience is not mentioned in *LN*. The pope was Pius X (1835–1914).
199. *LN* instead has "Goddess" (p. 184).
200. The remainder of this paragraph was not reproduced in *LN*.
201. Michelangelo's *Moses* is in the church of San Pietro in Vincoli in Rome. It was the subject of a study by Freud that was published in 1914 (*The Standard Edition of the Complete Psychological Works of Sigmund Freud*, ed. James Strachey in collaboration with Anna Freud, assisted by Alix Strachey and Alan Tyson, trans. J. Strachey, 24 vols., vol. 13 [London: The Hogarth Press and the Institute of Psychoanalysis, 1953–1974]). The third-person pronoun "it" identifies Salome with Kali, whose many hands wring each other. In a commentary in layer two of the *Corrected Draft*, Jung noted, "In that I receive the idea and represent it in the manner of Buddha, my pleasure is like the Indian Kali, since she is Buddha's other side. Kali, however, is Salome and Salome is my soul" (p. 109).
202. The preceding sentence was not reproduced in *LN*.
203. The preceding sentence was not reproduced in *LN*.
204. In *LN*, the last half of this sentence is "and whose meaning is dark to me" (p. 185).
205. The preceding sentence was not reproduced in *LN*.
206. Jung mentioned this conversation in the 1925 seminar and commented: "Only then I learned psychological objectivity. Only then could I say to a patient, 'Be quiet, something is happening.' There *are* such things as mice in

a house. You cannot say you are wrong when you have a thought. For the understanding of the unconscious we must see our thoughts as events, as phenomena" (*Introduction to Jungian Psychology*, p. 103).

207. The preceding sentence was not reproduced in *LN*.
208. *LN* has "than world" (p. 186).
209. *LN* instead has "Do you say to your human world and every being outside of you: you are I?" (p. 186).
210. This adjective was not reproduced in *LN*.
211. The names of Salome and Elijah were not reproduced here in *LN*.
212. The preceding sentence was not reproduced in *LN*.
213. The preceding sentence was not reproduced in *LN*.
214. *LN* has "real?" (p. 187).
215. *LN* has "real" (ibid.).
216. *LN* instead has: "As I step into the hall, I see a powerful lion going before me. Outside, it is a wide cold starry night" (p. 187). The rest of this entry was not reproduced in *LN*. For Jung's commentary on the entry, see *LN*, pp. 187–93.
217. Thursday.
218. The preceding two paragraphs were replaced in *LN* by "On the third night, deep longing to continue experiencing the mysteries seized me. The struggle between doubt and desire was great in me" (p. 194).
219. *Liber Primus*, chapter 9, "Resolution," *LN*, pp. 194ff.
220. The preceding sentence was not reproduced in *LN*.
221. In the 1925 seminar, Jung said: "A few evenings later, I felt that things should continue, so again I tried to follow the same procedure, but *it* would not descend. I remained on the surface. Then I realized that I had a conflict in myself about going down, but I could not make out what it was, I only felt that two dark principles were fighting each other, two serpents" (*Introduction to Jungian Psychology*, p. 104). He then recounted the fantasy that ensued. There is no mention of the crown in *LN*.
222. The preceding sentence was not reproduced in *LN*.
223. The serpents are just described as black and white, respectively, in *LN*.
224. The preceding sentence was not reproduced in *LN*.
225. In the 1925 seminar, Jung interpreted this episode as follows: "the fight of the two snakes: the white means a movement into the day, the black into the kingdom of darkness, with moral aspects too. There was a real conflict in me, a resistance to going down. My stronger tendency was to go up. Because I had been so impressed the day before with the cruelty of the place I had seen, I really had a tendency to find a way to the conscious by going up, as I did on the mountain. . . . Elijah said that it was just the same below or above. Compare Dante's *Inferno*. The Gnostics express this same idea in the symbol of the reversed cones. Thus the mountain and the crater are similar. There was nothing of conscious structure in these fantasies, they

were just events that happened. So I assume that Dante got his ideas from the same archetypes" (*Introduction to Jungian Psychology*, pp. 104–5). McGuire suggests that Jung is referring to Dante's conception "of the conical form of the cavity of Hell, with its circles, mirroring in reverse the form of Heaven, with its spheres" (ibid.). In *Aion*, Jung also noted that serpents were a typical pair of opposites, and that the conflict between serpents was a motif found in medieval alchemy (*CW* 9, pt. 2, § 181).

226. The preceding and next sentences were not reproduced in *LN*.
227. This adjective was not reproduced in *LN*. In the 1925 seminar, Jung added: "I thought, 'Ha, this is a Druidic sacred place' " (*Introduction to Jungian Psychology*, pp. 104, 96).
228. In *LN* "like an altar" was added (p. 195).
229. The last phrase was not reproduced in *LN*.
230. In Wagner's *Ring of the Nibelung*, the Nibelung dwarf Mime is the brother of Alberich and a master craftsman. Alberich stole the Rhinegold from the Rhinemaidens; through renouncing love, he was able to forge a ring out of it that conferred limitless power. In *Siegfried*, Mime, who lives in a cave, brings up Siegfried so that he will kill Fafner the giant, who has transformed into a dragon and now has the ring. Siegfried slays Fafner with the invincible sword that Mime has fashioned, and kills Mime, who had intended to kill him after he had recovered the ring.
231. The remainder of this paragraph was not reproduced in *LN*.
232. The preceding three lines were not reproduced in *LN*.
233. The preceding three lines were not reproduced in *LN*.
234. The preceding line was not reproduced in *LN*.
235. The preceding clause was not reproduced in *LN*.
236. The last clause and the next three sentences were not reproduced in *LN*.
237. The preceding sentence was not reproduced in *LN*.
238. The preceding clause was not reproduced in *LN*.
239. In his interview with Gene Nameche, Hermann Mueller, Jung's driver and handyman, narrates a conversation with Jung that appears to be linked to this episode: "Once he told me a dream he had. He said he had dreamed about a 'Bund-Schuh' and asked whether I knew what it was. Then I told him it was the opposite of a 'Schnallen-Schuh.' (That was during the Peasant-Wars, after, or more correctly because of, Luther). That was the only time he told me a dream. In any case, he asked me; I don't know why. The 'Bund-Schuh' was one of the parties in the Peasant-War. The 'Schnallen-Schuh' were the noblemen, and the poor people were the 'Bund-Schuh' " (Jung Biographical Archive, *CLM*, p. 95.)
240. The preceding three clauses and the next paragraph were not reproduced in *LN*.
241. The preceding sentence was not reproduced in *LN*.
242. The preceding sentence was not reproduced in *LN*.

243. The preceding sentence was not reproduced in *LN*.
244. The preceding sentence was not reproduced in *LN*.
245. In the 1925 seminar, Jung recounted that after Salome's declaration that he was Christ: "In spite of my objections she maintained this. I said, 'this is madness,' and became filled with skeptical resistance" (*Introduction to Jungian Psychology*, p. 104). He interpreted this event as follows: "Salome's approach and her worshiping of me is obviously that side of the inferior function which is surrounded by an aura of evil. One is assailed by the fear that perhaps this is madness. This is how madness begins, this *is* madness. . . . You cannot get conscious of these unconscious facts without giving yourself to them. If you can overcome your fear of the unconscious and can let yourself go down, then these facts take on a life of their own. You can be gripped by these ideas so much that you really go mad, or nearly so. These images have so much reality that they recommend themselves, and such extraordinary meaning that one is caught. They form part of the ancient mysteries; in fact it is such fantasies that made the mysteries. Compare the mysteries of Isis as told in Apuleius, with the initiation and deification of the initiate. . . . One gets a peculiar feeling from being put through such an initiation. The important part that led up to the deification was the snake's encoiling of me. Salome's performance was deification. The animal face which I felt mine transformed into was the famous [Deus] Leontocephalus of the Mithraic mysteries, the figure which is represented with a snake coiled around the man, the snake's head resting on the man's head, and the face of the man that of a lion. . . . In this deification mystery you make yourself into the vessel, and are a vessel of creation in which the opposites reconcile." He added, "All this is Mithraic symbolism from beginning to end" (ibid., pp. 105–8). In the *Golden Ass*, Lucian undergoes an initiation into the mysteries of Isis. The significance of this episode is that it is the only direct description of such an initiation that has survived. Of the event itself, Lucian says: "*I approached the very gates of death and set foot on Prosperine's threshold, yet was permitted to return, rapt through all the elements. At midnight I saw the sun shining as if it were noon; I entered the presence of the gods of the under-world and the gods of the upper-world, stood near and worshiped them*." After this, he was presented on a pulpit in the temple in front of a crowd. He wore garments that included designs of serpents and winged lions, held a torch, and wore "a palm tree chaplet with its leaves sticking all out like rays of light" (*The Golden Ass*, trans. Robert Graves [Harmondsworth: Penguin, 1984], p. 241). Jung's copy of a German translation of this work has a line in the margin by this passage.
246. The preceding sentence was not reproduced in *LN*.
247. The preceding clause was not reproduced in *LN*.
248. "like one who has no part in the glory of the mystery" was added in *LN* (p. 198).

249. In "On the Psychological Aspects of the Figure of the Kore" (1941), Jung described these episodes as follows: "In an underground house, actually in the underworld, there lives an old magician and prophet with his 'daughter.' She is, however, not really his daughter; she is a dancer, a very loose person, but is blind and seeks healing" (*CW* 9, pt. 1, § 360). This description of Elijah connects him with the later description of Philemon. Jung noted that this "shows the unknown woman as a mythological figure in the beyond (that means in the unconscious). She is *soror* or *filia mystica* of a hierophant or 'philosopher,' evidently a parallel to those mystic syzigies which are to be met with in the figures of Simon Magus and Helen, Zosimus and Theosebia, Comarius and Cleopatra, etc. Our dream-figure fits in best with Helen" (ibid., § 372). For Jung's commentary on this entry, see *LN*, pp. 198–207.
250. The preceding paragraph was not reproduced in *LN*. This section marks the end of the entries that were compiled in what became the basis of *Liber Primus*.
251. Friday.
252. Dante, *The Divine Comedy*, trans. C. H. Sisson (Manchester, UK: Carcanet, 1980), pp. 259, 265. Jung cited the German translation by Rudolf Pfleiderer. He possessed a two-volume edition (Stuttgart: Verlag von Karl Keim, 1871–72).
253. *Liber Secundus*, chapter 1, "The Red One" (*LN*, pp. 212ff.). In place of this paragraph, *LN* has: "The door of the Mysterium has closed behind me. I feel that my will is paralyzed and that the spirit of the depths possesses me. I know nothing about a way. I can therefore neither want this nor that, since nothing indicates to me whether I want this or that. I wait, without knowing what I'm waiting for. But already in the following night I felt that I had reached a solid point" (p. 212).
254. The preceding three sentences were not reproduced in *LN*, which adds: "The air tells me so: I am far back in time" (ibid.).
255. The reference to the "red knight" was not in *LN*. It is possibly an allusion to the red knight in the Grail legend, the arch-enemy of Arthur, who was slain by Perceval. In their study of the Grail legend, Emma Jung and Marie-Louise von Franz interpreted this figure as Perceval's "shadow" and as the "first manifestation of [his] future inner wholeness" (*The Grail Legend*, trans. Andrea Dykes [Princeton: Princeton University Press, 1998], pp. 56–57).
256. The preceding clause was not reproduced in *LN*.
257. The remainder of this paragraph was not reproduced in *LN*.
258. The previous clause was not reproduced in *LN*.
259. The preceding sentence was not reproduced in *LN*.
260. Salerno is a town in southwest Italy, founded by the Romans. Jung may have been referring to the Academia Segreta, which was established in the 1540s and promoted alchemy.
261. This word was not reproduced in *LN*.

262. The Sophists were Greek philosophers in the fifth and fourth centuries BCE, centered in Athens. Plato's attack on them in the *Protagoras* gave rise to the modern use of the term "sophist," with its negative connotations: one who plays with words.
263. The preceding sentence was not reproduced in *LN*.
264. The preceding clause was not reproduced in *LN*.
265. Jung did not reproduce this word in *LN*.
266. *LN* instead has "accuse anyone of Jew hating who does not have a completely favorable judgment," and "while they themselves make the bloodiest jokes about their own kind" is added (p. 216).
267. "In the presence of the Christian" was not reproduced in *LN*.
268. In *LN* the last clause was replaced by "and yet do not want to admit it, they are extremely sensitive to criticism" (p. 216).
269. In place of the preceding clause, *LN* has "that Christianity left no mark on the souls of men?" (ibid.).
270. "this struggle" was not reproduced in *LN*.
271. The preceding sentence was not reproduced in *LN*. Cf. Matthew 25:24: "Then he which had received the one talent came and said, Lord, I knew thee that thou art an hard man, reaping where thou hast not sown, and gathering where thou hast not strawed."
272. The preceding sentence was not reproduced in *LN*.
273. "and sullen" was added in *LN*.
274. This word was not reproduced in *LN*.
275. The preceding sentence was not reproduced in *LN*.
276. Cf. Schiller, "Ode to Joy." Jung cited this poem as an example of Dionysian expansion (*Psychological Types*, *CW* 6, § 234).
277. The remainder of this entry was not reproduced in *LN*. For Jung's commentary on the entry, see *LN*, pp. 217–19.
278. For Jung's commentary on this entry, see *LN*, pp. 217–20.
279. Sunday. The first section of this entry was not reproduced in *LN*.
280. *Liber Secundus*, chapter 2, "The Castle in the Forest" (*LN*, p. 220). The following was added in *LN*: "In the second night thereafter, I am walking alone in a dark forest and I notice that I have lost my way. I am on a dark cart track and stumble through the darkness."
281. The preceding sentence was not reproduced in *LN*. Dante's *Inferno* begins with the poet getting lost in a dark wood. There is a slip of paper in Jung's copy by this page.
282. "I think it would be good to ask here for the night's lodgings" was added in *LN* (p. 220).
283. The preceding clause was not reproduced in *LN*.
284. The preceding clause was not reproduced in *LN*.
285. *LN* instead has "in an old fashioned garment."
286. The preceding sentence was not reproduced in *LN*.

287. The following was added in *LN*: "—he seems to be one of those who have as much dignity as one can be granted" (p. 220).
288. This phrase was replace in *LN* by "the abundance of knowledge" (ibid.).
289. The last clause was not reproduced in *LN*.
290. The bedcover was not mentioned in *LN*.
291. *LN* adds, "As I am tired," (p. 221).
292. The candle snuffer was not mentioned in *LN*.
293. This word was not reproduced in *LN*.
294. This phrase was replaced in *LN* by "For Heaven's sake, what is this?" (p. 221).
295. Added in *LN*: "Does it want to grow into some silly ghost story?" (ibid.)
296. In *LN* the last clause was replaced by "that I have already spat on long ago" (ibid.).
297. *LN* adds: "in Hell" (ibid.)
298. Instead of this expression, *LN* has "sentimental romance" (p. 223).
299. The preceding sentence was not reproduced in *LN*.
300. The preceding sentence was not reproduced in *LN*.
301. This phrase was replaced in *LN* by "it's enough to make one weep" (p. 223).
302. The preceding sentence was not reproduced in *LN*.
303. The preceding sentence was not reproduced in *LN*.
304. The last clause of this sentence was not reproduced in *LN*.
305. The last part of this sentence was replaced in *LN* by "to the bath of filth and the well of health" (p. 223).
306. The preceding part of this sentence was replaced in *LN* by "to see it climb down into the underworld of reality" (p. 224).
307. This word was replaced in *LN* by "grandmother" (ibid.).
308. In his 1908 "Wish Fulfilment and Symbolism in Fairy Tales" (*Psychoanalytic Review* 1 [1913]: 95, trans. W. A. White), Jung's colleague Franz Riklin argued that fairy tales were the spontaneous inventions of the primitive human soul and reflected the general tendency toward wish fulfilment. In *Transformations and Symbols of the Libido*, Jung viewed fairy tales and myths alike as representing primordial images. In his later work—for instance, in "On the Archetypes of the Collective Unconscious" (*CW* 9, pt. 1, § 6)—he viewed them as expressions of archetypes. Jung's pupil Marie-Louise von Franz developed the psychological interpretation of fairy tales in a series of works. See her *The Interpretation of Fairy Tales* (Boston: Shambhala, 1996).
309. The preceding sentence was not reproduced in *LN*. In "On the Psychological Aspects of the Figure of the Kore," Jung described this episode as follows: "A lonely house in a wood, where an old scholar is living. Suddenly his daughter appears, a kind of ghost, complaining that people always only consider her as a fantasy" (*CW* 9, pt. 1, § 361). Jung commented (following his remarks concerning the Elijah and Salome episode above, n. 249), "Dream iii.

presents the same theme, but on a more fairytale-like plane. The anima is here characterized as a ghostly being" (*CW* 9, pt. 1, § 373). For Jung's commentary on this entry, see *LN*, pp. 225–34.

310. Monday. *Liber Secundus*, chapter 3, "One of the Lowly" (*LN*, pp. 232ff.). The following two paragraphs were not reproduced in *LN*.
311. In *LN*, Jung added to this description "in a homely" and the following sentence: "A gray evening sky covers the sun. The air is moist and frosty" (p. 232).
312. The preceding line was not reproduced in *LN*.
313. *LN* instead has "Now I'm traveling and looking for work" (p. 233).
314. The preceding two sentences were not reproduced in *LN*.
315. The emblem of the city of Zürich bears this motif, showing the late third-century martyrs Felix, Regula, and Exuperantius.
316. This appears to be a reference to Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego (Daniel 3), whom Nebuchadnezzar orders to be placed into a furnace for refusing to worship the golden idol that he has erected. They are unscathed by the fire, which leads Nebuchadnezzar to decree that he will cut up anyone who henceforth speaks against their God.
317. The *Acta Sanctorum* is a collection of the lives and legends of the saints arranged according to their feast days. Published by Jesuits in Belgium known as the Bollandist Fathers, it began in 1643 and ran to sixty-three folio volumes.
318. Instead of the last clause, *LN* has "and I?" (p. 234).
319. In *Wilhelm Tell* (1805), Schiller dramatized the revolt of the Swiss cantons against the rule of the Austrian Habsburg Empire at the beginning of the fourteenth century, which led to the founding of the Swiss confederation. In act four, scene three, Wilhelm Tell kills Gessler, the imperial representative. Stüssi, the ranger, announces, "The tyrant of the land is dead. From now henceforth we suffer no oppression. We are free men" (trans. W. Mainland [Chicago: University of Chicago Press, 1973], p. 119).
320. The remainder of this sentence was not reproduced in *LN*.
321. The last clause was not reproduced in *LN*.
322. This paragraph was not reproduced in *LN*.
323. *LN* instead has "the other" (p. 235).
324. *LN* has "him" rather than "my comrade" (p. 235).
325. The preceding sentence was replaced in *LN* by "A rattling sigh escapes him" (p. 236).
326. The preceding two clauses were not reproduced in *LN*.
327. The preceding sentence was not reproduced in *LN*.
328. The preceding two sentences were not reproduced in *LN*.
329. The remainder of this entry was not reproduced in *LN*. For Jung's commentary on the entry, see *LN*, pp. 236–40.

C·G· JUNG

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III

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Allerhand Dinge führen mich so weit weg von meiner Wirksamkeit, der ich früher meine Gesundheit durchaus wollte ich der Menschheit dienen, und jetzt, meine Seele führst Du auch zu diesen neuen Dingen. Ja, es ist die Zwischenwelt, die wegelose, vielfach schillernde. Ich vergas, ich bin in einer neuen Welt angelangt, die nur Feind war zuvor. Ich sehe nicht Weg noch Steg. Ihr hat es wahr zu werden, was ich von der Seele glaubte, daß sie sicherlich ihren eigenen Weg besser wisse, und daß keine Absicht ihr einen besseren Weg vorschreiben könne. Ich fühle, daß der Wirklichkeit ein großes Stück abgebrochen wird. Es muss wohl sein, um der Seele und ihres Lebens willen. Trotzdem ich um der Gedanke, daß dies alles für mich geschehen hat und daß vielleicht niemand Recht ehrt, was ich empfindlich gegenüber kann. Aber meine Seele verlangt die Leistung. Ich solle auch für mich allein thun können ohne Haftung – um Gottes willen. Fürwahr ein harter Weg. Jedoch jene Anachoreten der ersten christlichen Jahrhunderte – was thaten sie Anderes? Und waren es etwa die schlechtesten oder Unfähigsten der damals lebenden Menschen? Wohl kaum, denn es waren die, welche die unerbittliche Consequenz aus der Psychologischen Nothwendigkeit ihrer Zeit zogen. Es verbissen Weib und Kind

Reichthum, Ruhm und – Wissenschaft und zwar hier nicht in der Wüste – um Gottes Willen. So sei es.

Die Wüste – gelber Sand ringsum, in Wellengekräuselt – eine prachtklar jähe Sonne, – der Himmel stahlblau – die Luft flimmernd über der Erde – Rechts ein tiefeingeschnittenes felsiges Flusstheil – mit ausgetrocknetem Bett – ein paar matte Gräser und einige stachlige Dornbüsche. Im Sande sehe ich Spuren nackter Füsse, die vom Felsthal kommen auf die Hochebene. Ich folge ihnen, sie führen mich nach links einer hohen Sand-Düne entlang. Wo sie abfällt, wenden sich die Spuren nach rechts – sie scheinen frisch gewesen – dazwischen sind ältere halbverwischte Spuren. Ich verfolge sie aufmerksam. Sie gehen immer nach rechts, offenbar dem ~~Fuss~~ Abhang der Düne entlang. Nun wenden sie sich nochmals nach Rechts, und münden in eine andere Spur ein – es ist dieselbe Spur, der ich schon folgte, die aus dem Felsenthal heraufführt. Ich folge erstaunt den Spuren nun abwärts. Bald gelange ich an die hinteren röthlichen, merkwürdig vom Wind zerfressenen Felsen. Auf diesen Stein verliert sich die Spur, aber ich sehe, wo der Fels in Stufen abfällt und steige hinunter. Die Luft glüht und der heisse Fels brennt durch meine Sandalen meine Fußsohlen. Jetzt bin ich unten. Da sind auch die Spuren wieder im Sande. Sie führen den Windungen des Thales entlang eine kurze Strecke weit. Da stehe ich vor einer schlaffgewachsenen, kleinen, elenden Hütte als Schlammziegeln. Ein wackeliges Brett lehnt an der Thür, darauf ein Kreuz mit rother Farbe gemalt ist. Ich öffne leise. Ein magerer Mann mit kahlem Schädel und tiefbrauner Haut, in einen einfachen weissen Leinenmantel gehüllt sitzt auf einer Matte, mit dem Rücken an die Hauswand gelehnt. Auf

seinen Knien liegt ein Buch in gelblichem Pergament und schön schwarzer Schrift — ein griechisches Buch — das neue Testament — kein Zweifel — ich bin bei einem Anachoreten der Nitrischen Wüste.

Stör ich Dich, Vater? frage ich leise.

„Du störst nicht. Aber nenne mich nicht Vater. Ich bin ein Menschenkind wie Du. Was ist Dein Begehr?"

Ich komme ohne Begehr. Ich bin von ungefähr an die Stelle der Wüste gekommen und fand Spuren im Sand, die mich im Kreise herum zu Dir führten.

„Du fandest Dir Spuren meines alltäglichen Ganges zur Zeit der Morgenröthe und zur Zeit der Abendröthe."

(Ein Ton ist ruhig und allverständlich. Kein Erstaunen über den Fremdling, keine Neugier und keine Pose.)

Verzeih mir, wenn ich Deine Andacht unterbreche. Es ist aber eine seltene Seligkeit für mich, bei Dir zu sein. Ich habe noch nie einen Anachoreten gesehen.

„Du kannst weiter abwärts in Deinem Thale nicht wenige sehen. Die Einen haben Hütten wie ich, Andere wohnen in den Gräbern, die Dir Alten in die Berge gehöhlt haben. Ich wohne zu oberst im Thale, weil es hier am einsamsten und stillsten ist und ich hier die unendliche Ruhe der Wüste so nahe habe."

Bist Du schon lange hier?

„Ich lebe hier mit vielleicht zehn Jahren. Aber wirklich, ich kann mich nicht mehr genau entsinnen, wie lange erist. Es kommt anscheinig Jahre länger sein. Die Zeit vergeht so rasch."

Die Zeit vergeht Dir rasch? Wie ist es möglich? Dein Leben muss furchtbar eintönig sein!

Der Anachoret blickt mit ruhigem Erstaunen zu mir auf:

„Gewiss vergeht die Zeit mir rasch, viel zu rasch sogar. Du scheinst im Flieh zu sein?"

Ich? nein — nicht gerade. Ich

bis zu christlichem Glauben aufgewachsen.

„Nun, wie kannst du denn fragen, ob mir die Zeit lang werde? Denn immer du ja wissen, womit ich Buchhandel beschäftigt ist. Lang wird die Zeit nur des Müssiggängers."

Verzeih mir wiederum — meine Neugier ist groß — womit beschäftigst du dich denn?

„Bist du ein Kind? Fürchtest nicht du doch, daß ich hier lese, und dann habe ich meine regelmäßige Zeiteinteilung!"

„Aber ich habe gar nichts, womit du dich hier beschäftigen könntest. Dieses Buch mußt du doch schon öfters ganz gelesen haben. Und wenn es, wie ich vermute die vier Evangelien sind, so kennst du sie doch gewiß schon auswendig."

„Wie kindlich sprichst du! Du weißt doch, daß man ein Buch viele Male gelesen haben kann — vielleicht kennst du es fast auswendig, und trotzdem, wenden die, wenn du die darin beschriebenen Zeiten wiederanbrichst, gewisse Dinge neu erscheinen oder es werden dir sogar ganz neue Gedanken kommen, die du vorher nicht hattest. Jedes Wort kann zeugend wirken in deinem Geiste. Und vollends, wenn du das Buch für eine Woche einmal weggelegt hast und es dann wiederninmmst, nachdem dein Geist unterdessen doch verschiedene Verwandlungen hindurchgegangen ist, dann wird du mehr als ein neues Licht aufgehen!"

Das kann ich schwer begreifen. Es steht doch immer nur ein und dasselbe im Buche, gewiß ein sehr wunderbarer und heiliger, sogar göttlicher Inhalt, aber doch nicht so reich, daß er ewig zehnfach hätte füllen können.

„Du bist erstaunlich. Wie liest du denn dieses heilige Buch? Liest du tatsächlich immer einen und denselben Sinn darin? Woher kommst du? Du bist wahrhaftig ein Heide."

Ich bitte dich, nimm es mir nicht übel, wenn ich wie ein Heide rede. Laß mich nur mit dir reden. Ich bin hier, um von dir zu lernen. Betrachte mich als unwissenden Schüler, der schon bei vielen Dingen

„Indem ich Dich heute nenne, so betrachte Dir nicht als schimpf. Auch ich war früher ein Heide und dachte, wie ich mich gut erinnere, genauso wie Du. Wie kann ich Dir also deine Unwissenheit verdenken?"

Ich danke Dir für deine Geduld. Es liegt mir aber viel daran zu wissen, wie Du liest und was Du aus diesem Buch herauszieht.

„Deine Frage ist nicht leicht zu beantworten. Einem Blindenschr Farben zu erklären, ist leichter. Vor Allem musst Du die Eines klar machen: Eine Reihenfolge von Worten hat nicht bloss einen Sinn. Die Menschen streben bloss danach, den Wortfolgen einen einzigen Sinn zu geben. Dieses Streben ist natürlich und ~~echt~~ ~~entspricht~~ gehört zu den tiefern Stufen des göttlichen Kräfteplanes. Auf den höhern Stufen der Einsicht in die göttlichen Gedanken ~~haben~~ erkennt man, dass die Wortfolgen mehr als einen gültigen Sinn haben. Allein dem Allwissenden ist es ausnahmsweise gegeben, alle Sinne der Wortfolgen zu kennen. Wir bemühen uns fortschreitend, einige weitere Bedeutungen zu erkennen."

Wenn ich Dich recht verstehe, so nimmst Du, dass auch die heiligen Schriften des neuern Bundes einen doppelten Sinn, einen exoterischen und einen esoterischen, wie einige jüdische Gelehrte es von den heiligen Büchern behaupten.

„Deine üble Absicht bei ferne von mir. Ich merke, Du bist ganz unerfahren in göttlichen Dingen."

~~Das~~ Ich muss meine tiefe Unwissenheit in diesen Dingen zugeben. Aber ich bin nur zu begierig, zu erfahren und zu verstehen, was Du Dir unter dem mehrfachen Sinn der Wortfolgen denkst.

„Ich bin leider nicht im Stande, ~~Dir~~ Alles was ich hierüber weiss, zu sagen. Auch will vermeiden, die wenigstens die Elemente klar zu machen. Dazu will ich Dir einmal um deiner Unwissenheit willen an einem andern Orte beginnen: Du musst nämlich wissen, dass ich, bevor ich mit dem Christenthum bekannt wurde, ein Rhetor und Philosoph in der Stadt Alexandria war. Ich hatte einen ziemlichen Zulauf von Studenten, darunter viel

Römer, auch waren einige Barbaren darunter aus Hispanien und Gallien. Ich lehrt sie nicht nur die Geschichte der griechischen Philosophie, sondern auch alle unsere Systeme, darunter das System des Philo, den wir den Juden nennen. Er war ein kluger Kopf, aber phantastisch abstract, ~~ein~~ wie es die Juden zu sein pflegen, ~~wenn~~ und dazu ein Sklave seiner Worte. Ich hat dazu von meinem Eigenen und Flacht ein abscheuliches Wortgerümpel zusammen, indem ich nicht nur meine Hörer sondern auch mich selber fing. Wir schwelgten eben in Worten und Namen, unsern eigenen jämmerlichen Creaturen und ~~hatte~~ wagen ihnen selbst göttliche Betung zu. Ja wir glaubten an ihre Realität sogar und vermeinten das Göttliche zu besitzen und ~~das~~ in Worten festgelegt zu haben."

Aber Philo ~~Judaeus~~ — wenn Du diesen meinst — war doch ein ernsthafter Philosoph und ein grosser Denker und selbst Johannes der Theologe hat es nicht verschmäht, einige Ideen des Philo in sein Evangelium herüberzunehmen.

„Du hast Recht: das ~~hat~~ ist das Verdienst des Philo, er hat Sprache gemacht, wie so viele andere Philosophen. Er gehört zu den Sprachkünstlern. Aber die Worte sollen nicht zu höhen werden."

Ich verstehe Dich nicht. Christ erwähnt im Evangelium nach Johannes: καὶ θεὸς ἦν ὁ λόγος. Mir scheint bei Dir deutlich die Absicht ausgesprochen zu sein, welche ~~an~~ Du vorhin verworfen hast.

„Nicht Deinen Sklave der Worte zu sein. Hier ist das Evangelium des Johannes, lies von jener Stelle an, wo es heisst: ἐν αὐτῷ ζωὴ ἦν. Wie ~~hat~~ sagt Johannes dort?"

καὶ ἡ ζωὴ ἦν τὸ φῶς τῶν ἀνθρώπων καὶ τὸ φῶς ἐν τῇ σκοτίᾳ φαίνει καὶ ἡ σκοτία αὐτὸ οὐ κατέλαβεν. ΕΓΕΝΕΤΟ ΑΝΘΡΩΠΟΣ ΑΠΕΣΤΑΛΜΕΝΟΣ ΠΑΡΑ ΘΕΟΥ ΟΝΟΜΑ ΑΥΤΩ ΙΩΑΝΝΗΣ — — —

„Ich sage Dich, was dieser Logos ein Begriff, ein Wort? Er war ein ~~Ha~~ Held, ein Mundhagar und hat unter Menschen gewohnt. Du nehmt Philo hat dem Johannes nur das Wort und den Begriff geliehen, ~~und~~ damit Johannes neben den Worte γῶς auch noch das Wort λόγος mit seiner besonderen Bedeutung zur Verfügung hätte, um den Menschensohn auszudrücken. Bei Johannes wird die Logosbedeutung dem lebenden Menschen gegeben, bei Philo aber wird dem Logos das Leben, das göttliche Leben, dem toten Begriff angemasst. Und darin war auch mein abenteuerlicher Irrthum."

Ich sehe jetzt, was Du meinst. Dieser Gedanke ist mir neu und scheint mir der Überlegung besonders werth. Mir scheint es bisher immer, als ob gerade dies das Eigenartige bei Johannes sei, dass der Menschensohn der Logos sei, indem er so das Untrigste zum Höheren Gutigen zu der Welt des Logos erhebt.

Du führst mich darauf, die Sache umgekehrt zu sehen; nämlich, dass Johannes die Logosbedeutung zum Menschen hinunterbringt.

„Ich bereite einrichen, dass Johannes das grosse philosophische Verdienst hat, die Logosbedeutung zum Menschen hinaufzubringen."

Du hast merkwürdige Ansichten, die meine Neugier aufs Höchste spannen. Wie ist es, Du denkst, der Menschliche stehe höher als der Logos?

„Auf diese Frage will ich im Sinne Deines Begriffens antworten: Wenn das Menschliche Gott nächstüber Alles wichtig gewesen wäre, so wäre er wohl als Sohn nicht im Fleische sondern im Logos offenbar geworden."

Das leuchtet mir ein, aber ich gestehe, diese Auffassung ist mir überraschend. Es ist mir besonders ~~[illegible]~~ erstaunlich, dass Du ein christlicher Anachoret, welchen Ansichten gekrümmen bist. Ich habe solches von einem Anachoreten keineswegs erwartet.

Du machst Dir, wie ich schon bemerkt habe, eine ganz falsche ~~Dar~~ Vorstellung von

mir und meinem Leben. Du magst hierin ein kleines Beispiel meiner Beschäftigung sehen. Allein mit dem Umlernen habe ich viele Jahre zugebracht. Hast Du auch schon einmal umgelernt? — Nun, dann solltest Du wissen, wie lange man dazu braucht. Und ich waren Lehrer, der in seinem Fache Erfolg hatte. Wie du weißt, lernen solche Leute nie oder gar nicht um. Ich zweifle, was ich ist: „Ja, wenn ich noch jünger wäre." Dann magst Du ~~sich~~ ermessen, wieviel Zeit das Umlernen allein mir gekostet hat.

Doch ich sehe, die Sonne ist untergegangen. Bald wird es völlige Nacht sein. Die Nacht ist die Zeit des Schweigens. Ich will Dir dein Nachtlager anweisen. Den Morgen brauche ich zu meiner Arbeit, aber nach Mittag kannst Du wieder zu mir kommen, wenn Du willst, ~~und~~ dann wollen wir unser Gespräch fortsetzen.

Er führt mich aus der Hütte heraus. Das Thal ist in tiefblauen Schatten gehüllt. Die Luft ist unbeschreiblich klar. Schon funkeln die ersten Sterne am Himmel. Es liegt am Ende eines Felsens. Wir stehen vor einem ägyptischen Felsengrab. Er führt mich hinein; nicht weit vom Eingang liegt ein mit Matten gedeckter Haufen von Schilf. Auf einem Blumenstock steht ein Krug Wasser, daneben liegen auf einem weißen Tuch gebrachte Datteln und ein schwarzes Brot.

„Hier ist dein Lager und dein Nachtmahl. Schlafe wohl. Vergiß dein Morgengebet nicht, wenn sich die Sonne erhebt."

1. Jan. 1914.

Ich trete ans Werk. Es darf mit Freude geschehen.

Ich erwache, der Tag graut im Osten. Eine Nacht, eine wunderbare Nacht in fernem Ententich liegt hinter mir. Wo welche Zeiten Räumen war ich? Was träumte mir? Von einem weißen Pferd? Konnte ich's erinnern! Es ist mir, als hätte ich dreimal

Pferd am östlichen Himmel über der aufgehenden Sonne. Dieses Pferd sprach zu mir. Wie sagte es?

„Heil dem, der im Dunkeln ist. Der Tag ist über ihm."

Ach, ich sehe, es sind 4 Pferde, weiß mit goldenen Flügeln, sie führen den Sonnenwagen herauf, darauf Helios mit lodernden Haupte. Plötzlich stand er unten in der Schlucht, erschreckt und entsetzt und tausend schwarze Schlangen verkrochen sich eilends alle wieder in ihre Löcher. Helios stieg dämmernd empor in unendliche Höhe zu den weißen Pferden des Himmels. Ich kniete nieder und hielt meine Hände bittend in die Höhe und rief laut: „Schenke uns dein Licht, Feuerlockiger, Durchdringender, Gekreuzigter und Auferstandener, dein Licht, dein Licht!"

Ja, an diesem Ruf erwachte ich.

Seltsamerweise Druchart gestern Abend: „Vergiß dein Morgengebet nicht, wenn sich die Sonne dreht." Ich dachte nach, er betete vielleicht heimlich die Sonne an.

Draußen erhebt sich ein frischer Morgenwind, gelber Sand rieselt in kleinen Adern an den dunkeln Felsen herunter. Der Himmel rötet sich und die ersten Strahlen hinaufschießen zum Firmament. Eine feierliche Stille und Einsamkeit ringsum. Dort liegt eine gewaltige Schlange auf einem Stein und harrt der Sonne.

Ich stehe, wie gebannt und erinnere mich mühsam an all das Getriebe und besonders an das, was der Druchart sagte. Erist ein merkwürdiger Mensch. Wie sagte er doch? das die Wortfolgen vielsinnig seien, und das Johannes den Logos zum Menschen hinaufgebracht, zum Menschen hinauf erhöht habe. Das klingt eigentlich nicht christlich. Ist er vielleicht ein Gnostiker? Nein, dazu

mir unmöglich, denn das wären doch die schlimmsten Wortgötzenanbeter, wie er wohl sagen würde.

Du Sonne — — was erfüllt mich mit so merkwürdigem innerem Jubel? — Mein Morgengebet soll ich nicht vergessen — aber wo habe ich mein Morgengebet?

„Liebe Sonne, ich habe kein Gebet, denn ich weiss nicht, wie man dich anrufen muss."

Jetzt habe ich doch zur Sonne gebetet. Da Anachoret meint also doch wohl, ich solle den Tagesanbruch zu Gott beten. Er weiss wohl nicht — wir haben ja keine Gebete mehr. Wie soll er eine Ahnung haben von unserer Nacktheit und Armuth? Wo sind denn die Gebete hingekommen? Ich gestehe, hier fehlen sie mir. Darum muss wohl an der Wüste liegen. Hier scheint es, ~~[illegible]~~ sollte man beten können. Ist denn die Wüste so besonders schlimm? Ich denke jedenfalls nicht schlimmer als ~~die~~ unsere Culturwüsten, die wir Städte nennen. Aber warum beten wir dort nicht? Offenbar haben wir weder dort noch hier eine Gottheit, zu der wir beten könnten.

Ich muss zur Sonne sehen! — wie — wie wenn sie etwas dernit zu thun hätte. Ach uralte Träume der Menschheit. Es scheint, man kann ihnen nie entrinnen.

Wie werde ich Ihm diesen ganzen langen Morgen? Es scheint mir unerträglich lang werden zu wollen. Ich begreife nicht, wie der Einsiedler dieses Leben auch nur ein Jahr lang ausgehalten hat.

Ich gehe am ausgetrockneten Flussbett planlos entlang und setze mich schliesslich auf einen Felsblock. Darum stehen ein paar gelbe Gräser. Da kriecht ein kleiner dunkler Käfer und schiebt eine Kugel vor sich her — ein Scarabaeus.

Du liebes kleines Thierchen, bist du noch immer an der Arbeit, deinen schönen

Mythos zu leben? Und wie ernsthaft und verzweifelnd er arbeitet! Hättest Du eine Ahnung davon, wenn Du einen alten Mythus aufführst, Du würdest wohl ab von dieser Phantasterei, wie wir Menschen es auch immer mehr aufgeben, Mythologie zu spielen. Das Unwirkliche wird einem nachgerade zum Ekel. — Es klingt zwar an sich sehr merkwürdig, was ich sage und der gute Einsiedler wäre gewiss nicht damit einverstanden. Was mehr ich denn eigentlich hier? Nein, ich will nicht im Voraus aburtheilen, denn ich habe noch nicht einmal wirklich verstanden, was er eigentlich meint. Er hat ein Recht, gehört zu werden. Übrigens dachte ich gestern anders, ich war ihm sogar sehr dankbar, dass er mich belehren wollte. Ich mache mich wiederum zurückhaltend und stelle mich kritisch und skeptisch — ich bin also auf dem besten Weg, nichts zu lernen. Seine Briefe sind gar nicht so übel — nein, sie sind sogar gut. Ich weiss nicht, warum ich die Tendenzbriefe, den Mann herunterzusetzen, vielleicht habe ich noch allerhand Unbequemes einzusehen?

„Lieber Käfer, wo bist du hin, ich sehe dich nicht mehr!?" — Oh, dort drüben hat Daschen mit seiner mythischen Kugel! Diese Thierchen bleiben doch ganz anders hinter Sache, wie wir — kein Zweifeln, kein Umfallen, keine Zögerung. Kommst du wohl daher, dass sie ihren Mythus leben?

„Lieber Scarabaeus, tröstende, ich verehre dich, gesegnet sei deine Arbeit — in Ewigkeit, Amen."

Was rede ich für Unsinn? Ich bete jenen Thier an ~~liegt~~ das muss an der Wüste liegen, sie scheint Gebete unbedingt zu fordern.

Wie schön es hier ist! Die röthliche Farbe der Steine ist prachtvoll, ~~sein~~ sie schimmern Stück von hundert Tausend

gegangen sowieso wieder — die Sandkörnchen
rollten in ehrsagenhaften Urmeeren, über
sie hin schwammen und schlängelten sich
Ungeheuer von nie erschauten Formen.
Wo warst Du, Mensch, in jenen Tagen?
Auf diesem warmen Sande lagen, ein-
gekuschelt wie die Kinder einer Mutter, deine
kindhaften Urthiere alleinen.

Oh Mutter Stein, ich liebe
Dich, an Deinen warmen Körper ge-
schmiegt, liege ich, Dein spätes Kind.
Gesegnet seiest Du, ~~meine~~ uralte Mutter,
Dein ist mein Herz und alle Herrlichkeit
und Kraft. Amen. Amen.

Was rede ich? Das muss
die Wüste sein, solch wunderliche Dinge
kamen mir sonst nie zu sinn.

Wie eschwint um Alles so belebt!
Dieser Ort ist wahrlich umgehuerlich. Diese
Steine — sind das Steine — sie sind ja alle
individuell und gehören doch innigst zu-
sammen. Sie scheinen sich hier auch Überlegung
zusammengefunden zu haben. Sie sind hier
aufgerichtet wie ein Heer, der das Thal hin-
unterzieht. Sie haben sich harmonisch
abgestuft, Grosse gehen einzeln, die kleinen
füllen die Lücken und versammeln sich zu einer
ganzen Schaar, die einem grossen Vorans-
marschiert. Hier scheinen die Steine wohl
geordnete Armeen und Staaten zu bilden.

Träume ich oder wache ich? Es ist
hell. Die Sonne steht ja schon hoch — wie
oder die Stunden! Wahrhaftig dieser Morgen
ist schon vorüber — und was für ein erstaunlicher
Morgen! Ist es die Sonne, oder ist es dieses
merkwürdige bahlte Flackbett, oder ist es
die Wüste, von der mir der Kopf summt?

Ich gehe thalaufwärts und bei
einer Biegung des Thales stehe ich vor der
Hütte des Anachoreten. Er sitzt auf seiner
Matte mit gefalteten Händen, in tiefes
Sinnen verloren.

„Mein Vater", sage ich leise, bei Dir bin ich

„Wie hast du deinen Morgen zugebracht?"

Ich wunderte mich gestern, als du sagtest, du müssest dich rasch. Ich frage dich nicht mehr. Ich habe viel gelernt. Aber nicht soviel, dass du mir nicht ein noch größeres Rätsel bist als vorher. Dies wirst du erleben, in der Wüste, wunderbarer Mann! Es müssen die Steine sagen sprechen.

„Ich bin froh, dass du etwas vom Lehrer der Anachoreten verstanden hast. Das wird unsere schwere Aufgabe erleichtern. Ich will mich nicht in deine Geheimnisse eindrängen, aber ich fühle, dass du aus einer fremden Welt kommst, die mit unserer Welt nichts zu tun hat."

Du sprichst die Wahrheit. Ich bin hier ein Fremdling, fremder als du je einen gesehen hast. Selbst an Mann von Britannien fernster Küste, stünde ich näher als ich. Habe darum Geduld, Meister, und komm mit an die Quelle deiner Weisheit trinken. Obgleich uns dürstende Wüste umgiebt, strömt hier da ein unsichtbarer Strom lebendigen Wassers.

„Hast du dein Gebet verrichtet?"

Meister, vergieb, ich habe gemacht. Aber ich fand kein Gebet. Aber ich träumte, dass ich zur aufgehenden Sonne betete.

„Bekümmere dich nicht deshalb. Wenn du keine Worte fandest, so hat dich deine Seele unaussprechliche Worte gefunden, den aufgehenden Tag zu begrüßen."

Aber es war ein heidnisches Gebet zu Helios.

„Lass dir daran genügen."

Aber ich habe, oh Meister, nicht nur im Traum zur Sonne, sondern in meiner Selbstvergessenheit auch zum Scarabaeus und zur Erde gebetet.

„Wundere dich über nichts, und auf keinen Fall urteile oder beklage es. Lass uns an die Arbeit gehen. Möchtest du etwas fragen über unser gestriges Gespräch?"

Ich unterbrach dich gestern, als du von Philo sprachst. Du wolltest mir erklären, was Dunantes dem vielfachen Sinn der Wortfolge verstehst.

„Um willen ich dir weiter erzählen, wie ich aus der schrecklichen Umschnürung des Wortgepränges befreit wurde. Es kam einmal ein Freigelassener meines Vaters zu mir, der mir mit meiner Kindheit zugethan war und sprach zu mir:

Oh, Dumnonius (mit dem Name) geht es dir gut?

Gewiß, sagte ich, du siehst, ich bin gesund und habe grossen Erfolg.

Ich weiße, bist du glücklich und habst du? sagte darauf der Alte.

Ich lachte: Du siehst ja, das Allergut steht.

Darauf der Alte: Ich sah, wie du Verlegenheit leidest. Du scheinst besorgt um das Verhältnis deines Zuhörer, du flochtest quietsche Scherze ein, und du ~~[illegible]~~ Studenten zu gefallen. Du hast gelehrte Redensarten, um Ehre zu imponieren. Du warst unruhig und hastig, wie wenn du wolltest alles Wissen an dich zu raffen versuchtest. Du bist nicht in dir selber."

Obschon mir diese Worte zuerst lächerlich vorkamen, so machten sie mir doch Eindruck, und ich gab dem Alten Recht, weil er Recht hatte.

Da sagte er: Lieber Dumnonius, ich habe dir eine köstliche Kunde: Gott ist in seinem Sohne Fleisch geworden und hat uns allen Erlösung gebracht.

„Was sprichst du, rief ich, du meinst wohl Osiris, der in sterblichem Leibe erscheinen soll?"

„Nein, sagte er darauf, dies war schon in Judaea. Er ist von einer Jungfrau geboren.

Schlecht und entwertet: „Schweig, schweig jüdischer Krämer hat die Kunde von unserer Jungfernkönigin, deren Bild ~~des Tempels~~ an der Wand des Tempels in Luxor ist, nach Judaea gebracht und dort als Märchen erzählt.

„Nein, nein der Sohn Gottes, sagte der Alte. Denn meinst du wohl Horus, den Sohn des Osiris?"

„Nein, er war nicht Horus, sondern ein wirklicher Mensch. Er wurde an einem Kreuz aufgehängt."

Dann wäre wohl Set, denn unsere Alten vorgestellt haben.

„Er ist gestorben und am dritten Tag auferstanden."

„Nun, dann ist er doch Osiris."

~~Nun, dann ist er doch Osiris~~

Nein, er hieß Jesus Christus.

Sich Du meinst bloss diesen jüdischen Gott, den Sie ~~hier~~ gemeinen Leute am Hafen verehren.

„Nein, er war ein Mensch und doch Gottes Sohn."

Das ist ein Unsinn, lieber Alter, sagte ich ärgerlich und schob ihn zur Thür hinaus. Aber wie ein Echo an fernen Felswänden wiederholten sich die Worte in mir: „ein Mensch und doch Gottes Sohn —". Das schien uns bedeutsam und dies Wort war es, das mich zum Christenthum gebracht hat.

Aber denkst Du nicht, daß das Christenthum vielleicht schon eine jüdische Umgestaltung einer ägyptischen Idee sein könnte?

„Wenn Du sagst, daß unsere alten ägyptischen Vorstellungen weniger treffende Ausdrücke für das Christenthum wären, dann stimme ich Dir schon eher zu."

Jedoch meinst Du denn an, ~~daß man auf ein in~~ daß die Geschichte der Religionen Kraut-und-Rüben-Einzeln gerichtet seien?

„Mein Vater kaufte einmal auf dem Markt einen schwarzen Sklaven aus der Gegend der Nilquellen. Er kam aus einem Lande, das weder von Osiris noch je von Christus gehört hat und er erzählte uns von seinen Dingen, die in einer einfacheren Symbolsprache dieselben sagten, was wir von Osiris ~~sagten~~ glaubten. Jahrhunderten gelernt, daß jene ungebildeten Neger unserem ohne das Geringste besassen, was die Religionen gebildeter Völker zum System herausgebildet hatten. Wer also jene Symbolsprache richtig zu lesen verstünde, der könnte darin die Religion des Osiris sowohl wie auch das Evangelium Christi lesen. Und darin ist es, womit ich mich jetzt beschäftige: ich lese das Evangelium und suche seinen kommenden Sinn. Seine Bedeutung

in der Vergangenheit kennen wir, soweit wir die Religionen der Vergangenheit kennen. Es ist ein weltlicher Irrthum, zu glauben, daß die Religionen außer ihrem Wesen verschieden seien. Es ist immer die eine Religion im Grundegenommen. Jede nachfolgende Religionsform ist der Sinn der vorausgehenden."

Und hast Du die kommende Bedeutung herausgefunden?

„Nein, es ist sehr schwierig, aber ich hoffe, es werde gelingen. Bisweilen will es mir scheinen, als hätte ich Deine Anregung ~~von~~ Andern nöthig. Aber sonst verschlungendes Getaus, ich weiß."

Glaubst Du nicht doch, daß Dir dies Werk abgelingen könnte, wenn Du näher bei Menschen wärest?

„Du hast vielleicht recht (~~Du muß~~ nicht zweifelnd und mißtrauisch an), aber Du liebe die Wüste — verstehst Du — diese gelbe, sonnenglühende Wüste. Hier nicht Du alltäglich des Antlitz der Sonne, hier bist Du allein, hier nicht Du alltäglich Helios — weiß, das ist heidnisch — ich bin verwirrt — Du bist Satanas — ich erkenne Dich — weiche zurück, Widersacher!"

Es zerreißt wie rasend auf und will mich auf mich stürzen.

Ich bin aber weiter im zwanzigsten Jahrhundert und ich fühle den vielfach schillernden Geist des Lebens in der Maske des Tages und in der Maske der Nacht, zerrinnend wie Sterben und sanft wie ein Hauchen, hart wie blaues Stahl und weich wie Flaum, nahe mir, wie mir.

Vielfarbige Zwischenwelt, sind deine Räume weit genug, daß das Leben ~~in endlich~~ in die ~~endlich~~ Wohnung finden kann?

2 Jan. 1914.

Ich strebe wieder zurück, wo die Schaume zerstiebender Kämpfe in bunten Spiegeln aufleuchten, dem Meere mich nähern, wo alle Hast des Flusses sich mehr und mehr dämpft, und wo alle Kraft und alles Streben sich dem unermeßlichen Umfang des Meeres vermählt. Spärlich werden die Bäume, weite Sumpfwiesen begleiten die stillen trüben Wasser, immer hob und einsam ist der Horizont, von grauen Wolken umhangen. Langsam, mit ver-

hallenden Athem, mit der grossen bangen Erwartung dessen, der wild herabschäumte und sich ~~hat~~ in das Endlose verströmt hat, folge ich meinem Bruder, dem Wasser. Leise, kaum merklich ist sein Fliessen und doch nähern wir uns stetig der seligen und höchsten Umarmung, um einzugehen in den Schooss des Ursprungs, in die grenzenlose Ausdehnung und wunderbare Tiefe. Dort tauchen ~~so~~ niedere langgestreckte gelbe Hügel auf, schwarzgrünes Buschwerk flieht vor Einsicht weiter. See dehnt sich an ihrem Fuss. An ihnen entlang wandern wir hin und die Hügel öffnen sich zu einem dämmerhaften unfaßbar fernen Horizont, wo Strömen und Meer zu einer Unendlichkeit verschmolzen sind.

Dort oben auf der letzten Düne steht Einer – er trägt einen schwarzen faltigen Mantel. Er steht bewegungslos und schaut in die Ferne. Ich tritt zu ihm hin: Er ist blass und mager und ein letzter Ernst liegt in seinen Zügen. Ich sehe ihn an:

Lass mich eine Weile bei Dir stehen, Dunkler. Ich bannte Dich zu Weitem. So steht nur Einer, wie Du, so einsam ~~und~~ auf der letzten Ecke der Erde.

„Freunder, wohl magst Du bei mir stehen, wenn es Dich nicht friert.“ Da sieht, ich bin kalt und ein Herz sehnsuchtsvoll nach mir.“

Ich weiss, Du bist Eis und Ende. Du bist die kalte Ruhe des Steines, Du bist der ~~äusserste~~ höchste Schnee der Gebirge und der äusserste Frost des leeren Weltraums. Das muss ich fühlen und darum will ich nahe bei Dir stehen.

„Was führt Dich herzumir?, du lebender Staub? Lebende sind hier nie zu Gast. Wohl kommen sie alle hier in dichten Schaaren schwarz und traurum – fort vorbeigeflommen, alle die dort

oben in Hände des lichten Tages der Abschied nahmen, um nie wieder zurückzukehren. Ihre Lebende kommen nie! Was macht du hier?"

Mein seltsam unerwarteter Pfad führte mich hier herunter, als ich hoffnungsfroh dem Pfade der Lebensströme folgte. Und so fand ich Dich. Hier steht du wohl an Deinem rechten Orte?

„Ja, hier geht's hinaus ins Unterschiedslose, wo keine Gemeinsamkeit ~~stattgleich~~, sondern alle miteinander eins sind. Siehst du dort, was jetzt herankommt?"

Ich sehe etwas wie eine dunkle Nebelwand, die auf dem Strom langsam daherschwimmt.

„Sieh genauer hin, was erkennst du?"

Ich sehe, es sind dichtgedrängte Heerhaufen von Menschen, Greise, Männer und Frauen und ungezählte Kinder. Dazwischen sehe ich Pferde, Rinder und kleineres Getier, eine Wolke von insektenumschwärmtes Heer — ein Wald schwimmt heran — welke Blumen ohne Zahl — ein ganzer toter Sommer.

Jetzt sind sie schon nahe — wie starr und kühl sie alle ~~Ihr~~ blicken — ihre Füsse bewegen sie nicht — kein Laut ertönt aus ihren dichtgeschlossenen Reihen — sie halten sich stets bei den Händen und Armen — sie sehen alle hinaus und achten unser ~~k~~ nicht — sie fliessen alle vorbei in ungeheurem Strome.

Dunkler, dieses Gesicht ist schrecklich.

„Du wolltest hin zum Ufer. Fasse Dich." Aber jetzt sie hin!"

Ich sehe, die vordersten Reihen sind hinausgelangt bis dahin, wo die Braunsungwasser nächtig mit den Wasser des Stromes mischt. Unterscheidet aus, wie wenn

eine Luftwage mit dem Meere brandete dem Strome der Toten entgegenschlüge. Hochwirbelte sie auf, in schwarze Fetzen zerflatternd und in trüben Nebelwolken sich auflösend. Wage nach Wage brauste heran und immer neue Scharen gingen in trübe Luft.

Dunkler, sage mir, ist dies das Ende?

„Ohne."

Das dunkle Meer brandet schwer — ein röthlicher Schein breitet sich darin aus — es ist wie Blut — ein Meer von Blut schäumt uns zu Füssen — die Tiefe des Meeres erglüht — wie altem wird mir zu Muthe — hänge ich mit den Füssen in der Luft? — Ist es das Meer oder ist es der Himmel? Ein Ballwerk Blutes und Feuer wirbelt sich zusammen — rothes Licht bricht aus seinem qualmenden Hülle — eine neue Sonne entringt sich feurig dem blutenden Meere und rollt aufgebäumend der tiefsten Tiefe zu — bis verschwindet unter meinen Füssen."

Ich ohne um mich, ich bin allein. Es ist Nacht geworden. Wo sagte Hermonius? Die Nacht ist die Zeit des Schweigens:

5 I 1914.

Wir brauchen das Lichtes. Lichter haben wir genug — Mehrlichter — aber zu wenig Licht.

Wie dunkelnis menschen Pfad ist, wenn er in der neuen Welt, der Durchsichtwelt, anlangt! Über uns hinaus ist grenzenloses Dunkel. Wo ist dies „Überuns hinaus"? Wohl tiefer in uns selbst.

Schaue weit umher mit hohem Gras — ~~und~~ einem Teppich von Blumen — sanfte Hügel — in der Ferne Gehölz. Wir begegnen zwei sonderbare Gestalten — wohl sehr zufällige Weggefährten; ein alter Mönch und ein lang aufgeschossener magerer Mensch mit auffallend kindischem Gang und einer merkwürdig mosfarbenen rothen Kleidung. Sie scheinen sich eifrig zu unterhalten. Wie sie nahe kommen, erkenne ich in ihnen den rothen Ritter — sie hat auch verändert! — er ist gealtert, sein rothes Haar ist grau geworden, sein kurzes rothes Kleid verschlissen, schäbig — er macht einen ärmlichen Eindruck. Aber der Andere? Er hat einen behaglichen Bauch und scheint keine schlimmen Tage gehabt zu haben. Sein Gesicht kommt mir aber bekannt vor. Es ist der Anachoret! Was sind das für Veränderungen! Und wo kommen diese getrennten Leute her?

Ich trete auf sie zu und begrüsse sie. Beide sehen mich erschreckt an und schlagen das Kreuz. Ich stehe betroffen an mich herunter. Ich bin ganz in grüne Blätter gehüllt, die aus meinem Gewande oder Körper hervorzusprießen scheinen. Dann begrüsse ich sie lachend ein zweites Mal. Der Mönch ruft: „Apage Satanas" — der Rothe: „verfluchtes heidnisches Waldgesindel" —.

Ich: „Aber meine lieben Freunde, was fällt euch ein? Ich bin ja der hyperboräische Freund, der Dich Mönch, in der libyschen Wüste benedeit hat und ich bin der Thurmwart, den Du, Rother, einmal hineingelegt hast.

M.: „Scheere Dich, oberster der Teufel. Mit Dir hat mein Niedergang angefangen" — der Rothe schreit ihn warnend an und giebt ihm einen Rippenstoss. Der Mönch hält etwas betreten inne. Jetzt sagt der Rothe hochmüthig zu mir:

„Thoudamals machtest du mir trotz deiner heuchlerischen Gutmüthigkeit einen lebendigen Eindruck von Gewissenlosigkeit. Deine verdammte christliche Pose" — jetzt gibt ihm der Mönch einen kräftigen Rippenstoss, und der Bothe schweigt verlegen.

So stehen Beide vor mir, verlegen und komisch, doch auch bedauernswerth.

Ich: „Mann Gottes, woher des Weges? Welches unerhörte Geschick führt dich hieher und erst nachm du Gesellschaft des Bothen?"

M.: „Ich bin nicht mit Dir zu sprechen. Aber es scheint eine Fügung Gottes zu sein, der man sich nicht entziehen kann. So wisse denn, dass du, böser Geist, an mir ein schreckliches Werk gethan hast. Du verführtest mich mit deiner verfluchten Neugier, begehrenlos ~~nach~~ meine Hand nach den göttlichen Geheimnissen auszustrecken, denn du machtest mir damals bewusst, dass ich eigentlich drüber nichts wusste. Deine Bemerkung, ich bedürfe wohl der Mahl der Menschen, um zu den höhern Geheimnissen zu gelangen, betäubte mich wie Wollüstiges Gift. Ich rief bald heraus die übrigen Brüder im Thale zusammen und verkündigte ihnen, ein Bote Gottes sei mir erschienen — so heillos hast du mich verblendet — und habe mir befohlen, mit den Brüdern ein Kloster zu gründen. Als Bruder Philetus ~~einspracherhob~~, widerlegte ich ihn unter Hinweisung auf jene Stelle der heil. Schrift, wo es heisst, es sei nicht gut, dass der Mensch allein sei. So gründeten wir das Kloster — nahe am Nil, wo wir die Schiffe kommen vorüberkehren sahen. Wir bebauten fette Felder und es gab soviel zu thun, dass die heiligen Studien sehr in Vergessenheit geriethen. Wir wurden üppig und eines Tages befiel mich ungeheure Sehnsucht, Alexandria aufzusuchen. Ich wollte den Bischof dort besuchen. Aber ~~der~~ zuerst der Lebra auf dem Schiffe, und dann der Strassengewühl

von Alexandria berauschten mich derart, daß ich mich ganz verlor. Wie im Traum bestieg ich eines der großen Schiffe, die nach Italien fahren; mich befiel unersättlicher Geiz, so viele Welt zu sehen, ich trank Wein, schwelgte in Genüssen und verfluchte völlig. Als ich in Neapel an Land stieg, da stand der Rabbi da und ich sah, daß ich in die Hände der Bösen gefallen war.

„Schweige, alter Narr", fällt ihm der Rabbi ins Wort, „wenn ich nicht gewesen wäre, so wärest du gänzlich zum Schweine geworden. Als du mich sahest, hast du dich endlich zusammengenommen und das Saufen und die Weiber verwünscht und bist wieder ins Kloster gegangen.

Um Lärd meine Geschichte, verfluchter heidnischer Waldbruder. Ich bin dir ins Garn gegangen, deine Heidenkünste haben mich verlockt. Nachdem darauf ein Gespräch, wo der mich mit seiner Bemerkung über das Tanzen in Fuchseisen gefangen hat, geschah es mir, daß ich erschrocken wurde, so erschrocken daß ich ins Kloster ging, betete, fastete und mich bekehrte. In meiner Verblendung wollte ich den Kirchendienst reformieren und ich führte das Tanzen mit bischöflicher Approbation das Ritual ein. Ich war Abt geworden und hatte allen der Ruhe vor dem Altar zu tanzen wie David vor der Bundeslade. Nach und nach fingen aber andere Brüder an zu tanzen, ja die Gemeinde sogar und schließlich tanzte die ganze Stadt. Es war furchtbar. Ich floh in die Einsamkeit und tanzte den ganzen Tag bis zur Erschöpfung. Ich mußte mich selber zu entfliehen und wanderte des Nachts, am Tage hielt ich mich verborgen und tanzte allein in den Wäldern und in wüsten Gebirgen. So wanderte ich allmählich durch ganz Italien, bis ich nach dem Süden gelangte. Dort fiel ich nicht mehr so auf wie im Norden und konnte mich unter das Volk mischen. In Neapel fand ich mich wieder

einigermassen gerecht und dort traf ich auch diesen verlumpten Mann Gottes. Sein Anblick stärkte mich. An ihm konnte ich gesunden. Du hörtest, dass er auch an mir mich aufrichtete und wieder auf den rechten Weg gelangen konnte.

M.: Ich muss gestehen, so schlimm hier ich mit dem Rothen nicht gefahren. Er ist eine Art abgemilderten Teufels.

R. Auch ich muss gestehen, dass mein Mönch von wenig fanatischer Art ist. Obgleich ich mit meinen Erlebnissen im Kloster einen tiefen Widerwillen gegen die ganze christliche Religion bekommen habe.

Ich: Liebe Freunde, es freut mich von Herzen euch so vergnügt beisammen zu sehen.

Bride: Wir sind nicht vergnügt, Spötter und Widersacher! Gieb den Weg frei, Räuber, Dieb!

Ich. - Aber warum fahrt ihr denn zusammen über Land, wenn ihr nicht Freunde seid?

Bride: Wenn einander an, dass es der

M.: Was ist da zu thun? Auch der Teufel ist nöthig, sonst flösst man den Leuten keinen Respect ein.

R.: Es ist halt nothwendig, dass ich mit dem Clerus praktiere, sonst verliere ich meine Kundschaft.

Ich: Also hat euch die Noth des Lebens zusammengeführt! So geht doch Freunde und vertragt euch zusammen.

Bride: Das können wir nicht.

Ich: Oh, ich sehe es liegt am System. Ihr wollt wohl erst aussterben? Jetzt gebt uns den Weg frei, alte Gespenster!

8.I.14.

Der Weg des Lebens führt weiter hinaus selbst über die Gerüste hinaus, die heilig waren! Der Weg ist einsam und voll heimlicher Qual.

Hinter mir liegen die Gefilde der Jugend, der satten grünen Matten, der sanften Hügel und der frühlingsgrünen Wälder.

Ein wüstes Felsengebirge versperrt meinen Weg. Eine enge Thalschlucht nur gewährt mir Einlass. Der Weg führt zwischen steilen Felswänden. Meine Füsse sind nackt und verwundet sich an den zackigen Felsen.

Hier wird der Pfad glatt, die eine Seite des Weges ist weiss die andere schwarz. Ich betrete die schwarze Seite und prallen entsetzt zurück — es ist heisses Eisen. Ich trete auf das weisse — es ist Eis. Aber warum sein. Ich laufe so schnell wie möglich, bald auf dem heissen Eisen, bald auf dem kalten Eis, und endlich weitet sich das Thal zu einem mächtigen Felsenkessel.

Ein schmaler Weg führt an beinah senkrechten Felsen zu die Höhe nach einem Passe. Wie die nach dem Passe zu tönt oder dröhnt vielmehr etwas von der anderen Seite des Berges wie Erz. Der Schall kommt näher und schwillt mächtig an. Es dröhnt von ferne wie hundert Schmiedehämmer und der Schall wird hallt an den Bergen vielfach und gewaltig. Wie ich den Pass erreiche, sehe ich auf der anderen Seite einen riesenhaften Menschen sich nahen. Aus seinem mächtigen Haupt ragen zwei Stierhörner, ein blinkender schwarzer Panzer bedeckt seinen Oberkörper. Sein Bart ist schwarz gekräuselt und gewaltig. Seine nackten Beine sind ~~von~~ mit schwarzen Jetthaaren bedeckt. In der Hand trägt der Riese eine mit Silber eingelegte schwarze eiserne Streitaxt.

Ehe ich mich von meinem Staunen

ganz erhalten habe, steht der Gewaltige vor mir und erhebe sein Gesicht — es ist blass und gelblich, tiefe Furchen durchziehen es, weit aufgerissen blicken seine grossen mandelförmigen schwarzen Augen auf mich.

Mich fasst ein Grauen — das ist Zebedaeus — der Gewaltige — der Übermensch. Er steht und schaut mich an. Sein Gesicht spricht von — verzehrender innerer Angst — seine Hände, seine Knie zittern.

Zebedaeus der Gewaltige zittert? Er fürchtet sich?

Ich rufe ihn an: „Oh Zebedaeus, Gewaltigster, show mein Leben und vergieb, dass ich Wurm mich auf Deinen Weg gelegt habe.

Zd. Mich verlangt nicht nach deinem Leben, Freundling. Woher kommst Du?

I. „Ich komme von Westen".

Zd. Kommst Du von Westen? Weisst Du vom Westlande? Ist dies der rechte Weg zum Westlande?

I. Ich komme aus einem westlichen Lande, dessen Grenzen das ganze westliche Meer umspült.

Zd. Sinkt in jenem Meer die Sonne? Oder berührt sie in ihrem Untergange das feste Land?

I. Die Sonne sinkt weit hinter dem Meere.

Zd. Hinter dem Meere? Was ist dort?

I. Dort ist nichts, leerer Raum. Die Erde ist ja rund und dreht sich über dies um die Sonne herum.

Zd. Verfluchter, woher kommt Du solche Wissenschaft? So gibt es

irgendwo jenes unsterbliche Land, wo die Sonne entgeht zur Wiedergeburt? Sprichst du wahrheit?

Seine Augen flackern von Wut und Angst. Er tritt einen ganz kleinen drohenden Schritt näher. Schauzittere.

I. Oh Zydrhar, Mächtigster, verzeihe meinen Vorwitz. Aber ich spreche wirklich die Wahrheit. Ich komme aus einem Lande, wo dies höhere Wissenschaft ist, und wo die Leute wohnen, die mit ihren Schiffen rundum die Erde herumfahren. Unsere Gelehrten wissen durch Messung genau, wie weit die Sonne von jedem Punkte der Erdoberfläche entfernt ist. Sie ist ein Himmelskörper, der unsagbar weit draussen im unendlichen Weltraum liegt.

Zyd. Unendlich sagst du? Ist der Weltraum unendlich? Und wie kommen wir zur Sonne gelangen?

I. Mächtigster, insofern du sterblicher Art bist, kommst du nie zur Sonne gelangen.

Ich sehe, ihn befällt erstickende Angst.

Zyd. Ich bin sterblich — und ich soll nie zur Sonne, zur Unsterblichkeit gelangen können?!

Er zerschmettert seine Axt mit schrillklingendem mächtigen Schlag am Felsen.

Zyd. Fahr hin, elende Waffe, du taugst nichts. Was solltest du taugen gegen die Unendlichkeit, gegen das ewig Leere und Unausfüllbare? Du hast vieleicht mehr zuberungen. Zerschmetter dich selbst —

— Was lohnt es? —

Im Westen sieht die Sonne blutig

roth in ~~einer~~ den Chaoss erglühender Wolken.

Zyd. Da fährst du hin, Sonne, dreimal verfluchter Gott und kühlst dich in deine Unendlichkeit –

Er rafft die zersprungenen Stücke seiner Axt vom Boden auf und wirft sie nach der Sonne.

– Hier hast du dein Opfer, dein letztes Opfer, gierig wiegender Drache.

Zyd. bricht zusammen und weint wie ein Kind.

Schsche erschüttert und wage mich kaum zu rühren.

Zyd. stöhnend: Elender Wurm, wo sogest du dies Gift?

T. Oh Zydebar, Gewaltiger, das ist die Wissenschaft, was du Gift nennst. In unserm Lande werden wir damit von Jugend auf genährt und das magere Grund dafür sein, daß wir nicht recht gedeihen und so zwerghaft klein bleiben. Wenn ich Dich sehe, so kommt es mir allerdings vor, als obst alle vergiftet seien.

Zyd. Kein Starker fällte mich je, kein Ungeheuer widerstand meiner Kraft. Aber dein Gift, Wurm, der du auf der aufmeinem Wege lagst, hat mich im Marke gelähmt. Dein Giftpfeiler ist mächtiger als das Heer Tiâmats.

Er liegt wie gelähmt lang ausgestreckt am Boden.

Zyd. Ihr Götter helft, hier liegt euer Sohn, gefällt vom Fersenstich der unsichtbaren Schlange. Oh hätte ich dich zertreten, abrich dich zu Brei und deine Worte nie gehört!

I. Oh Zyderbas, Gnom, Beunruhigenswerther! Hätte ich geweint, der meine Wissenschaft sich fällen könnte, ich hätte meinen Mund verschlossen vor Dir. Aber ich wollte Dir die Wahrheit sagen.

Zyd. Du nennst Gift Wahrheit? Ist Wahrheit Gift? Sagen nicht unsere Sternenkunde und Priester auch die Wahrheit? Und doch wirkt sie nicht wie Gift.

I. Oh Zyderbas, die Nacht bricht an und hier auf der Höhe wird es ~~kalt~~ kalt. Soll ich nicht Hilfe zum Schlafen ~~f~~ bei den Menschen im Thale?

Zyd. Lass es sein. Gieb mir lieber Antwort.

I. Aber wir können hier doch nicht philosophieren. Dein beklagenswerthes Unverständniss bedarf Hilfe.

Zyd. Ich sage Dir, lass es sein. Wenn ich diese Nacht verenden soll, so soll es sein. Jetzt gieb Antwort.

I. Ich fürchte meine Worte sind schwach, wenn sie hüten sollen. Ihr zerstörende Kraft scheint mir grösser zu sein.

Zyd. Schlimmeres können sie nicht bewirken. Das Unheil ist schon geschehen. Also sage, was Du weisst. Vielleicht hast Du ein magisches Wort, welches das Gift bannt.

I. Meine Worte, oh Zyderbas, sind arm und haben keine magische Gewalt.

Zyd. Gleichviel, sprich!

I. Ich zweifle nicht, dass eure Priester die Wahrheit sagen. Es ist gewiss eine Wahrheit, nur lautet sie anders als unsere Wahrheit.

Zyd. Giebt es denn zweierlei Wahrheit?

I. Mir scheint, es sei so. Unsere Wahrheit ist die, die aus der Kenntniss der äusseren Dinge zuströmt. Die Wahrheit eurer Priester ist die, die ihnen aus den inneren Dingen des menschlichen Geistes zuströmt.

Zyd. mit halbaufrichtem: Das war ein gutes und heilsames Wort.

I. Ich bin glücklich, daß mein schwaches Wort die Erleichterung gebracht hat. Oh wüßte ich noch viele solche Worte, die Dir helfen könnten!

Doch es wird kalt und dunkel. Schnell Feuer machen, um Dich und mich zu wärmen.

Zyd. Thue das. Deine Handlung bringt vielleicht Hilfe.

I. Ich mache Holz zusammen und entzünde ein großes Feuer.

Zyd. Das heilige Feuer wärmt mich. Doch sage mir, wie machst Du so rasch und so geheimnißvoll Feuer?

I. Dazu brauche ich ganz einfach Zündhölzer. Siehst Du, es sind kleine Hölzchen, mit einem chemischen Stoffe an der Spitze. Man reibt sie an der Schachtel und man hat Feuer.

Ich mache Dir Proben ein paar Mal vor.

Zyd. Das ist erstaunlich. Wo hast Du diese Kunst gelernt?

I. In unserm Lande hat jedermann Zündhölzer. Das ist aber das Geringste. Wir können auch fliegen mit Hilfe von sinnreichen Maschinen.

Zyd. Ihr könnt fliegen wie die Vögel? Wenn nicht dein Wort so mächtigen Zauber enthielte, so würde ich sagen, Du lügst.

I. Ich lüge gewiß nicht. Siehst Du, hier habe ich z. B. eine Uhr, welche ganz genau die Stunden des Tages und der Nacht zeigt.

Zyd. Das ist wunderbar. Ich sehe, Du kommst aus einem seltsamen und herrlichen Lande. Gewiß kommst Du sogar aus dem seligen Westland? Bist Du unsterblich?

I. Ich — unsterblich? Nein, wir sind ganz

gewöhnliche sterbliche Menschen.

Zd. entrüstet: Was, ihr seid nicht einmal unsterblich und versteht solche Künste?

I. Leider ist es unserer Wissenschaft noch nicht geglückt, ein Mittel gegen das Sterben zu finden.

Zd. Wer hat euch denn solche Kunst gelehrt?

I. Im Laufe der Jahrhunderte haben die Menschen viele Erfindungen gemacht durch eine genaue Beobachtung und Wissenschaft der äusseren Dinge.

Zd. Aber diese Wissenschaft ist doch der mitleidlose Zauber, der mich gelähmt hat. Wie ist es möglich, dass ihr noch am Leben seid, wenn ihr täglich von diesem Gift geniesst?

I. Man hat sich mit der Zeit daran gewöhnt, wie sich der Mensch an Alles gewöhnt. Aber etwas gelähmt sind wir schon. Immerhin gewährt diese Wissenschaft auf der andern Seite wieder grosse Vortheile, wie du gesehen hast. Was wir an Kraft verloren haben, gewinnen wir vielfach wieder durch die Beherrschung der Naturkräfte.

Zd. Ist er nicht jämmerlich so gelähmt zu sein? Ich für meinen Theil ziehe meine eigene Kraft den Naturkräften vor. Ich überlasse die geheimen Kräfte den feigen Zauberkünstlern und weibischen Magiern. Wenn ich einem Deutschen zu Brei zerschlagen habe, hört auch sein elender Zauber auf.

I. Aber du siehst doch, wie die Berührung mit unserm Zauber auf dich gewirkt hat. Ich denke – schrecklich.

Zd. Leider hast du recht.

I. Nun, siehst du, wir hatten keine Wahl. Wir müssen das Gift der Wissenschaft schlucken. Sonst ergeht es uns wie dir – wir werden geradezu gelähmt, wenn wir ahnungslos dem

zusammentreffen. Und dieses Gift ist so unüberwindlich stark, dass jeder, auch der stärkste, selbst die ewigen Götter, dran zugrundegehen. Wenn uns unser Leben lieb ist, so opfern wir lieber ein Stück unserer Lebenskraft, als das wir uns dem sicheren Tode ~~[illegible]~~ aussetzen.

Zyd. Ich denke nicht mehr, dass Du aus dem sehnigen Westland kommst. Dein Land muss öde sein, voll Lähmung und Verzicht. Ich sehne mich zurück nach dem Osten, wo der lautere Quell unserer lebenspendenden Wahrheit der einen Dinge fliesst. Doch ich kann nicht mehr, meine Beine tragen mich nicht.

Seine Beine sind wie verdorrt, aber seine Arme sind kräftig und gesund. Was ist da zu tun?

Wir sitzen schweigend am flackernden Feuer. Die Nacht ist kalt. Zyduber stöhnt schwer und blickt zum gestirnten Himmel empor:

„Schrecklichster Tag meines Lebens — unendlich — so weit, so weit — elende Zauberkünste — unsere Priester wissen nichts, sonst hätten sie mich davor schützen können. — Sagen Sie Götter sterben, sagte er.

Habt ihr denn keine Götter mehr?

I. Nein, wir haben bloss noch die Worte.

Zyd. Aber sind diese Worte mächtig?

I. Es wird behauptet, jedoch merkt man nichts davon.

Zyd. Wir sehen die Götter auch nicht und glauben, doch, dass sie sind, und erkennen die Werken im natürlichen Geschehen.

I. Die Wissenschaft hat uns die Fähigkeit des Glaubens genommen.

Zyd. Auch das Lebtheis verloren? Wie lebt ihr denn?

I. Wir leben so so la la, den einen Fuss im Wasser, den andern im Kalten und im Übrigen wird es ebn kommt.

Zyd. Du drückst dich dunkel aus..

I. So ist es auch bei uns, es ist dunkel.

Zyd. Kommst du das auslachen?

I. Nicht gerade glänzend. Ich persönlich befinde mich nicht wohl dabei. Ich habe mich deshalb aufgemacht, nach Osten zu ~~ziehen~~ wandern, in das Land der aufgehenden Sonne, um das Licht zu suchen. Wo geht denn die Sonne auf?

Zyd. Die Erde ist, wie du sagst, rund. ~~Ja~~ Die Sonne geht also überall auf.

I. Ich meine, habt ihr das Licht, das uns fehlt?

Zyd. Sieh mich an. Ich gehöre in die höchste jüngeröstlichen Welt. Daran magst du ermessen, wie fruchtbar jenes Licht ist. Wenn du aber aus einem solchen Dunkelland kommst, dann hüte dich vor dem übergewaltigen Licht. Du könntest erblinden, so wie wir alle etwas blind sind.

I. Wenn euer Licht so fabelhaft ist, wie du bist, dann will ich vorsichtig sein.

Zyd. Du thust gut daran.

I. Ich lechze nach euerm Wasser.

Zyd. Wie ich nach dem Westland. Ich warne dich hinzugehen.

Man tritt schweigend ein. Es ist spät in der Nacht. Und wir schlafen beim Feuer ein.

9. I. 14.

Ich habe wenig geschlafen, nur unklare Träume störten mich mehr, als das sie mir das rettende Wort eingaben.

Zydnbar lag schweigend den ganzen Tag. Ich lief immer hin und her am Kamme des Gebirges und schaute zurück nach meinem westlichen Lande.

Ich liebe Izdubar und er soll nicht elend verkommen. Von wohin soll ich Hilfe holen? Keiner wird den Riesenkatarrhweg überschreiten und sich — ich muss eingestehen — ich fürchte mich auch, diesen Weg zurückzukehren. Zudem ist es nach Westen zu weit um menschliche Hilfe zu holen. Der Pass ist begrenzt von senkrechten Felswänden — es gibt kein Ausweichen. Und nach Osten — gibt es vielleicht dort Hilfe? Aber die unbekannten Gefahren, die dort drohen? Ich möchte nicht erblinden. Was würde es Izdubar nützen? Ich kann als Blinder diesen Lahmen nicht tragen. Ja, wäre ich so gewaltig wie Izdubar! Was nützt mir hier die Technik und die Wissenschaft? Hier ist meine Kunst aus.

Izdubar, hör, ich will dich nicht verkommen lassen. Schon bricht der zweite Abend an. Nahrung haben wir keine und der sichere Tod steht dir bevor, wenn es mir nicht gelingt, Hilfe herbeizuholen. Von Westen können wir keine Hilfe erwarten. Von Osten aber ist es vielleicht möglich. Triffst du niemand auf deinem Wege, den du jetzt zu Hilfe rufen könnte?

Izd. Lasse sein. Der Tod mag kommen, wann er will.

I. Mein Herz blutet mir, wenn ich denke, dass du, du, Gewaltiger, hier verlassen musst, ohne das Äußerste für dich versucht zu haben.

Izd. Was hilft dir deine Zauberkunst? Wärest du stark wie ich, könntest mich wegtragen. Euer Gift kann nur zerstören und nicht helfen.

I. Wären wir in meinem Lande, schnell

Wegen könnten uns Hilfe bringen.

Zyd. Wäre ich in meinem Land geblieben, dann hätte mich dein Lichtstrahl nicht getroffen.

J. Sage mir, weißt du keine Hilfe von der Seite des Ostens?

Zyd. Der Weg ist lang und einsam. Und wenn du das Gebirge in die Ebene hinaus kommst, dann trifft dich die gewaltige Sonne, die dich gewiß blendet.

J. Aber wenn ich nur in der Nacht wanderte, am Tage mich aber vor der Sonne verborgen hielte?

Zyd. Das ist ein Gedanke. Aber lass es sein. Was hilft es? Meine Beine sind verdorrt und abgestorben. Ich ziehe die Bäume dieser Fahrt nicht nach Hause zu bringen.

J. Ich kann dich nicht so lassen. Ich will gehen.

Zyd. Gegen die Sonne könntest du dich vielleicht schützen. Aber der Weg durch das Gebirge ist voll Gefahr. Schlangen und Ungeheuer umlauern ihn und du bist ihnen sicher verfallen. Also, du siehst — kein Weg.

J. Soll ich nicht das Äußerste wagen?

Zyd. Nutzlos. Du gewinnst nichts dabei, wenn du umkommst.

J. Lass mich nochetwas nachdenken. Vielleicht kommt mir doch noch ein rettender Gedanke.

Ich entferne mich und gehe auf einer vorspringenden Felsplatte auf und ab. Ich denke:

Großer Zyd'ber, Stiermensch, du bist in einer heillosen Lage — und ich nicht minder. Was ist da zu thun? — Es ist nicht immer nötig, zu thun, manchmal ist bloßes Denken besser. Ich im Grunde

bin ich ja davon überzeugt, daß Izdubar gar nicht ein gewöhnlicher Sterblicher wirklich ist, sondern eine Phantasie. Der Situation wäre ja geholfen, wenn man ihr einen andern Aspect beibrächte. Aber das wird schwer halten. Izdubar wird es natürlich nicht annehmen, daß er eine Phantasie sei und behaupten wollen, er sei ~~ganz~~ ganz real, sodaß ihm nur auf realem Wege geholfen werden könne. — Immerhin kann er sich einmal versuchen.

„Izdubar, Gewaltiger, höre: Mir ist ein Gedanke gekommen, der vielleicht Rettung bringt. Ich denke nämlich, du seiest gar nicht wirklich, sondern blos eine Phantasie."

Izd. Dreht überrascht den Kopf nach mir um: Mir graut vor deinen Gedanken — sie sind mörderisch. Willst du mich gar für unwirklich erklären, nachdem du mich ja unwirklich gelähmt hast?

I. Schlage mich vielleicht etwas unverständlich ausgedrückt, zu viel wirke Sprache der westlichen Lande. Ich meine natürlich nicht, du seiest ganz unreal, sondern nur so real wie eine Phantasie. Wenn du das annehmen könntest, großer Izdubar, dann wäre damit viel gewonnen.

Izd. Was wäre damit gewonnen? Du bist ein Quälteufel.

I. Darüber, ich will dich nicht quälen. Die Hand des Arztes will nicht quälen, auch wenn sie weh thut. Könntest du wirklich nicht annehmen, daß du eine Phantasie seist?

Izd. Wehe mir, in wer für einen Zauber willst du mich verstricken? Soll mir geholfen sein, wenn ich mich für eine Phantasie erkläre?

I. Du wirst, der Name, den du trägst,

bedeutet viel. Und du weißt auch, daß man den Kranken oftmals einen neuen Namen gibt, um sie zu heilen. Denn damit empfangen sie ein neues Wesen. Dein Wesen ist in deinem Namen enthalten.

Izd. Du hast Recht. Dasselbe unsere Priester auch.

I. Also gibst du es zu, daß du Phantasie bist?

Izd. Wenn es hilft — ja.

I. Nun ich bin zwar eine Phantasie, aber ich lege Blut trotzdem enorm verwickelt. Auch eine Phantasie läßt sich nicht einfach niederreißen. Etwas hat damit zu geschehen. Immerhin ist eine Phantasie, also bedeutend volatiler. Ah, ich sehe eine Möglichkeit. Jetzt kann ich schon auf den Rücken laden.

Izdubar, Phantasiebier, im Weg ist gefunden. Du bist leicht geworden, leichter als eine Feder. Jetzt kann ich dich tragen.

Ich hebe ihn vom Boden auf. Er ist sogar leichter als Luft und ich habe Mühe mit den Füßen am Boden zu bleiben, weil mich meine Last doch emporhebt.

Izd. Das war ein Meisterstück eurer Kunst. Wohin trägst du mich?

I. Ich trage dich hinunter ins Land des Westens. Meine Genossen werden sich freuen, eine so große Phantasie bei sich beherbergen zu können. Wenn wir unterst das Gebirge hinter uns haben und in den gastlichen Hütten der Menschen angelangt sind, dann wollen wir versuchen, ob es nicht ein Mittel gibt, dich wieder gänzlich herzustellen.

Ich trige vorsichtig den Felsenpfad hinunter, mehr in der Gefahr von dir

emporgenommen zu werden, als hinunter zu stürzen. Ich hänge fröhlich an meinem überleichten Kart. Endlich erreichen wir glücklich den Thalboden und da ich auch schon den Weg der Hin- und Kalten Schmerzen. Dieses Mal aber bläst mich der Wind sausend durch die Felsenenge hinunter und über die Felder hinaus, bewohnten Stätten entgegen. Da Schmerzen weg berührt meine Sohlen nicht. Ich laufe jetzt beflügelt durch schöne ~~ab~~ ängliche Landschaft.

Der mir gehen Fuß auf der Landstraße. Es ist der Buschart und der Rothe. Als wir dicht hinter ihnen sind, wenden sie sich um und stürzen mit entsetztem Geschrei in die Felder hinaus.

Jgd. verwundert: Was sind das für Ungestalten, sind das deine Genossen?

J. Das sind keine Menschen, das sind Relikte der Vergangenheit, denen man hie und wieder begegnet. Sie waren früher von großer Bedeutung, jetzt braucht man sie hauptsächlich noch zum Schafe hüten.

Jgd. Was für ein wunderliches Land!?

Dort ist schon die Stadt. Besser schon weile sie. Es könnte einen Volksauflauf geben.

Jgd. Willst du nicht in jene Stadt?

J. Nein, dort wohnen die Aufgeklärten. Die sind eigentlich gefährlich, denn die kochen die allerstärksten Gifte, vor denen ~~sich~~ man wir hüten müssen. Aber sie ohne Sorge, es ist jetzt schon so dunkel, daß uns niemand sieht. Ich kenne hier ein einsames Landhaus, dort haben ich vertraute Freunde, die uns für die Nacht aufnehmen werden.

Ich komme an einen stillen

dunkeln Garten, darin steht ein verschwiegenes Haus. Ich verberge Jedermann unter den bunten Asten eines Baumes und gehe zur Pforte, wo ich klopfe. Eine alte Magd öffnet mir. Ich betrachte die Thüre, sie ist viel zu klein. Aber kaum gedacht, nicht hinein. Doch eine Phantasie braucht keinen Raum! Warum kann ich nicht früher auf diesen Gedanken. Ich trete zurück und drücke Jedermann auf Eigenes zusammen und stecke ihn in die Tasche. So trete ich ins gastliche Haus der Menschen, wo Jedermann Heilung finden soll.

10. I. 14.

Es scheint, als ob durch dies denkwürdige Erlebniss wieder etwas erreicht sei. Es ist aber nicht abzusehen, wohin das Alles führt. Ich wage kaum, zu sagen, das Schicksal Jedermanns sei grotesk-tragisch. Denn das allerheiligste Leben ist grotesk-tragisch. Fr. Th. Vischer (A. E.) hat den ersten Versuch gemacht, diese Wahrheit zum System zu erheben. Ihm gebührt ein Platz unter den Unsterblichen.

Das Mittlere ist die Wahrheit. Sie hat viele Gesichter, sicher ist Eines komisch, ein Anderes traurig, ein Drittes böse, ein Viertes tragisch, ein Fünftes lustig, ein Sechstes eine Fratze u. s. w.

Wenn Eines diese Gesichter uns besonders aufdringlich wird, ~~sind~~ dann erkennen wir daran, dass wir von der sichern Wahrheit abgewichen sind und einem Extrem uns nähern, das eine sichere Sackgasse ist, wenn wir etwa den Kopf darin setzen wollten, auf diesem Wege weitergehen zu wollen. ~~Erst~~

Es ist eine dankbare Aufgabe, eine Weisheit des wirklichen Lebens zu schreiben, besonders auch, wenn man viele Jahre in

in der Ernsthaftigkeit der Wissenschaft gemacht hat. Das Schwerste ist, das Spielerische (man möchte gerne sagen – das Kindische) des Lebens zu erfassen. Alle die mannigfachen Seiten des Lebens, das Grosse, das Schöne, das Ernste, das Schwere, das Menschliche, das Grete, das Lächerliche, das Groteske sind Anwendungsgebiete, von denen jedes Einzelne den Betrachter oder Beschreiber gänzlich zu verschlingen ~~droht~~ pflegt.

Unsere Zeit bedarf eines Regulators des Geistigen. Wie die Welt der Concreten vom Beschränkten der antiken ~~Anschauung~~ Auffassung sich zu der unermeßlichen Mannigfaltigkeit der modernen Auffassung erweitert hat, so hat sich auch die Welt der geistigen Möglichkeiten zum unfaßbar Mannigfaltigen entwickelt. Unendliche ~~Dorfwege~~ Landwege gepflastert mit tausenden von dicken Bänden, führen von einer Specialität zur andern. Diese Wege kann bald keiner mehr gehen. Und darum giebt es nur noch Specialisten.

Wir bedürfen mehr denn je der lebendigen Wahrheit des geistigen Lebens, eines orientierenden Regulators.

Nachts, als Alles ruhig geworden war, griff ich in meine Tasche und holte das Ei heraus. Es war ein wirkliches Ei mit weisser harter Schale.

Ich legte es auf den Teppich in die Mitte des Zimmers und klopfte sorgsam auf. Wie ein Rauch steigt daraus empor bis zur Decke des Zimmers und vor mir steht Zoroasters Gestalt riesengross und vollkommen. Seine Glieder auch sind vollkommen und ich finde keine Spur der Lähmung mehr an ihm. Es ist, wie wenn

aus tiefem Schlaf erwacht.

Zp. Wo bin ich? Wie eng ist es hier und wie dunkel und wie kühl? Bin ich im Grabe?

Wo war ich? — Es schien mir, ich sei in ungeheurem Weltall draussen gewesen — über und unter mir ein ~~schwarzer~~ unendlicher schwarzer sternfunkelnder Himmel — ich war in unsagbar tönender Glut — Feuerströme brachen aus neuem leuchtenden Körper — ich selber wogte in zuckenden Flammen — ich selber schwamm im engen mich pressenden Meere ~~der~~ lebensvoller Gluth — ganz Licht — ganz Sehnsucht — ganz Ewigkeit — weit und ewig mich erneuernd — vom Höchsten ins Tiefste hinunterstrudelnd und aus dem Tiefsten ins Höchste strahlend emporgewirbelt — in feuerglühenden Wolken um mich selber schwebend — und als Glutregen wie Gischt der Brandung niederprasselnd mich selber hinüberfluthend — wieder jäh weissglühend emporflammend — in ungeheurem Spiel mich selber umarmend und abstossend.

Wo war ich? —

Schwer ganz Sonne.

S. Oh Zpheber. Göttlicher, welches Wunder! Du bist geheilt.

Zp. Geheilt? Wer sagt jemals krank? Wer spricht von Krankheit? Schwer Sonne — ganz Sonne. Ich bin die Sonne.

Ein unaussprechliches Licht bricht aus

seinem ganzen Körper, ein Licht, das meine Augen nicht fassen können. Ich muss mein Gesicht verhüllen, um nicht zu erblinden — ich bergen mein Gesicht am Boden, weil Du Hülle meine Augen nicht schützt.

„Du bist die Form, der ewige Licht — vergeb Unachtsamter, dass meine Hand Dich trug — — —

Es ist Alles still und dunkel. Schlüsse um mich — auf dem Teppich liegt die Leere Schale eines Eies.

Schlafe mich, Du Wabbel, Du Wende, es ist Alles wie es immer war, ganz einfach und ganz wirklich. Ich möchte sagen, ringsum Alles gut geworden, aber es ist nicht wahr; es ist Alles, wie es immer gewesen ist.

Nur Fluthete das Licht der Ewigkeit unermesslich und übergewaltig? —

Es helfe Rätsel rathen, wer kann. Nur schwindelt — ist dies der Pfad des Lebens?

12 ~~7~~. I. 14.

Ich sah ein Bild — ein furchtbares Bild:

Ein düsteres Gewölbe — der Boden glatte feuchte Steinplatten — in der Mitte steht ein hoher Pfahl — an ihm hängen Tau und Haken. Zu Füßen des Pfahles liegt ein furchtbar schlangenhafter Leib — menschlicher Körper — in der Mitte die liegende Gestalt eines schönen jungen Mädchens mit wunderbar goldrothem Haar — sie ist nackt — halb unter ihr liegt ein Mann mit bartlosem Gesicht in eng anliegendem rothen Kleid. Sein Kopf ist zurückgebeugt — über die ich sehe einen ~~[illegible]~~ dunklen Strom Blutes über sie.

Füße und den Körper des Mädchens haben sich zwei weitere ganz gleichgekleidete Männer geworfen. Sie haben kartlose Gesichter von unnennbarem Ausdruck — das Böse in Essenz — ihre Muskeln sind gewaltig und ihre Körper geschmeidig wie die von Schlangen. — Das Mädchen hält die Hand über dem Auge des untenliegenden Mannes, der der mächtigste Sadist zu sein scheint — ~~ein~~ ihrer Hand ~~ist~~ dampft eine silberne Brustspange, an der ein ein kleiner Haken ist, den sie irgendwie ins ~~eine~~ rechte Auge dieses Teufels getrieben hat.

Der Knäuel ist ganz regungslos und ich verstehe — sie wollten das Mädchen martern, sie wehrt sich und es gelang ihr, mit dem kleinen Haken des Auge des Bösen zu fassen — wenn es sich bewegt, dann wird sie ihm das Auge mit einem letzten Ruck ausreißen.

Das Entsetzen lähmt mich. Was wird geschehen?

Die innere Stimme sagt: „der Böse kann kein Opfer bringen, er kann sein Auge nicht opfern. Der Sieg ist mit dem, der opfern kann."

Das Böse? Ich wollte zu wenig an das Böse. Auch der Böse ist. Das Böse, das abgrundtief Böse ist nicht zu vergessen. Dafür gibt es keine naturwissenschaftliche Bezeichnung. Auch das Wort „Böse" ist abgeleiert, reicht ihm die Sache.

Hier liegt ein inneres Sträuben — was will ich nicht sehen? Ein krankes Ekelgefühl beschleicht mich — widerwärtige heimtückische Schlangen winden sich langsam und düsterend durch Gebüsch, hängen

faul und voll ekligen Schlafes zu abscheulichen Knäuelen geballt in den Zweigen — ein Grauen, den kühlglatten Rücken dieser Teufelsthiere zu berühren — es sträubt sich Alles in mir, dieses Thal voll langweilig-unaussprechlichen Getümmels zu betreten, wo die Büsche ein dürftiges Gehänge stehen — das Tier sieht so gewöhnlich aus — seine Luft wittert nach Verbrechen, nach sehr üblen Gegenthat — mich fasst Ekel und Grauen — ich gehe zögernd über Geröllstücke jede dunkle Stelle meidend aus Furcht vor Schlangen. Die Sonne blickt matt aus grauem Himmel, und alles Laub ist herbstlich dürr.

In den Steinen vor mir liegt eine Puppe mit zerbrochenem Kopf — ein paar Schritte weiter eine kleine Kinderschürze — und dort hinter dem Busch — der Körper eines halbnackten kleinen Mädchens — der Körper bedeckt mit schrecklichen Stich- und Schnittwunden — blutbeschmiert — der eine Fuss ist wund und stumpf geschlagen, der andere nackt und blutig zerquetscht — der Kopf — wo ist der Kopf? — der Kopf ist ein mit Haaren durchmischter Blutbrei mit ~~hirnlichen~~ Knochenstücken dazwischen — es steine und rings um mich mit Gehirnmasse und Blut besudelt.

Eiskalter Entsetzen fesselt meinen Blick auf dieses Gräßliche.

Da steht eine verhüllte Gestalt, wie die eines Weibes, ruhig, ~~mit~~ ihr Gesicht ist von einem undurchdringlichen Schleier bedeckt. Ich sehe sie starr an.

Sie fragt auch Lise:
„Versagst Du dazu?"

J. Was soll ich sagen? Hier gilt kein Wort.

Sie: „Verstehst Du das?"

J. Ich weigere mich, solches zu verstehen. Ich kann nicht davon reden, ohne rasend zu werden.

S. Warum sollst Du rasend werden? Du könntest jeden Tag rasen, solange Du lebst, denn solches und ähnliches geschieht außer Erde ~~fast~~ täglich.

J. Aber der Anblick fehlt mir meistens.

S. Also das Leiden genügt Dir nicht, um daran rasend zu werden?

J. Wenn ich es bloss weiss, so ist es allerdings viel einfacher und leichter. Man realisiert beim blossen Wissen das Furchtbare eigentlich nicht.

S. Tritt näher, Du nicht? Der Leib des Kindes ist aufgeschnitten, nimm die Leber heraus.

J. Ich berühre die Leiche nicht. Wenn mich Jemand dabei antrafe, würde es denken, ich sei der Mörder.

S. Du bist feige. Nimm die Leber.

J. Wozu soll ich das tun? Das ist Unsinn.

S. Ich will, dass Du die Leber herausnimmst. Du ~~musst~~ es thun.

(Die Stimme wird drohend.)

J. Wer bist Du, dass Du meinst, mir solches befehlen zu können?

S. Ich bin dieses Kindes Seele. Du hast diese Handlung für mich zu thun.

J. Ich verstehe nichts. Aber ich will die

glauben und das grauenhafte Absurde thun.

Ich greife in die Lebensschale – sie ist wochenlang warm – die Leber hängt fest. Ich nehme mein Taschenmesser und schneide sie von den Bändern los, zitternd vor Angst. Ich halte sie in blutigen Händen der Gestalt hin:

S. Ich danke dir.

J. Was soll ich thun?

S. Du kennst die alte Bedeutung der Leber und du sollst damit eine heilige Handlung vollbringen.

J. Was soll es sein?

S. Nimm ein Stück, an Stelle der ganzen Leber und iss es.

J. Was verlangst Du? Das ist ein furchterlicher Wahnsinn, das ist Leichenschändung und Anthropophagie! Du muschtest mich zum schuldigen Theilnehmer an diesem furchtbarsten von allen Verbrechen

S. Du hast in Gedanken dem Mörder die furchtbarsten Qualen erspunnen, mit denen er seine ~~That~~ sühnen konnte. Es giebt nur eine Sühne: erniedrige dich selbst und iss.

J. Ich kann nicht – ich weigere mich, ich kann nicht theilhaben an dieser furchtbarsten Schuld.

S. Du hast Theil an dieser Schuld.

J. Ich – Theil an dieser Schuld?

S. Du bist ein Mensch und ein Mensch hat diese That vollbracht.

J. Ja, ich bin ein Mensch – ich verfluche ihn, dass er ein Mensch ist und mich, dieses Menschen Mensch bin.

S. Also, nimm Theil an seiner That, erniedrige dich und iss. Ich bedarf der Sühne.

J. So soll es sein um deinetwillen, du

du die Seele dieses armen Kindes bist.

Ich knie wieder zu den Steinen, schneide ein Stück von der Lehne ab und stecke es zum Mund, allmein Eingeweide würgen sich in den Hals empor, die Thränen brechen aus meinen Augen — kalter Schweiß tropft mir von der Stirne — ein fader sündlicher Blutgeschmack — ich schlucke mit verzweifelter Anstrengung — es geht nicht — noch einmal und — noch einmal — mir wird fortohnmächtig. — Es ist geschehen. Das Furchtbare ist vollbracht.

S. Ich danke dir.

Sie schlägt ihren Schleier zurück — sie ist ein schönes junges Mädchen mit rosenblondem Haar.

Erkennst du mich?

T. Wie seltsam bekannt du mir bist!

Wer bist du?

S. Ich bin deine Seele.

Der Vorhang fällt. Welch grausiges Spiel hat hier gespielt?

Schwarze:

Nil humanum a me alienum esse puto.

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14. I. 14.

— Du bist die Ruhe — wer bist Du?

Namen und Worte entleiden mir. Es soll wohl auch keine Namen und Worte geben.

Ich stehe in einer hohen Halle. Vor mir sehe ich einen grünen Vorhang zwischen 2 Säulen — der Vorhang öffnet sich leise — ich sehe in einen wenig tiefen

Raum Schritte – Steinfliesen – eine glatte Mauer, darin ein kleineres Rundbogenfenster mit bläulichem Glas. Ich ~~trete~~ setze meinen Fuss auf die Stufe, die zu diesem Raum durch den Vorhang führt und trete ein. Rechts und links sehe ich eine Thür in der Rückwand des Raumes.

Es scheint, als ob ich an einem Scheideweg stünde. Soll ich rechts oder links wählen? —

Scheuchende mich für Rechts. Die Thüre ist offen, ich trete ein, es ist eine grosse Bibliothek von nüchternem modernem Ansehen – Lesepulte, grüne Lampen – eine technisch offenbar sehr gute eingerichtete Bibliothek. Im Hintergrund Rechts steht ein Klavier, davor

und etwas blasser Mann von etwa 40 Jahren, offenbar ein Bibliothekar. – Die Atmosphäre ist beschwerend – gehemmte Ambitionen – Gelehrtenwinkel – verletzte Gelehrteneitelkeit – die Gelehrtenangst vor dem boshaften Kritiker und dem glücklicheren Concurrenten und dem Unrechthaben.

Ich sehe ausser dem Bibliothekar Niemand. Ich gehe zu ihm hin. Er blickt von seinem Buch auf und fragt:

„Was wünschen Sie?"

Ich denke nur Falle ein: Thomas a Kempis.

I: „Ich möchte Thomas a Kempis: „Nachfolge Christi" haben."

Er nickt mich bejahend an, wie wenn er mir das nicht zugetraut hätte und legt mir einen Bestellzettel hin zur Unterzeichnung.

GEBRÜDER SCHOLL
— ZÜRICH —

BOOK 3

December 30, 1913–January 14, 1914

[1]

30. XII. 1913

[1]All these things lead me so far away from my science, which I thought I had subscribed to firmly. I wanted to serve humanity through it, and now, my soul, you lead me to these new things. Yes, it is the in-between world, the pathless, manifold and dazzling. I forgot that I had reached a new world, which had been alien to me previously. I see neither way nor bridge. What I believed about the soul has to become true here, namely that she knows her own way better, and that no intention can prescribe a better one for her. I feel that a large chunk of science has been broken off. I suppose it must be like this, for the sake of the soul and her life. I find the thought that this must occur only for me agonizing, and that perhaps no one will gain insight from my work. But my soul demands this achievement. I should be able to do this just for myself without hope —for the sake of God. This is truly a hard way. But what else did those anchorites of the first centuries of Christianity do? And were they the worst or least capable of those living at the end? Hardly, since ~~xx~~ they came to the most relentless conclusions with regard to the psychological necessity of their time. They left wife and child,

[1/2] wealth, glory and science—and turned toward the desert—for God's sake. So be it.

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[2]The desert—yellow sand all around—heaped up in waves—a terrible irascible sun—a steel blue sky—the air shimmering above the earth—on the right a deeply cut rocky river valley—with a dry river bed—some languid grass and dusty brambles. In the sand I see the tracks of naked feet that lead up from the rocky valley to the plateau. I follow them, they lead me to the left along a high dune. Where it falls off, the tracks move off to the right—they appear to be fresh—in between older half-worn-away footprints run alongside. I pursue them attentively. They always go to the right, apparently along the other ~~side~~ slope of the dune. [2/3]

Now they turn even more to the right and flow into another set of footprints—but it is the same set that I have already followed, the one ascending from the valley. I follow the footprints downward in astonishment. I soon reach the hot red rocks corroded by the wind. On the stone the footprints are lost but I see where the rock falls off in layers and I climb down. The air glows and the rock burns my soles through the sandals. Now I have reached the bottom. There are the tracks again in the sand. They lead along the winding of the valley, a short distance. Next I stand before a small miserable hut covered in reeds and made of mud bricks. A rickety wooden plank forms the door where a cross has been painted in red. I open it quietly. A meager[3] man with a bold head and deep brown skin covered in a white linen mantle is sitting on a mat with his back leaning against the wall. Across [3/4] his knees lies a book in yellow parchment and beautiful black handwriting—a Greek book—the New Testament[4]—without doubt—I am with an anchorite of the Libyan desert.[5]

Am I disturbing you, father? I ask quietly. "You do not disturb me. But do not call me father. I am a man like you. What is your

desire?”

I come without desire. I have come to this place in the desert by chance, and found tracks in the sand up there that led me in a circle to you.

“You found the tracks of my daily walks at daybreak and sunset.”

(His tone is calm and natural. No astonishment concerning the stranger, no curiosity and no posing.)[6]

Excuse me if I interrupt your devotion. It is a rare opportunity for me to be with you. I have never [4/5] before seen an anchorite.

“There are several others whom you can see further down in this valley. Some have huts like me, others live in the graves that the ancients have hollowed out in these mountains. I live uppermost in the valley, because it is most solitary and quiet here, and because here I am closest to the endless peace of the desert.”

Have you already been here long?

“I have lived here for perhaps ten years. But really, I can no longer remember exactly how long it is. It could also be a few more years. Time passes so quickly.”

Time passes quickly? How is that possible? Your life must be frightfully monotonous!

The anchorite looked up at me in astonishment:[7]

“Time certainly passes quickly for me, much too quickly even. It seems you are a pagan?”

Me? No—not exactly. I [5/6] was raised in the Christian faith.

“Well, then, how can you ask whether time drags on for me? You must know what preoccupies an anchorite.[8] Only idlers grow bored.”

Again, forgive me—my curiosity is great—what then do you occupy yourself with?

“Are you a child? To begin with you see that I am reading, and that I keep regular hours.”

But I can see nothing at all with which you could occupy yourself here. You must have read this book from cover to cover often enough. And if it is the four gospels, as I suppose, then I am sure you already know them by heart.

"How childishly you speak! Surely you know that one can read a book many times—perhaps you almost know it by heart, and nevertheless it can be that, when you [6/7] look again at the lines before you, certain things appear new or even completely new thoughts occur to you that you did not have before. Every word can work productively in your spirit. And finally if you have once left the book for a week and you take it up again after your spirit has experienced various different changes, then a number of things will dawn on you."

I have difficulty grasping this. The book remains one and the same, certainly a wonderful and profound, yes, even divine matter, but surely not rich enough to fill countless years.

"You are astonishing. How, then, do you read this holy book? Do you really always see only one and the same meaning in it? Where do you come from? You are truly a pagan.["]

I beg you, please don't hold it against me if I talk like a pagan. Let me only talk with you. I am here to learn from you. Consider me as an ignorant student, which I am in your[9] matters. [7/8]

"If I call you a pagan, don't take it as an insult. I used to be a pagan, too, and thought exactly like you as I well remember. Therefore how can I blame you for your ignorance?"

Thank you for your patience. But it matters very much to me to know how you read and what you take from this book.

"Your question is not easy to answer. It's easier to explain colors to a blind person. You must know one thing above all: a succession of words does not have only one meaning. Men strive only to assign a single meaning to the sequence of words.[10] This striving is worldly and ~~vainly~~ constricted, and belongs to the deeper layers of the divine creative plan. On the higher levels of insight into divine thoughts, ~~have~~ you recognize that the sequence of words has more than one valid meaning. Only to the all-knowing is it given to know all the meanings of the sequence of words. Increasingly we try to recognize a few more meanings.[11]" [8/9]

If I understand you correctly, you think that the holy writings of the new covenant also have a doubleness, an exoteric and an

esoteric meaning, as a few Jewish scholars contend concerning their holy books.[12]

"This bad superstition is far from me. I observe that you are wholly inexperienced in divine matters."

~~That~~ I must confess my deep ignorance about these things. But I am all too eager to experience and understand what you think about the multifaceted meaning of the sequence of words.

"Unfortunately I am in no position to tell you everything I know about it. But at least I will try to make the elements clear to you. Because of your ignorance I will therefore begin elsewhere this time: What you need to know is that before I became acquainted with Christianity, I was a rhetorician and philosopher in the city of Alexandria. I had a considerable throng of students, including many [9/10] Romans, also a few barbarians from Hispania and Gaul.[13] I taught them not only the history of Greek philosophy but also the new systems, among them the system of Philo, whom we call the Jew.[14] He was a clever head, but fantastically abstract, as the Jews are wont to be when they devise systems; ~~when~~ moreover he was a slave of his own words. I added my own, and wove an atrocious web of words in which I entrapped not only my listeners, but also myself. We rioted terribly among words and names, our own miserable creatures, and ~~xx~~ accorded divine potency to them. Yes, we believed in their reality, and believed that we possessed the divine and had committed ~~him~~ it to words."

But Philo Judeaus, if this is who you mean, was a serious philosopher and a great thinker. Even John the theologian[15] did not disdain including some of Philo's thoughts in the gospel. [10/11]

"You are right: It ~~xx~~ is to Philo's credit that he furnished language like so many other philosophers. He belongs to the language artists. But words should not become idols[16]."[17]

I fail to understand you here. Does it not say in the gospel according to John: καὶ θεὸς[18] ἦν ὁ λόγος?[19] It appears to me to make quite explicit the view which ~~xx~~ you have just now rejected.

"Guard against being a slave to words. Here is the gospel of John, read from that passage where it says: ἐν αὐτῷ ζωὴ ἦν.[20] What

~~xx~~ does John say there?"[21]

καὶ ἡ ζωὴ ἦν τὸ φῶς τῶν ἀνθρώπων καὶ τὸ φῶς ἐν τῇ σκοτίᾳ φαίνει, καὶ ἡ σκοτία αὐτὸ οὐ κατέλαβεν. ἘΓΈΝΕΤΟ ἍΝΘΡΩΠΟΣ ἈΠΕΣΤΑΛΜΈΝΟΣ ΠΑΡ᾽ΑΎ ΘΕΟΥ ἎΝΟΜΑ ΑὟΤΩ ἸΩΆΝΝΗΣ— — – – –[22] [11/12]

"I ask you, was this Logos[23] a concept, a word? It was a ~~xx~~ light, indeed a man, and lived among men. You see, Philo lent John only the word and the concept[24] so that John would have at his disposal the word ΛΟΓΟΣ alongside the word φῶς[25] with its special meaning to express the son of man.[26] John gave to living men the meaning of the Logos,[27] but Philo gave Logos as the dead concept that usurped life, even the divine life.[28] And this was also my atrocious error."

Now I see what you mean. This thought is new to me and seems worth special consideration. Until now it always seemed to me as if it were exactly that which was meaningful in John, namely that the son of man is the Logos, in that he thus elevates the lower to the higher spirit[,] to the world of the Logos. [12/13] But you lead me to see the matter conversely, namely that John brings the meaning of Logos down to man.

"I learned to see that John has in fact even done the great philosophical service of having <u>brought</u> the meaning of Logos <u>up</u> to man."

You have peculiar insights that stretch my curiosity to the utmost. How is that, do you think that the human stands higher than the Logos?

"I want to answer this question within the scope of your understanding: if for God the human had not become important above everything, he would <u>not</u> have appeared as the son <u>in the flesh</u>, but in the Logos."[29]

That makes sense to me, but I confess that this view is surprising to me. It is especially ~~surprising~~ astonishing to me that you, a Christian anchorite, have come to such views. I would not have expected this of an anchorite.[30]

["]As I have already noticed, you have a completely false ~~xx~~ idea of me [13/14] and my life.[31] Let me give you a small example of my preoccupation. I've spent ~~man~~ many years alone with the process of unlearning. Have you ever unlearned anything?—Well, then you should know how long it takes. And I was a successful teacher. As you know, for such people to unlearn is difficult or even impossible. Their second word is: 'Yes, if I were younger.' That might show you ~~xx~~ how much time I spent unlearning.[32]

But I see that the sun has gone down. Soon it will be completely dark. Night is the time of silence. I want to show you your place for the night. I need the morning for my work, but after midday you can come to me again if you like, ~~and~~ then we will continue our conversation."

He leads me out of the hut. The valley is covered in deep blue shadows. The air is indescribably clear.[33] The first stars are already glittering in the sky. He leads me around the corner of a rock. We are standing [14/15] at the entrance of an Egyptian stone grave. He leads me inside: not far from the entrance lies a heap of reeds covered with mats. There is a pitcher of water on a block of stone, and on a white cloth there are dried dates and black bread.

"Here is your place and your supper. Sleep well. Do not forget your morning prayer, when the sun rises."[34]

1. Jan. 1914.[35]

I take up my task. Pleasure is permissible.[36]

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[37]I awaken, the day dawns in the East. A night, a wonderful night in the distant depths of time lies behind me. In what far-away space was I? What did I dream? Of a white horse? If I only could remember! It seems to me as if I had seen this white [15/16] horse

on the Eastern sky over the rising sun. The horse spoke to me: What did it say?

"Hail him who is in darkness. The day is over him."

Oh, I see, there are 4 horses, white with golden wings, they lead the carriage of the sun, on which Helios stands with flaring mane.[38] I stood down in the gorge, frightened and astonished and a thousand black serpents crawled swiftly into their holes. Helios ascended, rolling upward toward the wide paths of the sky. I knelt down, raised my hands suppliantly, and called: "Give us your light, you are flame-curled, entwined, crucified and revived; give us your light, your light!"

This cry woke me. [16/17]

Didn't the anchorite say yesterday evening: "Do not forget to say your morning prayer when the sun rises." I thought that perhaps he secretly worships the sun.

Outside a fresh morning wind rises, yellow sand trickles in fine veins down the rocks. The sky reddens and I see the first rays shoot up to the firmament. Solemn calm and solitude on all sides. A large lizard lies on a stone and awaits the sun.

I stand as if spellbound and laboriously remember everything from yesterday, especially what the anchorite said. He is a remarkable man. But what did he say? That the sequences of words have many meanings, and that John brought the Logos[39] up to man, elevated it to man. But that does not sound properly Christian. Is he perhaps a Gnostic?[40] No, that seems [17/18] impossible to me, since they were really the worst of all the idolators of words, as he would probably put it.

The sun—what fills me with such remarkable inner exaltation?—I should not forget my morning prayer—but where has my morning prayer gone?

"Dear sun, I have no prayer, since I do not know how one must address you."

Now I have prayed to the sun. But the anchorite really meant that I should pray to God at the break of day. He probably does not know—we have no more prayers. How should he know about our

nakedness and poverty? What has happened to our prayers? I admit that I miss them here. This must really be because of the desert. It seems here as if one ~~must~~ ought to know how to pray. Is the desert so very bad? I think it is no worse than our [18/19] cultural deserts, which we call cities.[41] But why then do we not pray there? Apparently we do not have a deity to pray to, neither there nor here.[42]

I must look toward the sun~~?~~—what if—as if it had something to do with this. Alas the age-old dreams of mankind. It seems as if one can never escape them.[43]

What shall I do this whole long morning? It seems to stretch out unbearably. I do not understand how the hermit could have endured this life for even a year.

I go back and forth on the dried-up river bed and finally sit down on a boulder. Before me there are a few yellow grasses. Over there a small dark beetle is crawling along, pushing a ball in front of it—a scarab.[44]

You dear little animal, are you still toiling away in order to live your beautiful [19/20] myth? And how seriously and unflaggingly it works! If only you had a notion that you are enacting an old myth, you would probably renounce your fantasies as we men have also given up playing at mythology. The unreality gradually nauseates one—What I say sounds very odd in this place, and the good hermit would certainly not agree with it. What am I actually doing here? No, I don't want to prejudge matters in advance, since I still haven't really understood what he actually means.He has a right to be heard. By the way, I thought differently yesterday, I was even very thankful to him that he wanted to teach me. But I'm being full of myself[45] once again, and pretend to be critical and superior—and may well learn nothing. His ideas[46] are not that bad at all—no, [20/21] they are even good. I don't know why I have the tendency to put the man down. Perhaps there is a lot of uncomfortable stuff I need to understand?[47]

"Dear beetle, where have you gone, I can no longer see you!~~?~~—Oh, you're already over there with your mythical ball.["] These little

animals stick to things, quite unlike us—no doubt, no change of mind, no hesitation. Is this so because they live their myth?

"Dear scarab, my father, I honor you, blessèd be your work—in eternity—Amen."

What nonsense am I talking? I'm worshipping an animal—that must be because of the desert, it seems absolutely to demand prayers.

How beautiful it is here! the reddish color of the stones is wonderful, ~~be~~ they seem to reflect the glow of a hundred thousand past [21/22] suns—these small grains of sand have rolled in fabulous primordial oceans, over them swam primordial monsters with forms never beheld before. Where were you, man, in those days? On this warm sand lay your childish primordial animal ancestors, like children snuggling up to their mother.

O mother stone, I love you, I lie snuggled up against your warm body, your late child. Blessèd be you, ~~my~~ ancient mother, yours is my heart and all glory and power. Amen. Amen.

What am I saying? That must be the desert, such strange things usually do not come to my mind.

How everything appears so animated to me! This place is truly terrible. These stones—are they stones—they are all individual and yet they intimately belong to [22/23] each other. They seem to have gathered here deliberately. They're lined up like a troop transport that moves down the valley.[48] They've arranged themselves harmonically,[49] the large ones stand apart, the small ones close ranks and gather in groups that precede the large ones. Here the stones seem to form well-structured armies[50] and states.

Am I dreaming or am I awake? It's hot. The sun already stands high—how the hours pass! Truly, the morning is nearly over—and what an astonishing morning! Is it the sun or is it this strangely animated river bed, or is it the desert that makes my head buzz?

I go up the valley and before long I reach the hut of the anchorite. He is sitting on his mat with folded hands, lost in deep reflection.

My father, I say quietly,[51] here I am. [23/24]

"How have you spent your morning?"

I was surprised when you said yesterday that time passes quickly for you. I don't question you anymore.[52] I've learned a lot. But only enough to make you an even greater riddle than you were before—Why, all the things that you must experience in the desert, you wonderful man! Even the stones are bound to speak to you.

"I'm happy that you have learned to understand something of the life of the anchorites. That will make our difficult task easier. I don't want to intrude on your mysteries, but I feel that you come from a strange world that has nothing to do with mine."

You speak the truth. I'm a stranger here, more foreign than any you've ever seen. Even a man from Britain's remotest coast is closer to you than I am. Therefore have patience, master—and let me drink from the source of your wisdom. Although [24/25] the thirsty desert surrounds us, an invisible stream of living water flows here.

"Have you said your prayer?"

Master, forgive me: I've tried. But I found no prayer. Yet I dreamed that I prayed to the rising sun.

"Don't worry yourself because of that. If you do not find a word, your soul has nevertheless found inexpressible words to greet the break of day."

But it was a heathen prayer to Helios.

"Let that suffice for you."

But Oh master, I've prayed not only to the sun in a dream, but in my absentmindedness also to the scarab and the earth.

"Be astonished at nothing, and in no case condemn or regret it. Let us go to work. Do you want to ask something about the conversation we had yesterday?" [25/26]

I interrupted you yesterday when you spoke of Philo. You wanted to explain your notion of the various meanings of particular sequences of words.

"Well, I'll continue my account of how I was freed from the awful predicament of spinning words. A man my father had set free once came to me; this man, whom I'd been attached to since my childhood, spoke to me and said:

[`][53]Oh Ammonius (that is my name),[54] are you well?[']

[`]Certainly,[′] I said, [`]as you can see, I am learnèd and have great success.[′]

[`]I mean, are you happy and are you fully alive?[′] The old man responded.

I laughed: [`]As you can see, all is well.[′]

The old man replied: [`]I saw how you lectured. You seemed to be anxious at the judgment of your listeners, you wove witty jokes into the lecture to please your ~~listeners~~ students.[55] You heaped up learnèd expressions to impress them. [26/27] You were restless and hasty, as if still compelled to snatch up all knowledge. You are not in yourself.'

Although these words at first seemed laughable to me, they still made an impression on me, and reluctantly I had to credit the old man, since he was right.

Then he said: [`]Dear Ammonius, I have delightful tidings for you: God has become flesh in his son and has brought us all salvation.[′]

'What are you saying,' I called, 'you probably mean Osiris,'[56] who shall appear in the mortal body?'

'No,' he replied, 'this man lived in Judea. He was born from a virgin.[′]

I laughed and answered: 'I already know about this; a Jewish trader has brought tidings of our virgin queen to Judea, whose image ~~of the temp~~ appears on the walls of the temple in Luxor,[57] and reported it as a fairy tale.[′]

'No, he was the Son of God,[′] the old man said. 'Then you mean Horus, the son of Osiris, don't you?' [27/28]

'No, he was not Horus,[58] but a real man. He was hung from a cross.'

'But this must be Seth, surely, who our old ones have often described that way.'

'He died and rose up on the third day.'

'Well, then he must be Osiris.'

~~Well, the he must be Osiris~~

'No, he was called Jesus Christ.'[59]

'Ah, you really mean this Jewish God, whom the ~~peop~~ vulgar honor at the harbor.'[60]

'No, he was a man and yet the Son of God.'

That's nonsense, dear old man, I said, and showed him to the door. But like an echo from distant rock faces the words returned to me: 'a man and yet the Son of God—.' It seemed significant to me, and this phrase was what brought me to Christianity.['']

But don't you think that Christianity [28/29] could ultimately only be a Jewish[61] transformation of your Egyptian ideas?

"If you say that our old teachings were less adequate expressions of Christianity, then I'm more likely to agree with you."

Yes, but do you then assume that ~~to such an extent~~ the history of religions is to such an extent aimed at a final goal?

"My father once bought a black slave at the market from the region of the source of the Nile. He came from a country that had heard of neither Osiris nor of Christ[62] and he told me many things from his ~~this~~ religion that said in a simple symbolic language the same that we ~~said~~ believed about Osiris. I learned to understand that those uneducated Negroes unknowingly already possessed most of what the religions of the cultured peoples had developed into systems.[63] Those able to read that symbolic language correctly could thus recognize in it the religion of Osiris[64] as well as the Gospel of Christ.[65] And it's with this that I now occupy myself. I read the Gospel and seek its meaning which is yet to come. We know its meaning [29/30] in the past, in so far as we know the religions of the past.[66] It is a worldly error to believe that religions differ in their innermost essence. Strictly speaking, it's always one and the same religion. Every subsequent form of religion is the meaning of the antecedent."

Have you found out the meanings which are yet to come?

"No, it's very difficult, but I hope I'll succeed. Sometimes it seems to me that I need the stimulation of others. But I realize that those are temptations of Satan, I know."

Don't you believe that you'd succeed if you were nearer to men?

"Perhaps you're right (the anchorite looks at me suddenly in a doubtful and suspicious way), but I love the desert—do you understand—this yellow, sun-glowing desert. Here you can see the countenance of the sun every day, you are alone, you can see Helios every day—no, that is pagan—I'm confused—you are Satan—I recognize you—give way, adversary!"[67]

He jumps up incensed and wants to lunge at me. [30/31]

But I am far away in the twentieth century[68] and feel the manifold shimmering spirit of life, in the mask of the day and in the mask of the night, rushing like a storm and gentle as a breeze, hard as steel and soft as fluff, near me, within me.

Multicolored in-between world, are your spaces wide enough for life to ~~finally~~ find its ~~final~~ dwelling?

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2. Jan. 1914.[69]

[70]I strive toward those lowlands where the weak currents, flashing in broad mirrors, stream toward the sea, where all haste of flowing becomes more and more dampened, and where all power and all striving unites with the immeasurable extent of the sea. The trees become more sparse, wide swamp meadows accompany the still, murky water, the horizon is unending and lonely, draped by gray clouds. Slowly, with [31/32] stifled breath, and with the great and anxious expectation of one gliding downward wildly on the foam and pouring himself into endlessness, I follow my brother, the sea. It flows softly and almost imperceptibly, and yet we continually approach the supreme embrace, entering the womb of the source, the boundless expansion and immeasurable depths. Lower yellow hills rise there, stained with black and green bushes.[71] A broad dead lake widens at their feet. We wander along the hills quietly and they open up to a dusky, unspeakably remote horizon, where the sky and the sea are fused into infinity.

Someone is standing there, on the last dune—he is wearing a black wrinkled coat. He stands motionless and [32/33] looks into the distance. I go up to him. He is pale and gaunt and with a deeply serious look in his eyes. I say to him:

Let me stand beside you for a while, dark one. I recognized you from afar. There is only one who stands this way, so solitary ~~and~~ at the last corner of the world.

"Stranger, you may well stand by me, if it is not too cold for you. As you can see, I am cold and my heart has never beaten."

I know, you are ice and the end. You are the cold silence of the stones; and you are the ~~most extreme~~ highest snow on the mountains and the most extreme frost of outer space. I must feel this and that's why I stand near you.

"What leads you here to me~~?~~, you living matter? The living are never guests here. Well, they all flow past here in dense crowds, black, with mourning bands, all those [33/34] above in the land of the clear day who have taken their departure, never to return again. But the living never come here. What do you seek here?"

My strange and unexpected path led me here as I happily followed the way of the living stream. And thus I found you. I gather this is your place, and the rightful place?

"Yes, here it leads into the undifferentiable, where none is ~~just~~ equal to the other, but all are one with one another. Do you see what approaches there?"

I see something like a dark misty shroud, swimming slowly toward us on the tide.

"Look more closely, what do you recognize?"

I see densely pressed human multitudes, the old, men and women, and countless children. Between [34/35] them I see horses, oxen and smaller animals, a cloud of insects swarms around the multitude—a forest swims near—innumerable faded flowers—an utterly dead summer. They are already near—how stiff and cool they all ~~Loo~~ look—their feet do not move—no noise sounds from their closed ranks,—they are clasping themselves rigidly with their hands and arms—they are gazing beyond and pay us no heed—they are all flowing past in an enormous stream.

Dark one, this vision is awful.

"You wanted to stay by me. So get hold of yourself." Look!"

I see, the first rows have reached the point where the surf and the stream flow together violently. And it looks as if [35/36] a wave of air were confronting the stream of the dead together with the surging sea. Whirling them up high, scattering them in black scraps, and dissolving them in murky clouds of mist. Wave after wave approaches, and ever new droves dissolve into murky air.

Dark one, tell me, is this the end?

"Look!"

The dark sea breaks heavily—a reddish glow spreads out in it—it is like blood—a sea of blood foams at our feet—the depths of the sea glow—how strange I feel—am I suspended by my feet?—Is it the sea or is it the sky? Blood and fire mix themselves together in a ball—red light [36/37] erupts from its smoky shroud—a new sun escapes blazing from the bloody sea, and rolls gleamingly toward the uttermost depths—it disappears under my feet.[72]

I look around me, I am alone. Night has fallen. What did Ammonius say? Night is the time of silence.[73]

5 I 1914.[74]

We are in need of light. Of lights we have enough—will-o'-the-wisps—but too little light.

How dark is the path of a man when he reaches the new world, the world in between! Beyond us there is unending darkness. Where is this "beyond"? Probably deep in ourselves.[75] [37/38]

I see wide meadows with tall grass—~~and a~~ a carpet of flowers—soft hills—a wood in the distance. I come across two strange journeymen—probably two completely accidental companions; an old monk and a tall gangly thin man with a strikingly childish gait and remarkably discolored red clothes. They seem to be talking animatedly.[76] As they draw near, I recognize the tall one as the red rider—how he has changed!—he has grown old, his red hair has become gray, his fiery red clothes are worn out, shabby—he makes a

poor impression. And the other? He has a paunch and appears not to have fallen on hard times. But his face seems familiar. It is the anchorite![77] What changes! And where are these utterly different people coming from? [38/39] I approach them and bid them good day. Both look at me frightened and make the sign of the cross. I look down at myself in consternation. I am fully covered in green leaves, which spring from my garment or body. I greet them a second time, laughing. The monk exclaims: "Apage, Satanas!"[78]—the Red One: "Damned pagan riffraff!"—.

I: "But my dear friends, what's wrong with you? I'm the Hyperborean stranger, who visited you,[79] Oh monk,[80] in the Lybian desert and I'm the watchman whom you, Red One, once visited.["]

M[81]: "I recognize you, you supreme devil. My downfall began with you.["]—The Red One looks at him reproachfully and gives him a poke in the ribs. The monk sheepishly stops. Now the Red One says haughtily to me: [39/40]

"Already at that time I couldn't help thinking that you lacked a noble disposition, notwithstanding your hypocritical seriousness. Your damned Christian play-act"—at this moment the monk pokes him in the ribs and the Red One falls into an embarrassed silence.

Thus both stand before me, sheepish and ridiculous, and yet pitiable.

I: "Wherefrom, man of God? What outrageous fate has led you here, ~~xx~~ let alone in the company of the Red One?"

M: "I would prefer not to tell you. But it does not appear to be a dispensation of God that one can escape. So know then that you, evil spirit, have done me a terrible deed. You seduced me with your accursed curiosity, desirously stretching ~~for~~ my hand after the divine mysteries, since you made me conscious at that time that I really knew nothing about them. Your [40/41] remark that I probably needed the closeness of men to arrive at the higher mysteries stunned me like infernal poison. Soon thereafter I called the brothers of the valley together and announced to them that a messenger of God had appeared to me—so terribly had you blinded me—and commanded me to form a monastery with the brothers. When

Brother Philetus raised an objection, I refuted him with reference to the passage in the holy scriptures where it is said that it is not good for man to be alone.[82] So we founded the monastery—near the Nile, from where we could see the passing ships. We cultivated fat fields and there was so much to do that the holy studies fell into oblivion. We became voluptuous, and one day I was filled with such terrible longing to see Alexandria again. I wanted to visit the bishop there. But ~~the~~ first I was intoxicated so much by life on the ship, and then by the milling crowds on the streets [41/42] of Alexandria, that I became completely lost. As in a dream I climbed onto one of the large ships bound for Italy; I felt an insatiable greed to see the world, I drank wine, wallowed in pleasure and wholly turned into an animal. When I climbed ashore in Naples,[83] the Red One stood there, and I knew that I had fallen into the hands of evil—["]

"Be silent, old fool," the Red One interrupted him. If I had not been present, you would have become an outright pig. When you saw me, you finally pulled yourself together, cursed the drinking and the women, and returned to the monastery.

Now hear my story, damned pagan[84] hobgoblin. I fell into your snare, and your pagan arts enticed me. After the conversation at that time, where you caught me in the fox trap with your remark about [42/43] dancing, I became serious, so serious that I went into the monastery, prayed, fasted, and converted myself. In my blindness I wanted to reform the Church liturgy, and with the bishop's approval I introduced dancing. I had become Abbot and, as such, alone had the sole right to dance before the altar, like David before the Ark of the Covenant.[85] But little by little, the brothers also began to dance; indeed, even the congregation and finally the whole city danced. It was terrible. I fled into solitude and danced all day until I dropped. I sought to escape from myself, and wandered around at night, in the daytime I kept myself secluded and danced alone in the forests and deserted mountains. And thus gradually I wandered through the whole of Italy, until I reached the South. There I attracted less attention than in the north and could mingle with the crowds. In Naples ~~in~~ I somewhat found my way again

[43/44], and there I also found this ragged man of God. His appearance gave me strength. Through him I could regain my health. You've heard how ~~he~~ he took heart from me, too, and found his way again.

M: I must confess I did not fare so badly with the Red One; he's a toned-down type of devil.

R: I too must admit that the monk is hardly the fanatical type. Although I've developed a deep aversion against the whole Christian religion since my experience in the monastery.

I: Dear friends, it does my heart good to see you enjoying yourselves together.

Both: We are not pleased, mocker and adversary! Clear off, you robber, pagan!

I: But why are you traveling together, if you're not friends? [44/45]

They look at each other,[86] then says the M.: What can be done? Even the devil is necessary, since otherwise one cannot command a sense of respect with people.

R.: Well, I need to come to an arrangement with the clergy, or else I will lose my clientele.

I: Therefore the necessities of life have brought you together! Stop quarreling and be friends.

Both: But we cannot.

I: Oh, I see, the system is at fault. You probably want to die out first? Now let me pass, you old ghosts![87]

8. I. 14.[88]

The way of life leads farther beyond, even beyond the laws that were holy. The way is solitary and full of secret torment. [45/46]

The fields of youth lie behind me, the lush and joyful meadows, the rolling hills and the spring green woods.[89]

A desolate mountain range blocks my way. Only a narrow valley gorge allows me to enter. The way is narrow between two high rock faces. My feet are bare and injure themselves on the jagged rocks.

Here the path becomes slippery, one-half of the way is white, the ~~wh~~ other black. I step onto the black side and recoil horrified—it is hot iron. I step onto the white half—it is ice. But so it must be. I run as fast as possible, one moment on the hot iron, the other on the cold ice, and finally the valley widens into a mighty rocky basin. [46/47] A narrow path winds up along almost vertical rocks to a mountain pass. As I approach the pass, something sounds and booms from the other side of the mountain like ore. The sound comes closer and swells mightily. It thunders from afar like a hundred forging hammers and echoes manifoldly and powerfully in the mountain. As I reach the pass, I see an enormous man approach from the other side. Two bull horns rise from his great head, and a rattling suit of armor covers his chest. His black beard is ruffled and square.[90] His bare legs are covered with shaggy black hair. The giant is carrying in his hand a black iron battle-axe inlaid with silver.[91]

Before I can recover completely from my amazement, [47/48] the giant is standing before me and I look at his face—it is faint and pale, deeply furrowed with wrinkles. His almond-shaped eyes look at me astonished.

Horror takes hold of me—this is Izdubar[92]—the mighty—the bull-man. He stands and looks at me. His face speaks of—consuming inner fear—and his hands and knees tremble.

Izdubar, the powerful, trembling? Is he frightened?

I call out to him: "Oh, Izdubar, most powerful, spare my life and forgive me for lying like a worm in your path.["]

Izd. I do not want your life, stranger. Where do you come from? [48/49]

I. "I come from the West."

Izd. You come from the West? Do you know of the Western land? [93] Is this the right way to the Western land?

I. I come from a Western land, whose edges wash against the great Western sea.

Izd. Does the sun sink in that sea? Or does it touch the solid land in its decline?

I. The sun sinks far beyond the sea.

Izd. Beyond the sea? What lies there?

I. There is nothing but empty space there. As you know, the earth is round and moreover it turns around the sun.

Izd. Damned one, where do you get such knowledge? So there is [49/50] no immortal land where the sun goes down to be reborn? Are you speaking the truth?

His eyes flicker with fury and fear. He steps a thundering pace closer. I tremble.

I. Oh, Izdubar, most powerful one, forgive my presumptuousness. But I'm really speaking the truth. I come from a land where this is proven science and where people live who travel round the world with their ships. Our scholars know through measurement how far the sun is from each point of the surface of the earth. It is a heavenly body that lies unspeakably far out in unending space.

Izd. Unending—you say? Is the space of the world unending? And we can [50/51] never reach the sun?

I. Most powerful one, insofar as you are mortal, you can never reach the sun.

I see him overcome with suffocating fear.

Izd. I am mortal—and I shall never reach the sun, and never reach immortality?!

He smashes his axe with a powerful, clanging blow on the rock.

Iz: Be gone, miserable weapon, you are not much use. How should you be of use against infinity, against the eternal void, and against the unreplenishable? There is no one left for you to conquer. Smash yourself—

What's it worth!

In the West the sun sinks [51/52] blood red into ~~a~~ the lap of glowing clouds in bright crimson.

Izd. So go away, sun, thrice-damned God, and wrap yourself in your immortality—

He snatches the smashed piece of his axe from the ground and hurls it toward the sun.

Here you have your sacrifice, your last sacrifice, greedy choking dragon![94]

Izd. collapses and sobs like a child.

I stand shaking and hardly dare stir.

Izd. sighing: Miserable worm, where did you suckle on this poison?

I. Oh Izdubar, most powerful one, what you call poison is science. In our country we [52/53] are nurtured on it from youth, and that may be one reason why we haven't properly flourished and remain so dwarfish. When I see you, however, it seems to me as if we are all somewhat poisoned.[95]

Izd. No strong being has ever cut me down, no monster has ever resisted my strength. But your poison, worm, who lay in my way, has lamed me to the marrow. Your magical poison is stronger than the army of Tiâmat.[96]

He lies as if paralyzed, stretched out on the ground.

Izd. You Gods, help, here lies your son, cut down by the invisible serpent's bite in his heel. Oh, if only I had crushed you when I saw you, and never heard your words! [53/54]

I: Oh Izdubar, great and pitiable one! Had I known that my knowledge could cut you down, I would have held my tongue. But I wanted to speak the truth.

Izd. You call poison truth? Is poison truth? Or is truth poison? Do not our astrologers and priests also speak the truth? And yet theirs does not act like poison.

I. Oh Izdubar, night is falling, and it will get ~~cool~~ cold up here. Shall I not fetch you help from men in the valley?

Izd. Let it be, and answer me instead.

I. But we cannot philosophize here. Your wretched condition demands help.

Izd. I say to you, let it be. If I should perish this night, so be it. [54/55] Just give me an answer.

I. I'm afraid, my words are weak, if they are to heal. Their destructive power seems to me greater.

Izd. They cannot bring about something more grave. The disaster has already happened. So tell me what you know. Perhaps you even have a magic word that counteracts the poison.

I. My words, Oh most powerful one, are poor and have no magical power.

Izd. No matter, speak!

I. I don't doubt that your priests speak the truth. It is certainly a truth, only it runs contrary to our truth.

Izd. Are there then two sorts of truth?

I. It seems to me to be so. Our truth is that which comes to us from the knowledge of outer things. The truth of your priests is that which comes to you from inner things of the human spirit. [55/56]

Izd. sitting half upright: That was a good and salutary word.

I. I'm fortunate that my weak words have relieved you. Oh, if only I knew many more words that could help you.

It has now grown cold and dark. I'll make a fire to warm you and me.

Izd. Do that. This action might eventually help.

I. I gather wood and light a big fire.

Izd. The holy fire warms me. Now tell me, how did you make a fire so swiftly and mysteriously?

I. All I need are matches. Look, they are small pieces of wood with a chemical substance at the tip. Rubbing them against the box produces fire. [56/57]

I demonstrate the procedure a few times.[97]

Izd. That is astonishing. Where did you learn this art?

I. Everyone has matches where I come from. But this is the least of it. We can also fly with the help of useful machines.

Izd. You can fly like birds? If your words did not contain such powerful magic, I would say to you, you were lying.

I. I'm certainly not lying. Look, I also have a timepiece, for example, which shows the exact time of day and night.

Izd. This is wonderful. It is clear that you come from a strange and marvelous land. You certainly come from the blessed Western lands? Are you immortal?

I. I—immortal? No, we are completely [57/58] normal mortal human beings.

Izd. disappointed: What, you are not even immortal and yet you understand such arts?

I. Unfortunately our science has still not yet succeeded in finding a method against death.

Izd. Who then taught you such arts?

I. In the course of the centuries men have made many discoveries, through precise observation and the science of outer things.

Izd. But this science is the awful magic that has lamed me. How can it be that you are still alive even though you drink from this poison every day?

I. We've grown accustomed to this over time, because men get used to everything. But we're still somewhat lamed. On the other hand, [58/59] this science also has great advantages, as you've seen. What we've lost in terms of force, we've rediscovered many times through mastering the force of nature.

Izd. Isn't it pathetic to be so lamed? For my part, I prefer my own force to the forces of nature. I leave the secret force to the cowardly conjurers and womanly magicians. If ~~a~~ I crush another's skull to pulp, that will stop his awful magic.

I. But don't you realize how the touch of our magic has worked upon you? Terribly, I think.

Iz. Unfortunately, you are right.

I. Now you perhaps see that we had no choice. We have to swallow the poison of science. Otherwise we meet the same fate as you have—we will be completely lamed, if we encounter it unsuspecting [59/60] and unprepared. This poison is so insurmountably strong that everyone, even the strongest, and even the eternal Gods, perish because of it. If our life is dear to us, we prefer to sacrifice a piece of our life force rather than abandon ourselves to certain death.

Izd. I no longer think that you come from the blessed Western lands. Your country must be desolate, full of paralysis and renunciation. I yearn for the East, where the pure source of our life-

giving wisdom flows. But I can't anymore, my legs do not carry me anymore.[98]

His legs are as if withered, but his arms are strong and healthy. What can one do?

We sit silently at the flickering [60/61] fire. The night is cold. Izdubar groans and looks up at the starry sky above:

"Most terrible day of my life—unending—so long—so long—wretched magical art—our priests know nothing, or else they could have protected me from it—Even the Gods die, he said.

Have you no Gods anymore?["]

I. No, words are all we have left.

Izd. But are these words powerful?

I. So they claim, but one notices nothing of this.

Izd. We do not see the Gods either and yet we believe that they exist, and we recognize their workings in natural events.

I. Science has taken from us the capacity of belief.[99]

Izd. What, you have lost that, too? How then do you live? [61/62]

I. We live so-so, with one foot in the hot and one foot in the cold, and for the rest, come what may!

Izd. You express yourself darkly.

I. So it also is with us, it is dark.

Izd. Can you bear it?

I. Not particularly well. I personally don't find myself at ease with it. For that reason, I've set out ~~xx~~ to the East, to the land of the rising sun, to seek the light that we lack. Where then does the sun rise?

Izd. The earth is, as you say, completely round. Thus the sun rises nowhere.

I. I mean, do you have the light that we lack?

Izd. Look at me. I flourished in the light of the Eastern world. From this you can measure how fruitful this light is. But if you come from such a dark land, then beware [62/63] of such an overpowering light. You could go blind just as we all are somewhat blind.

I. If your light is as fantastic as you are, then I will be careful.

Izd. You do well by this.

I. I long for your truth.

Izd. As I long for the Western land. I warn you betimes.

Now silence descends. It is late at night. We fall asleep next to the fire.[100]

9. I 14.[101]

I slept little, only unclear dreams disturbed me rather than providing the saving word.[102]

Izdubar lay silent all day. I paced the mountain ridge, pondering, and looked back to my Western land.[103] [63/64] I love Izdubar, and I do not want him to wither away miserably. But where should I get help? No one will travel the hot-cold path and I—I must admit—I am afraid to return to that path. Besides it is too far to the West to get human help. The pass is confined by vertical walls of rock—there is no getting away.[104] And to the East—was there possibly help there? But what about the unknown dangers that loomed there? I do not want to go blind. What use would that be to Izdubar? I cannot carry this lamed one as a blind man. Yes, if I were powerful like Izdubar! What use is technology[105] and science here? My skills end here.[106]

"Izdubar,[107] listen, I will not let you decline. The second evening [64/65] is falling. We have no food and you[108] are bound to die if I cannot find help. We cannot expect any help from the West. But help is perhaps possible from the East. Did you meet anyone on your way whom I could call on for help?["]

Izd. "Let it be, may death come when it will.["]

I. My heart bleeds at the thought of leaving you here, mighty one, without having done the upmost to help you.

Izd. What help is your magical power to you? If you were strong, as I am, you could carry me away. But your poison can only destroy and not heal.

I. If we were in my land, swift [65/66] wagons could bring us help.

Izd. If we were in my land, your poisoned barb would not have hit me.

I. Tell me, do you know of no help from the side of the East?

Izd. The way is long and lonely. And when you reach the plains after crossing the mountains, you will meet the powerful sun which will blind you for sure.

I. But what if I wandered by night and if I sheltered from the sun during the day?

Izd. That is a thought.[109] But let it be! How does this help? My legs have withered and are numb. I prefer not to bring home the booty of this journey.

I. I can't leave you like that. I will go.

Izd. Perhaps you can protect yourself [66/67] against the sun. But the way from the mountains is full of danger. Serpents and monsters lurk there and you will surely fall victim to them. So you see—no way.[110]

I. Should I not risk everything?

Izd. Useless! Nothing is gained if you die.

I. Let me think it over a bit, perhaps a saving thought will yet come to me.

I withdraw and pace up and down on a jutting slab of rock. I think: Great Izdubar, bullman, you are in a hopeless position—and I no less. What can be done?—It is not always necessary to act; sometimes sheer thinking is better. I am basically [67/68] convinced that Izdubar is hardly real in the ordinary sense, but is a fantasy. It would help if the situation were considered from another angle.[111] But this will hardly last. Izdubar will of course not accept that he is a fantasy, but instead claim that he is ~~as real~~ completely real and that he can only be helped in a real way.—Nevertheless, it would be worth trying it once.

"Izdubar,[112] Powerful One, listen: a thought came to me that might save us. I think that you are not at all real, but only a fantasy."

Izd. turns his head to me in surprise:[113] I am terrified by your thoughts—they are murderous. Do you even mean to declare me unreal [68/69], now that you have lamed me so pitifully?

I. Perhaps I have not made myself clear enough, and have spoken too much in the language of the Western land. I do not mean to say that you are not real at all, of course, but only as real as a fantasy. If you could accept this, great Izdubar, much would be gained.

Izd. What would be gained by this? You are a tormenting devil.

I. Most pitiful one, I do not want to torment you. The hand of the doctor does not seek to torment even if it causes grief. Can you really not accept that you are a fantasy?

Izd. Woe betide me! In what magic do you want to entangle me? Should it help me if I take myself for a fantasy?

I. You know that the name one bears [69/70] means a lot. You also know that one often gives the sick new names to heal them. For with the new name, they come by a new essence. Your essence is contained in your name.

Izd. You are right. Our priests also say this.

I. So you admit that you are a fantasy?

Iz. "If it helps—yes."

[114]~~I~~. While admittedly he is a fantasy now, the situation remains extremely complex. Even a fantasy cannot be simply negated.[115] It calls for action. Anyway, he is a fantasy, thus considerably more volatile. Ah, I can see a way forward. I can already take him on my back for now.

Izdubar, fantastic one, a way [70/71] has been found. You have become light, lighter than a feather. Now I can carry you.

I lift him up from the ground. He is even lighter than air, and I struggle to keep my feet on the ground since my load lifts me up into the air.

Izd. That was a masterstroke of your art. Where are you carrying me?

I. I am going to carry you down into the land of the West. My comrades will happily accommodate such a large fantasy. Once we have crossed the mountains and have reached the houses of hospitable men, we can go about ~~trying~~ finding a means to restore you completely again.

I climb down the rock path with great care, more in danger of being whirled aloft by the wind [71/72] than of plunging down. I literally hang on to my all too lightweight load. At last we happily reach the bottom of the valley and the way of the hot and cold pain. But this time I am blown by the wind down through the narrow rocks and across the fields toward inhabited places, making no contact with the painful way. Spurred on, I hasten through a beautiful hilly landscape. I see two people on the country road ahead of me: the anchorite and the Red One. When we are right behind them, they turn round and run off into the fields with horrified cries.

Izd. surprised: Who are these misshapen ones, are these your comrades?

I. These are not men, they are [72/73] relics of the past which one occasionally encounters. They used to be very important, they're now used mostly as shepherds.

Izd. ["]What a wondrous country!"

Over there I see a town. I had better avoid it. There could be a crowd gathering.

Izd. Don't you want to go to this town?

I. No, the enlightened live there.[116] They're actually dangerous, since they cook the strongest poisons from which even we must protect ourselves.[117] But you need not worry, night has almost fallen and no one will see us.[118] I know a remote farm house here. I have close friends there who will take us in for the night.

I come to a quiet [73/74] dark garden and a secluded house. I hide Izdubar under the drooping branches of a tree, go up to the door of the house, and knock. An old maid opens.[119] I ponder the door, it is much too small. Izdubar will never go through it. Yet a fantasy takes up no space! Why did this excellent thought not occur to me earlier? I hurry back and with no difficulty squeeze Izdubar into the size of an egg and put him in my pocket. Then I walk into the welcoming house where Izdubar should find healing.[120]

10. I. 14.[121]

It appears as if something has been achieved through this memorable event. But it is incalculable where this will all lead. I hardly dare say that Izdubar's fate is grotesque and tragic, [74/75] for that is what our most sacred life is. Fr. Th. Vischer's (A[uch]. E[iner])[122] is the first attempt to elevate this truth to a system. He rightly deserves a place among the immortals.

What lies in the middle is the truth. It has many faces; one is certainly comical, another sad, a third evil, a fourth tragic, a fifth funny, a sixth is a grimace, and so forth.

Should one of these faces become particularly obtrusive, ~~are~~ we thus recognize that we have deviated from certain truth and approach an extreme that constitutes a definite impasse should we decide to pursue that route. ~~It is~~

It is a murderous task to write the wisdom of real life, particularly if one has committed many years to [75/76] serious scientific research. What proves to be most difficult is to grasp the playfulness of life (the childish, so to speak). All the manifold sides of life, the great, the beautiful, the serious, the black, the devilish, the good, the ridiculous, the grotesque are fields of application which each ~~strive~~ tend to wholly absorb the beholder or describer.

Our time requires something capable of regulating the mind. Just as the concrete world has expanded from the limitedness of the ancient ~~human~~ outlook to the immeasurable diversity of our modern outlook, the world of intellectual possibilities has developed to unfathomable diversity. Infinitely long ~~distances~~ paths, paved with thousands of thick volumes, lead [76/77] from one specialization to another. Soon no one will be able to walk down these paths anymore. And then only specialists will remain.

More than ever we require the living truth of the life of the mind, of something capable of providing firm guidance.

At night, when everything calmed down, I put my hand into my pocket and retrieved the egg. It was a real egg with a white hard shell.[123]

I placed it on the rug in the middle of the room and carefully opened it. Something resembling smoke rises up from it to the ceiling of the room and suddenly Izdubar's frame is standing before me, enormous and complete. His limbs are also whole and I find no trace of lameness on him. It's as if [77/78] he had awoken from a deep sleep.

Izd. Where am I? How narrow it is here and how dark and how cool? Am I in the grave?

Where was I?—It seemed to me as if I had been outside in the universe—over and under me was ~~a black~~ an endlessly black star-glittering sky—and I was in a passion of unspeakable yearning—streams of fire broke from my radiating body—I surged through blazing flames—I swam in a sea that wrapped me in ~~the~~ living fires—full of light,—full of longing—full of eternity—I was ancient and perpetually renewing myself—swirling down from the heights to the depths, and whirled glowing [78/79] from the depths to the heights—hovering around myself amidst fiery glowing clouds—as raining embers beating down like the foam of the surf, engulfing myself in stifling heat—suddenly, once again, blazing up glowing white—embracing and rejecting myself in an enormous game.

Where was I?—

I was completely sun.[124]

I. Oh Izdubar. Divine one, how wonderful! You are healed!

Izd. Healed? Was I ever sick? Who speaks of sickness?

I was sun—completely sun.

I am the sun.

An inexpressible light breaks [79/80] from his entire body, a light that my eyes cannot grasp. I must cover my face so as not to turn blind—I cast my face to the ground as the cover does not protect my eyes.[125]

"You are the sun, the eternal light—most powerful one, forgive me for carrying you—["]

Everything is quiet and dark. I look around me—the empty egg shell is lying on the rug.

I feel myself, the furniture, the walls, everything is as usual, utterly plain and utterly real. I would like to say that everything around me has turned to gold, but it is not true; everything is as it always has been.

Here reigned the light of life, [80/81] immeasurable and overpowering?[126]—

Help solve these riddles whoever can. My head is spinning—is this the path of life?[127]

12. ~~X~~ I. 14.[128]

I saw an image—a terrible image:[129]

A gloomy vault—the floor consists of damp stone slabs—in the middle there is a high stake[130]—from which ropes and axes hang. At the foot of the stake[131] there lies an awful serpent-like tangle of human bodies—in the middle the prostrate figure of a beautiful young maiden with wonderful red-gold hair—she is naked—a man with a beardless face dressed in tight purple clothes is lying half under her.[132] His head is bent backward—I see a fine thin streak of blood running down his forehead—two identically dressed men[133] have thrown themselves over the maiden's feet [81/82] and body. Their beardless faces bear an inhuman expression—the essence of evil[134]—their muscles are hard, and their bodies sleek like serpents. The maiden holds her hand over one eye of the man lying beneath her, who is the most powerful of the three—~~in~~ her hand ~~is~~ firmly clasps a small silver bangle[135] that she somehow has driven into ~~one~~ the right eye of that devil.

The tangle is entirely motionless and I realize—they wanted to torture the maiden,[136] but she defended herself and succeeded in piercing the eye of the evil one with the little hook—if he moves, she will tear out his [82/83] eye with a final jerk.

The horror paralyzes me. What will happen?

The inner voice speaks: "The evil one cannot make a sacrifice, he cannot sacrifice his eye. Victory is with the one who can sacrifice."[137]

Evil? I thought too little about evil. Evil exists, too. Evil, the abysmal evil is not to be forgotten. There is no scientific cover-up for it. Even the word "evil" is commonplace, but not the thing *per se*.[138]

[139]Here lies an inner reluctance—what is it I do not want to see? A sickening feeling of nausea sneaks up on me—abominable, perfidious serpents wind their way slowly and cracklingly through undergrowth; they hang [83/84] down lazily and disgustingly lethargic from the branches, looped in dreadful knots—a horror at touching the sleek back of these devilish animals—I am reluctant to enter this dreary and unsightly valley, where the bushes stand in arid stony defiles—the valley looks so normal—its air smells of crime, of foul, cowardly deeds—I am seized by disgust and horror—I walk hesitantly over the boulders—avoiding every dark place for fear of serpents. The sun shines weakly out of a gray sky, and all the leaves are shriveled as in autumn.

A marionette with a broken head lies before me amidst the stones—a few steps further, a small [84/85] child's apron—and then behind the bush—the body of a half-naked small girl—her body covered with terrible stab and slash wounds—smeared with blood—one foot is clad with a stocking and shoe, the other is naked and gorily crushed—the head—where is the head? —the head is a mash of blood with hair and whitish pieces of bone—surrounded by stones smeared with brain and blood.

Ice-cold horror fixes my gaze on this awful sight.

A shrouded figure, like that of a woman, is standing there calmly, ~~with~~ her face is covered by an impenetrable veil. I stare at her. [85/86]

She asks me quietly:

"What then do you say?"

I. What should I say? This is beyond words.

She: "Do you understand this?"

I. I refuse to understand such things. I can't speak about them without becoming enraged.

S. Why become enraged? You might as well rage every day of your life, for these and similar things occur on earth ~~almost~~ every day.

I. But most of the time we don't see them.

S. So knowing that they happen is not enough to enrage you?

I. If I merely have knowledge of something, it's easier and simpler. One doesn't realize [86/87] the horror through sheer knowledge.

S. Step nearer and you will see that the body of the child has been cut open; take out the liver.

I. I will not touch this corpse. If someone witnessed this, they would think that I'm the murderer.

S. You are cowardly; take out the liver.

I. Why should I do this? This is absurd.

S. I want you to remove the liver. You must do it.

(Her voice becomes threatening.)[140]

I. Who are you to give me such an order?

S. I am the soul of this child. You must do this for my sake.

I. I understand nothing. But I'll [87/88] believe you and do this horrific and absurd deed.

I reach into the child's visceral cavity—it is still warm—the liver is still firmly attached. I take my pocket knife and cut it free of the ligaments, shivering with fear. I hold it with bloody hands toward the figure.

S. I thank you.

I. What should I do?

S. You know the ancient meaning of the liver, and you ought to perform a healing act with it.[141]

I. What is to be done?

S. Take a piece of the liver, in place of the whole, and eat it.

I. What are you demanding? This is absolute madness. This is desecration and cannibalism! You make me a guilty party [88/89] to this most hideous of all crimes.

S. You have devised the most horrible torment for the murderer, which could atone for his ~~torment~~ act. There is only one atonement:

abase yourself and eat.

I. I cannot—I refuse. I cannot participate in this horrible guilt.

S. You share in this guilt.

I. I—share in this guilt?

S. You are a man, and a man has committed this deed.

I. Yes, I am a man—I curse whoever did this for being a man, and I curse myself for being a man.

S. So, take part in his act, abase yourself and eat. I need atonement.

I. So shall it be for your sake, as [89/90] you are the soul of this poorest child.

I kneel down on the stones, cut off a piece of the liver and put it in my mouth, my gorge rises, tears burst from my eyes—cold sweat drops from my brow—a dull sweet taste of blood—I swallow with desperate efforts—it is impossible—once again and—once again—I almost faint.—It is done. The horror has been accomplished.[142]

S. I thank you.

She throws her veil back.—She is a beautiful young maiden with soft blond hair.

Do you recognize me?

I. How strangely familiar you are! [90/91]

Who are you?

S. I am your soul.[143]

The curtain drops. What dreadful game has been played here?

I realize:

Nil humanum a me alienum esse puto.[144]

14. I. 14.[145]

—You are tranquillity—Who are you?

Names and words leave me cold anymore. There should probably also be no words nor names.[146]

I am standing in a high hall. Before me I see a green curtain between 2 columns—the curtain parts quietly—I see into a not very deep [91/92] room—stone tiles—behind a bare wall, there in a smaller arched window with bluish glass. I ~~treat~~ set foot on the stair leading up through the curtain to this room and enter. In the rear wall of the room, I see doors on both the right and left.

It's as if I stood at a crossroads.[147] Shall I choose right or left?

I choose the right. The door is open, I enter, it is a large library of prosaic modern character—lecterns,—green lamps—obviously the library is technically well equipped.[148] In the background to the right sits a small thin man [92/93] of pale complexion about 40 years old,[149] apparently the librarian—The atmosphere is troubling—scholarly ambitions—scholarly conceit—wounded scholarly vanity—scholarly anxieties of the malicious critic, the luckier competitor, and being wrong.[150]

Apart from the librarian I see no one. I go toward him. He looks up from his book and asks:

"What do you want?"

I think what occurs to me is Thomas à Kempis.[151]

I. "I'd like to have Thomas à Kempis: *The Imitation of Christ*."[152]

He looks at me somewhat astonished as if he didn't credit me with such an interest; he gives me an order-form to fill out.

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1. Tuesday. The following paragraph was not reproduced in *LN*.
2. *Liber Secundus*, "The Anchorite," *LN*, pp. 241ff. The description in the next two paragraphs was shortened slightly in *LN*.
3. *LN* has "haggard" (p. 242).
4. This clause was not reproduced in *LN*.

5. In the next chapter, the anchorite is identified as Ammonius. In a letter of December 31, 1913, Jung noted that the anchorite came from the third century CE (*JFA*). There are three historical figures named Ammonius in Alexandria from this period: Ammonius, a third-century Christian philosopher once thought to have been responsible for the medieval divisions of the gospels; Ammonius Cetus, who was born a Christian but turned to Greek philosophy, and whose work presents a transition from Platonism to Neoplatonism; and, in the fifth century, a Neoplatonic Ammonius, who tried to reconcile Aristotle and the Bible. In Alexandria there was accommodation between Neoplatonism and Christianity, and some of the pupils of this last Ammonius converted to Christianity.
6. The preceding paragraph was not reproduced in *LN*.
7. The preceding paragraph was not reproduced in *LN*.
8. In *LN*, "an anchorite" was replaced by "a man who is grieving" (p. 243).
9. *LN* instead has "these" (p. 243).
10. *LN* adds "in order to have an unambiguous language" (p. 244).
11. *LN* instead has "grasp" (p. 244).
12. A reference to the rabbinical interpretation of the *Torah* in the *Midrash*.
13. *LN* instead has "from Gaul and Britain" (p. 244).
14. Philo Judeaus, also called Philo of Alexandria (20 BCE–50 CE), was a Greek-speaking Jewish philosopher. His works presented a fusion of Greek philosophy and Judaism. For Philo, God, whom he referred to by the Platonic term "To On," was transcendent and unknowable. Certain powers reached down from God to the world. The facet of God which is knowable through reason is the divine Logos. There has been much debate on the precise relation between Philo's concept of the Logos and John's gospel. On June 23, 1954, Jung wrote to James Kirsch, "The gnosis from which John the Evangelist emanated is definitely Jewish, but in its essence is Hellenistic, in the style of Philo Judaeus, from whom the conception of Logos also stems" (Ann Conrad Lammers, ed., *The Jung-Kirsch Letters, trans*. Ann Conrad Lammers and Ursula Egli [London: Routledge, 2016], p. 205 [tr. mod.]).
15. *LN* instead has "the Evangelist."
16. *LN* instead has "Gods" (p. 245).
17. In 1957 Jung wrote: "Until now it has not truly and fundamentally been noted that our time, despite the prevalence of irreligiosity, is so to speak congenitally charged with the attainment of the Christian epoch, namely with the *supremacy of the word*, that Logos which the central figure of Christian faith represents. The word has literally become our God and has remained so" (*Present and Future*, *CW* 10, § 554).
18. Jung's spelling of ς̔εὸς instead of θεὸς was corrected here.
19. *LN* has "God was the word" (p. 245).
20. *LN* has "in him was the life" (ibid.).

21. John 1:1–10: "In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God. The same was in the beginning with God. All things were made by him; and without him was not any thing made that was made. In him was life; and the life was the light of men. And the light shineth in darkness; and the darkness comprehended it not. There was a man sent from God, whose name was John. The same came for a witness, to bear witness of the Light, that all men through him might believe. He was not that Light, but was sent to bear witness of that Light. That was the true Light, which lighteth every man that cometh into the world. He was in the world, and the world was made by him, and the world knew him not."
22. *LN* instead has: " 'And life was the light of men and the light shines in the darkness and the darkness has not understood it. But it became a person sent from God, by the name of John, who came as a witness and to be a witness of the light. The genuine light, which illuminates each person, came into the world: He was in the world, and the world became through him, and the world did not recognize him.' " *LN* continues: "—That is what I read here. But what do you make of this?" (pp. 245–46).
23. *LN* instead has "ΛΟΓΟΣ" (p. 246).
24. This word was not reproduced in *LN*.
25. *LN* instead has "light" (p. 246).
26. *LN* instead has "to describe" (ibid.).
27. *LN* instead has "meaning of the ΛΟΓΟΣ" (ibid.) and uses the Greek spelling of Logos in the remainder of this entry.
28. *LN* adds "Through this the dead does not gain life, and the living is killed" (ibid.).
29. John 1:14: "And the Word was made flesh, and dwelt among us, (and we beheld his glory, the glory as of the only begotten of the Father,) full of grace and truth."
30. *LN* instead has "of you" (p. 247).
31. *LN* instead has "essence" (ibid.).
32. The preceding sentence was not reproduced in *LN*.
33. The preceding sentence was not reproduced in *LN*.
34. For Jung's commentary on this entry, see *LN*, pp. 247–52.
35. Thursday.
36. Thursday. This sentence was not reproduced in *LN*.
37. *Liber Secundus*, "Dies II" (*LN*, pp. 252ff.).
38. In Greek mythology, Helios is the sun God and drives a chariot led across the sky by four horses.
39. In Greek in *LN*.
40. During this period, Jung was engaged with the study of Gnostic texts, in which he found historical parallels to his own experiences. See Alfred Ribi, *The Search for Roots: C.G. Jung and the Tradition of Gnosis*, trans. Don

Reveau, foreword by Lance S. Owens (Los Angeles and Salt Lake City: Gnosis Archive Books, 2013).

41. The last two clauses were replaced in *LN* by "our cities" (p. 253).
42. Not reproduced in *LN*.
43. Not reproduced in *LN*.
44. In *Synchronicity as a Principle of Acausal Connection* (1952), Jung wrote: "The scarab is a classical rebirth symbol. According to the description in the ancient Egyptian book *Am-Tuat*, the dead sun God transforms himself at the tenth station into Khepri, the scarab, and as such mounts the barge at the twelfth station, which raises the rejuvenated sun into the morning sky" (*CW* 8, § 843).
45. This expression was not reproduced in *LN*.
46. This was replaced in *LN* by "thoughts" (p. 254).
47. This sentence was not reproduced in *LN*.
48. The last clause was not reproduced in *LN*.
49. *LN* instead has "by size" (p. 255).
50. This expression was not reproduced in *LN*.
51. This clause was not reproduced in *LN*.
52. *LN* adds, "and this will no longer surprise me" (p. 255).
53. To make this section easier to follow, Ammonius's dialogue with the old man has been set in single quotation marks.
54. The parenthetical words were not reproduced in *LN*.
55. "Listeners" was restored in *LN* (p. 256). Jung was at this time still lecturing in the medical school of the University of Zürich.
56. Osiris is the Egyptian god of life, death, and fertility. His brother, Seth, the God of the desert, murders and dismembers him. Osiris's body is recovered and put back together by his wife, Isis, and he is resurrected. Jung discussed Osiris and Seth in *Transformations and Symbols of the Libido* (*CW* B, §§ 358ff.).
57. The location in Luxor was not given in *LN*. The Luxor temple was part of a large complex of six temples founded in 1400 BCE. The city of Luxor contains the ruins of Thebes, which was the capital of Egypt in the Middle and New Kingdoms. Jung had a series of postcards from the temple complex of nearby Karnak that indicated he had visited there, presumably in 1925. Luxor also surfaces in a dream in 1927 (see *Book* 7, p. 238).
58. Horus, the son of Osiris, is the Egyptian God of the sky. He fights against Seth.
59. *LN* instead has "Jesus the anointed one" (p. 257).
60. This clause was replaced in *LN* by "whom the poor honor at the harbor, and whose unclean mysteries they celebrate in cellars" (p. 257).
61. This word was not reproduced in *LN*.
62. This word is followed in *LN* by "nor the other Gods" (p. 258).

63. In 1912, Jung visited St. Elizabeths Hospital in Washington at the invitation of William Alanson White and undertook to analyze "Negroes" to establish whether collective patterns of imagery were racially specific or universal. His experiences pointed in the latter direction, and this was one of the turning points in his formulation of a collective unconscious. See *Jung and the Making of Modern Psychology: The Dream of a Science*, pp. 311ff.
64. This expression was replaced in *LN* by "the pagan doctrines," (p. 258).
65. This expression was replaced in *LN* by "the doctrine of Jesus" (ibid.).
66. This sentence was replaced in *LN* by "We know their meaning as it lies before us, but not their hidden meaning which points to the future" (ibid.).
67. Christian anchorites were perpetually on guard against the appearance of Satan. A famous example of temptations by the devil occur in Athanasius's life of St. Anthony. In 1921 Jung noted that St. Anthony warned his monks "how cleverly the devil disguised himself in order to bring holy men to their downfall. The devil is naturally the voice of the anchorite's own unconscious, that rises up against the forcible suppression of his nature" (*Psychological Types*, *CW* 6, § 82). Anthony's experiences were elaborated by Flaubert in his *Temptation of Anthony*, a work with which Jung was familiar (*Psychology and Alchemy*, *CW* 12, § 59).
68. The rest of this entry was not reproduced in *LN*. For Jung's commentary on the entry, see *LN*, pp. 259–62.
69. Friday. *Liber Secundus*, chapter 6, "Death" (*LN*, pp. 262ff.).
70. In *LN*, Jung added: "On the following night, I wandered to the northern land and found myself under a gray sky in misty-hazy cool-moist air" (p. 262).
71. The last clause was not reproduced in *LN*.
72. Cf. the vision of December 12, 1913, *Book* 2, pp. 167ff.
73. For Jung's commentary on this entry, see *LN*, pp. 265–68.
74. Monday. *Liber Secundus*, chapter 7, "The Remains of Earlier Temples" (*LN*, pp. 268ff.). The first two paragraphs were not reproduced in *LN*, which began with "Yet another adventure occurred:".
75. The preceding paragraph was not reproduced in *LN*.
76. The preceding sentence was not reproduced in *LN*.
77. *LN* instead has "by all the Gods, it's Ammonius!" (p. 269).
78. "Be gone, Satan"—a common expression in the Middle Ages. Cf. Christ to Peter, Matthew 16:23: "Get thee behind me, Satan: thou art an offence unto me: for thou savourest not the things that be of God, but those that be of men."
79. In Greek mythology, the Hyperboreans live in a land of sunshine beyond the north wind, worshipping Apollo. Nietzsche referred on several occasions to free spirits as Hyperboreans (*Twilight of the Idols/The Antichrist*, trans. R. J. Hollingdale [London: Penguin, 1990], p. 127).
80. *LN* instead has "Ammonius" throughout this entry (p. 269).
81. Abbreviation for "Monch" (Monk).

82. A reference to Genesis 2:18: "And the Lord God said, It is not good that the man should be alone; I will make him an help meet for him." There is one reference to a Philetus in the Bible, in 2 Timothy 2:17–19: "But shun profane and vain babblings: for they will increase unto more ungodliness. And their word will eat as doth a canker: of whom is Hymenaeus and Philetus; Who concerning the truth have erred, saying that the resurrection is past already; and overthrow the faith of some."
83. Jung visited Naples in March 1913 on his way to America.
84. This word was omitted in *LN*.
85. In Chronicles 1:15, David dances before the Ark of the Covenant.
86. The previous clause was not reproduced in *LN*.
87. For Jung's commentary on this entry, see *LN*, pp. 272–77.
88. Thursday. *Liber Secundus*, chapter 8, "First Day," *LN*, pp. 277ff.
89. The preceding two paragraphs were not reproduced in *LN*.
90. In place of this last word, *LN* has "decked with exquisite stones" (p. 278).
91. In *LN* the tool is described as a "sparkling double axe, like those used to strike bulls" (ibid.).
92. Izdubar was an early name given the figure now known as Gilgamesh. This was based on a mistranscription. In 1906 Peter Jensen noted: "It has now been established that Gilgamesch is the chief protagonist of the epic, and not Gistchubar or Izdubar as assumed previously" (*Das Gilgamesch-Epos in der Weltliteratur* [Strasbourg: Karl Trübner, 1906], p. 2). Jung had discussed the Gilgamesh epic in *Transformations and Symbols of the Libido*, using the corrected form, and cited Jensen's work several times. His portrait of him on p. 36 of *LN* strongly resembles an illustration in Wilhelm Roscher's *Ausführliches Lexikon der Griechischen und Römischen Mythologie* [Leipzig: Teubner, 1884–1937], vol. 2, p. 775; Jung possessed a copy of the book.
93. In Egyptian mythology, the Western lands (the western bank of the Nile) are the land of the dead.
94. The last expression was not reproduced in *LN*.
95. In *The Gay Science* (rev. ed., 1887), Nietzsche argued that thinking originated through the cultivation and uniting of several impulses that had the effect of poisons: the impulse to doubt, to negate, to wait, to collect, and to dissolve ("On the doctrine of poisons," book 3, § 113, trans. Walter Kaufmann [New York: Vintage, 1974]).
96. In Babylonian mythology, Tiâmat, the mother of the gods, wages war with an army of demons.
97. The preceding line was not reproduced in *LN*.
98. The preceding sentence and the next paragraph were not reproduced in *LN*.
99. The issue of the relation of science to belief was critical in Jung's psychology of religion. See "Psychology and Religion" (1938), *CW* 11.
100. For Jung's commentary on this entry, see *LN*, pp. 283–91.
101. Friday. *Liber Secundus*, "Second Day," chapter 9, *LN*, pp. 291ff.

102. This sentence was replaced in *LN* by "No dream gave me the saving word" (ibid.).
103. "where there is so much knowledge and so much possibility of help" was added here in *LN* (p. 292).
104. The preceding two sentences were not reproduced in *LN*.
105. This word was not reproduced in *LN*.
106. The preceding sentence was not reproduced in *LN*.
107. "my prince" was added here in *LN* (p. 292).
108. This word was replaced in *LN* by "we" (ibid.).
109. The preceding sentence was replaced in *LN* by "In the night all the serpents and dragons crawl out of their holes and you, unarmed, will inevitably fall victim to them" (ibid.).
110. The preceding two paragraphs were not reproduced in *LN*.
111. " . . . considered . . . considered . . . it is remarkable that even here thoughts echo; one must be quite alone" was added here in *LN* (p. 293).
112. This word was replaced in *LN* by "My prince" (ibid.).
113. The preceding sentence was not reproduced in *LN*.
114. "The inner voice now spoke to me as follows:" (p. 294).
115. "and treated with resignation either" (ibid.).
116. The preceding sentence was replaced in *LN* by "No, God forbid. I don't want a crowd to gather, since the enlightened live there. Can't you smell them?" (p. 295).
117. "The people there are totally paralyzed, wrapped in a brown poisonous vapor and can only move with artificial means" was added here in *LN* (ibid.).
118. "Moreover, no one would admit to having seen me" was added here in *LN* (ibid.)
119. The preceding line was not reproduced in *LN*.
120. For Jung's commentary on this entry, see *LN*, pp. 295–98. He said the following to Aniela Jaffé concerning these sections: "You will also recognize that which is driven by fear in my imaginations, namely in my attempts to depict how one can elude such a dreadful entanglement. You can see this most clearly in the chapter on the devil. Or, for example, in the chapter featuring Gilgamesh-Izdubar. It is really quite stupid; why do I need to rack my brains how the dead giant might be helped. But I knew: if I do not do my utmost, I will have lost the battle. I can then go on claiming that it was merely a fantasy. But I would still know that I had failed. I have gone to great lengths to find a solution, quite unperturbed about how ridiculous this was. I had to find a formula through which this fantasy could assume its full significance, and yet set me free at the same time. In a sense I paid for the ridiculous solution I found with the insight that I had captured a God, so to speak. These imaginations are a virtually hellish mixture of the ridiculous and the sublime. It cost me so very much that I was trapped like a mouse by such ridiculous unrealities, and that I could then free myself with utmost

courage and my victim's goodwill. It is like fooling a person who is drowning in a bathtub that it is actually the ocean" (*MP*, pp. 147–48).

121. Saturday. *Liber Secundus*, chapter 11, "The Opening of the Egg" (*LN*, pp. 306ff.). The first six paragraphs were not reproduced in *LN*.
122. Vischer's work was *Auch Einer: Eine Reisebekanntschaft* (Stuttgart, 1884). In 1921, Jung wrote: "Vischer's novel, *Auch Einer*, gives a deep insight into this side of the introverted state of the soul, and also into the underlying symbolism of the collective unconscious" (*Psychological Types*, *CW* 6, § 627). In 1932 Jung commented on Vischer in *The Psychology of Kundalini Yoga*, p. 54. See also Ruth Heller, "*Auch Einer*: the Epitome of F. Th. Vischer's Philosophy of Life," *German Life and Letters* 8 (1954): 9–18.
123. This paragraph was replaced in *LN* by "On the evening of the third day, I kneel down on the rug and carefully open the egg" (p. 306). In the version here, Izdubar's regeneration happens by itself; in *LN*, it is actively assisted by the chanting of the incantations (chapter 10, pp. 299–304).
124. Roscher notes, "As a God, Izdubar is associated with the Sun-God" (*Ausführliches Lexikon der Griechischen und Römischen Mythologie*, vol. 2, p. 774). The incubation and rebirth of Izdubar follows the classic pattern of solar myths. In *Das Zeitalter des Sonnengottes*, Leo Frobenius pointed out the widespread motif of a woman becoming pregnant through Immaculate Conception and giving birth to the sun god, who develops in a remarkably short period of time. In some forms, he incubates in an egg. Frobenius related this to the setting and rising of the sun in the sea (Berlin: G. Reimer, 1904, pp. 223–63). Jung cited this work on a number of occasions in *Transformations and Symbols of the Libido*. He got to know Frobenius at Count Keyserling's School of Wisdom in the 1920s (*MP*, p. 18).
125. The preceding clause was not reproduced in *LN*.
126. The question mark and the remainder of this paragraph were not reproduced in *LN*.
127. For Jung's commentary on this entry, see *LN*, pp. 308–14. In *Psychological Types*, he wrote: "The renewed God signifies a renewed attitude, that is, a renewed possibility for intensive life, a recovery of life, because psychologically God always denotes the greatest value, thus the greatest sum of the libido, the greatest intensity of life, the optimum of psychological life's activity" (*CW* 6, § 301).
128. Monday. *Liber Secundus*, chapter 12, "Hell" *(LN*, pp. 315ff.).
129. In *LN*, this sentence is replaced by "On the second night after the creation of my God, a vision made known to me that I had reached the underworld" (p. 315).
130. Changed to "column" in *LN* (ibid.).
131. Also changed to "column" in *LN* (ibid.).
132. In *LN* the man is described only as having a "devilish appearance" (ibid.).
133. Replaced by "daimons" in *LN* (ibid.).

134. Changed to "the living evil" in *LN* (ibid.).
135. Changed to "fishing rod" in *LN* (ibid.).
136. "to death" was added in *LN* (ibid.).
137. For Jung's commentary on this section of this entry, see *LN*, pp. 315–19. In the calligraphic volume, he added the following marginal note to this passage: "cataphatha-brahmanam 2,2,4." Satapatha-brâhmana 2,2,4 (Max Müller, *Sacred Books of the East*, vol. 12) provides the cosmological justification behind the Agnihotra. It commences by describing how Prajapati, desiring to be reproduced, produces Agni from his mouth. Prajapati offers himself to Agni and saves himself from Death, as he is about to be devoured. The Agnihotra (lit. "fire healing") is a Vedic ritual performed at sunrise and sunset. The performers purify themselves, light a sacred fire, and chant verses and a prayer to Agni.
138. The preceding paragraph was not reproduced in *LN*.
139. *Liber Secundus*, chapter 13, "The Sacrificial Murder" (*LN*, pp. 320ff.).
140. The preceding sentence was not reproduced in *LN*.
141. In *Memories*, commenting on the Liverpool dream (see *Book* 7, p. 239), Jung noted, "According to an older view, the liver is the seat of life" (p. 224).
142. In 1940–41, Jung discussed ritual anthropophagy, sacrifice, and self-sacrifice in "Transformation Symbolism in the Mass," *CW* 11.
143. For Jung's commentary on the second part of this entry, see *LN*, pp. 322–27. The remainder of this entry was not reproduced in *LN*.
144. The phrase is from the Roman playwright Terence, from *Heauton Timorumenos, l. 77:* "homo sum: humani nil a me alienum puto" (I am a man: nothing human is alien to me). On September 2, 1960, Jung wrote to Herbert Read, "As a medical psychologist I do not merely assume, but I am thoroughly convinced, that *nil humanum a me alienum esse* is even my duty" (*Letters* 2, p. 589).
145. Wednesday. *Liber Secundus*, chapter 14, "Divine Folly" (*LN*, pp. 328ff.).
146. The preceding two paragraphs were not reproduced in *LN*.
147. The preceding line was not reproduced in *LN*.
148. The preceding line was replaced in *LN* by "I'm in the reading room of a large library" (p. 328).
149. His age is not indicated in *LN*.
150. The preceding clause was not reproduced in *LN*.
151. The preceding line was replaced in *LN* by "I'm somewhat embarrassed, since I don't know what I really want: Thomas à Kempis crosses my mind" (p. 328).
152. *The Imitation of Christ* is a work of devotional instruction that appeared at the beginning of the fifteenth century and became extremely popular. Its authorship is still in dispute, though it is generally attributed to Thomas à Kempis (c. 1380–1471), who belonged to the order of the Brethren of the Common Life. A religious community in the Netherlands, it was part of the

devotio moderna, a movement stressing meditation and the inner life. In clear and simple language, *The Imitation of Christ* exhorts readers to concern themselves with spirituality as opposed to outer things, gives advice as to how this is to be achieved, and demonstrates the comfort and ultimate rewards of a life lived in Christ. The title derives from the first line of the first chapter. It is also stated in the chapter: "Anyone who wishes to understand and to savor the words of Christ to the full must try to make his whole life conform to the pattern of Christ's life" (*The Imitation of Christ*, trans. Betty I. Knott [London: Fount, 1996], Book 1, chapter 1, p. 33). The theme of the Imitation of Christ dates back much earlier. There was much discussion in the Middle Ages about how the concept was to be understood. On the history of this notion, see Giles Constable, "The Ideal of the Imitation of Christ," in *Three Studies in Medieval Religious and Social Thought* (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 1995), pp. 143–248. As Constable shows, two broad approaches may be distinguished, depending upon how imitation is understood: the first, the imitation of the divinity of Christ, stressed the doctrine of deification by which "Christ showed the way to become God through him" (p. 218). The second, the imitation of the humanity and body of Christ, stressed the imitation of His life on earth. The most extreme form was in the tradition of stigmatics, individuals who bore the wounds of Christ on their body. In 1932, in "Psychotherapy and the cure of souls," Jung wrote: "We Protestants must sooner or later face this question: Are we to understand the Imitatio Christi in the sense that we should copy his life and, in a certain manner, ape *his* stigmata; or in the deeper sense that we are to live our own proper lives as truly as he lived his in its individual uniqueness? To imitate Christ's life is no easy matter, but it is unspeakably much harder to live one's own life as Christ lived his" (*CW* 11, § 522).

C·G· JUNG

THE BLACK BOOKS

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NOTEBOOKS OF TRANSFORMATION

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IV.

La somma sapienza è il
primo amare.

14 I 16 Fortsetzung. (von 71)

Ich denke auch, dass es erkenntlich sei, was ich gerade Thomas a Kempis verlange.

J. „Wundert es Sie, dass ich gerade Thomas a Kempis verlange?"

B. „Nein ja, das Buch wird selten verlangt und gerade bei Ihnen hätte ich dieses Interesse nicht erwartet.

J. Ehrlich gestehen, ich bin auch etwas von Ihrem Einfall überrascht. Aber ich habe vielleicht einmal eine kurze Passage in Thomas a Kempis gelesen, die mir einen besonderen Eindruck gemacht hat; warum kann ich eigentlich nicht genau sagen. Es war ~~speciell~~ besonders das Problem der Nachfolge Christi.

B. Haben Sie speciell theologisch oder historisch Interesse oder —

J. Sie meinen wohl — oder ob ich es zur Andacht lesen werde?

B. lächelnd: Um letzteres wohl kaum.

J. Wenn ich Thomas a Kempis lese, so geschieht dies eher zum Zwecke der Andacht oder etwas dem ähnlichem, als aus wissenschaftlichen Interessen.

B. Sind Sie denn so religiös — das wusste ich gar nicht (etwas spöttisch lächelnd.)

J. Sie wissen, dass ich die Wissenschaft ausserordentlich hoch schätze, aber es giebt wahrhaftig Augenblicke im Leben, wo auch die Wissenschaft uns leer und krank lässt. In solchen Momenten bedeutet ein Buch wie dasjenige Thomas' uns sehr viel, denn es ist aus der Seele ~~der~~ geschrieben.

B. Alles etwas sehr alt modisch. Wir können uns doch heutzutage nicht mehr auf christliche Dogmatik einlassen.

J. Mit dem Christenthum sind wir nicht aus Ende gekommen, wenn wir es einfach weglegen. Es scheint mir, als sei mehr dahin,

als wir sehen.

B. Was soll denn Glauben?

J. Dafür was für Gründe hier und jetzt, wo wir für einen Alten Lebensnaves dem weg? Meinetwegen zur Zeit des Studiums oder etwas früher? Nennen wir das eine bewundernswerthe Zeit? Und haben sie einmal die Gründe genauer untersucht, auf die hin man die positive Religion wegwirft? Die Gründe sind meistens unglaublich windig, z. B. weil der Inhalt der Glaubenswahrheit der Naturwissenschaft oder Geschichte collidiere.

B. Das ist, wie ich finde, gar nicht etwa ein unbedingt zu verachtender Gegengrund, obschon es noch bessere gründe giebt. Der Mangel an Wirklichkeitssinn in den positiven Religionen halte ich z. B. direct für einen Schaden. Übrigens ist auch reichlich Ersatz geschaffen für die durch den Zerfall der Religion herbeigeführten Verlust an Erhebungsmittel zur Andacht. Nietzsche z. B. hat mehr als ein wahrhaftes Andachtsbuch geschrieben.

J. Das ist in einem gewissen Sinne richtig. Aber ~~speciell~~ besonders Nietzsches Wahrheit ist mir zu unruhig und aufreizend – gut für solche, die noch zu bekämpfen sind. Aber ~~Einsicht~~ Sehen ist seine Wahrheit auch nur für solche Leute gut. Wir sehen in letzter Zeit glaube entdeckt zu haben, bedürfen wir aber auch einer Wahrheit für solche, die wir die Enge zu gehen haben. Für Solche ist eine depressive Wahrheit, welche den Menschen verkleinert und verinnerlicht, vielleicht mehr von Nöthen.

B. Aber ich bitte Sie, Nietzsche verinnerlicht doch den Menschen ganz ausserordentlich.

J. Vielleicht habe ich von Ihrem Standpunkt

ein Recht, aber ich kann mich des Eindruckes nicht erwehren, daß Nietzsche ~~für~~ ~~die~~ zu denen spricht, denen mehr Freiheit noth thät, nicht aber zu denen, die hart mit dem Leben zusammengestossen sind und aus Wunden bluten, die sie sich an den Dingen der Wirklichkeit geholt haben.

B. Aber auch solchen Menschen giebt Nietzsche ein kostbares Gefühl der Überlegenheit.

J. Ich kann das nicht bestreiten. Aber ich kenne Menschen, die nicht der Überlegenheit bedürfen, sondern der Unterlegenheit.

B. Sie drücken sich sehr paradox aus. Ich verstehe Sie nicht. Unterlegenheit dürfte doch wohl kaum ein Desideratum sein.

J. Vielleicht verstehen Sie mich, wenn ich statt Unterlegenheit „Ergebung" sage, ein Wort, das man früher viel hörte, neuerdings aber recht selten.

B. Es klingt auch sehr christlich.

J. Wie gesagt, ein Christenthum scheint allerdings gesein, was man vielleicht auch mitnehmen sollte. Nietzsche ist ja sehr Gegensatz. Die Wahrheit hält sich hier wie alles Gesunde und Menschliche an den Mittelweg, den wir zu Unrecht perhorrescieren.

B. Ich weiss wirklich nicht, ob Sie eine so vermittelnde Stellung einnehmen.

J. Meine Stellung ist mir nicht ganz klar. Wenn ich vermittle, so vermittle ich jedenfalls in einer schwerverständlichen Weise.

In diesem Moment bringt der Diener das Buch — und wir verabschiede mich von dem Bibliothekar.

17. I. 16. Ich stehe in der Vorhalle und sehe zu der Thüre links hinüber, wenn

kleines Buch habe ich in die Tasche gesteckt.

Ich gehe zur Thüre links, auch sie ist offen — eine grosse altmodische Küche, sehr reinlich und ordentlich — über dem rauchen Herd ein gewaltiger Kaminhut. Zwei lange Tische stehen in der Mitte des Raumes, daneben Bänke. An den Wänden stehen auf Regalen blitzende zinnerne und kupferne Pfannen und Töpfe.

Am Herd steht eine grosse dicke Person — offenbar die Köchin — mit einer grossen carrierten Schürze. Ich begrüsse sie etwas befremdet — auch sie scheint verlegen zu sein:

J. „Könnte ich mich ein bischen hier hereinsetzen? es ist kalt draussen und ich muss auf etwas warten?"

K. Bitte, nehmen sie nur Platz.

Sie wischt den Tisch vorsichtig mit einem Tuch ab. Da ich nichts anderes zu thun weiss, ziehe ich meinen Thomas a Kempis hervor und beginne zu lesen. Die Köchin ist natürlich neugierig und betrachtet mich verstohlen. Hie und da geht sie an mir vorbei.

K. Erlauben Sie, sind Sie vielleicht ein geistlicher Herr?

J. Nein. Warum denken Sie das?

K. Ich dachte blos so, weil sie so ein kleines schwarzes Buch lesen. Ich hab' auch so eins von meiner Mutter selig noch.

J. So, was ist denn das für eins?

K. Es heisst: Die Nachfolge Christi. Es ist ein so schönes Buch. Ich bete oft Abends drin.

J. Das haben Sie gut errathen. Das ist auch die „Nachfolge Christi", was ich hier

lese.

K. (lächelnd). Das glaub' ich nicht – vom Herr wird sechs ein Büchlein nicht lesen, – wenn Sie kein Pfarrer sind.

J. Warum soll ich es nicht lesen? Es thut mir auch gut, etwas Rechtes zu lesen.

K. Meine Mutter selig hat es noch auf dem Totenbett bei sich gehabt und es mir noch, kurz bevor sie starb, in die Hand gegeben.

Während sie spricht, blättere ich gedankenlos in dem Buche: mein Blick fällt in's 4te Hauptstück auf folgende Stelle:

„Die Gerechten bauen ihre Vorsätze nicht auf die Gnade Gottes auf die sie bei allem, was sie unternehmen, vertrauen, als auf eine eigene Weisheit."

Um, Henri Bergson, denke ich, da hast dies ja – das ist doch ~~nicht weniger~~ die echte und rechte intuitive Methode.

J. (zur Köchin) Ihre Mutter war eine kluge Frau, sie hat wohl daran gethan, Ihnen dies Buch zu hinterlassen.

K. Ja, gewiss – es hat mich schon oft in schweren Stunden getröstet (sie wischt sich die Augen aus) und man kann sich immer einen Rath daraus holen.

Ich denke, man könne auch der eigenen Nase nachgehen, das sei auch intuitive Methode. Aber die schöne Form, in die es der Christ thut, dürft dochwohl von besonderem Werth sein.

Eine unsere Unruhe fasst mich. Was soll werden?

Ein merkwürdiges Rauschen und Schwirren erfüllt – und plötzlich braust es durch den Raum wie eine Schaar grosser Vögel mit rauschenden Flügelschlägen – wir schatten scheu viele Menschengestalten vorüber

eilen und ich höre aus vielfachem
fast-rohem Stimmengewirr die Worte:
„kommt uns anbeten im Tempel".
„Wohin eilt ihr?" rufe ich — ein
bärtiger Mann mit wirrem Haupthaar
und düster leuchtenden Augen bleibt
stehen und wendet sich zu mir:
„Wir wandern nach Jerusalem,
um am allerheiligsten Grabe zu beten."
J. „Kehrt mich nicht".
E. Du kannst nicht mit, du hast
einen Körper. Wir sind Tote.
J. Wer bist du?
E. Ich bin Ezechiel und bin ein Wider-
täufer. Ich bin vor mehr als 300 Jahren
gestorben.
J. Wer sind die, mit denen du wanderst?
E. Das sind meine Glaubensgenossen.
J. Warum wandert ihr denn?
E. Wir können nicht enden, sondern müssen
wallfahren zu allen heiligen Stätten.
J. Was treibt euch denn dazu?
E. Das weiß ich selber nicht. Alles scheint,
wir haben noch immer keine Ruhe, obschon
wir im rechten Glauben gestorben sind.
J. Wenn habt ihr keine Ruhe, wenn ihr
doch im rechten Glauben gestorben seid?
E. Es scheint mir immer, als ob wir mit
dem Leben nicht Recht zu Ende gekommen
wären.
J. Merkwürdig — wieso das?
E. Es scheint mir, wir vergaßen etwas
wichtiges, das auch hätte geleistet werden
sollen.
J. Und was wäre das?
E. Weißt du es? (Er fast gierig und
unheimlich nach mir, seine Augen bohrten
mir vor meiner Brust.)
J. Lass los, Daemon — du hast

dem Thier nicht gebellt?

vor mir steht die Köchin mit entsetztem Gesicht, sie hat mich an den Arm gefasst und hält mich fest.

K. „Um Gottes Willen, um Gottes Willen Hilfe – was ist mit Ihnen? Ist Ihnen schlecht?"

Ich komme mich verwundert an und besinne mich, wo ich eigentlich bin. Aber schon stürzen Freunde heute herein, da ist auch der Herr Bibliothekarius grenzenlos erstaunt – dann malitiös lächelnd:

„Oh, das habe ich mir doch gedacht – schnell die Polizei!"

Ehe ich mich zusammenlesen kann, werde ich durch einen ganzen Menschenaufruhr in mein Wagen gehoben. Ich halte meinen Thomas noch immer fest umklammert und denke, was sagt er jetzt wohl zu dieser neuen Situation? Ich blicke auf und mein Blick fällt auf das 18ten Hauptstück, ~~Baer~~ hier steht:

„So lange wir hier auf Erden leben, können wir den Versuchungen nicht entgehen."

Es ist kein Mensch so vollkommen, und kein Philosoph so heilig, der nicht noch manchmal versucht werden könnte. Ja wir können ohne Versuchungen gar nicht sein."

Weiser Thomas, du weißt wirklich immer eine passende Antwort! Das hat der verrückte Wiedertäufer nicht gemerkt, sonst hätte er ruhig enden können. Rerum omnium satietas vitae facit satietatem – satietas vitae tempus maturum mortis affert, sagt Cicero.

Jetzt kann ich mich sehen. Die Erkenntnis hat mich offenbar mit der Sozietät in Conflict gebracht. Rechts sitzt ein Polizist und links sitzt ein Polizist.

„Nun, sage ich, „kümmern Sie mich ja wieder gehen lassen."

„Das können wir nicht," sagt der Eine lächelnd. „Seien Sie jetzt vorgenommen?"

Also, ins Irrenhaus geht offenbar die Fahrt. Damit kostspielig, aber erscheint, diesen Weg mir auch zu begehen. Dieser Weg ist nicht so enge und schmal, denn viele unserer Mitmenschen gehen ihn. Es gibt sehr viele Irrenhäuser, also offenbar auch sehr viele Verrückte.

Wir sind angekommen — ein grosses Thor — eine Halle — ein Warte-Zimmer — ein freundliches Oberwärter — und jetzt auch zwei Herren Doctoren. Der Eine kommt mir klimes Alter Herr Professor.

Pr. „Was haben Sie denn da für ein Buch?"

I. Das ist der Thomas a Kempis: „Nachfolge Christi."

Prof. zum Assistenten: Also eine religiöse Wahnform — ganz klar — paranoide Form der Dementia praecox.

Zu mir: Sie sehen, „Nachfolge Christi" führt heutzutage ins Irrenhaus.

I. Daran ist kaum zu zweifeln, Herr Professor.

Prof. zum Assist. Der Mann hat Witz — offenbar etwas maniakalisch erregt.

Zu mir: Hören Sie Stimmen?

I. Und ob — heute was es eine ganze Schaar von Wiedertäufern, die durch die Küche schwirrten.

Prof. zum Ass. Nun, da haben wir's ja.

Zu mir: Werden Sie von den Stimmen verfolgt?

J. Ob mein Bruder, ich mache sie auf-

Prof. Ah, es ist wieder ein Fall, welcher klar beweist, daß die ~~Kranken~~ Halluci-nanten die Stimmen Nicht aufsuchen. Das gehört in die Krankengeschichte. Wollen Sie mir bitte, sofort notieren.

J. Herr Professor, gestatten Sie die Bemerkung: es ist durchaus nicht krankhaft: das ist intuitive Methode.

Prof. lachend: Ausgezeichnet. Der Mann hat auch Sprachenbildungen. Nun die Diagnose dürfte hinreichend geklärt sein ~~sind~~.

Also, ich erinnere gute Besserung und halten Sie sich recht ruhig.

J. Aber Herr Professor, ich bin ja gar nicht krank, ich fühle mich ganz wohl.

Prof. Sehen Sie, mein lieber, Sie haben noch keine Krankheitseinsicht.

Zum Arzt. Die Prognose ist natürlich schlecht, im besten Fall Defectheilung.

Oberw. Herr Prof. darf der Mann der Buchhalter?

R. Gewiß, lassen Sie es ihm.

Dann kommt das Inventar meiner Kleider, dann das Bad – und jetzt die Abtheilung. Auf einem Krankenbrancard werde ich ins Bett gelegt. Mein Bettnachbar links ist im katatonischen Stupor, der rechts ein Endstadium der progressiven ~~Par~~ Paralyse, die übrigen scheinen senile und melancholische zu sein. Mit mir etwa 10 Stücke. Ich genieße vollendete Ruhe – bei einigen Unheimlichkeit.

Das Problem des Wahnsinns ist tief – der göttliche Wahnsinn – eine erhöhte Form der Irrationalität des aus uns aufströmenden Lebens – immerhin Wahnsinn, welcher der heutigen Gesellschaft nicht zuträg-

gliedert ist — doch wie wenn Sie Gesellschaft vom Wahnsinn wäre?

Hier wird es dunkel und es ist kein Ende abzusehen.

18 I 14.

Hier verlieren sich alle Fäden und Alles was Linie heißt, hört auf — wie es sich im Irrenhaus gebührt.

Hier, meine Seele, ist Raum für Dich, hier magst Du sprechen.

„Worte, Worte, machmeilt gewirk Worte!"

Schweige und höre:

Hast Du deinen Wahnsinn erkannt und giebst Du ihn zu?

Hast Du gesehen, daß du den Wahnsinn beherbergst?

Hast Du gesehen, daß alle Untergründe voll Wahnsinn stecken?

Willst Du denn Wahnsinn nicht erkennen und freundlich willkommen? Du wolltest ja Alles annehmen, was da in Dir haudert. Also nimm auch den Wahnsinn an.

Lasse das Licht deines Wahnsinns leuchten, und es soll Dir ein großes Licht aufgehen. Der Wahnsinn ist nicht zu verachten und nicht zu fürchten, sondern du sollst ihm das Leben geben."

Hart, ach meine Seele, klingen deine Worte und schwer ist diese Aufgabe, die du mir stellst.

„Wenn du Wege finden willst, hast du auch den Wahnsinn nicht zu verschmähen, da er dasselbe so großen und wichtigen Theil deines Wesens ausmacht."

Ich weiß nicht, ob denn so ist ~~wahr~~

„Sie spät, daß du es erkennen kannst. So vernichtet du, sein Opfer zu werden. Der Wahnsinn ist eine besondere Form des Intellektes und haftet allen Philosophien, Lehrgebäuden und Theorien an, noch mehr aber dem tagtäglichen Leben, denn das Leben selbst ist voll Tollheit – wie Sie meinst – und essentiell unvernünftig. Nur der Mensch strebt nach Vernunft, damit er noch Regeln machen kann. Das Leben selbst hat keine Regeln. Das ist sein Geheimnis. Was du Erkenntnis nennst, ist dein Versuch irgend etwas Verstehbares dem Leben aufzunötigen."

Das klingt Alles sehr trostlos, es erweckt aber meinen Widerspruch.

„Du hast nichts zu widersprechen. Du bist im Irrenhaus."

Da steht der kleine Nike Herzfeld.

Hat er so gesprochen? und habe ich ihn für meine Seelgehalten?

Prof. „Ja, mein Kind, Sie sind total verwirrt. Sie reden ja ganz zusammenhangslos.

J. Ich glaube auch, daß ich mich gänzlich verloren habe. Bin ich wirklich verrückt? Es ist Alles schrecklich verworren und unklar.

Prof. Nur Geduld, es wird sich schon machen. Also, schlafen Sie wohl.

J. Danke. Aber mir ist es bange – Grauen faßt mich.

Alles wogt und stürzt in mir durch einander. Es wird Ernst. Das Chaos kommt. Ist Nike der unterste Grund? Ich dachte, der Tod wäre der unterste Grund. Oder ist das Chaos unsere Grundlagung?

Wenn nur dieses furchtbare Wogen nicht wäre! Die schwarze, schäumende Wogen bricht Alles durcheinander. Ja, das ist der Ocean, der allgewaltige, die nächtliche Flut.

Dort geht ein Schiff – ein mächtiger Dampfer – ich trete ein in den Rauchsalon – viele heute in eleganten Toiletten, zu rauchen, spielen Carten – jetzt schnell entfernt nach mir – jemand kommt auf mich zu –

„Was ist mit Ihnen, Sie sehen ja aus wie ein Gespenst! Was ist passiert?

Nichts – aber ich glaube, ich bin übergeschnappt – der Boden wankt.

„Aber wir haben ja heute Abend bloß etwas hohen Seegang. Nehmen Sie einen Cocktail. Sie haben die Seekrankheit."

Sie haben Recht, ich bin seekrank – aber in besonderer Weise. Ich bin ja eigentlich im Irrenhaus.

„Na, das haben Sie wieder, sie machen ja schon wieder Witze."

Nennen Sie das Witze? Ehrlich hat mich der Professor für gänzlich verwirrt erklärt.

„Da sitzt er ja und spielt Whist."

Wirklich sitzt der kleine dicke Professor an einem kleinen grünen Tisch und spielt mit einigen Herren Karten. Er wendet sich nochmals um und lacht mir zu:

„Na, wo waren Sie denn, kommen Sie her, nehmen Sie auch einen Manhattan. Sie sind ein unglaubliches Original, Sie haben mit Ihrem Wesen heute Abend alle Damen in Aufregung gebracht."

O, Herr Professor, das geht über den Spass.

Ebenso wie ich ja auch Ihr Patient."
Allgemeines Gelächter.

Prof. Ich hoffe, Sie werden es nicht tragisch genommen haben.

I. Nun, ins Irrenhaus geriethet zu werden, ist keine Kleinigkeit.

Der Vorige, ein Mann mit schwarzem Bart und schwarzem Haupthaar und düster leuchtenden Augen:

„Mir ist es schlimmer ergangen, ich bin schon mit 5 Jahren hier."

Ich sehe erst mein Bettnachbar, der offenbar aussein Stupor erwacht ist und sich neu aufmein Bett gesetzt hat. Ich bin doch tatsächlich im Irrenhaus.

„Ich bin doch Nietzsche, also der zweitgetaufte, ich bin auch Christus, der Heiland und bestimmt, die Welt zu erlösen, aber sie lassen mich nicht."

I. Wer lässt Sie denn nicht?

E. Der Teufel. Wir sind nämlich hier in der Hölle. Sie haben natürlich auch nichts davon gemerkt. Ich bin auch erst im zweiten Jahr meines hiesigen Aufenthaltes daraufgekommen. Der Director ist der Teufel.

I. Das klingt unglaublich.

E. Sie sind eben ignorant. Ich sollte nämlich Maria, die Gottesmutter, heirathen. Aber der Professor, d.h. der Teufel hat sie in seiner Gewalt. Jeden Abend bei Sonnenuntergang zeugt er mit ihr ein Kind. Am Morgen früh, bei Sonnenaufgang, gebärt sie es. Dann kommen alle Teufel zusammen und das Kind wird jeweils gemeinsam getötet. Ich höre deutlich sein Geschrei.

I. Aber hören Sie, das ist ja die reinste Mythe

theologie, was hier vorbringen.

E. Du bist verrückt und verstehst Dein nichts davon. Du gehörst ins Irrenhaus.

· Mein Gott, warum sperrt mich meine Familie immer mit Verrückten zusammen? (Heuchelnd) Ich bin ja der Erlöser.

Er legt sich wieder zu Bett und verfällt anscheinend wieder in seinen Torpor.

Ich gehe ins Innere des Bettes, um mich gegen das heftige Wogen zu schützen. Ich blicke starr an die Wand, um mich mit Blicken anzuklammern. An der Wand läuft ein horizontaler Strich, ~~unten~~ darunter ist die Wand dunkelgemalt. Unten steht ein Heizkörper – ich kann aber nicht helfen – erst ein Geländer, darüber hinaus sieht man aufs Meer – der Strich ist der Horizont – und dort geht jetzt die Sonne auf in rothen Glorie – einsam und herrlich – über die Massen gross – darin ist ein Kreuz – daran hängt eine Schlange – nein ein Stier, aufgeschlitzt wie beim Schlachten – oder ein Esel? Nein ein Widder mit der Dornenkrone – es ist der Bucephalus selber.

Die Sonne des Martyriums ist aufgegangen und streuet blutige Strahlen aufs Meer.

Lange währt dieses erhebungsgrausige Schauspiel – und die Sonne steigt höher – ihre Strahlen werden heller und hitzer und eine weissglühende Sonne brennt auf ein tiefblaues Meer hernieder. Das Wogen hat aufgehört. Eine wohlthätige Sommerwogen-

ruhe liegt auf dem flimmernden Meer. Salziger Wasserduft erhebt sich eine matte bunte Brandung wogt leicht mit dumpfem Donnern auf dem warmen Sande und immer ~~wieder~~ erneut kehrt sie wieder — zwölfmal — wie die Glockenschläge der Weltuhr. Und jetzt tritt Stille ein — kein Laut — kein Hauch. Alles ist starr und totenstill.

Das Meer ist ein Spiegel der weiss strahlenden Sonne geworden —

Schlosse, heimlich beklommen.

Ich sehe eine Palme, einen ungeheuren Baum dem Meere entsteigen, seine Krone reicht zum Himmel und seine Wurzeln sprießen hinab bis ins Innere der Erde.

Seine Zweige sind umflattert von Millionen von Vögeln.

Ich bin ganz einsam und verzagt und schaue ferne. Es ist, wie wenn das Leben aus mir entflohen wäre, ganz dahingegeben an das Unfassbare und Furchtbare. Ich bin ganz schwach und unfähig.

„Erlösung" flüstere ich.

„Hier giebt es keine Erlösung, sondern Sie haben sich ruhig zu verhalten, sonst stören Sie die Andern. Es ist Nacht und andere Leute wollen schlafen."

Ich sehe, es ist der Wärter. Der Saal ist düster erhellt durch eine kleine Lampe und unsägliche Traurigkeit lastet über diesem Raume.

„Ich fand den Weg nicht".

W.: „Sie brauchen jetzt keine Wege zu suchen".

Er spricht die Wahrheit: man braucht keinen Weg zu suchen. Der Weg, oder was

es immer sei, worauf man geht, ist unser Weg, der rechte Weg. Es gibt keine gebahnten Wege in die Zukunft. Wir sagen, es sei dieser Weg, und er ist es. Wir bauen die Straßen, indem wir gehen. Unser Leben ist die Wahrheit, die wir machen. Mein Leben ist der Weg, für die, die nachher kommen. Unser Leben ist meine Wahrheit, die Wahrheit ihrer Zukunft. Wir schaffen die Wahrheit, indem wir ~~sie~~ zuerst leben. Erst nachträglich wird Leben zur Wahrheit. Nicht zuerst finden wir Wahrheit und dann leben wir sie, sondern es ist umgekehrt.

19.I.14.

Ich bin erschlafft. Ich kann nicht. Will ich etwas. Es thut es Durchmich. Ich warte.

„Die Sehne soll aus den Augen gehoben werden, damit ein freier Durchpassentstehe zwischen hier und dort — zwischen ja und nein, zwischen oben und unten, zwischen links und rechts.

Es sollen lustige Sänge gebaut werden zwischen allen entgegengesetzten Dingen; leichte, glatte Straßen sollen von einem Pol zum andern führen.

Eine Wage soll aufgestellt werden, deren Zünglein hin und her schwankt.

Ein Plan muß gemacht werden, die durch Wind nicht verweht wird.

Ein Strom soll fließen nach seinem tiefsten Ziel.

Es sollen die Herden wilder Thiere zu ihren Futterplätzen ziehen auf ihren alten Wechseln.

Ein Pfeil soll fliegen seine gebogene Bahn.

Ein Gedanke soll sich erheben wie eine Lerche aus der Saat.

Und das Leben?

Das Leben geht fürderhin seine Bahn von Geburt zu Tod und von Tod zu Geburt — von Sinn zu Wahnsinn und von Wahnsinn zu Sinn — ungebrochen wie die Bahn der Sonne.

Alles geht seine Bahn.

Die Empörung lauert hinter der Thüre. Lass sie lauern — wenn du auf sie wartest, kommt sie. ✕

Freue dich des ungebrochenen Lichtes und sei ganz dich selber —

Die Rede des Verworrenen ist wie zerhacktes Stroh — sagt der Professor —; Die Rede des Gesunden ist demnach wie unzerhacktes Stroh — sagt der Wahnsinnige — also einfach länger.

Trostlose Übelkeit liegt auf mir. Hölle ist ein gutes Wort für diesen Zustand.

Ich spiele lässig und grausam mit mir selber — aber wem bin ich der Weg des Lebens ist? Man hat ihn nur zu gehen.

Ist es Tag oder Nacht — schlafe ich oder wache ich? Habe ich gegessen oder nicht gegessen? Lebe ich oder bin ich abgestorben?

Blinde Finsterniss umlagert mich.

Eine graue Mauer — ein grauer Dämmerungsarm kriecht an ihr entlang — wie eine runde, sehnsuchtsvollen Lippen. Sie hat ein rundes Gesicht und lacht. Das Lachen ist erschütternd und erlösend wirklich. Ich schlage die Augen auf: Da steht die Dicke

Köchin vorwirft:

„Sie haben aber einen gesunden Schlaf. Sie haben ja länger als eine Stunde geschlafen."

T. Wirklich — habe ich geschlafen? ~~Ich~~ Mir hat wohl nur geträumt — was für ein schreckliches Spiel! ~~Ich~~ Ich bin in dieser Küche eingeschlafen. Das ist wohl das Reich der Mütter?

K. Trinken Sie ein Glas Wasser, Sie sind ja noch ganz schlaftrunken.

T. Ja, dieser Schlaf kann Einen trunken machen. Wo ist mein Thomas? Da liegt ja aufgeschlagen — und zwar am 21ten Hauptstück:

„Über Alles und in Allem, meine Seele, suche deine Ruhe allezeit in dem Herrn; denn er ist die ewige Ruhe aller Heiligen."

Sehen Sie Stille Post vor — hinter jeder Wort ein erstaunter Fragezeichen setzen.

K. Wenn Sie mit diesem Satz eingeschlafen sind, dann müssen Sie wohl einen schönen Traum gehabt haben.

T. Ich habe allerdings geträumt — an den Traum werde ich denken.

Übrigens sagen Sie mir, bei wem sind Sie denn eigentlich Köchin?

K. Beim Herrn Bibliothecarius. Er liebt eine gute Küche und ich bin schon mit vielen Jahren bei ihm.

T. Oh, davon hab' ich gar nichts gewusst, daß der Bibliothecarius eine solche Küche besitzt.

K. Ja, Sie müssen wissen, er ist ein Feinschmecker.

J. Nehmen Sie wohl, junge Köchin, ich danke bestens für Ihre Berge.

K. Bitte, bitte, die Ehre ist ganz auf meiner Seite."

Nun bin ich draussen. Also das war die Küche der Herren Bibliothecarius —! Weiss er wohl, was darin gekocht wird? Er hat wohl nie einen Dampfschlaf darin vermocht. Ernährt sich bloss bürgerlich daraus.

Ich glaube, ich will ihm den Thomas zurückbringen.

Ich trete in die Bibliothek ein, er ist Alles wie früher.

B. Ach guten Abend, da sind Sie ja wieder?

J. Guten Abend, Herr Bibliothekar, da bringe ich den Thomas wieder. Ich habe nebenbei beschlossen nebenan in Ihrer Küche gerastet, um zu lesen — allerdings ohne zu essen, denn essen tut in Ihrer Küche nie.

B. Oh ich bitte, das macht gar nichts. Hoffentlich hat meine Köchin Sie gut aufgenommen.

J. Ich kann mich gar nicht beklagen, ich habe sogar ein Nachmittagsschläfchen über dem Thomas gehalten.

B. Das wundert mich nicht. Diese Hausfrauenbücher sind entsetzlich langweilig.

J. Ja, für Unsereinen. Aber für Ihre Köchin bedeutet das kleine Buch doch viel Erbauung.

B. Nun ja, für die Köchin.

J. Haben Sie auch schon in Ihrer Küche einen Inventionsschlaf gehalten?

B. (lachend) Nein, auf die Idee bin ich nachher gekommen.

J. Ich wage Ihnen, dass Sie könnten bei was

Grüßen über Ihre Küche.

Adieu, Herr Bibliothecar!

Ich gehe hinaus in den Gang und öffne den grünen Vorhang. Ausser einer schönen großen Halle mit Säulen und einem Ausblick auf einen prachtvollen Garten – Klingsors Zaubergarten – dort stehen zwei – Amfortas und Kundry – oder vielmehr – was sehe ich? – es ist der Herr Bibliothekarius und Kundry ist die Köchin. Er ist blass und hat einen verdorbenen Magen, sie ist enttäuscht und zornig.

Links steht Klingsor und hält die Feder, die der Herr Bibliothecarius hinter dem Ohr trug. Abscheuliches Gift! Klingsor trägt meine Züge.

Doch nun von Rechts tritt Parcifal auf, auch er trägt meine Züge.

Klingsor schleudert ~~sd~~ wütend seine Feder nach Parcifal. Dieser aber fängt sie auf.

Die Szene verwandelt sich:

Ein einfaches Zimmer, an einem Schreibtisch sitzt Parcifal in moderner Kleidung und beschreibt die Wunder seiner Heldenlaufbahn.

Und nun kniee ich nieder – das Supplicium des Charfreitags beginnt;

Parcifal tritt auf – langsamen Schrittes. Das Haupt bedeckt von schwarzem Helm, er trägt Löwenfell und Keule und moderne schwarze Beinkleider.

Ich sträube mich und strecke abwehrend die Hände aus – „Heilig – Himmsschänder" braust es in meinen Ohren.

Parcifal entblößt sein Haupt – ich bin's – travestiert im Helden.

Kein Zauberwang ist da, der ihn entrückte und ihm die Wirklichkeit gäbe. Kundry steht von ferne, verhüllt ihr Haupt – und – lacht.

Ich aber entledige mich gedrängt meiner Rüstung und gehe in meinen Büßerkleide zum Quell, wasche allein meine Hände und Füße und taufe mich auf meinen Namen, als den, der ich bin. Dann lege ich mein Büßerkleid ab und kleide mich in meine bürgerliche Kleidung. Ich trete aus der Szene heraus und führe mich mir selber, der ich noch immer erstarrt auf den Knieen liege. Ich hebe mich selber vom Boden empor und werde eins mit mir selber.

22 I 1914.

Danach nun gehe ich weiter mit der Spannung eines Menschen, der etwas Neues erwartet, das ihm zuvor nie geahnt hat. Gewandt und belehrt und unverzagt nach der Tiefe hinhörend, nach Aussen bemüht ein vollsinnenschönes Leben zu leben.

„Höre und schreibe:

Es ist Alles dunkel, wohin du greifst in deiner Tiefe – auch mir selber ist es dunkel und ich kann nur Stücke losbrechen – Bruchstücke von Gewebe – denn nichts ist fest, und Alles bloss möglich. Willst Du das fragmentarische, das Zerstückelte annehmen? Willst Du den Fetzen, statt des ganzen Gewandes, den Knopf statt der Rose, die Kerze statt der Sonne? Willst Du Sinnlos-Zusammengerührtes, Zerhacktes, Abgebröckeltes?

Ich will, meine Seele, dankbar annehmen, was da giebt. Nicht mir steht das Recht zu, zu urtheilen und zu verwerfen. Das Schicksal wird die Spreu von dem Weizen sondern. Wir haben uns auch der Werthloserklärung und der Zerstörung zu unterwerfen in majorem vitae gloriam.

So höre, es giebt hier unten alte Panzer, Rüstzeuge unserer Väter, von Rost zerfressen, moderige Lederräumen hängen daran, wurmstichige Lanzenschäfte, verbogene Speerspitzen, zerbrochene Pfeile, eingebeulte Schilde, Schädel, Tatzengebeine von Mann und Pferd, altes Geschütz, Steinschleudern, zerfallene Brandfackeln, zerschmetterte Sturmzeug — Alles, was Schlechten der Vorzeit auf dem Felde liegen liessen. Willst Du alles annehmen?

Ich nehme an, meine Seele, Du wirst es besser. Was immer Du ausschlachtest, soll mir willkommen sein. Vielleicht erleuchtet es mir ein Schicksal, Gebrauch davon zu machen.

Hier giebt's noch Älteres: Steinspitzen, Steinkeulen, scharfe Knochen, spitze Zähne, geeignet für Pfeile. Das Holz ist so morsch, dass es zerfällt, schwarzverkohlte Fischkäppen liegen daselbst, scherben schwarzen und rothen Thongefässe, verkohlter Weizen, zerschlagene und angenagte Knochen — Alles, was ein Urzeitdorf weggeworfen und verloren hat. Willst Du auch das?

Ich will, gieb es mir. Ich bin Dir dankbar.

Ich finde bemalte Steine, geritzte Knochen mit magischen Zeichen, Zaubersprüche auf Lederlappen und Bleiplättchen, schmutzige Beutel mit Zähnen, Menschenhaaren und Fingernägeln gefüllt, zusammengebundene Hölzer, schwarze Kugeln, vermoderte Thierhäute — allen Aberglauben, das finstere

Vorzüge entdeckte. Willst Du all das?

Ich nehme Alles an. Wie soll ich etwas von mir weisen? Weiß ich, ob es nicht gut ist, es zu haben?

So nimm all das auf Dich in tägliche Arbeit. Ich finde aber Schlimmeres – Bruder mord – feige Tat-schlag – Folter – Kinderopfer – Ausrottung ganzer Völker – Brand – Verrath – Krieg – Empörung – auch das?

Auch das, wenn es sein muss. Aber wie kann ich ertragen?

Ich finde Seuchen – Naturkatastrophen – gesunkene Schiffe – zerstörte Städte – furchtbare Thiere der Wildniss – Hungersnoth – Unlängbarkeit der Menschen und Angst – ganze Berge von Angst.

Es soll so sein, weil du es giebst.

Ich finde die Schätze aller vergangenen Culturen – herrliche Götterbilder – weite Tempel – Malereien – Papyrusrollen – Pergamentblätter mit den Schriftzeichen vergangener Sprachen – Bücher voll verschollener Weisheit – Lieder und Gesänge alter Priester – die Geschichten, welche Dich tausend Generationen erzählt wurden.

Das ist eine Welt – diese Umfang vermag ich nicht zu fassen. Wie kann ich annehmen?

„Du wolltest doch Alles annehmen, es sich die Hände reichen? Du siehst, Du kennst keine Grenzen mehr. Kannst Du Dich nach nicht beschränken?"

Ich muss mich beschränken. Wer vermöchte diesen Reichthum je zu fassen?

„Also sei beschränkt und lasse deinen Garten mit Genügsamkeit."

Ich will es thun. Ich habe, da es sich nicht lohnt, ein grösseres Stück der Unermesslichkeit zu erfassen, statt eines kleineren. Ein kleiner Garten, gut gepflegt, bedeutet mehr als ein grosser Garten, schlecht gepflegt. Im Angesicht der Unermesslichkeit sind beide Gärten gleich klein, aber nicht gleich gut gepflegt.

„Nimm eine Scheere und beschneide deine Bäume."

23 I 14

Gleichmässig und ruhig schien Schritts scheint du, meine Seele, zu nahen. Sind wir jenseits der Leichenwelt angelangt? Oder langen wir erst an?

„Noch ist es Nacht, doch scheint der Tag zu nahen."

Ich wage kaum zu hoffen, aus Angst vor meiner Begehrlichkeit, die nach Sehnsucht verlangt.

„Gedulde Dich."

Ich lasse Geduld gebeut und will sie ~~anwenden~~ gebrauchen. Ich will abwarten und warten.

„Hörst Du nicht bisweilen etwas?"

Mir ist nichts bewusst; was soll ich hören?

„Ein Läuten."

Ein Läuten? wozu? Ich höre nichts.

„So höre besser."

Vielleicht im linken Ohr. Was soll's bedeuten?

„Unglück."

Ich nehme an, was Du sagst. Ich will geduldig meine Hände behalten und Glück

und Unglück empfangen. Was nützt Angst und Empörung?

„So halte deine Hände ausgebreitet empor und empfange, was dir zukommt."

Was ist es? Dein Stab — eine schwarze Schlange — ein schwarzer Stab, geschnitzt in der Form einer Schlange — zwei Perlen als Augen — ein feiner Goldreif um den Hals. Ist es nicht wie ein — Zauberstab?

„Es ist ein Zauberstab."

Wer will mir Magie? Ist der Zauberstab ein Unglück? Ist Magie ein Unglück?

„Ja, für die, die sie besitzen."

Es klingt wie alte Sage. Wie wunderlich bist du, meine Seele! Was soll mir Magie?

„Magie will dir Liebe."

Ich fürchte, du erkennst meine Begehrlichkeit und meinen Unverstand. Du irrst, der Mensch hört nicht auf ~~[illegible]~~ nach der schwarzen Kunst zu gieren und nach den Dingen, die ihm keine Arbeit kosten.

„Magie ist nicht leicht und sie kostet Opfer."

Kostet sie das Opfer der Liebe? der Menschlichkeit? Dann gebe ich dir den schwarzen Stab zurück.

„Sei nicht voreilig, du urtheilst zu rasch. Magie verlangt nicht diese Opfer. Sie verlangt andere."

Welches, meine Seele, sind sie?

Das Opfer, der Magie verlangt, ist

Trost."

Trost? Verstehst ich recht?
Es ist unsäglich schwer, Dich zu verstehen.
Wie ist das zu verstehen?

„Trost ist zu opfern."

Wie meinst Du? Soll der Trost,
den ich gebe, oder den ich empfange
geopfert werden?

„Beide."

Ich bin verwirrt – vergieb – es ist mir
zu dunkel.

„Um des schwarzen Stabes willen
hast Du den Trost zu opfern, den Du
giebst und den Du empfängst."

Von wem empfange ich Trost? Von
denen, die ich liebe? Ja. Ich soll ihn nicht
empfangen dürfen? Ich gebe euch
Trost, denen, die ich liebe. Soll ich diesen
Trost nicht geben? Das bedeutet den
Verlust eines Stückes Menschlichkeit und
an seine Stelle tritt das, was man Härte gegen
sich und andere nennt.

„So ist es."

Erfordert der schwarze Stab dies Opfer?

„Er verlangt dies Opfer."

Kann ich, darf ich dies Opfer bringen
um des schwarzen Stabes willen? Muss
ich den ~~schwa~~ Stab annehmen?

„Willst Du oder willst Du nicht?
Ich kann es nicht sagen. Woher weiss ich
vom schwarzen Stabe? Wer giebt ihn
mir?

„Das Dunkel, das vor Dir liegt.
Es ist demnächst Dein, das zu Dir kommt.
Willst Du es annehmen und ihm sein

Opfer zu Füßen legen?"

Es ist hart, dem Dunkeln, der blinden Finsternis geopfert — und welch ein Opfer! Dem Trost, den man empfängt, zuwiderlaufen, ist hart; härter noch scheint mir, Trost zu versagen.

„Du Natur — tröstet Natur? empfängst du Trost?"

Du sagst ein schweres Wort. Welche Einsamkeit fordert du von mir?

„Das ist dein Unglück — und die Macht des schwarzen Stabes."

Wie Dichter ahnungsreich du sprichst! Umschlingst du mich mit dem Panzer einer Härte? Umklammert du mein Herz mit ehernen Schalen? Ich preise mich der Lebenswärme. Soll ich sie missen, um — der Magie willen? Was ist Magie?

„Du kennst Magie nicht. Also urtheile, ~~nicht~~ verurtheile nicht. Wogegen sträubst du dich?"

Magie? Was soll Magie? Ich glaube nicht daran, kann nicht daran glauben. Mir sinkt das Herz und zweifel dringt durch alle Pforten — und der Magie soll ich ein größtes Stück meines Menschlichkeit opfern?

„Ich rathe dir gut, sträube dich nicht, und vor Allem — bemühe dich nicht so aufgeklärt, wie wenn du nicht im Tiefsten doch an Magie glaubtest."

Du bist unerbittlich. Aber ich wage nicht an Magie zu glauben oder ich habe eine ganz falsche Idee davon.

„Das letztere lässt sich hören. Lass uns einmal deine blinden Vorurtheile und kritischen Fesseln unterwegs, ~~sonst~~ sonst wirst du ewig nichts verstehen. Willst du noch viele Jahre mit Narren vergeuden?"

Ich bitte dich, habe Geduld. Meine Wissenschaft ist noch nicht überwunden.

„Es ist hohe Zeit, daß du sie überwindest.

Du verlangst viel, fast zu viel. Aber wenn das fortschreitende Leben diese Überwindung von mir verlangt, so soll es sein. Schließlich – ist Wissenschaft unentbehrlich zum Leben? Ist Wissenschaft Leben? Es giebt Menschen ohne Wissenschaftleben.

Aber Überwindung der Wissenschaft um der Magie willen – das klingt unheimlich und lächerlich.

„Hast du Angst? Du willst das Leben nicht wagen? Liegt nicht das Leben in diesem Problem vor?"

Das macht mich Alles so traurig und verwirrt. Hast du nicht den Wert des Lichtes für mich?

„Oh, du verlangst Trost?

Willst du den Stab oder willst du ihn nicht?"

Der zerreißt mein Herz. Ich will mich dem Leben unterwerfen. Aber wie schwer – wie schwer ist es!

Ich will den schweren Stab, weil er das erste Ding ist, das mir das Dunkel giebt. Ich weiß nicht, was dein Stab bedeutet, was er giebt – ich fühle nur, er nimmt!

Ich knie nieder und empfange diesen Boten des Dunkeln – sei er, was er wolle.

Ich habe den schweren Stab empfangen – ich halte ihn, den rätselvollen in meiner Hand – er ist kalt und schwer wie Eisen – die Perlenaugen der Schlange blicken mich blind und schillernd an – was sollst du, geheimnisvolles, unheimliches Geschenk? Alle Dunkelheit

aller Vorzeit drängt sich in Dir zusammen, harter, schwarzer Stahl! Bist Du Zeit und Schicksal – Essenz der Natur, hart und ewig trotzlos – oder Summe aller geheimen Schöpferkraft? – Urralte Zauberworte scheinen von Dir ausgegangen – geheime Wirkung webt um Dich? Welche nächtigen Kräfte schlummern in Dir?

Mit unerträglicher Spannung durchdringst Du mich. Welche Katzen sollen Dir entkriechen? Welch furchtbares Geheimniss wirst Du ~~weben~~ schaffen? Wirst Du Segen stiften? Wirst Du Unwetter, Sturm, Kälte und Blitzschlag bringen oder willst Du Du Felder fruchtbar machen und den Kind der Schwangern segnen?

Was ist der nebelhafte Zauber deines Seins? Oder bedarfst Du dessen nicht, Du Sohn des finsteren Chaoses? Genügst Du Dich des nebelhaften Dunkels, dessen Concretion und Krystall Du bist? Wo in meiner Seele berge ich Dich? In meinem Herzen? Wehe, allmeines Herz dein Schrein, dein Allerheiligstes sein? So wähle Dir deine Stätte, ich habe Dich empfangen.

Welch schwere Spannung Du mit Dir führst! Springt der Bogen meiner Nerven nicht? Ich habe es zu tragen, ich habe dem Boten der Nacht Herberge gegeben.

Wer bist Du, meine Seele?

„Mächtigster Zauber wohnt in ihm".

Mir scheint, ich fühle es und kann es doch nicht beschreiben, welch schwere volle Stärke ihm gegeben ist.

Ich wollte lachen, weil mich so vieles

in Lachen wendet und weil so Vieles nur darin eine Lösung findet. Hier ist – vielleicht nur der Lachen – sein Zauber ist fest wie Eisen und kalt wie der Tod.

Der Gilfi Reden?

Ich bin allein mit dieser Sonne des Dunkels.

Vielleicht wird er reden?

„Vermoche?"

Mein schwarzer Stab, meine Schlangensprache du? — —

Meine Seele, der Zauber schweigt.

„Vielleicht wird er handeln?"

Vergieb mir, meine Seele, ich bin allzu ungeduldig. Aber mir scheint, als müsse etwas geschehen, was die unerträgliche Spannung, die mir der Stab gebracht hat, durchbricht.

„Warte, halte Augen und Ohren offen."

Mir schaudert – und ich weiss nicht, warum.

„Man schaudert bisweilen vor dem – Grässlichen."

Ich beuge mich, meine Seele, vor dem unbekannten Gewalten – ich möchte jedem unbekannten Gott einen Altar weihen.

„Zähme deine Ungeduld. Hier hilft nur Warten."

Warten – ich kenne dieses Wort. Auch Herkules, als er das Himmelsgewölbe trug, fand das Warten unter dem Drucke seiner Last beschwerlich.

„Er bettelte zu warten, bis Atlas wiederkam und er hielt das Himmelsgewölbe um der Äpfel willen."

Ich muss mich fügen. Das schwarze Eisen in meinem Herzen scheint mir geheime Kraft zu geben. Gifhers Stab und wie —

Missachtung der Menschen, — das Opfer des Trotzes — ist es schon vollzogen?

27 I. 14.

Ich muss aus vielen Winkeln zusammenkriechen, in die ich mich verloren habe. Ich kehre zum schweren Schlangenstab zurück. Er scheint ein festes und nachhaltiges Stück Tod zu sein.

Der Tod erscheint aber als eine mir gehörende Macht.

Diese Gedanke stammt wohl von fremder Seite. Wie hätte mir solches mir kommen können? Oder irre ich mich? Schlaf nicht zu fragen, sondern nur zu beschreiben, was die Tiefe spricht.

„Worte der Tiefe" — das wiederholt sich in mir.

„Worte des Lebens, des innersten und dunkelsten Lebens" — sagt eine andere Stimme.

Eitelkeit und Verführung mischten sich täuschend dazwischen, denn Macht schillert in vielen verlockenden und verschwindenden Farben. Macht will äussere Dinge unterjochen, Menschen einspannen, Rückstösse aufhäufen, Gewaltthat verüben. Macht möchte sich des Dreinsehens, Unterwerfens und Gehorchens entschlagen, möchte erreichen, was sie nicht hatte, gewinnen, was nichts zu verlieren ist.

Macht möchte alle heimlichen Wünsche sättigen.

Was möchte denn meine Macht?

„Deine Macht möchte Leben."

Ist sie die Macht über das Leben?

„Du wirst sehen!"

Ich sehe einen Stamm, wie einen Kreuzesstamm und die kleine schwarze Schlangengestalt windet sich daraufhin.

Ich sehe, der Crucifixus hängt am

Höhe, die Schlange kriecht in seine Seitenwunde und tritt ~~zum~~ am dem Munde des Tiefen wieder heraus. Er ist weiß geworden. Er windet sich am starren Haupte des Todes in die Höhe, sie legt sich um seine Stirn. Ein Lichterglanz umrankt sein Haupt. Im Osten geht sich strahlend die Sonne.

„Verstehst Du?"

Ich verstehe, es ist das Wunder der Erneuerung, das Eingehen in den Tod, und die Überwindung des Todes. Doch worauf zielt dieses Bild? Spricht es von Unsterblichkeit?

„Dränge nicht und sei nicht störend vorwitzig. Du kannst nichts erzwingen – was sprichst Du von Unsterblichkeit? Was verstehst Du davon? Es gibt andere Dinge, die Du vielleicht erfassen kannst. Aber Du bist neu-gierig."

Es ist wahr, meine Seele, was Du sagst. Jahen begehrerisch.

„Zähme Dich und sei geduldig."

Ich harre und gestehe die meine völlige Unwissenheit und Leere.

„Lasse regnen, lasse den Wind rauschen, lasse die Wasser fließen und das Feuer flammen. Lasse geheimnisentwachsthum, lasse dem Werdenden seine Zeit."

Soll ich mich wegbegeben, meine Feder niederlegen?

„Ja, das sollst Du."

Ich gehorche.

—

Lass mich noch einmal vor Dich treten, lass mich niederknien und meine Hände bittend emporhalten, damit Dir unerträgliche Spannung

dieses ohnmächtige Unbehagen gelöst werde.

Was schliesse ich aus? Williches nicht hören? Kann ihes nicht fassen? Welcher ist die Macht des Stabes? Und der Stab – was mit seinem Sinn?

Ein Tulpenbeet – ein kleiner Garten – ein Häuschen – darin wohnen zwei alte Leute – Philemon und Baucis – Philemon ist ein alter Zauberer, der nicht vermocht hat, das Alter zu bannen, der es aber anständig lebt. Und seine Frau kann nicht anders, als das Gleiche zu thun. Ihre Lebensinteressen sind enge geworden, kindlich. Sie begleiten ihr Tulpenbeet und erzählen sich von den Blumen, die sich neuerschlossen haben. Und ihre Tage schwimmen dahin in einem blassen, leicht schwankenden Halbdunkel, erhellt von den Lichtern der Vergangenheit, wenig erreicht von dem Dunkel des Kommenden.

Warum ist Philemon ein Zauberer? Zaubert er sich Unsterblichkeit, ein Leben jenseits? Er hat wohl nur Zauberer von Berufswegen, um ebenso ein pensionirter Zauberer zu sein, der sich vom Geschäft zurückgezogen hat. Seine Begehrlichkeit und seine Schaffenskraft ist erloschen und es gemeint alles Leuten Unvermögen seinen wohlverdienten Ruhe, wie jedem Greis, der sonst nichts mehr thun kann, als Tulpen zu pflanzen und sein Gärtchen zu hegen. Otium cum dignitate – –.

Der Zauberstab liegt in Wandschrank zusammen den 6 u. 7ten Buch Mosis und der Weisheit des Hermes Trismegistos. Philemon ist alt und etwas abwechslungsgeworden. Segen ein gutes Geschenk wäre

oder für die Küche lallt er noch ein paar Zauberspruch zu Gunsten des lebenden Viehes. Aber es ist unsicher, ob es noch die richtigen Sprüche sind oder ob er ihnen Sinn verteilt. Es ist auch eigentlich der ergrimmt darauf ankommt, ob er murmelt, vielleicht wird das Vieh nachher verschlimmbessert.

So geht der alte Philemon im Garten, gebückt, die Gießkanne in zitternden Händen haltend. Baucis steht am Küchenfenster und sieht ihm gleichmütig-stumpf zu – sie hat dies sich schon hundertmal angesehen, jedesmal etwas gebrechlicher und schwächlicher, jedesmal hat sie es auch etwas weniger gut gesehen, denn ihre Augenkraft hat bedenklich abgenommen.

Ich stehe an der Gartentür. Sie haben den Fremdling nicht bemerkt. Hier ist Alles klein und eng – ein Vorraum des Friedhofes.

„Philemon, alter Hexenmeister, wie geht es Dir?" rufe ich ihm zu. Er hört mich nicht, denn er ist stocktaub. Ich gehe ihm schnell nach und fasse ihn am Arm. Er wendet sich um und begrüßt mich eingeschüchtert und zitternd. Er hat einen weißen Bart und schneeweiße Haare, sein Gesicht ist faltig – und an diesem Gesicht scheint etwas zu sein. Seine Augen sind grau und alt – und etwas in ihnen ist merkwürdig, man möchte sagen – lebendig.

„Mir geht es gut, Fremder" sagte er. „Doch was verlangt Du bei mir?"

Man sagte mir, Du verstehst Dich auf die schwarze Kunst. Ich interessiere mich dafür. Willst Du mir davon erzählen?

Ph. „Was soll ich Dir erzählen? Da giebt es nichts zu erzählen."

J. Sei nicht unwirsch, Alter, ich möchte was lernen.

Ph. Du bist gewiß gelehrter als ich. Was könnte ich Dich lehren?

J. Sei nicht geizig. Ich werde Dir gewiß keine Concurrenz machen. Es nimmt mich nur wunder, wo du treibst und was du zauberst.

Ph. Wozu willst du? Ich habe früher um die und da den Leuten geholfen gegen Krankheit und Schaden verschiedener Art.

J. Wie machtest du das?

Ph. Nun ganz einfach mit Sympathie.

J. Dieses Wort, mein Alter, klingt so einich doppelsinnig.

Ph. Wieso?

J. Es könnte heißen, du habest den Leuten durch gewöhnliche Arzneimittel geholfen oder mit abergläubischen sympathetischen Mitteln.

Ph. Nun es wird wohl Beides gewesen sein.

J. Wer hat dem ganzen Zauber?

Ph. erregt: Ich weiß nach nicht.

J. Was ist es, rede!

Ph. Das geht dich nichts an. Du bist frech und naseweis.

J. Bitte, nimm mir meine Neugier nicht übel. Ich habe neulich etwas von Magie gehört, das hat mein Interesse für diese vergessene Kunst wachgerufen. Ich bin deswegen gleich zu Dir gegangen, weil ich von Dir hörte, du verstehest die schwarze Kunst. Wenn heutzutage an den Universitäten noch die Magie gelehrt würde, so hätte ich sie dort studiert. Aber es ist schon lange her, seit dem das letzte Colleg über die magischen Kräfte geschlossen worden ist. Heutzutage weiß kein Professor mehr etwas von Magie. Also, sei nicht empfindlich und nicht geizig, sondern lehre mich etwas von dieser Kunst verstehen.

Du wirst doch deine Geheimnisse nicht mit ins Grab nehmen wollen?

Ph. Doch, du lachst ja doch nur darüber. Wenn sollich dir dann etwas sagen. Besser es wird mit mir Alles begraben. Ein Späterer mag es dann wieder entdecken. Es geht ja der Menschheit nicht verloren.

J. Wie meinst du das? Glaubst du, der Magie dem Menschen angeboren sei?

Ph. Ich möchte sagen: Ja, natürlich. Das dünkt dir komisch.

J. Nein, dir nicht, denn ich habe auch ohnehin genug darüber gespottet, dass alle Völker zu allen Zeiten und an allen Orten dieselben Zaubergebräuche haben. Ich habe selber schon Ähnliches gemacht wie du.

Ph. Was glaubst du denn von der Magie?

J. Herzgrach: nichts, respective wenig. Es kommt mir vor, als sei die Magie einfach eines der suggestiven Hilfsmittel des Menschen gegenüber unterlegener Menschen. Sonst kann ich keine fassbare Bedeutung in der Magie entdecken.

Ph. Soviel wissen deine Professoren wahrscheinlich auch.

J. Ja, aber was weisst du davon?

Ph. Ich mag es nicht sagen.

J. Thue nicht so geheimnisvoll, Alter, so muss ich ja annehmen, du wirst nicht mehr davon wie ich.

Ph. Wann es an, wenn es dich gefällt.

J. Nach dieser Antwort zu schliessen, muss ich allerdings glauben, dass du wirklich etwas mehr davon verstehst als du zeigen. Das klang sehr positiv.

Ph. Komischer Mensch, wie hartnäckig du bist. Es gefällt mir aber an dir, dass du dich durch keine Vernunft keineswegs abschrecken lässt.

J. Das ist thatsächlich der Fall. Immer

wenn ich etwas lernen und verstehen will, lasse ich meine ragende Vernunft zu Hause und gehe der Sache, die ich erwerben will, den nöthigen Blanco-credit. Ich habe Verschiedenes Langem als nothwendig erkannt, denn ich sah in der Wissenschaft viele abschreckende Beispiele des Gegentheils.

Ph. Damit kommst Du noch weiter hinaus.

J. Ich hoffe es. Doch bin ich nicht abtrünniger Sonder Magie.

Ph. Warum bleibst Du denn so hartnäckig bei diesem Vorsatz, sonder Magie zu wissen, wenn Du behauptest, Du hättest Deine Vernunft zu Hause gelassen? Oder gehört bei Dir die Consequenz nicht zur Vernunft?

J. Das schon – ich sehe, ~~oder ich~~ vielmehr erscheint es, als ob Du ein ganz gerissener Sophist ~~wärst~~ seist, der mich zwickt und Kreuz hinum und wieder vor die Thüre führt.

Ph. Das scheint Dir so, weil Du alles vom Standpunkt des Intellectes aus beurtheilst. Wenn Du Deine Vernunft für eine Weile aufgeben wollt, dann gieb auch Deine Consequenz auf.

J. Damit eine schwierige Gesellenprobe. Aber wenn ich doch einmal Adept sein will, so soll auch das sein, damit Du Ferdinand erfüllt sei. Ich höre Dir zu.

Ph. Wer willst Du hören?

J. Du verlockst mich nicht. Ich warte lebendig auf das, was Du sagen wirst.

Ph. Und wenn ich nichts rege?

J. Dann — nun dann ziehe ich mich etwas betreten zurück und denke, Philaon sei zum allermindesten ein schlauer Fuchs, von dem man was zu lernen hätte.

Ph. Damit hast Du, mein Junge, etwas von Magie gelernt.

J. Das muss ich zuerst verdauen. Es ist – offen

gestanden – etwas überraschend. Schlude
mir die Magie etwas anders vorgestellt.

Ph. Daraus kannst du ersehen, wie wenig
du von Magie verstehst und wie unrichtig
deine Vorstellungen davon sind.

J. Wenn dem so ~~ist~~ sein sollte, aber so
ist, denn unwissentlich bin ich gestehen,
daß ich das Problem gänzlich unrichtig
angefaßt habe. Erscheint dir nun nicht
auf dem Wege der ~~der~~ gewöhnlichen Be-
stehens zugehen.

Ph. Das ist auch tatsächlich nicht der
Weg zur Magie.

J. Du hast mich aber keineswegs ab-
gebracht, im Gegenteil – ich brenne
vor Begierde, noch mehr zu erfahren.
Was ich bisjetzt weiß, ist ein wesentlich
negativ.

Ph. Damit hast du einen zweiten wichtigen
Hauptpunkt erkannt. Vor allen
Dingen mußt du wissen, daß die Magie
das Negativ von dem ist, was du wissen kannst.

J. Auch das, mein lieber Philemon, ist
ein schwerverdaulicher Brocken, das mir nicht
unerhebliche Beschwerden macht. Das Ne-
gativ von dem, was man wissen kann?
Damit meinst du wohl, daß man es
nicht wissen könne, sondern – – ? Da
hört mein Begreifen auf.

Ph. Das ist der dritte Punkt, den du dir
als wesentlich merken mußt, nämlich,
daß du auch gar nichts zu begreifen hast.

J. Nein, ich gestehe, damit neu und
sonderbar. Absolut an der Magie über-
haupt nichts zu verstehen?

Ph. Ganz richtig. Magie ist eure ge-
rechnet alles das, was man nicht versteht.

J. Aber wie, zum Teufel – verzeih
diesen Ausdruck, soll man denn
Magie lehren und lernen?

Ph. Magie ist weder zu lehren noch zu lernen

Es ist allein, den die Magie lernen wollte.

J. Darum ist die Sache überhaupt ein Schwindel.

Ph. Virgin schweigt, du hast deine Vernunft wieder vorgeholt.

J. Es ist schwierig, vernunftlos zu sein.

Ph. Seinen so schwierig ist die Magie.

J. Nun dann ist es ein schweres Stück. Mir scheint demnach, daß unerläßliche Vorbedingung zum Adeptsein ist, sein Vernunft gänzlich zu verlieren.

Ph. Ich bedauere, aber es ist so.

J. Oh Götter, das ist schlimm.

Ph. Das ist nicht so schlimm, wie du denkst. Mit dem Alter nimmt die Vernunft von selber ab, denn sie ist ein nützliches Gegenstück der Triebe, die in der Jugend und viel heftiger sind als im Alter. Hast du noch keinen jungen Zauberer gesehen?

J. Nein. Der Zauberer ist sogar sprichwörtlich alt.

Ph. Siehst du, ich habe Recht.

J. Denn mit der Dunkelheit der Adepten ahne ich nicht, wie man auf's Greisenalter wartet, bis er die Geheimnisse der Magie erfahren kann.

Ph. Wenn er sein Vermögen schon vorher aufgiebt, so kann er auch schon früher seines Nutzens erfahren.

J. Das scheint mir ein gefährliches Experiment zu sein. Die Vernunft kann man nicht so ohne Weiteres aufgeben.

Ph. Man kann auch nicht ohne Weiteres ein Magier werden.

J. Du hast verdammte Schlingen.

Ph. Was willst du? Das ist Magie.

J. Alter Teufel, du machst mich neidisch auf's vernunftlose Greisenalter.

Ph. Schau mal, ein Junger, der ein Greis sein möchte! Und warum? Er möchte die Magie lernen und wegen deswegen, um seiner Jugend willen!

I. Du brütest ein trübes Wetter aus, alter Fallentsteller.

Ph. Vielleicht wartest Du noch einige Jährchen, mit Geduld, bis deine Haare etwas grauer geworden sind; dann lässt dein Verstand vielleicht das nach.

I. Schwatz dich nicht hören, alter Spötter. Ich bin Dir dann ins Garn gelaufen – ich kann nicht klug aus Dir werden –

Ph. Aber vielleicht dann. Das wäre allbereits ein nicht zu unterschätzender Fortschritt auf dem Wege zur Magie.

I. Übrigens, was in aller Welt richtest Du aus mit deiner Magie?

Ph. Ich lebe, wie Du siehst.

I. Andere Leute tun das auch.

Ph. Hast du gesehen, wie?

I. Nun ja, er war kürzlich über Dublin. Du bist übrigens das Alter auch nicht spurlos vorübergegangen.

Ph. Das weiß ich.

I. Also, wo sind denn Vorteile?

Ph. Es sind die, die Du nicht siehst.

I. Was sind Vorteile, die man nicht sieht?

Ph. Es sind die, die man hat.

I. Wie nennst Du diese Vorteile?

Ph. Ich nenne sie Magie.

I. Du bewegst dich in einem unheilvollen Zauberkreis. Der Teufel soll dich holen.

Ph. Sieht Du, das ist auch ein Vorteil der Magie, nicht einmal der Teufel kommt ~~an mich~~ mir bei. Du machst entschlossene Fortschritte in der Erkenntnis der Magie, so dass ich gestehen muss, dass Du gute Anlage dafür hast.

I. Ich danke dir, Philemon, es ist genug mit abwindeln. Lebe wohl!

Ich trete hinaus aus dem Kleinen

Garten und gehen ~~[illegible]~~ hinunter. Es stehen heute zu Gruppen beisammen und schauen verstohlen nach mir. Ich hör sie hinter meinem Rücken flüstern: „Seht, da geht er, der Schüler des alten Philemon – er hat langemal dem Alten gesprochen – der hat etwas gelernt – er weiß die Geheimnisse – wenn ich nur könnte, was der jetzt kann" –

„Schweigt, verfluchte Narren", will ich rufen, aber ich kann nicht, denn ich weiß nicht, ob ich nicht Geheimnisse gelernt habe.

Und weil ich schweige, glauben sie ~~alle~~ seitdem alle erst recht, daß ich von Philemon die schwarze Kunst empfangen habe.

29.I.14.

Meine Seele, was kann ich sagen? Was sagst Du?

„Ich kann Gras wachsen – über Alles, was Du tust."

Das klingt tröstlich und scheint nicht viel zu sagen.

„Willst Du, daß ich viel sage? Ich kann auch banal sein, wie Du weißt und kann mich dran genügen."

Das geht mich schwer an. Ich glaubte, Du stehest in nahem Zusammenhang mit Allem, Jenseitigen, Größten und Ungewöhnlichsten. Deshalb, dachte ich, die Banalität Dir fremd.

„Banalität ist für mich ein Lebenselement, ein wahrer Ruhepunkt."

Wenn ich das gesagt hätte, würde es mich weniger erstaunen.

„Je ungewöhnlicher Du bist, desto gewöhnlicher darf ich sein. Das ist eine wahre

Erholung für mich. Ich denke, du fühlst es, daß ich mich heute Abend nicht zu quälen habe."

Ich fühle etwas derartiges – und recht hin besorgt, ergehe Dir am Ende zu gut und Dein Baum trage mir ~~am Lade~~ keine Früchte mehr.

„Schon besorgt? Sei nicht dumm und gönne mir Du Ruhe."

Ich will es gerne thun, aber ich bin diese ängstlich, daß mir die Quelle versiegen könnte.

„Quellen haben noch bisweilen zu versiegen."

Ich merke, Du gefällst Dir im Spanalen. Schreibe Dir daher nicht mehr tragisch, meine liebe Freundin; denn ich kenne Dich jetzt schon viel besser wie früher.

„Du wirst familiär. Ich fürchte, Dein Respect sei im Schwinden."

Bist Du ängstlich? Ich glaube, das wäre überflüssig. Ich bin hinlänglich über die freundliche Nachbarschaft des Pethos und der Banalität unterrichtet. Das schreckt mich nicht mehr.

„Also hast Du die sonderbare Schlangenlinie des sechzehnten Werdens bemerkt? Du hast wohl gesehen, wie es bald Nacht, bald Tag wird, wie Wasser und trockener Sand wechseln? Und daß alle Krampfhaftigkeit unser Schicksal ist?"

Ich glaube, daß ich das sah. Auf diesem warmen Stein, will ich für einige Zeit an der Sonne liegen. Vielleicht brütet die Sonne mich aus.

„Du hast ein Stück Weisheit gelernt."

31.I.14.

Ich weiß nicht, was zu sagen ist.
Es kocht in allen Töpfen.

„Es wird ein Mahl bereitet."

Wohl ein Totenmahl, ein Abendmahl,
eine „Communion"?

„Eine Vereinigung mit aller Menschheit".

Eine schauerlich-süsser Gedanke, bei
dessen Mahl selber Gast und Speise zu sein!

„Das war auch der Christus Höchstes Lust."

Wie heilig-sündhaft, heiß-kalt
Alles ineinanderströmt! Wahnsinn und Ver-
nunft wollen sich vermählen, Lamm und
Wolf weiden friedlich zusammen.

Jedes Wort starrt mir Eis und trifft
Feuer. Derhalb fließen meine Worte nicht.
Es ist Alles ja nur mein.

Niedrigster und Höchstes werden eins.

Die Gegensätze umarmen sich, schauen
Auge in Auge und verwechseln sich miteinander.
Sie erkennen in qualvoller Lust ihr Einssein.

Mein Herz ist von tobendem Kampf
erfüllt, aber nicht vom Kampfe des
Auseinanderreissens, sondern vom Kampfe
des Zusammentreibens. Die Wellen eines
hellen und eines dunklen Stromes reihen sich überstür-
zend einander entgegen.

Eine antagonistische Einheit scheint
sich in mir zu bilden.

Das fühlte ich nie zuvor.

„Das ist nun, mein Lieber, wenigstens
dir. Mir war es nichts Neues. Nur
scharf Schauder mich gepackt."

Die Spottlust wohl — aber Träumen
und Lachen sind eins. Beide sind mir vergangen.
Ich bin in starrer Spannung.

Bis zum Himmel nicht des Liebens

und ebenso hoch nicht der Widerstrebende. Sie halten sich beide umschlungen und wollen einander nicht lassen, denn das Übermaass ihrer Spannung schmilzt hetzter und Höchstes an Gefühlsmöglichkeit zu bedeuten.

„Du drückst dich pathetisch und philosophisch aus. Du wirst, dass man sich Alles auch viel einfacher ausdrücken könnte, z. B. könnte man leicht sagen, Du seist verliebt – und zwar von den Schwerenöthern aufwärts bis zu Tristan und Isolde."

Meine Seele – ja, du bist ein Teufel, aber Gott hat dich angenommen.

„Die Religion scheint dich wach zu plagen? Wieviel Schlüsse bedarfst du noch? Sag es doch lieber gerade heraus."

Deine Bauchtänzen schrecken mich nicht. Meine Feigheit lastet schwerer auf mir.

„Nun, was ist mit der Moral? Ist Moral und Immoral heute auch eins geworden?"

Du spottest, arger Sophist. Ich kann nichts Anderes, als dir sagen, dass jene Zwei, die, sich umschlungen haltend, bis zum Himmel ragen, auch das Gute und das Böse sind. Ich scherze nicht, sondern ich stehe, weil Freude und Schmerz in schnellen Rhythmen wechselnd, in neuen Harmonien und Disharmonien zusammenklingend durch mein Herz strömen.

„Wo ist denn dein Verstand?"

Mein Verstand? Er ist Unverstand, Unsinn und Weisheit. Ich habe keinen eigentlichen Verstand mehr. Vielleicht kommt er später wieder, aber heute ist er mir blosses Phänomen und gänzlich unzulänglich.

„Du verlangst Alles, was du gehabt hast, anderen Faust. Er ging Schuden

an den Spukgestern ruhigen Gangs vorüber."

Ich kann dir nicht mehr – Mein Geist ist auch ein Spukgeist. Ich darf und kann nicht ruhig dran vorüber gehen.

„Ich sehe, du befolgst meine Lehren."

Leider ist es so mir gemischt mit geschmerzvoller Freude.

„Du entgehst dir nicht."

Dein Unglück rollt mich freien.

„Du gebärdest dich, als ob du unfehlbar wärest."

Das kommt daher, dass ich dir Kunst gelehrt habe vom linken Fuss auf den rechten zu treten und umgekehrt; was andere Leute von jeher unbewusst richtig gemacht haben.

„Also das hast du endlich gemerkt?"

Der Schlangenlinie kommt mir auf die Dauer nicht entgehen.

Die nächste Biegung der Wegs führt mich wohl hinaus zum Munchen?

„Das wirst du sehen. Ich halte mich in beredtes Schweigen."

1.II.14.

Oh Nacht zielloser Spannungen und Zweifel – oh Einsein im Gegeneinander gerichtet sein!

Nie noch Leben warst du zweifelhafter als heute.

Wenn Gott nicht weiterschritt, machte wenigstens der Teufel einen Bartzehrt und umgekehrt. Wie wird es aber jetzt sein, da Gott und Teufel eins geworden sind? Sind

zu überwinden, den Fortschritt des Lebens still zu stellen? Wäre es möglich, wenn der Einsatz der Gegensätze auch den Lebensprocess aufhöbe? Gehört der Kampf der Gegensätze zu den unerläßlichen Lebensbedingungen und hat der Pfeil, der das Einsetzen der Gegensätze erkennt und hebt, oder zu leben versucht? Er hat sich ja ganz auf die Seite des wirklichen Lebens geschlagen und steht nicht mehr vergleichen, zu einer Partei zugehören und die andere zu bekämpfen, sondern es ist zu Ende und hat ihrem Hader ein Ende gemacht. Hat er damit, als er sich hat dem Leben nähern wollte, ihm auch den Schwung genommen? Diese Fragen lege ich Dir, meine Seele, heute vor.

„Du setzest mir das Messer auf die Brust: Die Gegensätzlichkeit war allerdings ein Lebenselement für mich. Das wirst Du ja längst gemerkt haben. Mit keinen Neuerungen fällt diese Energiequelle mir weg. Ich kann dich weder mit Platthaus locken noch mit Banalitäten ärgern. Ich bin etwas ratlos."

„Wenn Du ratlos bist, will ich Rath ertheilen? Tauche nur lieber nach den tieferen Gründen, zu denen Du Zutritt hast, und befrage den Hades oder die Himmlischen. Vielleicht weiß man im Jenseits einen Rath.

„Du bist herrisch geworden."

„Die Noth ist noch herrischer als ich. Ich muß leben und mich bewegen können.

„Du hast ja die weite Erde, was willst Du das Jenseits befragen?"

„Nicht treibt nicht eitle Neugier, sondern die Nothwendigkeit. Ich weiche nicht.

„Ich gehorche, aber widerstrebend. Diese Stimme ist neu und mir ungewohnt."

Ich bedaure. Aber du hast Recht. Sage der Tiefe, daß es schlimm um uns stehe, weil wir dem Leben ein wichtiges Organ abgeschnitten hätten. Ich du weißt, bin ich nicht der Schlechtige, sondern du hast mich überlegter weise dazu verführt.

„Du spielst mit mir Adam und Eva. Du hättest den Apfel nicht anzunehmen brauchen."

Lese diese Scherze. Du kennst jene Gedichte besser wie ich. Wir übersetzt. Es muß Kraft geben.

Nach dich auf um Licht des Feuer. Es ist schon zu lange Dunkel um mich. Bist du Tage oder Finger?

Ich gehe ans Werk. Mir ist gelungen es, was ich heraufbringe:

Ein Stuhl — Gottes Thron — Gott Vater, Sohn und heiliger Geist — die heilige Dreifaltigkeit — die Mutter mit dem Kinde — Himmel und Hölle, auch Satanas damit. Er kommt zuletzt, widerstrebend und klammert sich an sein Jenseits. Er will er nicht fahren lassen. Die Unterwelt ist ihm zu kühl.

Hältest du ihn fest??

Satanas mit Hörnern und Schweif kriecht aus einem Dunkelloch heraus, ich packe ihn bei den Händen.

Willkommen hinter Finsterling! Meine Seele hatte dich wohl nur auf Probe

S. „Was soll das? Es ist in letzter Zeit ein unglaubliches Rumoren um Jenseits. Es treibt sich Jemand, der sich deine Seelenruhe, ~~und~~ mit rücksichtslosem Spectakel bei uns herum. Ich protestiere gegen dies unedlikate und gewaltsame

Herauszusuchen."

J. Beruhige Dich. Ich habe Dich nicht erwartet. Du hl. Dreifaltigkeit und ihr Gefolge ist pünkt gekommen. Doch Du scheinst Sonderwerth Stück zu sein, dass Du kamst zuletzt –

S. Was willst Du von mir? Ich brauch Dich nicht, frecher Geselle.

J. Gut, dass wir Dich haben. Ich versprach meiner Seele, ihr gottesdienstlich alles abzunehmen, was sie nur heraufrufen werde. Du bist der Lebendigste und Interessanteste in der ganzen Dequestitte.

S. Was kümmert mich Dein Gerlwatz? Mach's kurz – ich friere hier.

J. Höre – es ist uns etwas passiert. Wir haben nämlich die Gegensätze vereint. Unter Anderem haben wir auch Dich mit Gott ~~zu~~ Eins gemacht.

S. Herrgott, was das der hellste Skandal? Was macht ~~denn~~ ihr denn für einen verbrannten Blödsinn?

J. Bitte, das war nicht so dumm, wie Du meinst. Diese Vereinigung ist ein ungemein ökonomischer Princip. Wir haben dem unaufhörlichen, verkehrshemmenden Parteigezänk ein Ende gemacht, umendlich die Hände freigekommen zu einer einheitlichen Fortschrittsarbeit da vielmehr zum wirklichen Leben mit all seiner Mannigfaltigkeit.

S. Das riecht nach Monismus. Ich habe einige von diesen Herren bereits vorgeschickt. Für sie sind besondere Kammern gebaut.

J. Du täuschest Dich. Es geht bei uns gar nicht so intellectuell und allgemein ethisch zu wie beim Monismus.

Wir haben nämlich auch gar keine richtige Wahrheit. Auch darüber sind wir bereits hinaus. Also er handelt nicht keineswegs um Monismus, sondern um eine höchst merkwürdige und bezeichnende Thatsache: nämlich nach der Vereinigung der Gegensätze geschah es, — was uns unerwartet und unbegreiflich ist — dass weiter nichts mehr geschah. Es blieb Alles friedlich, aber durchgängig bewegungslos bei einander stehen und das Leben verwandelte sich in ein blosses Vegetieren ohne Bewegung und Fortschritt.

S. Haha, ihr Narren! Da habt ihr wahrhaftig angeschlagen.

T. Nun — Ihre Spott ist überflüssig. Es geschah einmal experimenti causa aber auch mit wirklich ernsthafter Absicht.

S. Eure Ernsthaftigkeit kriegt ich zu spüren. Die Ordnung der Dinge ist ja in Deutschland weiter erschüttert.

T. Du nehmst also — es gilt Reinmal Ernst. Meine Seele hat Schaden offenbar davongetragen, denn Du weißt Rat und Antwort stehst. Ich will Antwort haben auf meine Frage, was nunmehr in Deiner Situation zu thun sei? Wir wissen nämlich nicht mehr weiter.

S. Da ist guter Rath theuer, selbst wenn man ihn geben möchte. Ihr sind verblendete Narren, ein dummdreistes Volk. Warum habt ihr Euch Hände nicht davongelassen? Wir wollt ihr euch auf Weltordnung verstehen.

T. Wenn Du schimpfst, so scheint es Dich also ganz besonders zu kränken. Sieh mal, Die hl. Trinität ist ewig und absolut. Die Neuerungen scheinen ihr nicht zu mißfallen.

J. Daß du kannst du gar nicht gehen. Du ist so irrational, daß man sich auf ihre Reactionen gar nicht verlassen kann. Ich rathe dir dringend ab, jene Symbole irgendwie ernsthaft zu nehmen.

J. Ich danke dir für den wohlgemeinten Rathschlag. Du scheinst aber interessirt zu sein. Man dürft dich von deiner sprichwörtlichen Intelligenz ein unabhängigeres Urtheil erwarten.

S. Ich kann nicht zweifelnd urtheilen. Wenn du kannst ja selber urtheilen. Wenn du jene Absolutheit in ihrer ganzen lebbosen Gelassenheit betrachtest, so kannst du unschwer entdecken, daß sie durch deinen Vorurtheil kurzgeschlossen Lebensstillstand verzweifelte Aehnlichkeit mit dem Absoluten hat, wenn ich dir dagegen rathe, so stelle ich mich ganz auf deine Seite, denn du kannst diesen Lebensstillstand auch nicht vertragen.

J. Wie? Du stehst auf meiner Seite? Das ist sonderbar.

S. Da ist nichts sonderbares dabei. Das Absolute war immer dem Lebendigen abhold. Ich bin doch der eigentliche Lebensmeister.

J. Das ist verächtlich. Du reagirst viel zu persönlich.

S. Ich reagiere gar nicht persönlich. Ich bin doch ganz das zahlose, rastlose Leben. Ich bin nie zufrieden, nie gelassen. Ich muss alles wieder umbauen, flüchtig weiterauf; ich bin doch Ehrgeiz, Ruhmgier, Thatenlust, ich bin der Grundel neuer Ideen. Das Absolute ist — wie schon der Name sagt — langweilig und vegetativ.

J. Ich will Sie glauben. Also — was rathst Du?

S. Das Beste, was ich Dir rathen kann ist: mache ~~Dein~~ deine ganze übrige Lebenszeit verschuldet und sogründlich wie möglich wieder rückgängig.

J. Aber das geht nicht! Und was wär damit gewonnen? Wir würden wieder von vorne anfangen müssen und könnten unfehlbar nach einer zweites Mal wieder genau selbe Schule. Was man einmal begriffen hat und was man weiß, das kann man nicht wieder absichtlich nicht wissen und ungeschehenmachen. Dein Rath ist kein Rath.

S. Aber ich könnt Dich nicht ohne Entzweiung und Hadern existieren? Ihr müsst euch doch über etwas aufregen, eine Partei vertreten, Gegensätze überwinden, wenn ihr lebenswollt?

J. Das hilft nichts. Wir sehen uns ja auch nie Gegensatz. Wir sind dem Spiels überdrüssig geworden —

S. — und damit des Lebens.

J. Wie scheint, es kommt darauf an, was Du Leben nennst. Dein Lebensbegriff hat etwas, wie's scheint, von Hinaufklettern und Herunterrutschen, von Behaupten und Zweifeln, von ungeduldigem Herumzerren, von hastigem Aufkommen. Ihr fehlt das Vegetative und drum langmüthige Geduld.

S. Ganz richtig — mein Leben brodelt und schäumt und schlägt unruhige Wellen, es ist durchrinnen und wegverfen, es ist kurzes Wundern und Rastlosigkeit. Was ist doch Leben?

J. Aber das Absolute lebt doch auch?

S. Das ist kein Leben. Es ist Stillstand

oder so gut wie Stillstand. Genau gesagt, es lebt unglaublich langsam und verschwindet Jahrmillionen — genau so wie der erbarmungswürdige Zustand, den ihr weit unserer Neuerungen getroffen habt.

S. Du steckst mir, ohne es zu wollen, ein Licht auf. Du bist persönliches Menschenleben — der anscheinende Stillstand aber ist das langmütige Leben der Ewigkeit, das Leben der Göttlichkeit.

Dreimal hast Du mir gut gerathen. Ich gebe sich frei — fahr wohl!

Satanas kreischt heulend wie ein Maulwurf in sein Loch hinunter. Die Symbole der Dreieinigkeit und ihre Erfolge erheben sich in Ruhe und unerschütterlicher Felsenfest wieder zum Himmel empor.

Ich danke Dir, meine Seele, Du hast mir den Richter heraufgeholt. Seine Sprache ist allgemein verständlich, denn er ist persönlich.

Wir können wieder leben, meine Seele, ein langes Leben; wir können Jahrtausende verschwenden.

2.II.14.

Das war ein frischer Wind!

Soll es immer die Noth sein, die uns treibt, kann es nicht vielmehr auch die Freude sein?

Meine Seele, was denkst Du? Willst Du hinübergehen und den Zuschauern sagen, dass es uns heute gutgeht und gar nicht hilfsbedürftig seien?

„Ist es nicht Anmassung, wenn ich ohne dringende Gründe drüben anklopfe?

Vielleicht ist es Anmaßung, jetzt sind wir nicht nahe. Es kommt auf den Versuchen.

„Ich habe wenig Lust".

Ich will nichts erzwingen, aber vielleicht — vielleicht — erfahren wir dadurch etwas Hinreichendes.

„Willst Du nicht lieber ruhen?"

Ich bin darüber unsicher, neige aber der Ansicht zu, es sei doch wenigstens zu versuchen. Also gehe!

„Ich will gehen und werde Dir Satanas nochmal heraufrufen."

Wozu ihn? Ich habe gestern Nacht Alles Nöthige von ihm erfahren. Im Übrigen lass sich Dir Ruhe.

„Ich griff — glaube ich — wie Du

Höll — hier ist ein Gedenkter.

Ein kindlicher, menschenähnlicher Mensch mit verzerrtem Gesicht steht vor mir. Er hat abstehende Ohren, einen Buckel und ist von kleiner Gestalt.

(Sollte Christus so ausgesehen haben?)

Wer bist du?

J. Ich bin ein Erstmörder, der durch den Strang hingerichtet wurde.

T. Was hast Du denn gethan?

J. Ich habe meine Eltern und meine Frau vergiftet.

T. Warum thatest Du das?

J. Zur Ehre Gottes.

T. Wie sagst Du? Zur Ehre Gottes? Was meinst Du damit?

J. Erstens geschieht doch Alles, was geschieht zur Ehre Gottes und Zarathustra hatte

ich meine besondern Ideen.

J. Was dachtest Du dann?

G. Wieso dachte? Ich liebte sie und wollte sie aus einem elenden Lebenshasen rasch in die ewige Seligkeit hinüberbringen. Ich gab ihnen einen starken, zu starken Schlummertrank.

J. Hast Du dabei nicht Deinen eigenen Vortheil gefunden?

G. Nicht im Geringsten. Ich blieb allein zurück und wurde unglücklich. Ich blieb am Leben um meiner zwei Kinder willen, ~~d~~ für die ich eine bessere Zukunft voraussah. Ich war körperlich gesünder als meine Frau, deshalb wollte ich am Leben bleiben.

J. Was denn Deine Frau mit dem Plan einverstanden?

G. Nein, sie wäre es gewiß nicht gewesen. Aber sie wußte nichts von meinen Absichten. Später wurde der Mord entdeckt und man machte mir den Process.

J. Hast Du jetzt im Jenseits Deine Angehörigen wiedergefunden?

G. Das ist eine merkwürdig unsichere Geschichte. Ich vermuthe, ich sei wohl in der Hölle, bisweilen ist es mir, als sei meine Frau auch da, bisweilen bin ich ~~auch~~ aber ganz nicht sicher. So wenig, wie ich mir selbst sicher bin.

J. Wie ist es? Erzähle!

G. Bisweilen spricht sie mich mit mir und ich gebe ihr Antwort. Aber wir haben bisjetzt noch gar nie vom Morde und auch nie von unsern Kindern gesprochen. Wir sprechen nur hie und da zusammen, immer unwesentlichgültigen Dingen, von kleinen Sachen aus ~~der~~ unserm frühern täglichen Leben, ganz unpersönlich wie wenn wir nur gar nichts angingen.

Begriffe existirt selber nicht, wie es eigentlich ist. Von meinen Eltern weiss ich noch weniger. Mein Vater war, glaube ich, jüngst da und ~~sprach~~ sagte etwas von seiner Schokoladefabrik, die er irgendwo verloren habe.

J. Segensvoll, womit verbringst Du Deine Zeit.

G. Ich glaube, es giebt bei uns gar keine Zeit; man kann sie darum auch nicht verbringen. Es geschieht gar nichts.

J. Ist das nicht fürchterlich langweilig?

G. Langweilig? Daran habe ich noch garnicht gedacht. Langweilig? vielleicht, jedenfalls giebt es nichts interessantes. Eigentlich ist Alles gleichgültig.

J. Plagt auch der Teufel nie?

G. Der Teufel? Ich habe nichts von ihm gesehen.

J. Ja, aber Du kommst doch aus dem Jenseits und sollte Dich nichts zu erzählen haben? Das ist kaum glaublich.

G. Als ich noch lebte, habe ich auch oft gedacht, es wäre gewiss interessant einmal mit Einem zu sprechen, der nach dem Tode wiederkehrt. Jetzt kann ich nichts daran finden. Wie gesagt — hier merkt alles unpersönlich und sein nachlässig — so würde Dich wohl ausdrücken, denke ich.

J. Das ist ja trostlos. Ich will annehmen, Du seist in der Hölle.

G. meinetwegen — ~~Lebwohl~~. Ich sehe, ich bin entlassen — Lebwohl.

J. Meine Seele, was soll Dieser langweilige Gast aus dem Jenseits bedeuten?

Ich traf ihn früher, unstät herumtappend, wie so viele Andere. Ich griff

du heraus als der Wächter Beim. Erst ein typisches Beispiel will uns scheinen."

I. Aber ist der Kosmos so farblos?

„Es scheint so. Es geht dort nur Bewegung, wenn ich hinüber komme. Sonst wogt Atherblau langweilig und schattenhaft auf und ab. – Das Persönliche fehlt gänzlich."

I. Was ist es denn mit dem „Pfer-fönlichen"? Satanas machte mir gestern einen höchst „persönlichen" Eindruck.

„Das glaube ich gerne. Er ist ja der große Widersacher, dem persönlichen Leben bringt er ein in Einklang mit dem absoluten Leben."

I. Kann man diese Gegensätze nicht auch vereinigen?

„Es sind keine Gegensätze, sondern blass Verschiedenheiten. Du wirst den Tag auch nicht den Gegensatz des Jahres nennen."

I. Das ist einleuchtend – aber etwas langweilig –

„wie immer, wenn man an Sinnlichkeit denkt. Es trocknet immer mehr aus, besonders seitdem wir die Gegensätze ausgeglichen haben. – Ich glaube, die Toten sind bald am Aussterben."

6.II.14.

Heute fühlte ich die Fülle der Schönheit und Klarheit.

Wir sind, meine Seele, auf dem rechten Wege. Du hast eine feine Witterung.

Jene schrecklichen Sandbänke der Banalität, die mir früher Grauen einflössten, sind jetzt hilfreich geworden.

Durch den Gegensatz ist zur fördernden Stufe des Lebens geworden.

Darin liegt der Friede, die grosse Ruhe und Schönheit.

Es sind abwechselnd weisse und schwarze Stufen, welche die Treppe des Lebens bilden.

„Drücke Dich nicht zu allgemein aus. Hüte Dich vor jeglichem System. Systeme sind langfädige Irrthümer. Lebendig und wirklich ist nur eigenste Wahrheit."

Mir scheint, Du drückest Dich auch allgemein aus.

„Etwas wohl – aber doch ein gutes Zeichen für unser Einverneh[illegible]? "

Wir wollen das Beste hoffen. Aber nichts ist leichter, als mit Dir uneins werden. Du bist empfindlich.

„Wenn Du einmal hörst und mich an Deiner Lebensweise Theilnehmen lassest, so hörte ich mich allmählig ab. Eine gewisse gesunde Härte wünschte ich mir schon lange."

9. II. 14.

Mir scheint, ich blicke zurück, wie auf gethane Arbeit. Soll ich schon zurückblicken?

„Wie neugierig Du bist! Noch ist nichts vollendet.

Wie meinst Du? nichts vollendet?

„Es fängt erst an".

Verzeih mir, meine liebe Seele, aber mir scheint, Du lügst.

„Unglückliger, mit wem haderst Du? Weißt Du es besser?"

Ich weiß nichts. Aber ich habe mich heute mit den Gedanken vertraut gemacht, wir hätten ein Ende, wenigstens ein vorläufiges Ende erreicht oder so etwas wie einen Abschluss. Wenn sogar Die Toten am Aussterben sind, was kann da noch nachkommen?

„Dann müssen Dadurch die Lebenden zu leben anfangen."

Verzeih, diese Bemerkung könnte zwar tiefsinnig sein, scheint aber eher einen Witz zu überdecken.

Undankbarer, Du wirst keck. Ich scherze nicht. Erst noch hat Du Leben anzufangen.

Was verstehst Du darunter?

„Ich sage, das Leben hat noch anzufangen. Hast Du Dich heute nicht etwas leer gefühlt? Kennst Du das Leben?"

Es ist wahr, was Du sagst. Aber ich bemühe mich, Alles so gut wie möglich zu finden und mich leicht zufrieden zu geben.

„Das könnte auch sehr bequem sein. Du darfst und Du sollst aber weit höhere Ansprüche machen."

Mir graut davor. Ich will zwar gerne daran denken, dass ich mich selber befriedigen könnte, aber ich traue auch Dir nicht zu, dass Du zu ~~befriedigen~~ sättigen könntest. Es mag sein, dass ich Dir einmal zu wenig zutraue. Daran mag schuld sein, dass ich Dich mit Kuzzen so menschlich angenähert, so neben

fand.

„Das beweist nichts. Bitte dir nur nicht ein, du kämest mich irgendwie umfassen und dir einverleiben. Dazu bist du denn doch zu klein."

Was soll er sein? Es erfüllt sich mit Freude und Schreck, daß du noch Weiteres gehen willst.

„Du hast verdient, denn du hast deine Pflicht als Mensch gethan – andern Menschen gegenüber."

Hierin muß ihm gegenüber immer anspruchsvoll sein. Es ist aber ein ~~[illegible]~~ Gedanke, daß es hierfür auch einen Lohn geben soll.

Ich gebe den Lohn dir ein Bild. Schaue!

Ich sehe Elias – in einiger Entfernung hinter ihm Salome. Elias deutet auf Salome. Die Schende. Sie kommt näher – er faßt ihre Hand und erführt sie mir zu. Sie schlägt erröthend und liebend die Augen nieder.

Er spricht: „Hier gebe ich dir Salome, sei sie dein."

I. Aber um Gottes willen – was soll ich mit Salome? Ich bin schon verheirathet und wir sind weder bei den Türken noch in sonstigen patriarchalischen Umständen.

Salome weicht eingeschüchtert zurück.

Elias: Du hilfloser Mensch – wie bist du schwerfällig! Ist sie nicht ein schönes Geschenk? Ist ihre Heilung nicht dein Werk? Willst du ihre Liebe nicht annehmen als den wohlverdienten Lohn für deine Mühe?

J. Mir scheint, Elias, als ob Dir ein sonderbarer Geschenk wäre – wohl eher ein Last, als eine Freude. Ich freue mich darauf, daß Salome mir dankbar ist und mich liebt. Ich liebe sie auch – relativ – meine ich. Übrigens, die Mühe, die ich mit ihr hatte, war mir – sehr wörtlich genommen – eher aufgepreßt als daß ich sie freiwillig und absichtlich gesucht hätte. Wenn die ~~ein~~ meinerseits unbeabsichtigte Torten einen so guten Erfolg hatte, so bin ich schließlich zufrieden.

Elias schweigt und sieht Salome an.

Sal. Laß ihn, er ist ein sonderbarer Mensch. Weiß der Himmel, was er für Beweggründe hat, aber es scheint ihm ernst damit gewesen zu sein. Ich bin doch nicht häßlich und bin für viele – und keine geringen – gewiß begehrenswerth.

Warum klagst du mich aus? Ich will deine Magd sein und dich in Liebe dienen. Ich will vor dir singen und tanzen, ich will für dich die Laute schlagen, ich will dich trösten, wenn du traurig bist, ich will mit dir lachen, wenn du fröhlich bist. Ich will alle deine Gedanken in meinem Herzen tragen, deine Worte, die du zu mir sprichst, will ich küssen. Ich will jeden Tag für dich Rosen pflücken und alle meine Gedanken sollen allezeit dich erwarten und umgeben.

J. Liebe Salome, ich danke dir für deine Liebe. Es ist schön, von Liebe sprechen zu hören. Es ist Musik und altes Frauenleiden. Du siehst meine Thränen fallen auf deine lieben guten Worte. Ich möchte vor dir knieen und hundertmal deine Hand küssen, weil sie mir den Dienst der Liebe erweisen wollte.

Liebe? – Du sprichst so schönen

Liebe. Man kann nie genug von Liebe sprechen hören.

S. Warum nur sprechen? Ich will dein sein, ganz dir gehören.

J. ~~Ich~~ Du bist an die Schlange, die mich umwand und mein Blut aussaugte. Deine scharfen Worte umwinden mich und ich ~~ich~~ stehe wie ein Gekreuzigter.

S. Warum immer noch ein Gekreuzigter?

J. Sieht du nicht, das stumpfe Nothwendigkeit mich aus Kreuz geschlagen hat? Es ist Sklavenmöglichkeit, die mich lähmt.

S. Willst du nicht die Nothwendigkeit durchbrechen? Ist das überhaupt eine Nothwendigkeit, die du so nennst?

J. Meine Principien — es klingt Sternverzicht mir — aber ich habe Principien. Denke nicht, es seien fade Moralprincipien, sondern es sind Erkenntnisse, die mir deshalb aufgenöthigt hat.

S. Was für Principien?

J. Du hast hart. Aber höre: Schärfe daran, dass es deine Bestimmung ist, mir anzugehören. Ich will mich nicht in dein Sein allein eigenes Leben einmischen, denn ich kann dir nie helfen, es zu Ende zu führen. Und verzeihst du, wenn ich dir einmal weglegen muss wie ein getragenes Kleid?

S. Deine Worte sind grausam, abscheulich. Aber ich liebe dich so, dass ich mich auch selber weglegen könnte, wenn deine Zeit gekommen ist.

J. Ich weiss, dass es mir eine allergrausame Qual wäre, dich so weggehen zu lassen. Aber wenn du es für mich thun kannst, so kann ich es auch für dich. Ich würde ohne Klage untergehen, denn ich vergesse

jenes Traumes nicht, der war einem halben Jahre hatte: Ich sah meinen nackten Körper, auf einer mit spitzen Nägeln gespickten Strasse liegen und ein mächtiges eisernes Rad rollte über meine Brust und zerfleischte mich.

Ich denke daran, wenn mich an Liebe denke. Wenn es sein muss, ich bin bereit.

S. Ich will ein solches Opfer nicht. Ich wollte Dir Freude bringen. Kann ich Dir keine Freude sein?

J. Ich weiss es nicht — vielleicht, vielleicht auch nicht.

S. So versuche es doch wenigstens.

J. Der Versuch kommt der That gleich. Solche Versuche sind kostspielig.

S. Willst Du es ~~dich~~ Dir nicht für mich kosten lassen?

J. Ich bin etwas zu schwach, zu entkräftet nach dem, was es mich gekostet um noch im Stande zu sein, weitere Ausgaben für Dich zu machen. Ich könnte sie nicht tragen.

S. Wenn Du mich nicht nehmen willst, so kann ich Dich doch nicht nehmen.

J. Es handelt sich wohl nicht um Nehmen, sondern, wenn es sich um etwas handelt, so handelt es sich um Geben.

S. Ich gebe mich Dir ja. Nimm mich an.

J. Wenn es an der Anlage! Aber Du Umgestimmung und Liebe! Es ist gräulich, nur daran zu denken.

S. Du verlangst wohl, dass ich sei und zugleich nicht sei. Das ist unmöglich. Was fehlt Dir?

J. Nur fehlt es an Kraft, ein weiteres Schicksal aufzunehmen Schultern zu geben. Ich habe genug zu schleppen.

S. Oberwenn ich Dir helfe, dein schwere

zu tragen?

J. Wie kannst du? Du lastest mich zu tragen – eine widerspenstige Last. Jeder muß nicht selber zu tragen?

Glück. Du sprichst die Wahrheit. Ein Lastträger seine Last. Wenn man mir Lasten aufbürdet, ist ~~dann~~ ich Sklave. Es sei keinem zu schwer, sich selber zu schleppen.

S. Nun, Peter, könnte ich ihm nicht wenigstens einen Teil seiner Last tragen helfen?

P. Das geht nicht, sonst ist er dein Sklave –

S. Oder mein Herr und Gebieter.

J. Das will ich nicht sein. Du wolltest ein freier Mensch sein an meiner Seite. Ich kann weder Sklaven noch Herren ertragen. Ich sehne mich nach Menschen.

S. Bin ich nicht ein Mensch?

J. Ich fühle schon, wie dein eigner Herz und Sklave, gehöre nicht mir, sondern dir. Trage nicht meine Last, sondern deine. Damit piekst du mir meine menschliche Freiheit, ein Ding, das mir ~~mehr~~ wertvoller ist, als ein Eigentumsrecht ~~eines~~ an einem Menschen.

S. Schickst du mich weg?

J. Ich schicke dich nicht weg. Du mögest mir nicht fern sein. Aber geht mir nicht aus deiner Sehnsucht, sondern aus deiner Fülle. Ich kann deine Armut nicht sättigen, so du mein Sehnen nicht stillen kannst. Wenn du eine reiche Ernte hast, so schenke mir ein paar Früchte deines Gartens, ~~wenn~~ wenn du an Überfluß leidest, dann will ich aus dem überquellenden Horn deiner Freude trinken. Ich weiß, das wird mir Labe sein. Ich kann mich nur am Tische des Satten sättigen, nicht an den

magern Brocken des Bedürftigen und Sehnsüchtigen. Ich will mir meinen Lohn nicht stehlen.

Du bettelst nicht, wie kannst du geben? Du forderst, indem du schenkst.

Elias, Alter, höre: Du bist ein patriarchalischer Jude, du hast eine altmodische Denkherkunft. Verschenke deine Tochter nicht, sondern stelle sie aufgegen Füsse. Sie mag tanzen, singen, werde Laute schlagen vor den Leuten und sie wägen ihr blinkende Geldstücke vor die Füsse werfen.

Salome, du hast gehört. — Ich sage dir noch dazu, daß ich dir für deine Liebe danke — wenn du mich wahrhaft liebst, dann gehe auf die Märkte, tanze, singe oder schlage die Laute vor den Leuten, gefalle ihnen, daß sie deine Schönheit und deine Kunst preisen.

Und wenn du mich treu gehalten hast und du mich dennoch liebst, dann wirf mir eine deiner Rosen durchs Fenster, und wenn der ~~Freude~~ Born der Freude dir überquillt, so tanze und singe auch mir einmal. Ich sehne mich nach der Freude der Menschen, nach ihrer Sattheit und Zufriedenheit und nicht nach ihren Sehnsüchten.

Salome hängt weinend am Hals ihres Vaters.

S. Was ist das für ein harter und unverständlicher Mensch!

E. Du hast dich verändert, seitdem ich dich das letzte Mal sah. Du sprichst eine andere Sprache, die mir fremdartig ~~und~~ klingt.

J. Mein liebes Prophet, ich glaube gerne, daß du mich verändert findest. Aber auch mit dir scheint eine Veränderung vorgegangen zu sein. Wo hast du denn deine Schlange?

E. Sie ist mir abhanden gekommen. Ich glaube, sie wurde gestohlen – Lieber, geh hierbei nur etwas behutsam zu. Ich wäre darum froh gewesen, ich hätte wenigstens meine Tochter genommen hätte.

J. Ich weiss, wo deine Schlange ist. Ich habe sie, meine Seele holte sie mir aus der Unterwelt. Sie giebt mir Macht, Weisheit und magische Gewalt. Wir hatten die Schlange in der Oberwelt nötig, denn sonst hätte die Unterwelt den Vorteil gehabt, uns zu schaden.

E. Weh ~~Dir~~, verfluchter Räuber – Gott strafe Dich.

J. Dein Fluch ist kraftlos. Wer die Schlange besitzt, zuerteilt kein Fluch. Alter, Alter war klug. Wer die Weisheit besitzt, ist nicht gierig nach Macht, und er besitzt nur der die Macht, die sie nicht ausübt.

Salome, weine nicht, nur das ist Glück, was du selber schaffst und nicht, was du bekommst.

Verschwindet, meine betrübten Freunde, es ist spät in der Nacht. Nimm den falschen Machtschimmer, Elias, von deiner Weisheit und du Salome, um unserer Liebe willen, vergiss nicht zu tanzen!

11. II. 14.

Nachdem all dies gesagt ist, kann ich Salome noch immer weinen. Was will sie noch? Oder was will ich noch? Das war ein merkwürdiger Lohn, meine Seele, die mir zugedacht wurde, ein Lohn, den man dem Opfer nicht anführen kann und der noch grössere Opfer erfordert, wenn man ihn anrührt.

„Willst du denn ohne Opfer leben? Das Leben muss dir ~~[illegible]~~ teures kosten."

Ich habe, glaube ich, bereits bezahlt. Ich habe Salome ausgeschlagen und überdies sie auf mich selber angewiesen. Ist das nicht Opfer genug?

„Für sich vielleicht zu wenig. Wie genug? Du darfst ausgeschlossen sein."

Du meinst wohl: ausgeschlossen um Opfern. So hatte ich es allerdings nicht verstanden. Ich habe mich wieder einmal zu meinem Vortheil getäuscht, wie erscheint. Aber sage mir, ist das Opfers nicht genug, wenn ich auf die Liebe der Salome verzichte und mein eigenes Gefühl in den Hintergrund drängt?

„Du drängst ja dein Gefühl gar nicht in den Hintergrund. Sondern es passt dir viel besser, den Kopfes für Salome wieder nicht nachzugeben zu müssen."

Das ist sublim, wenn du die Wahrheit sprichst. Ist das der Grund, ~~weil~~ das Salome noch immer weint und ich die eiserne Klammer am linken Fusse spüre?

„Ich denke, ja."

Aber was ist da zu thun?

„Oh, du willst thun? Man kann auch denken. Probleme werden auch durch Denken gelöst."

Das klingt erlösend, denn mit Thun schien mir kein Ausweg möglich. Doch was ist zu denken? Das scheint mir überaus fragwürdig. Ich wollte es zwar selber erdenken, aber ich gestehe, ich weiss hier nichts zu erdenken. Ich komme also zu dir, vielleicht weisst du

Rath. Ich habe ein Gefühl, als müsste ich über meinen eigenen Kopfsprung verzagen. Das kann ich nicht. Was denkst Du?

„Ich denke gar nichts, weiß auch gar keinen Weg."

So sage doch Du Jenseitiger, fahre zur Hölle oder zum Himmel, vielleicht giebt es dort Rath.

„Mir scheint, ich möchte zum Himmel."

So fahre wohl. Ich warte.

— — — — — — —

„Hörst Du mich? Ich bin sehr ferne. Der Himmel ist so weit weg, die Hölle ist ~~weit~~ näher bei der Erde. Kaum dringt meine Stimme zu Dir hinüber. Ich fand etwas für Dich — eine verlorene Krone, so lag unferne Straße in der unermeßlichen Himmelsräumen — eine goldene Krone."

Lieb sie mir, vielleicht ~~sie~~ sagt sie mir etwas.

In meiner Hand liegt eine kleine goldene zackige Krone — Auf jeder Zacke eine Perle. Im Innern sind griechische Buchstaben eingeschnitten:

Η ΑΓΑΠΗ ΜΗΔΕΝ ΕΚΠΙΠΤΕΙ.

„Die Liebe höret niemer auf."

Offenbarer Himmelsgeschenk. Aber was soll die Krone?

„Ich bin da, bist Du zufrieden?

Theilweise — jedenfalls denke ich die

für das einzige Geschenk. Aber es ist rätselhaft und deine Geschenke — verzeih mir — machen mich manchmal etwas mißtrauisch.

„Aber dieses Geschenk stammt aus dem Himmel."

Das ist ganz schön — aber du weißt doch, wozu wir von Himmel und Hölle ausgemacht haben.

„Übertreib nicht. Es ist immer hier ein Unterschied zwischen Himmel und Hölle. Ich glaube zwar, daß im Himmel ebenso wenig passiert wie in der Hölle, jedoch wahrscheinlich auf eine andere Weise. Auch was nicht passiert, kann auf seine besondere Weise nicht passieren."

Du sprichst in Rätseln, die Einem krank machen könnten, wenn man sie nicht tragisch nähme. Sprich, was meinst du vor der Krone?

„Was ich meine? Nichts. Sie spricht sehnsuchtsvoll für sich allein."

Du meinst — durch die Worte, die die Krone trägt?

„So ist es, es leuchtet dir wohl ein."

Schon so einigermaßen — aber das hält die Frage ebenfalls in suspenso.

„Das wird wohl beabsichtigt sein."

Du bist enervierend.

„Nur für den, der mit mir nicht eins ist."

Das bin ich allerdings nicht ganz. Aber wie könnte man? Es ist grausam, dermaßen in der Luft zu hängen.

„Ist dir dieses Opfer zu schwer? Du mußt auch hängen können, wenn du Probleme lösen willst. Schau die Schlange an!"

Schöne Salome – sie weint nicht mehr, sondern sieht gespannt nach mir.

J. Du siehst, Salome, ich bin nicht erledigt. Ich schwebe und verfluche mein Leben. Ich bin gehängt um dein – um deinetwillen. Das erste Mal war ich gekreuzigt, jetzt bin ich blos gehängt – weniger vornehmen nicht minder qualvoll. Verzeih mir, daß ich dich erledigen wollte, ich dachte, dich zu erlösen, wie damals als mein Opfer deine Blindheit heilte. Vielleicht muss ich das dritte Mal für dich gekörpert werden wie ~~St~~ Johannes der Täufer. Bist du unersättlich? Siehst du noch keinen Weg, um vernünftig ~~w~~ zu werden?

S. Mein Lieber, warum kam ich dafür? Ich habe ja ganz auf dich verzichtet.

J. Warum hast du dann noch immer geweint? Du weißt doch, daß ich es nicht ertragen kann, dich weinen zu ~~sehen~~ hören und gar noch während zwei ganzen Tagen und Nächten.

S. Ich dachte, du seiest unverwundbar, hättest den Todesschmerzenstab berührt.

J. Ich dachte so, aber jetzt ist es mir zweifelhaft. In Deinem Leben hilft mir der Stab – ich ersticke wenigstens nicht, trotzdem ich gehängt bin. Der Wunderstab hilft mir offenbar, das ~~Hängen~~ Gehängtsein zu ertragen – allerdings eine grausame Wohlthat und Hülfe. Willst du mich nicht wenigstens abschneiden?

S. Wie kann ich? Du hängst zu hoch.

Du hängst ja hoch im Wipfel des Lebensbaumes, wo ich nicht hinge-langen kann. Kannst du dir nicht selberhelfen?

J. Muss ich noch lange hängen?

S. So lange, bist du die Hilfe er-sonnenhast.

J. So sage mir wenigstens, was denkst du von der Krone, die mir vom Leben aus dem Himmel geholt hat?

S. Hast du die Krone? Glücklicher, worüber beklagst du dich noch?

J. Ein gehängter König würde gern tauschen mit jedem nicht gehängten Bettler auf der Landstrasse.

S. (ekstatisch) Die Krone — — du hast die Krone.

J. Salome, erbarme dich meiner.

Was will es mit der Krone?

S. (wie immer ekstatisch) Die Krone — — Du sollst gekrönt werden. Welche Seligkeit für mich und für dich!

J. Ach, was willst du mit der Krone, ich kann es nicht verstehen.

S. (jauchzend) Darum hänge, bist du verstehst.

Ich schweige und hänge hoch über dem Boden an einem abgebrochenen Aste. Meine Hände sind gebunden und ich bin gänzlich hilflos.

Was soll ich Salome bitten? Sie kann oder will nicht helfen.

K. VI. 14.

Von ~~woher~~ wo soll Hilfe kommen?
„Wird holen die Hilfe aus den Wolken,

Du über deinem Haupte ziehen, wenn uns erwachsen Hilfe wird."

Ich sehe, meine Seele spricht. Sie sitzt als ein kleiner weißer Vogel auf einem Zweige in meiner Nähe, traurig und geneigten Kopfes.

Aus den Wolken wirkst du Hilfe holen? Wie ist das möglich?

„Ich gehe und ~~werde~~ will versuchen."

Der Vogel schwingt sich auf wie eine steigende Lerche, wird kleiner und kleiner und verschwindet endlich in den dichten grauen Wolkenschichten, die den Himmel bedecken. Ich sehe dem Vogel sehnsüchtig nach, und ich schweifte mehrere Male den unendlichen grauen Wolkenhimmel überaus, undurchdringlich grau, ebenmäßig grau und unbeweglich — unlesbar? Wie wenn ein Schiff am Himmel stehen könnte — ~~stehen~~ aber die Krone — sie brachte Vorheinschrift mit: ἡ χαρὰ γὰρ ἐκείνου — das die Liebe nimmer aufhöre — bedeutet das ewige Hängen?

Ich aber nicht vergebens mistrauisch, als meine Seele die Krone brachte — die Krone des ewigen Lebens — die Krone der Bewährtheit — die Krone des Martyrums — lauter ominöse Dinge, die gefährlich ~~eine~~ und zweideutig sind — ?

Ich bin müde, nicht unermüdet des Gehängtseins — müde des Ringens nach all diesen Unvermeidlichkeiten.

Weit unter meinen Füßen auf dem Boden liegt die rätselhafte Krone blinkend im Goldschein aufgerichtet

Himmel grauer Erde. Ich schwebe nicht – nein ich hänge oder vielmehr ~~ist~~ schlimmer ich bin gehängt zwischen Himmel und Erde – und kann der Schauderbrüste nicht satt werden. – Könnte ich mich doch für immer daran sättigen, aber ἡ ἀγάπη γεγεύσατο – ist wirklich wahr, soll die Liebe nie aufhören? Was jenen frohe Botschaft war, was ist es mir?

„Das liegt ganz am Begriff.“ Das ist ein alter Rabe, der nicht weit von mir sitzt – philosophisch in sich selbst versunken.

I. Wieso am Begriff?

Rabe: an Deinem und Jener Begriff von Liebe.

I. Ich weiss, alter Unglücksvogel, Du meinst himmlische und irdische Liebe. Die himmlische Liebe wäre ganz schön, aber wir sind Menschen und die Liebe meinen Kopf daraufgesetzt, weil wir eben Menschen sind, auch ein ganz und echter Menschensein.

R. Du bist ein Idealog – Idealist trifft weniger zu.

I. Dummes Rabenvieh, hebe dich hinweg von mir.

Ich aber die kleine schwarze Schlange, sie ist hat sich um einen Zweig gewunden und nickt mit dem blinden Kopfchen über Augen und Ohr.

I. Schwester und schwarzer Wunderstab – was meinst Du?

Schl. Ich weiss Geduld sie abzuwarten.
Hier nützt keine Magie. Meine
Zauberkunst taugt hier nichts.
Ich habe beharrlich gewartet und bin
geduldig geworden, um die weiteren
Dinge abzuwarten. Du kamst mich
zu Lehrgebrauchen, aber nicht zu
Erhängthein.

Schnell nach der Krone – sie dreht
sich hier – und jetzt schneller –
alles dreht sich mit ihr, die ganze
Erde dreht sich – ich ~~hoch~~ aber hänge
ruhig und unbewegt. Wie kommen
das zumuthet! Wie wenn ich
über dem Erdpol aufgehängt wäre!
Mir gegenüber in der Luft steht Letzres
traditionell geformt wie immer –
„ein Kosmisches Carrousell"

Luft erntet höhnisches Lachen – „das
kommt ~~von~~ doch von der Ausgleichung
der Gegensätze – widerrufe und du
bist alsogleich unter aufverbewegten
Erde."

I. Ich widerrufe nicht – ich bin
nicht blödsinnig – wenn dies das
Ende vom Lied sein soll, so soll es
denn ~~sein~~.

Albanus: Wo ist deine Inconsequenz?
Bitte erinnere dich an die richtige
Regel der Lehrkunst.

I. Der Inconsequenz ist Genüge
gethan damit, dass ich hier hänge.
Ich lehe bis zum Überdruss nach Inc-
consequenzen. Bin ich nicht meiner
Umwelt zum Rätsel verein geworden?
Was willst du noch?

Schl. Aber vielleicht Inconsequenz an der richtigen Stelle —?

J. Hör auf! Wer weiss ich, was richtige und unrichtige Stelle ist?

Sat. Wer so souverän mit den Gegensätzen umfährt, der weiss doch, was Rechts und Links ist.

J. Schweige, du bist Partei.

Aber wenn der weiße Vogel käme und uns Hilfe brächte, das wäre beruhigend — ich fürchte, ich werde schwach.

Schl. Sei nicht dumm — Schwachheit ist auch ein Weg — Magie ~~macht~~ wetzt die Charte aus.

Sat. Habe doch den Mut zur Schwäche — du willst ein ganzer Mensch sein — sind Menschen stark?

J. Meine Seele, findest du wohl den Rückweg nicht? Bist du auf- und davongegangen, weil mit mir nicht zu leben ist?

Ha Salome! Sie taucht am Horizont auf. Komm zu mir, Salome! Wieder ist eine Nacht vergangen. Ich habe dich nicht weinen hören, aber ich hing und hänge noch.

S. Ich habe nicht mehr geweint, denn Glück und Unglück halten sich in mir die Wage.

J. Ich bin auch balanciert — aber wie! Meine Seele, der kleine weiße Vogel ist davongegangen und noch nicht wiedergekehrt. Ich weiss nichts und verstehe nichts. Liegt es an der

Krone? So rede doch!

S. Wesentlich reden? Forsche in dir selber.

J. Ich kann nicht, mein Hirn ist wie Blei — ich kann nur um Hilfe winseln. Ich weiß nicht, ob Alles stürzt oder ob Alles ruhig steht. Meine Hoffnung ist ganz bei meiner Seele. Bringt sie nicht Erlösung, dann — dann weiß ich nicht wegzugehen soll.

Ach, es ist doch nicht möglich, dass Vogelsein gleichbedeutend ist mit Gehängtsein?

Lat. Ausgleichung der Gegensätze! Gleiches Recht für Alle und Alles! Verschiedenes!

J. Ich höre ein Vöglein zwitschern — Bist du erwacht, Seele? Kommst du zurück?

„Liebst du die Erde, so bist du gehängt, liebst du den Himmel so schwebst du."

J. Wo ist Erde? Was ist Himmel?

„Allerunter dir ist Erde, Alles über dir ist Himmel. Du fliegst, wenn du nach dem strebst, was über dir, du bist gehängt, wenn du nach dem strebst, was unter dir."

Was ist über mir? Was ist unter mir?

„~~Alles~~ Über dir ist, was über dich hinaus, unter dir, was unter dir zurück."

Und die Krone, Löse mir das Rätsel der Krone!

„Krone und Schlange sind Gegensätze eine Eins. Siehst du nicht die Schlange, wie sie das Haupt des Gekreuzigten krönte?"

J. Ich verstehe nicht.

„Was für ein Wort brachte dich die Krone? — Die Liebe höret niemals auf — darum das Geheimniss von Krone und Schlange.

J. Aber Salome? Was soll mit Salome geschehen?

„Du nichts, Salome ist, wo du bist. Fliege, so werden ihr Flügel wachsen."

Die Wolken zerteilen sich, der Himmel ist voll Abendröthe. Die Sonne sinkt ins Meer am Horizonte und mit ihr gleite ich langsam vom Wipfel der Bäume zur Erde. Ich fühle festen Grund. Ruhe und friedlich dämmert die Nacht.

15. II. 14.

Aber es ist seitdem eigenartig, nicht warm und nicht kalt — nicht vorwärts und nicht zurück.

Ich will mit meiner Seele Rath halten, über das, was nun werden wird.

Was meinst du zu der gegenwärtigen Situation?

„Ich denke, es sei eigenthümlich, vorzeitig geschieht."

Was geschieht denn?

„Es geschieht etwas, ohne die Kunst ist gerade, herauszufinden, was eigenthümlich geschieht."

Weißt du eigentlich, was geschieht?

„Ich weiß es auch nicht. Aber ich habe immer die Mittel, mich zu unterrichten."

Das ist sehr angenehm, das zu wissen.

„Vorläufig angenehm, denn es ist kostspielig, sich unterrichten zu lassen. Das geschieht nicht für nichts."

Wie meinst du das? meinst du, es sei kostspielig, den Dingen jeweils aufs Wort zu gehen?

„Gewiß. Jedermann hat immer die Fähigkeit, zu erfahren, was vorgeht, aber nicht alle können diese Aufgabe machen. Es ist sehr erschöpfend."

Das habe ich auch schon gedacht. Es ist eine ganz besondere und erschöpfende Anstrengung. Was denkst du, lohnt sich eine Mühe?

„Ich glaube, ja, ~~d. h. wenn~~ in einer Zeit der Zeit.

Denkst du nicht, man könnte am Ende die Zeit besser verwenden?

„Besser verwenden? Wozu? Es hat seine guten Gründen, was du deine Dinge machst. Übrigens weißt du das schon längst."

Es ist richtig, ich weiß es eigentlich. Aber mich plagt immer der Gedanke, ob und wo es weitergeht und ob wir wirklich ein Ende erreichen?

„Du möchtest natürlich gerne wissen. Aber die Zukunft ist dunkel und Alles daran ist noch zu machen."

Die Ungewißheit und Unabsehbarkeit ist schwer zu ertragen.

„Natürlich, aber wer sagt, man habe leicht zu tragen, wenn man Zukunft schaffen und nicht bloß erleben will?"

Die Ungewißheit erschwert die Arbeit darum um ein Vielfaches.

Was willst du? Was ungewiß ist, ist

gewiss. Gewiss ist es, das du schaffst. ~~Ist~~ Auch der Werth dessen, was du kunst ist zweifelhaft, nothwendigerweise, denn du hast gar kein Mittel, den Werth gegenwärtiger Dinge irgendwie zu beurtheilen. Darstellt mit einmal erst später heraus, wenn sie überhaupt einen Werth haben. Man muss mit den Umgewissen existiren können. Das ist ganz selbstverständlich; ~~wenn~~ darüber brauch mich nur ein Intellectuelle aufregen."

Ich regte mich weiter nicht auf darüber. Ich möchte es nur möglichst bequem haben.

„Nun, darum bin ich schon las ehrlich. Darum Fortschritte."

Gott sei Dank findet er wenigstens, dass ich einige Fortschritte mache. Das ist allein schon ist wohlthätig.

„Nur scheint du vernimmst den Teufel. Es geht dir nicht heftig und nur gemütlich zu."

Nein, mir gefällt der Geruhsame. Aber der Kopf drückt mich, ob es schwer ergänzen. Ich sehne mich nach Entbindung.

„Deine Schwangerschaft ist wochenlang zu Ende. Ich mag nicht immer von Geduld reden."

Ich auch nicht, aber man weiss ja nichts Bestimmtes.

„So hör darauf — was willst du für Gewissheiten?"

Ich will keine mehr. Ich rede mehr drum herum.

„Du willst also nicht heim."

Das wird es wohl sein. Es wird mir schon schlecht beim bloßen Gedanken daran.

„Nimm die Peitsche und treibe deinen Gaul an. Es ist nicht müde, sondern faul. Müdigkeit sieht anders aus."

Was soll ich thun?

„Sei bereit, das zu fassen, was das Aufhebest."

Es fliegt nichts vorbei.

„Doch, du willst es blos nicht nehmen, weil du die Anstrengung scheust. Ich lasse ja beständig etwas vorbeifliegen."

~~Ich~~ Ja-schon, aber entsetzlich langweilige Dinge.

„Du willst Sensationen. Diese Kunst hat sich noch zu vergehen.

Also, was willst du fangen?"

Ich kann nicht anders — aber ich sehe schongrauene Zeit ein Lineal vor mir, ein alltägliches gerades Lineal. Das wird mir nahelegt, denn es ist erschütternd langweilig.

„Du verstehst die Kunst, die Dinge interessant zu machen, noch gar nicht.

Sich das Leben interessant machen — das ist wieder einer deiner kostbaren Gemeinplätze die mich früher seitens der Tante getrieben haben.

Du siehst wie irrksam wahr und zu dich Sprichwort, betreffend der Gemeinplatz ist. Thun nicht so wichtig. Der Gemeinplatz ist in der Regel eine universelle Wahrheit und eine grosse Gewißheit. Nach diesen Dingen steht ja dein Sinn. Nun, nimm dein Lineal und versuche dieses Instrument keineswegs. Denk doch nur, was für eine Calamität es wäre, wenn man keine Lineale mehr hätte. Die Grundfesten der Cultur wären erschüttert und der Mann, der das Lineal wieder erfände, wäre der größte Wohlthäter der Menschheit. Du ergänzest immer, wie werthvoll die kleinen Dinge sind, die dich tagtäglich umgeben."

Du bist ein gräulicher Schulmeister,

„Du provocierst es!"

Das Lineal – also – ist ebenso – wie mein Zauberstab. Es ist also auch mein Lineal. Schwer ist es, nicht zu spotten. Und gerade ich auch – Ich rede dem Stylus wie du selbst. Bei dieser Gelegenheit, wo der Zauberstab widerspenstig ist, befällt mich natürlich die Neugier wieder, was der Zauberstab wohl soll. Das ist – scheint mir – eine sehr dunkle Angelegenheit.

„Ich nach dem mein Lineal!"

Ich habe wie zum Hände an beiden Enden es sorgsam fassen und auf einen Tischlegen – und die eine Hand zieht damit einen gerade ~~Linie~~ Strich. Als Zwischenbemerkung muss ich da sagen, dass ich die Langeweile Kampfhaft bekämpfen

schlucken muss.

„Nur ruhig – ich halte dich fest. Es ist auch nicht vonnöthen Lineal dazu zu laufen."

Es ist Thierquälerei und ich mag dabei nicht.

„Du bist unausstehlich."

Ich kann noch keiner Empörung aufraffen. Ich kann meine Legel auch ohne Lineal streichen. Ich habe durchaus kein Bedürfniss, bedeutend zu sein. Auch mein Tabak ist zu lade. Ich kann daher nicht weiterschreiben. Ich bin zu tief überzeugt von der Wichtigkeit der kleinen Dinge, als dass ich mich vor den genannten Umständen unabhängig erklären könnte. Du schreckst und lockst mich nicht.

Ich hoffe, Du erklärst Dich für überwunden.

„Das wird der Erfolg lehren."

Gut, ich lasse es darauf ankommen.

22.II.14.

Ich dachte wohl so bald wiederzukommen. Aber so wundersam und so wunderbar sind Deine Erfüllungen, oh meine Seele, daß ich bald wiederkehren mußte. Ich rede nicht von Dingen, die Du wirkst, aber ich möchte Dir sagen, daß noch alles klingt in mir von der Erfüllung, die mir geworden. Ich urtheile nicht, aber beinahe hätte ich gerathen und beinahe wäre ich dann umgefallen. Ein Traum heute Nacht zeigte mir, wie ich in meinem Garten stand, viele lautre Quellen waren aus dem Grund aufgesprungen und überall rieselte das Wasser. Ich leitete fleißig alles Wasser in einen tiefen Graben, der darauf wiederum Schwarze der Erde zuführte.

Mit diesem Traum gehe ich zurück, da es mir scheint, als hätte ich wieder die Tiefe gegeben.

Sprich, was denkst Du?

„Ich denke, Du seist auf dem rechten Wege."

Wenn ich auf dem rechten Wege bin, dann sag mir, wohin soll es gehen?

„Frage nicht mich, sondern schaue!"

Ich sehe eine weite Ebene – hohe Grasbüschel – trockne Erde, – darüber ein blauer Himmel. Ich sehe in der Ferne eine Viehherde getrieben von berittenen Hirten mit langen Lanzen. Sie tragen breite Strohhüte.

Vor mir steht einer der Hirten mit

freuen begann Heinrich — er nicht mir bekannt aus — eine merkwürdige Ähnlichkeit mit mir — was soll es?

Wer bist Du?

H. Ein Deutscher, dem das deutsche Vaterland zu langweilig geworden ist.

J. Hast Du's hier besser?

H. Besser und schlechter. Wir leben hier sehr primitiv mit allen Nachtheilen und Vortheilen der Primitiven. Aber wir sind frei und unbeschränkt, dafür nimmt man Vieles in Kauf.

J. Bedauerst Du nicht, von der Civilisation Abschied genommen zu haben?

H. Ich kömmt es vielleicht bedauern, aber ob dem Leben vergisst man, was man nicht hat.

J. Aber mangelt Dir die Cultur nicht überhaupt?

H. Nein, eigentlich nicht. Ich trage die Cultur irgendwie in mir, wie eine Art innerer Spannung und Sehnsucht.

J. Ist das nicht quälend?

H. Oh nein, wir haben uns mit dem äusseren primitiven Leben genug zu quälen. Die Sehnsucht nach der Cultur quält uns darum wenig. Sie ist vielmehr ein angenehmes und abwechselnd Gefühl.

J. Aber ärgert es Dich nicht, dass dein Leben so isolirt verläuft und dass gegenwärtig nie auf die Höhe deiner Culturfähigkeit kommst? Oder wird Dich kaum ~~H.~~ ebenso gut deine Stelle vertreten. Du aber könntest mit Besseres leisten, wenn Du in der Cultur ~~thätig~~ lebtest.

H. Hm — Du magst Recht haben. Aber dieses wunderbare freie Leben — man kann's nicht lassen. Das Leben in den Städten ~~ist eine~~ bedeutet Verkrüppelung. Einer mehr oder

weniger in der Civilisation — was kommt es auf den Einzelnen an?

2 Aber wenn Alle so dächten wie Du? was würde dann aus dem Culturwerk der Menschheit?

H. Ich bin fern davon, behaupten zu wollen, dass mein Verhalten vorbildlich sein soll; ich will ein Vorbild und will es auch nicht sein. Ich nehme mir eben das Recht heraus, meine Individualität zu leben. Wenn Alle so dächten wie ich, dann würde es vielleicht anders um die Civilisation. Wie viel Feiglinge und Schwächlinge habt ihr unter euren Culturhandwerkern, die aus lauter Feigheit und Schwäche blos mitthun, um Freunde gewinnen oder lieber anderes thäten, wenn ihre Angstlichkeit es ihnen erlaubte?

J. Ich muss Dir in diesem Punkt Recht geben. Aber ich kann mich dadurch nicht aussöhnen mit dem Gedanken, dass es Dir besser gefällt, ein so steriles Leben zu führen, wo du nur deinen wilden Gelüsten fröhnst, wo aber alle deine Geistesgaben ungenutzt brachliegen.

H. Sie liegen nicht ganz brach. Ich denke zwar allerdings blos für mich. Aber denkt etwa der Culturmensch für einander? Es denkt doch Jeder für sich, wenn er irgend kann. Einer, der für Andere denkt ist entweder eine Dummheit oder ein Philosoph, welcher nur insofern für Andere denkt, als er möchte, dass Alle Andern sein System nachdächten und nachbeteten.

J. Damit wirkt der Philosoph aber dadurch als Erzieher, obschon seine Absichten sehr egoistisch sein können. Ohne Egoismus wird dadurch keine Cultur —

erbittet gelitten. Obschon es öfters ihm darauf ankommt, wie etwas gemacht wird, so kommt es doch öfters auch gar nicht darauf an, wie's gemacht, sondern das es gemacht wird. Wie gesagt, es scheint mir, als ob Du Dich um deine Culturaufgabe drückst.

H. Du bist ja sehr moralisch. Glaubst Du nicht an die Rechte der Persönlichkeit?

J. Doch, ich glaube ~~auch~~ daran; aber ich glaube auch an die Culturaufgabe. Dieses Werk ist größer als der individuellen und seinen unzweifelhaften Rechten.

H. Aber wenn es nun wahr ist als Pampasreiter?

J. Das ist gerade der Punkt, wo mir Zweifel aufsteigen. Ich glaube nämlich nicht ganz, dass Du als Halbwilder wahler sei, als wenn Du in deinem Culturwerke stehst. Das Leben, das Du hier führst, reicht nicht über deine Grenzen hinaus; so bist Du allzubegrenzt trotz deiner schrankenlosen Freiheit. Unbegrenztheit hat Du nur, wenn dein Werk über dich hinaus reicht.

H. Ich muss Dir etwas gestehen: Du siehst mich hier als armen Viehhirten, aber ich war es nicht immer. Ich habe Dir vorhin nicht die Wahrheit gesagt über die Gründe, warum ich mein Vaterland verließ.

Ich hatte dort eine Aufgabe, ich stand an einem Werk, und dieses Werk reichte über meine Grenzen hinaus, es überragte mich sogar unermeßlich, und ich war ganz allein am Werke — und die Unermeßlichkeit erdrückte mich, ich sah das Unendliche in meiner Aufgabe und mir sanken Mut und Glaube. Ich floh in die Wüste und sagte mich von der Cultur los. Leider alle Qualen

eines primitiven halbwilden Lebens, als die unerträgliche Last einer unermeßlichen Aufgabe, die mich zu Boden drückte. Ja, ich gebe es auf, denn ich bin zu schwach, die Unendlichkeit zu tragen. Ich bin zum Endlichen gegangen, zurück zum beschränkten menschlichen Leben, dessen Aufgabe zugleich mit ihm selber erlischt.

Ich bin lieber allein mit den gefährlichen Thieren der Wildniß als mit jener furchtbaren Aufgabe — man hat sein Gewehr und seine List — und der Sieg ist wenigstens möglich. Aber eine solche Aufgabe, die größer ist als wir —? Hier hat man doch seine Gefährten, die uns zu Hilfe eilen können — dort hört du niemand — im Gegentheil sogar, man legt dir noch möglichst Steine vor die Füsse, damit du dich ja nicht etwa die Flügel

10

stärker machst, du könntest vielleicht sogar an die Aufgabe ernstlich herangehen.

Ich warf das Unmögliche von mir und ging zurück zum Möglichen.

T. Es scheint mir aber, als ob zwischen deinem frühern ~~Leben~~ und deinem jetzigen Leben doch noch andere Möglichkeiten gelegen hätten. Sowas doch nicht wählig das dir gleich in die Wildniß liefert, als du eine wahrscheinlich übertriebene Aufgabe nicht lösen konntest.

Man kann seine Aufgabe doch auch beschränken, will mir scheinen.

H. Du bist vernünftig und hast balancierte Ansichten. Aber hast du je Unendlichkeit geschmeckt? Hast du je den Schmerz und die Vernichtung empfunden, die den befallen, der keine Kraft mehr hat, den Riesenblock weiter zu schieben? Hast du je all die Bitterkeit ausgekostet,

Du dem gerecht wird, der über sich hinaus schaffen möchte? Was soll ich reden von der Verlassenheit, der Einsamkeit, der Verzweiflungshölle —?

Das warf ich von mir. Verstehst Du das?

J. Ich glaube, mein Bruder, dass ich das verstehe. Das menschliche Herz hat Rechte, die man ihm nicht bestreiten soll — — —.

Wir schweigen lange, denn hier müssen wir schweigen. Mit der Not des menschlichen Herzens können wir nicht rechten.

J. Mein Bruder, ich verstehe deine Flucht. Es wird Dir jetzt schwer. War niemand da, der Dich verstand?

H. Vielleicht — aber was hilft es?

Die Angst erstickte mich und ich kam erst wieder zu mir, als ich zuletzt war, als ich Vater an meine Brust pressen konnte. Ich trank wie ein Verdurstender das lautere Wasser der Frömmigkeit. Seit dem erst lebe ich wieder.

Was hätte mir Verständnis, was menschlicher Trost geholfen? Wegen in dieser wilden Wüste, diese ungebrochenen Wetter auf?

J. Ich muss Dir Recht geben. Aber dann kann ich Dir nicht Recht geben, das Du in der Wüste bleibst. Du bist kein Feigling und kein Schwächling. Wenn Du zu diesem Verzicht fähig bist, dann bist Du auch fähig, wieder an deine schwere Aufgabe heranzugehen. Sie nicht kraftlos in deiner Consequenz, sondern lass mich Dir reden. Es scheint mir, als ob Du lange genug hierweilt hättest. Was Werk harrt deiner.

———

23.II.14.

Das klang leer aus – gestern. Es scheint mir noch nicht gelungen. Ich will zu meinem Werk zurück. Was hält mich noch?

„Du Ehrsucht".

Ist es möglich? Ich dachte, ich hätte diese Untugend überwunden.

„Überwunden? Was nennst Du überwinden? Das hast Du einfach negirt und nicht haben wollen. Damit ist Bekanntlich nichts überwunden."

Aber wie soll ich's thun? Ich kann doch höchstens versuchen, mich dadurch nicht bestimmen zu lassen.

„Sieh es ein."

Wenn Du sagst, ~~es~~ das ich an Ehrsucht kranke, dann muss es wohl so sein. Aber wo und wie – das ist mir dunkel.

„So ~~schaue~~ höre!"

Es war einmal ein König und der hatte keine Kinder. Er hätte aber gerne Kinder gehabt. Er ging daher zu einer weisen Frau, die im Walde wohnte und gestand ihr alle seine Sünden. Darauf sprach sie: „Herr König, ~~Du~~ Ihr habt gethan, was ~~du~~ Ihr nicht hättest thun sollen. Aber weil es nun geschehen, so ist es geschehen und wir wollen sehen, wie ~~du~~ Ihr es in Zukunft besser machen könnt. Nehmt ein Pfund Otterschmalz, vergrabt es in die Erde und lasst ein halbes Jahr darüber hingehen. Dann grabt ~~jene~~ jene Stelle wieder auf und ~~seht~~ sehet nach, was ~~da~~ ~~ihr~~ dort findet."

Also sprach die weise Frau. Der König aber ging nach Hause, beschämt um

betrübt. Er grub ein Loch in Garten und legte ein Pfund Otterschmalz, das er sich mühsam verschafft hatte, hinein. Nach einem halben Jahre grub er die Stelle wieder auf. Zu seinem Erstaunen fand er, das der Fett ganz verschwunden war, an seiner Stelle aber lag ein schlafendes Kindlein. Da nahm er mit und brachte es seiner Frau. Sie nahm es allsogleich an die Brust und siehe – ihr Milch floss reichlich. Das Kindlein aber gedieh und wurde gross und stark. Es wuchs zu einem Manne, der stärker war als alle andern. Als der Königssohn aber volljährig geworden war, da trat er vor den Vater und sprach:

„Ich weiss, Du hast mich durch Zauber gezeugt und ich bin nicht Deiner wie sonst Einer der Männer. Du hast mich aus der Berührung deiner Sünden geschaffen, das macht mich stark, ich bin von keinem Weibe geboren, das macht mich klug. Ich bin stark und klug und darum fordere ich das Königreich von Dir."

Der alte König war betroffen von der Wissenschaft seines Sohnes, noch mehr aber von seinem ungestümen Verlangen. Er beschloss daher, den Sohn töten zu lassen. Da sein Sohn zu stark war, fürchtete er ihn und erschlass daher, seine Zauberkraft zu einer List zu nehmen. Er ging wieder in den Zauberin im Walde und fragte sie um Rath. Herr König, ich

Sie sprach: ~~Du~~ beichte mir dieses mal keine Sünden, weil ~~du~~ ihm eine Sünde begehen ~~willst~~ wollte. Ich rathe ~~dir~~ euch, vergrabe wieder einen Topf mit Otterschmalz

und lasst ihn ein halbes Jahr in der Erde liegen. Dann grabt wieder auf und ~~sehet~~ schaut, was geschehen ist."

Der König that, wie ihm die Zauberin gerathen hatte. Und von Stunde an, wurde sein Sohn schwächer und schwächer, und als der König nach einem halben Jahre wieder an die Stelle ging, wo der Topf lag, da konnte er seinem Sohne das Grab schaufeln. Er legte ihn in die Grube, wo der leere Topf lag.

Der König war betrübt und als er etwas Trübsinns nicht Herr werden konnte, ging er wieder hinaus zu der Zauberin und fragte sie um Rath. Sie sprach aber: „Herr König, ihr wolltet einen Sohn, als aber der Sohn begehrte, selber König zu sein und wohl auch die Kraft und Klugheit dazu hatte, da ~~wo~~ wolltet ihr keinen Sohn mehr. Deshalb habt ihr euern Sohn verloren. Warum klagt ihr? Ihr habt Alles, Herr König, was ihr wolltet."

Der König aber sprach: „Das hat Recht. Ich wollte so. Aber ich wollte diesen Trübsinn nicht. Weiss du kein Mittel gegen die Reue?"

Die Zauberin sprach: „Herr König vergrabt wiederum einen Topf mit Otterschmalz und ~~sehet~~ schaut nach einem halben Jahr nach, was ~~da~~ ihr im Topfe findet."

Der König that, wie ihm geheissen und von Stund' an war der fröhlich und wusste nicht warum. Als er nach einem halben Jahre die Stelle wieder auf-

grub, wo der Topf lag, da fand er darin ein schlafendes Knäblein und erkannte, dass dies Kindlein sein gestorbener Sohn war. Er nahm das Knäblein an und von Stund an wuchs es in einer Woche so viel wie andere Kinder in einem Jahre und als zu Wochen umwaren, da trat der Sohn wiederum vor ~~ihn~~ ~~ihm~~ den Vater und begehrte sein Reich. Der Vater aber, ~~wurde~~ schwalange, wenn Alles kommen werde, ~~und~~ erhob sich vom Throne und umarmte mit Freudenthränen seinen Sohn und krönte ihn selber zum König.

Der Sohn aber, da nunmehr zum König geworden war, erwies sich seinem Vater dankbar und hielt ihn in hohen Ehren bis zu seinem Ende.

Meine Seele, fürwahr, ich weiss nicht, ob du auch eine Märchenerzählerin bist. Aber nun sage mir, wie habe ich dein Märchen zu deuten?

„Deute nicht zuviel, sondern fühle dich durch. Denke, du seiest der alte König und dein Werk deiner Sohn. So hast du dich zu deinem Werk verhalten und so sollst du dich dazu verhalten."

Das kann ich, glaube ich, verstehen; aber was ist mit der Zauberin?

„Die Zauberin ist ein mütterliches Weib, dem du Sohn sein solltest, denn du hast ein in die selbe ~~d~~ sich erneuerndes Kind."

Wehe, ~~ist~~ soll es mir unmöglich sein, je Mann zu sein?

„Manchmal hast du genug, denn

hinaus nach Kindheit zu trüllen, für die du der Mutter bedarfst?"

Ich nähme mich, ein Kind zu sein.

„Dadurch tötest du deinen Sohn!" Ein schaffender bedarf der Mutter, denn da bist kein Weib?"

Diese Wahrheit ist furchtbar. Ich dachte und hoffte, darüber hinaus Mann sein zu können.

„Das kannst du nicht, wenn du anders ein schaffender sein willst. Schaffen heißt — Mutter und Kind."

Der Gedanke, ein Kind bleiben zu müssen, ist unerträglich.

„Wenn du starkem Mann bist, dann ist er mit dem Schaffen darbei. Um deines Werkes willen hast du ein Kind zu sein, und ihm die Krone zu lassen."

Der Gedanke, ein Kind bleiben zu müssen, ist demütigend und vernichtend.

„Ein heilsames Gegengift gegen die Eitelkeit! Sträube dich nicht gegen das Kindsein, sonst sträubst du dich gegen das Werk, das du doch vor Allem thun willst!"

Es ist wahr, ich will mein Werk erfüllen, aber der Preis, den ich dafür zu bezahlen habe, ist hoch.

„Höher steht noch das Werk. Du bist immer viel kleiner als dein Werk und immer viel abhängiger als das Kind in dir. Das ist eine bittere Wahrheit, aber sie ist dir nicht zu ersparen. Sei nicht trotzig. Kinder haben artig zu sein."

Dein Hohn ist qualvoll. Wann wird

über mich lachen.

„Der Mann des Spottes — weißt du, wer so hier?"

Ich weiß — aber es ist unsäglich bitter.

„Ich habe Geduld mit dir, wenn Andere keine haben. Du sollst tröstende Worte von mir vernehmen, wenn sie über dich spotten und dich hänseln und verwunden. Ich stehe an der lauteren Quelle des Lebens, die dir niemand trüben kann. Meine Brunnen sollen dir rauschen und dir den Trank der Erlösung spenden, wenn Dürre alles Land austrocknet, und Alle zu dir kommen werden, um das Wasser des Lebens von dir zu betteln.

Aber unterwirf dich deinem Werk."

Wo, wo soll ich die Unermeßlichkeit erfassen? Mein Können und Können ist gering, meine Kraft reicht nicht.

„Lass dir an meiner Hilfe genügen. Frage nie nach dem Morgen, das Heute soll dir genug sein. Um die Mittel brauchst du dich nicht zu sorgen. Lass Alles wachsen, lass Alles gedeihen — ein Werk wächst aus sich selbst."

Ich unterwerfe mich.

28 II 14.

Ich habe mich unterworfen. Es war schwer — und das Leben ging auf neuem Wege weiter.

Meine Liebe, willst Du etwas?

„Ich will nichts. Wir sind müde von all den schweren Kämpfen. Wir be-

Grüßen der Ruhe.

Lege Alles von Dir.

9. III. 14.

Ich bin etwas verstimmt, wie es scheint. Mein Kopfweh hält merkwürdig lange. Hast Du, daß ich zurückkommen soll zu Dir, mein Buch?

Meine Seele, rede und lass mich hören von dem, was in Dir tief vorgeht. Gib mir Kunde von Deinen Dingen, die sich vorbereiten. Mir ist es, als hätte ich ein Chaos, tief in mir versteckt.

„So ist es. Chaos ist das richtige Wort."

Ich habe das Gefühl, als bedürfte ich ~~euer~~ der Erleichterung. Kannst Du mir nichts hervorholen, was Dir unsere Spannung löst? Ich weiß, ich bin noch nicht bei ja meinem Werke gelangt. Aber Du kennst ja die Menschen.

„Sei unverdrossen an der Arbeit."

Das bin ich, glaub ich schon. Deine Ermahnung klingt wie der Lehrerzieherin. Bitte, mache lehrhafte Sprüche, sondern gehe nach Tiefem, es ist mir Ernst.

„So höre denn: es gibt nichts Nützeres unter der Sonne als die Raben."

Wieso? Du bist, bei Gott, erstaunlich.

„Wundere Dich nicht. Der Rabe ist das Rabenvieh, von dem Du neulich sprachest. Was sagte er, als Du am Baume hingegangen?"

Ich weiß erwahrhaftig nicht

mehr. Ich kann mich nur entsinnen, daß es ~~ch~~ etwas eher Doctrinär-Vernünftiges war.

„Schlag's nach".

Schade's: er sprach von meinem Begriff der Liebe. Schade, wie ich nachträglich verstand, doch nicht so Unrecht, respective er hatte ganz Recht.

„Und doch ist er dumm."

Warum? Das versteh' ich nicht.

„Es ist dumm vom „Begriff der Liebe" zu reden. Von der Liebe hat man keinen Begriff."

Das ist echt, ganz Dein Styl. Aber bitte, drücke Dich deutlicher aus.

„Du bist wahrhaftig grausam. Du bist schon förmlich grob mit mir. Du Jedoch – du wirst ja, du trifft dich selber. Also hör: Die Liebe begreifen wollen, ist ebenso ganz verfänglich und sehr Übel Anfang. Die Liebe begreift man nicht, hat man nicht zu begreifen, man hat sie einfach – oder nicht."

Du denkst Dir die Liebe also als etwas gänzlich Irrationales?

„Wenn Du es durchaus philosophisch haben willst, so magst Du es so nennen. Es ist also schlechthin Unsinn, die Liebe überhaupt begreifen zu wollen."

Ich besinne mich und versuche zu finden, wo ich mich dieses Intellectualismus schuldig gemacht habe. – Ich wusste wirklich nicht, wo.

„Bei deiner täglichen Arbeit. Du suchst ja immer nach Gründen, warum du Liebe giebst und warum die Liebe em-

pfängst. Das ist zu unterlassen."

Das klingt bedenklich. Soll man sich darüber keine Rechenschaft geben?

„Das unter keinen Umständen. Du störst den Process, der Dir und andern lebenswichtig ist. Du liebe ist das allerfeinste Erkenntnissorgan. Mit ihm nur liest du deine und Anderer Seelen. Da ist nichts daran zu wollen. Es ~~ist~~ wird, ist uns vergeltend bringt in sich unendlichen Sinn."

Willst du mir alles Denken darüber verbieten? Wozu dann unsere Vernunft?

„Du Vernunft kommt nachher."

Sehr zu unserem Schaden natürlich. Auf die Proposition kann man sich wohl kaum einlassen.

„Es kann aufs Probieren an."

Mir scheint, ich hätte schon genug und experimentiert mit positivem und negativem Erfolg. Ich verstehe nicht, wozu du zielst.

„Ich auch nicht. Aber das was zu sagen."

Ich lass dich nicht. Ich muss Alles wissen.

„Um Alles zu verstehen?"

Wie kommst du auf den Verdacht?

„Nun — um dich zu schützen."

Man kann doch nicht gegen vernünftige Einsicht handeln, namentlich wenn man nichts Besseres weiss.

„Dieser Grund ist gut, jedoch trifft er nicht ganz, was ich meine."

Was meinst du denn; du hast aber

irritierend.

„Nicht wahr? Du kennst wohl diesen Styl? Glaubst Du, Andern sei das angenehm, wenn Du so sprichst?"

Du hast Recht. Das ist ein Punkt, den ich mir merken muss. Aber in diesem Fall verstehe ich entschieden nichts.

„Nun; Es war einmal ein Gärtner, der säete Blumensamenaus. Aber da kamen Vögel, welche die Samen fressen. Darauf stellt der Gärtner Fallen und Leimruthen. Als er andern Tags in den Garten kam — was hatte er gefangen? Einen Zimpel."

Meinst Du mich?

„Wen denn ~~sofort~~?"

Ich kann nur bedeutend mit Dir haben. Wenn Du mich mit einem Zimpel vergleichst, dann muss ich wohl annehmen, dass das irgendeinen Sinn hat. Aber diese Sinn ist mir ganz dunkel. Willst Du mich nicht darüber belehren?

„Ich denke Dir, Du wirst höflich. Du reagirst offenbar besser auf eine etwas kräftigere Sprache.

Der Zimpel ist auf den Leim gegangen, nicht weil er den Samen gefressen hat, sondern weil es zu seinem Wesen gehört, auf jeden Leim zugehen."

Meinst Du, ich respective meine Liebe sei auf einen Leim gegangen oder habe auf den Leim zugehen?

„Beides ist gemeint. Die ~~Liebe~~ Liebe geht immer auf den Leim."

Das widerspricht aber doch der Er-

fahrung. Ich kann das nicht annehmen.

„Du brauchst es ja nicht unbedingt anzunehmen. Tatsachen sind nicht krampfhaft abzuschwächen.“

Du sagst Dinge, die ich mir schon längst klar gemacht habe. Ich weiß, daß meine Liebe aufdringlich geht, und lässt wieder gehen ich mit, wissend, daß ich auch in Fall gerathen kann. ~~und~~ Aber ich kann und mag das Leben nicht stillstehen. Übrigens — was ist mit Dir? Du gerichst immer um etwas herum. Was willst Du eigentlich?

„Ich bin ja dein Spiegel. Wie man in den Wald ruft, so tönts zurück.“

Dann bin ich ja verzweifelt allein, selbst mit Dir, meine Seele. Ich dachte an ein Zusammensein mit Dir, es scheint aber, ich bin allein mit Dir.

„Das bist Du. Liebst Du den Werth der Liebe? ~~Das~~ Der Leim erscheint dem Einzel begehrenswerther als das Alleinsein mit sich selber. Lerne Dir Demme Weisheit dieser Vogels.“

Du bringst mich zur Verzweiflung. Habe ich nicht genug Liebe?

„Nein, Du nimmst zu wenig.“

Wie kann ich?

„Lass Dich lieben, denke nicht daß Zurückgeben.“

Das scheint mir unmoralisch.

„Vergiß nicht, daß Du dem Menschen schon einen Gefallen erweist, wenn Du mir Dich liebst.“

Du wollen aber dafür bezahlt

sein –

„Das gilt nur für deine Liebe. Du Andern haben überhaupt noch die Liebe zu lernen. Lehrlinge lasse ich nicht voll."

Das ist eine grausame Lehre.

„Sie fordert nur die Opferung deiner vorzüglichen männlichen Natur. Du hast die Sehnsucht Anderer zu sparen. Dadurch werden sie genügsam."

Tue ich das nicht zur Genüge?

„Noch lange nicht. Du denkst zu viel. Du selbst fordern."

Aber wie sollen wir praktisch verfahren sein?

„Sei ausgesucht voll und noch dir zar."

Das heißt also – größte Zurückhaltung meinerseits?

„Allergrößte. Auserlaube das Herankommen."

Das passt mir schlecht, aber ich will gehorchen.

BOOK 4

January 14–March 9, 1914

~~III~~ IV

La somma sapienza e il primo amore.[1]

[ii/1]

14. I. 14. Continuation (from ~~II~~ III)[2]

I too think that it's astonishing to ask for Thomas à Kempis.

I. "Are you surprised that I'm requesting Thomas à Kempis?"

L. "Well, yes, the book is seldom asked for, and I wouldn't have expected this interest from you."

I. I must confess that I'm also somewhat surprised by this inspiration. But recently I came across a short passage from Thomas à Kempis that made a particular impression on me; why, I can't really say. It dealt ~~xx~~ especially with the problem of the Imitation of Christ.

L. Do you have particular theological or historical[3] interests, or—

I. Do you mean—whether I will read it for the purpose of prayer?

L. Smiling: Well, hardly. [1/2]

I. If I read Thomas à Kempis, I do so for the sake of prayer, or something similar, rather than out of scholarly interest.

L. Are you that religious—I had no idea (slightly sneering).[4]

I. You know that I value science extraordinarily highly, but there are actually moments in life where science also leaves us empty and sick. In such moments a book like Thomas's means very much to me since it is written from the soul.

L. But somewhat old-fashioned. We can no longer get involved in Christian dogmatics these days, surely.

I. We haven't come to an end with Christianity by simply putting it aside. It seems to me that there's more to it [2/3] than we see.

L. What is there about it?

I. For what reasons and moreover at what age do men set it aside? Presumably, most do so during their student days or perhaps even earlier~~?~~. Would you call that a particularly discriminating age? And have you ever examined more closely the grounds on which people put aside positive religion? The grounds are mostly dubious, such as that the contents of belief clash with natural science or philosophy.

L. In my view, such an objection should not necessarily be rejected out of hand, despite the fact that there are better reasons. For example, I consider the lack of a true and proper sense of actuality in the positive religions a disadvantage. Incidentally, [3/4] a host of substitutes now exists for the loss of opportunity for prayer caused by the collapse of religion. Nietzsche, for example, has written a more than veritable book of prayer.[5]

I. I suppose that's correct in a certain sense. But ~~xx~~ especially Nietzsche's truth strikes me as too agitated and provocative—; it's good for those who are yet to be set free. ~~xx~~ For that reason his truth is good only for them. I believe that I've recently discovered that we also need a truth for those who need constraint. It's possible that instead they need a depressive truth, which makes man smaller and more inward.

L. Forgive me, but Nietzsche interiorizes man exceptionally well.

I. Perhaps from your standpoint [4/5] you're right, but I can't help feeling that Nietzsche speaks ~~for those~~ to those who need more

freedom, not to those who clash strongly with life, who bleed from wounds, who have been afflicted by actualities.

L. But Nietzsche confers a precious feeling of superiority even upon such people.

I. I can't dispute that, but I know men who need inferiority, not superiority.

L. You express yourself very paradoxically. I don't understand you. Inferiority can hardly be a desideratum.

I. Perhaps you'll understand me better if instead of inferiority I say "resignation," [5/6] a word that one used to hear a lot of, but seldom anymore.

L. It also sounds very Christian.

I. As I said, there seem to be all sorts of things in Christianity that maybe one would do well to keep. Nietzsche is too oppositional. Like everything healthy and long-lasting, truth unfortunately adheres more to the middle way, which we unjustly abhor.

L. I really had no idea that you take such a mediating position.

I. My position is not entirely clear to me. If I mediate, I certainly mediate in a very peculiar manner.

At this moment the servant brought the book—and I took my leave from the librarian.[6]

17. I. 14.[7]

I stand in the anteroom and look across to the door on the left. I put the small book [6/7] into my pocket.

I go to the door on the left; it is also open—a large old-fashioned kitchen, quite clean and tidy—with a large chimney over the stove. Two long tables stand in the middle of the room, flanked by benches. Shiny brass pots, copper pans, and other vessels stand on shelves along the walls.

A large fat woman is standing at the stove—apparently the cook—wearing a large checkered apron. I greet her, somewhat disconcerted—she too seems embarrassed.

I. May I sit down for a while? It's cold outside and I must wait for something?. [7/8]

C. Please have a seat.

She wipes the table in front of me. Having nothing else to do, I take out my Thomas à Kempis and begin to read. Naturally the cook is curious and looks at me furtively. Every once in a while she goes past me.

C. Excuse me, are you perhaps a clergyman?

I. No. Why do you think so?

C. Oh, I just thought you might be because you are reading a small black book. My mother, may God rest her soul, left me such a book.

I. I see, and what book might that be?

C. It is called *The Imitation of Christ*. It's a very beautiful book. I often pray with it in the evenings.

I. You have guessed well. I too am reading *The Imitation of Christ*. [8/9]

C. (smiling)[8] I don't believe that—a man like you would not read such a book—, unless you were a pastor.

I. Why shouldn't I read it? It also does me good to read a proper book.

C. My mother, God bless her, had it with her on her deathbed, and she gave it to me before she died.

I browse through the book absentmindedly while she is speaking: My eyes fall on the following passage in the nineteenth chapter:

"The righteous base their intentions more on the mercy of God, which in whatever they undertake they trust more than their own wisdom."[9]

Well, Henri Bergson,[10] I think there you have it—this is ~~not less~~ precisely the genuine and right intuitive method. [9/10]

I. (to the cook) Your mother was a clever woman, and she did well to give you this book.

C. Yes, indeed—it has often comforted me in difficult hours (she dries her eyes)[11] and it always provides good counsel.

I believe one can also follow one's own nose, that would also be an intuitive method. But the beautiful way in which the Christian does this must nevertheless be of special value.[12]

An inner disquiet seizes me. What is supposed to happen?

I hear an odd swishing and whirring—and suddenly a roaring sound fills the room like a horde of large birds with a frenzied flapping of wings—I see many shadowlike human forms rush past [10/11] and I hear a manifold far and near babble of voices utter the words: "Let us pray in the temple!"

"Where are you rushing off to?" I call out—a bearded man with tousled hair and dark shining eyes stops and turns toward me:

"We are wandering to Jerusalem to pray at the most holy sepulchre."

I. "Take me with you."

G.[13] You cannot join us, you have a body. We are dead.

I. Who are you?

G. I am Ezekiel, and I am an Anabaptist.[14] I died more than 300 years ago.[15]

I. Who are those wandering with you?

G. These are my fellow believers.

I. Why are you wandering? [11/12]

~~G~~ E. We cannot stop, but must make a pilgrimage to all the holy places.

I. What drives you to this?

~~G~~ E. I don't know. But it seems that we still have no peace, although we died in true belief.

I. Why do you have no peace if you died in true belief?

~~G~~ E. It always seems to me as if we had not come to a proper end with life.

I. Remarkable—how so?

E. It seems to me that we forgot something important that should also have been lived.

I. And what was that?

E. Would you happen to know? (He reaches out greedily and uncannily toward me, his eyes shining as if from inner heat.)

I. Let go, daimon, you did [12/13] <u>not live your animal!</u>[16]

The cook is standing in front of me with a horrified face; she has taken me by the arm and grips me firmly.

C. "For God's sake, for God's sake. Help—what's wrong with you? Are you in a bad way?["]

I look at her astonished and reflect on where I actually am. But soon strange people burst in—among them the librarian infinitely astonished—then laughing maliciously:

"Oh, I might have known—Quick, the police!"

Before I can collect myself, I am pushed through a crowd of people [13/14] into a van. I am still clutching my copy of Thomas and think what would he say to this new situation? I open it and my eyes fall on the thirteenth chapter, where it says:

"So long as we live here on earth, we cannot escape temptation?. There is no man who is so perfect, and no saint so sacred, that he cannot be tempted on occasion. Yes, we can hardly be without temptation."[17]

Wise Thomas, you always come up with the right answer! That crazy Anabaptist certainly had no such knowledge, or he might have made a peaceful end. *Rerum omnium satietas vitae facit satietatem—satietas vitae tempus maturum mortis affert* [satiety of all things causes satiety of life—one is satiated with life and the time is ripe for death] says Cicero.[18] [14/15]

Now I can look around. This knowledge had evidently brought me into conflict with society. I am flanked by policemen left and right.

"Well,["] I say to them, "you can let me go now."

"Yes, we know all about this," one says laughing. "Now just you hold your peace."

So, we are obviously heading for the madhouse. That is a high price to pay, but one can go this way too, it seems. It's not so strange, since many of our fellows take that path. There are a lot of madhouses; hence many lunatics as well.[19]

We have arrived—a large gate—a hall—a waiting room—a friendly superintendent—and now also two doctors. One of them [15/16] is a small fat professor.

Pr. "What's that book you've got there?"

I. "It's Thomas à Kempis, *The Imitation of Christ*."

Prof. to assistant: So, a form of religious madness—perfectly clear—paranoid form of dementia praecox.[20]

To me: You see, nowadays, the "Imitatio Christi" leads to the madhouse.

I. That is hardly to be doubted, professor.

Prof. to assistant: The man has wit—he is obviously somewhat maniacally aroused.

To me: Do you hear voices?

I. You bet—today it was a huge throng of Anabaptists that swarmed through the kitchen.

Prof. to assistant: Now, there we have it.

To me: Are the voices following you? [16/17]

I. Oh no, Heaven forbid, I summoned them.

Prof: Ah, this is yet another case that clearly indicates that ~~patients~~ the hallucinators directly call on the voices. This belongs in the case history. Would you immediately make a note of that, doctor?

I. With all due respect, Professor, may I say that it is absolutely not abnormal, but much rather the intuitive method.

Prof. laughing: Excellent. The fellow also uses neologisms. Well—I suppose we have an adequately clear diagnosis.

Anyway, I wish you a good recovery, and make sure you stay quiet.

I. But professor, I'm not at all sick, I feel perfectly well.

Prof. Look, my dear, you don't have any insight into your illness yet. [17/18]

To the assistant: The prognosis is naturally bad, with at best limited recovery.

Superinten. Professor, can the man keep the book?

Pr: Of course, let him keep it.[21]

Now my clothes are inventoried, then the bath—and now the ward. In an observation room I'm brought to bed. The person to my left is in a catatonic stupor, while the one on the right in the final stages of a progressive paralysis, the others seem to be seniles or

melancholics. Including me we are around 10.[22] I enjoy perfect silence—with some uncanniness.

The problem of madness is profound—divine madness—a higher form of the irrationality of the life streaming through us—at any rate a madness that cannot be integrated [18/19] into present-day society—but what if the form of society gave way to madness?

At this point things grow dark, and there is no end in sight.[23]

18. I. 14.[24]

Here all threads and everything called a line gets lost, ceases—as it is proper for a madhouse.

Here, my soul, is space for you. Here may you speak.[25]

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[26]"Words, words, do not make too many words!

Be silent and listen:[27]

Have you recognized your madness and do you admit it?

Have you noticed that you harbor your madness?[28]

Have you noticed that all your foundations [19/20] are completely mired in madness?

Do you not want to recognize your madness and welcome it in a friendly manner? You wanted to accept everything that you find in yourself. So accept madness too.

Let the light of your madness shine, and it will suddenly dawn on you. Madness is not to be despised and not to be feared, but instead you should give it life."

Your words, oh my soul, sound hard and the task you set me is difficult.

"If you want to find paths, you should also not spurn madness, since it makes up such a great part of your nature."

I didn't know that this is ~~true~~ so. [20/21]

"Be glad that you can recognize it. For you will thus avoid becoming its victim. Madness is a special form of the intellect and clings to all philosophies, doctrinal systems, and theories, but even more to daily life, since life itself is full of craziness—as you call it—and at bottom utterly illogical. Man strives toward reason only so that he can make rules for himself. Life itself has no rules. That is its mystery. What you call knowledge is your attempt to impose something comprehensible on life."

That all sounds very desolate, but nevertheless it prompts me to disagree.

"You have nothing to disagree with. You are in the madhouse."

There stands the fat little professor. [21/22]

Had he spoken this way? and had I taken him for my soul?

Prof. "Yes, my dear, you are totally confused. Your speech is completely incoherent.["]

I. I too believe that I've completely lost myself. Am I really crazy? It's all terribly confusing and unclear.[29]

Prof. Have patience, everything will work out. Anyway, sleep well.

I. Thank you. But I'm afraid. He goes off.

Everything inside me is in utter disarray. Matters are becoming serious. Chaos is approaching. Is this the ultimate bottom? I thought that death would be the ultimate bottom.[30] Or is chaos also a foundation? [22/23]

If only there weren't these terrible waves! Everything breaks asunder like black fuming billows. Yes, that is the ocean, the almighty, the nocturnal tide.

A ship moves there—a large steamer—I'm just about to enter the smoking parlor—many people in elegant dresses—they smoke, play cards—they all look at me astonished—someone comes up to me—

"What's the matter, you look just like a ghost! What happened? ["]

Nothing—but I believe that I have gone crazy—the floor sways.

"The sea is somewhat rough this evening, that's all. Have a cocktail.[31] You suffer seasickness." [23/24]

You’re right, I am seasick—but in a special way. I’m really in a madhouse.

“Well now, you’re joking again, life is returning.”

Do you call that wit? Just now the professor pronounced me truly and utterly mad.

“There he sits playing whist.”[32]

The fat little professor is actually sitting at a green-covered table playing cards with some gentlemen. He turns toward me and laughs:

“Well, where did you get to. Come here, would you like a Manhattan[33] too? You’re quite a character. You’ve put all the ladies in quite a flurry this evening.”

I. Professor, for me this is no longer a joke. [24/25] Just now I was your patient.

Unbridled laughter.

Prof. I hope that I haven’t upset you too much.

I. Well, to be committed is no small matter.

The person from before, a man with a black beard, a tousled head of hair, and dark shining eyes:

“Something worse happened to me, it’s five years now that I’ve been here.”

I realize that it is my neighbor, who has apparently awakened from his stupor and is now sitting on my bed. I am indeed in the madhouse.[34]

“But I am Nietzsche, only rebaptized, I am also Christ, the Savior, and appointed to save the world [25/26], but they won’t let me.”

I. Who won’t let you?

R.[35] The devil. You see, we are here in Hell. But of course, you haven’t noticed it yet. I didn’t realize until the second year of my time here. The director is the devil.

I. That sounds incredible.

R. You’re an ignoramus. I was supposed to marry Maria, the mother of God, long ago.[36] But the professor, i.e., the devil, has her in his power. Every evening when the sun goes down he gets her with child. In the morning before sunrise she gives birth to it. Then

all the devils come together and kill the child in a gruesome manner. I distinctly hear his cries.

I. But what you have presented to me is pure mythology. [26/27]

R. You're crazy and understand nothing of it. You belong in the madhouse. My God, why does my family always shut me in with crazy people? (Crying)[37] I'm the Redeemer!

He lies down again and apparently sinks back into his stupor.

I clutch the sides of my bed to as if to protect myself against the terrible waves. I stare at the wall, so that I can latch onto something with my eyes. A horizontal line runs along the wall, which is painted a darker color beneath. A radiator stands beneath—but I can't help—it is a railing and I can see the sea beyond it—the line [27/28] is the horizon—and there the sun now rises in red glory—solitary and magnificent—exceedingly large—in it is a cross—from which a serpent hangs—no, a bull, slit open, as at the slaughterhouse—or is it an ass? No, a ram with a crown of thorns—it is the crucified one himself?[38]

The sun of martyrdom has arisen and is pouring bloody rays over the sea.

This sublimely gruesome spectacle lasts a long time—and the sun rises higher—its rays grow brighter and hotter and a white glowing sun burns down on a deep blue sea. The swell has subsided. A charitable and quiet summer dawn [28/29] lies on the shimmering sea. The salty smell of water rises up—a faint wide surf breaks on the warm sand with a dull thunder, and returns incessantly—twelve times—like the strokes of the world clock.[39] And now silence enters—no noise—no breeze. Everything is rigid and deathly still.

The sea has become a mirror to the white shining sun—[40]

I wait, secretly anxious.

I see a palm tree, an enormous tree arises from the sea—its crown reaches to Heaven and its roots reach down into the interior of the earth.[41]

Millions of birds are flapping their wings in its branches.[42] [29/30]

I am completely alone and disheartened and gaze from afar. It is as if all life had flown from me and completely passed into the

incomprehensible and fearful. I am utterly weak and incapable.

"Salvation," I whisper.

[43]"There is no salvation here,[44] you must remain calm, or you will disturb the others. It is night and the other people want to sleep."

I see, it's the attendant. The room is dimly lit by a weak lamp and sadness weighs on the room.

"I couldn't find the way."

A. "You don't need to find ways now."

He speaks the truth: one does not need to find a way. The way, or whatever [30/31] it might be, on which people go, is our way, the right way. There are no paved ways into the future. We say that it is this way, and it is. We build roads by going on. Our life is the truth that we seek. My life is the path for those who come after me.[45] Only my life is my truth, the truth above all. We create the truth by living it. Only in retrospect life becomes truth. We do not find truth first and then we live it, but the other way around.[46]

19. I. 14.[47]

I am flagging. I can't. I do not act. It acts through me. I wait.[48]

[49]"The door should be lifted off its hinges to provide a free passage between here and there— [31/32] between yes and no, between above and below, between left and right.

Airy passages should be built between all opposed things; light smooth streets should lead from one pole to the other.

Scales should be set up, whose pointer sways gently.

A flame should burn that cannot be blown out by the wind.

A stream should flow to its deepest goal.

The herds of wild animals should move to their feeding grounds along their old game paths.

An arrow should fly its bent trajectory.

A thought should rise like a lark from the seed. [32/33]

And life?[50]

["]Life should proceed, from birth to death and from death to birth—from sense to madness and from madness to sense—

[51]unbroken like the path of the sun—Everything should proceed on this path.[”]

Outrage lurks behind the door. Let it lurk—if you wait for it, it will come.

Enjoy the undiminished light and be entirely yourself.

The speech of the confused is like chopped straw—the professor says—Thus the speech of the healthy is like unchopped straw—the lunatic says—simply longer.

[33/34] Dreary nausea lies on me. Hell is a good word for this state. [52]

I toy casually and terribly with myself—what if this is the way of life?[53] One only needs to walk it.

Is it day or night—am I asleep or awake? Have I eaten or not?[54] Am I alive or have I already died?

Blind darkness besieges me.

A gray wall—a gray worm of twilight crawls along it—like a round, heavy swollen lizard.[55] It has a round face and laughs. The laughter is convulsive and actually relieving. I open my eyes: the fat [34/35] cook is standing before me:

“You’re a sound sleeper. You’ve slept for more than an hour.”

I. Really—have I slept? I must have dreamed—what a dreadful play! ~~A~~ I fell asleep in this kitchen. Is this really the realm of the Mothers?[56]

C. Have a glass of water, you're still thoroughly drowsy.

I. Yes, this sleep can make one drunk. Where is my Thomas? There it lies—open at the twenty-first chapter:

"My soul, in everything and yet beyond everything, you must find your rest in [35/36] the Lord, for he is the eternal rest of the saints."[57]

I read this sentence aloud—putting an astonished question mark by every word.[58]

C. If you fell asleep with this sentence, you must really have had a beautiful dream.

I. I certainly dreamed—I will think about the dream.

Incidentally, can you tell me whose cook you are?

C. The librarian's. He loves good cooking and I have been with him for many years.

I. Oh, I had no idea that the librarian had such a kitchen.

C. Yes, you must know that he's a gourmet. [36/37]

I. Farewell, madam cook, and thank you for the accommodation.

C. You are most welcome and the pleasure was entirely mine.

Now I am outside. So that was the librarian's kitchen—! Does he really know what food is prepared inside? He has certainly never gone in there for a temple sleep.[59] He only eats bourgeois there.[60]

I think that I'll return the Thomas to him.

I enter the library, everything is the same as before.

L. "Good evening, here you are again."

I. Good evening, Mr. Librarian, I've come to return the Thomas. I sat down for a bit in your [37/38] kitchen next door to read—without suspecting that it's your kitchen.

L. Please, there's no problem whatsoever. Hopefully my cook received you well.

I. I can't complain about the reception. I even had an afternoon sleep over Thomas.

L. That doesn't surprise me. These prayer books are terribly boring.

I. Yes, for people like us. But your cook finds the little book very edifying.

L. Well yes, for the cook.

I. Have you ever had an incubation sleep in your kitchen?

L. (laughing) No, I've never entertained such a strange idea.

I. Let me say that you'd learn a lot [38/39] that way about your kitchen.

Adieu, Sir!

I go outside into the hallway and open the green curtains. Outside a beautiful large hall with pillars and a view of a magnificent garden—Klingsor's magical garden—those two over—Amfortas and Kundry—or rather—just what am I looking at? —it is the librarian and Kundry is his cook. He is pale and has a bad stomach, she is disappointed and furious.

Klingsor is standing to the left, holding the feather the librarian used to tuck behind his ear. Repulsive play: Klingsor bears my features.[61] [39/40]

But look, Parsifal enters from the right, he also has my features.[62]

Klingsohr angrily throws his feather at Parsifal. But the latter catches it.

The scene changes:

A simple room, on a writing desk sits Parsifal in modern clothes and describes the miracles of his hero quest.[63]

And now I kneel down—the Good Friday service begins:

Parsifal enters—slowly. His head covered with a black helmet, he wears the lionskin[64] and club and modern black trousers.

I bristle and stretch out my hand avertingly—"desecrator of the sanctuary" roars in my ears.[65] [40/41]

Parsifal uncovers his head—it is me—travestied in the hero.[66]

Yet there is no Gurnemanz to atone for and consecrate him. Kundry stands in the distance, covering her head—and—laughing.[67]

I patiently take off my armor[68] and go to the spring wearing a white penitent's shirt, where I wash my hands and feet on my own and baptize myself in the name of the one that I am.[69] Then I take off my penitent's shirt and put on my civilian clothes. I walk out of

the scene and approach myself—I who am still kneeling down, ossified. I rise and become one with myself.[70] [41/42]

22. I. 1914.[71]

Thereafter I walk on like a man who is tense, and who expects something new that he has never suspected before. I listen to the depths—warned, instructed, and undaunted—outwardly striving to lead a full human life.[72]

"Listen and write:

All is dark, wherever you grope in these depths—I am also dark to myself and I can only break loose pieces—fractions of complete entities—because nothing is solid and everything is possible. Do you want to accept the fragmentary, the shattered? Do you want the shred instead of the garment, the button instead of the trousers, the candle instead of the sun? Do you want what is stirred together meaninglessly, melted and crumbled?["][73] [42/43]

I will gratefully accept what you give, my soul. I do not have the right to judge or to reject. Fate will separate the wheat from the chaff. We have to subjugate ourselves also to the judgment of valuelessness and destruction in majorem vitae gloriam [to the greater glory of life].[74]

"So listen. There is old armor and the rusty gear of our fathers down here, murderous leather trappings hanging from them, worm-eaten lance shafts, twisted spear heads, broken arrows, rotten shields, skulls, the bones of man and horse, old cannons, catapults, crumbling firebrands, smashed assault gear—everything the battles of yore have littered the earth with. Will you accept all this?"

I accept it, my soul, you know better. Whatever you excavate [43/44] shall be welcome to me. Perhaps fate allows me to make use of it.[75]

There is even older stuff: Stone spearheads, stone clubs, sharp bones, chipped arrowhead teeth. The wood is so moldy that it is falling apart, black carbonized rags lying in between, shards of black and red pottery vessels, charcoaled wheat, smashed and gnawed bones—everything a prehistoric village has thrown away or has lost. Would you like that as well?

I would like it, give it to me. I am grateful to you.[76]

I find painted stones, carved bones with magical signs, talismanic sayings on hanks of leather and small plates of lead, dirty pouches filled with teeth, human hair and fingernails, timbers lashed together, black orbs, moldy animal skins—all the superstitions hatched by dark [44/45] prehistory. Will you accept all this?

I accept it all. How should I dismiss anything? Do I know if it isn't worth having?

Then take all of this on you in daily labor.[77] But I find worse—fratricide, —cowardly mortal blows—torture—child sacrifice—the annihilation of whole peoples—arson—betrayal—war—rebellion—also this?

Also this, if it must be. But how can I judge?

I find epidemics—natural catastrophes—sunken ships—razed cities—frightful animals of the wilderness—[78]famines—human meanness—and fear—whole mountains of fear.

So shall it be, since you give it. [45/46]

I find the treasures of all past cultures—magnificent images of Gods—spacious temples—paintings—papyrus rolls—sheets of parchment with the characters of bygone languages—books full of lost wisdom—hymns and chants of ancient priests—stories told down the ages through thousands of generations.

That is an entire world—whose extent I cannot grasp. How can I accept it?

"But you wanted to accept everything that I give to you?[79] You see, you do not know your limits. Can you not limit yourself?"

I must limit myself. Who could ever grasp such wealth?

"Be content and cultivate your garden with modesty."[80] [46/47]

I will. I see that it is not worth conquering a larger piece of the immeasurable, but a smaller one instead. A well-tended small garden is better than an ill-tended large garden. Both gardens are equally small when faced with the immeasurable, but unequally cared for:

"Take shears and prune your trees."[81]

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23. I. 14[82]

Calmly and with composed and secure steps you seem to approach, my soul. Are we beyond the in-between world? Or have we yet to arrive?

"It is still night, but the day seems to be close."

I hardly dare to hope [47/48] for fear of my covetousness that longs for the light.

"Be patient."

I have learned to be patient and I will use it. I will be silent and wait.

[83]"Do you not hear something from time to time?"

I'm not aware of anything, what should I hear?

"A ringing."

A ringing? What? I hear nothing.

"Listen harder."

Perhaps something in the left ear. What could it mean?

"Misfortune."

I accept what you say. I want to reach out my hand patiently and receive fortune [48/49] and misfortune. What good are fear and rebellion?

"Well, then, raise your hands and receive what comes to you."

What is it? a rod—a black serpent—a black rod, carved like a serpent—with two pearls ✕ as eyes—a fine gold bangle around its neck. Is it not like a—magical rod?

"It is a magical rod."[84]

What should I do with magic? Is the magical rod a misfortune? Is magic a misfortune?

"Yes, for those who possess it."

That sounds like the sayings of old. How strange [49/50] you are, my soul! What should I do with magic?

"Magic will do a lot for you."

I'm afraid that you're stirring up my desire and misunderstanding. You know that man never stops ~~black~~ craving the black art and things that cost no effort.

"Magic is not easy, and it demands sacrifice."

Does it demand the sacrifice of love? of humanity? If it does, take the rod back.

"Don't be rash, you judge too quickly. Magic doesn't demand that sacrifice. It demands others."

What, oh my soul, are these?"

["]The sacrifice that magic demands is— [50/51] solace."

Solace? Do I understand correctly? Understanding you is unspeakably difficult. What does this mean?

"Solace is to be sacrificed."

What do you mean? Should the solace that I give or the solace that I receive be sacrificed?

"Both."

I'm confused—forgive me—this is too dark for me.

"You must sacrifice solace for the sake of the black rod, the solace you give and the solace you receive."

From whom do I receive solace? From those I love? Yes. I shouldn't be allowed to receive it? I also give [51/52] solace to those I love. Should I not give this solace?[85] This means the loss of a piece of humanity, and what one calls severity toward oneself and others takes its place.[86]

"That is how it is."

Does the black rod demand this sacrifice?

"It demands this sacrifice."

Can I, am I allowed to make this sacrifice for the sake of the black rod? Must I accept the ~~bla~~ rod?

"Do you want to or not?"

I can't say. What do I know about the black rod? Who gives it to me?

"The darkness that lies before you. It is the next thing that comes to you. Will you accept it and lay your [52/53] sacrifice at its feet?"

It is hard to sacrifice to the dark, to the blind darkness—and what a sacrifice! To renounce the solace that one receives is hard; but even harder seems to me to deny solace.[87]

"Nature—does nature offer solace? does it accept solace?"

You speak a heavy word. What solitude are you asking of me?

"This is your misfortune, and—the power of the black rod."

How gloomily and full of foreboding you speak! Are you sheathing me in the armor of icy severity? Are you clasping my heart with bronze carapaces? I'm happy with the warmth of life. Should I miss it, for—the sake of magic? What is magic? [53/54]

"You don't know magic. So discern, ~~not~~ don't condemn. What are you bristling at?

Magic! What should I do with magic? I don't believe in it, I can't believe in it. My heart sinks and doubt penetrates through every gate—and I'm supposed to sacrifice a greater part of my humanity to magic?

"I advise you, don't struggle against this, and above all—don't act so enlightened, as if deep down you did not believe in magic."

You're inexorable. But I don't dare to believe in magic, or maybe I have a completely false idea of it.

"That's apparent. Cast aside your blind judgment and critical gesture, otherwise you'll never understand. Do you still mean to waste years waiting? [54/55]

Be patient, my science has not yet been overcome.

"High time that you overcame it."

You ask a great deal, almost too much. After all—is science essential to life? Is science life? There are people who live without science.

But to overcome science for the sake of magic?—that sounds uncanny and menacing.

"Are you afraid? Don't you want to risk life? Isn't it life that presents you with this problem?"

All this leaves me so dazed and confused. Won't you give me an enlightening word?

"Oh, so it's solace you long for? [55/56] Do you want the rod or don't you?"

You tear my heart to pieces. I want to submit to life. But how difficult—how difficult this is!

I want the black rod because it is the first thing the darkness grants me. I don't know what your rod means, nor what it gives—I only feel what it takes!

I kneel down and receive this messenger of darkness—whatever it wants to be. I have received the black rod—I hold it, the enigmatic one, in my hand—it is cold and heavy, like iron—the pearl eyes of the serpent look at me blindly and dazzlingly—what do you want, mysterious and uncanny gift? All the darkness [56/57] of all former worlds crowds together in you, you hard, black piece of steel! Are you time and fate—the essence of nature, hard and eternally inconsolable—yet the sum of all mysterious creative force?—Primordial magic words seem to emanate from you—mysterious effects weave around you? What powerful arts slumber in you?

You pierce me with unbearable tension. What grimaces will you make? What terrible mystery will you ~~web~~ create? Will you bring bad weather, storms, cold, thunder and lightning, or will you make the fields fruitful and bless the bodies of pregnant women?

What is the visible mark of your [57/58] being? Or don't you need that, you son of the dark womb? Do you content yourself with the hazy darkness, whose concretion and crystal you are? Where in my soul do I shelter you? In my heart? Woe, should my heart be your shrine, your holy of holies? So choose your place, I have accepted you.

What crushing tension you bring with you! Isn't the bow of my nerves breaking? I need to endure it, I've taken in the messenger of the night.

What do you say, my soul?

"The most powerful magic lives in it."

I seem to feel it and yet can't put into words the nightmarish power granted to it.

I wanted to laugh, because so much [58/59] alters in laughter, and resolves itself only there. Here laughter dies in me. Its magic is as solid as iron and as cold as death.

What is talking good for?

I am alone with this son of darkness.

Perhaps he wants to talk?

"Try it."

My black rod, my serpent, do you speak?—

My soul, the magic is silent.

"Perhaps it will act."[88]

Forgive me, my soul, I am not impatient. But it seems to me that something has got to happen to break through this unbearable tension that came with the rod.

"Wait, keep your eyes and ears [59/60] open."

I'm shuddering—and I don't know why.

"Sometimes one must shudder before—the greatest."

I bow, my soul, before unknown forces—I'd like to consecrate an altar to each unknown God.

"Tame your impatience. Only waiting will help you here."

Waiting—I know this word. Hercules also found waiting burdensome when he carried the vault of the heavens on his shoulders.

"He had to await Atlas's return and carried the vault of the heavens for the sake of the apples."[89]

I must submit. The black iron in my heart gives me secret power. It's like defiance and like—[60/61] disregard[90] for men,—the sacrifice of solace—has it been fulfilled?[91]

27. I. 14.[92]

I have to crawl together out of many different corners in which I lost myself. I return to the black serpent rod. It seems like a solid and mighty piece of death.

But death appears like a power belonging to me.

This thought derives probably from the other side. How could I have dreamt anything like that? Or do I err? I am not supposed to ask, but to describe what the depths tell me.

"Words from the depths"—it repeats in me.

"Words of life, from the innermost and darkest life"—says another voice. Vanity and seduction blended [61/62] deceivingly, because power shimmers in many beguiling and seducing colors.[93] Power likes to subjugate external things, to rope in humans, to accumulate wealth, to commit acts of violence. Power wants to free itself from service, submission, and obedience, wants to harvest where it did not sow, to win where there is nothing to lose.[94]

Power wants to satisfy all childish desires.

What is it your power wants?

"Your power wants life."

Is it the power over life?

"You will see." ?

[95]I see a trunk like that of a cross and the little black serpent of my rod winds itself upward around it.

I see the crucified hanging on [62/63] the wood, the serpent creeps into the wounds in his side, and emerges again from the mouth of the dead.[96] It had become white. It wound itself around the stiff head of the dead, it lay upon his brow. A light gleamed above his head. The sun rose shining in the east.

[97]"Do you understand?"

I understand, it is the miracle of regeneration, the sinking into death, and the overcoming of death. But what does this image aim at? Does it speak of immortality?

"Do not rush and be so disturbingly pert." You can't force anything."—why do you speak of immortality? What do you know of it? There are other things that you grasp more easily. But you are curious." [63/64]

It is true what you say, my soul. I am covetous.

"Hold yourself back and be patient."

I abide and admit my complete ignorance and emptiness to you.

[98]"Let it rain, let the wind blow, let the waters flow and the fire burn. Let each thing have its development, let becoming have its day."[99]

Shall I leave, put down my pen?

"Yes, you shall."

I obey.

Let me stand before you one more time, let me kneel down and reach up my hands begging in order to solve this unbearable tension, [64/65] this unconscious inability.

What do I exclude? Do I not want to hear it? Can't I grasp it? What is the power of the rod? And the rod—what is its meaning?

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[100]A bed of tulips—a small garden—a little cottage—two elderly people live there—Philemon and Baucis[101]—Philemon is an old magician, who has not yet managed to banish old age, but who lives it with dignity. And his wife can only do the same. Their interests have become narrow, even childish. They water their bed of tulips and tell each other about the flowers that have newly appeared. And their days fade into a pale slightly wavering chiaroscuro, [65/66] lit up by the past, barely frightened of the darkness of what is to come.

Why is Philemon a magician?[102] Does he conjure up immortality for himself, a life beyond? He was probably only a magician by profession, and he now appears to be a pensioned magician who has retired from service. His desirousness and creative drive have expired and he now enjoys his well-earned rest out of sheer

incapacity, like every old man who can do nothing else than plant tulips and water his little garden. Otium cum dignitate—[tranquillity with worthy standing].[103]

The magical rod lies in a cupboard together with the 6 & 7th books of Moses[104] and the wisdom of Hermes Trismegistus.[105] Philemon has become old and somewhat feeble-minded. He still murmurs a few magical spells for the well-being of bewitched cattle in return for some petty cash [66/67] or a gift for the kitchen. But it is uncertain if these spells are still correct and whether he understands their meaning. It is also clear that it hardly matters what he murmurs, as the cattle might also get well on their own.

There goes old Philemon in the garden, bent, with a watering can in his shaking hand. Baucis stands at the kitchen window and looks at him calmly and impassively. She has already seen this image a thousand times, somewhat more infirm every time, feebler, seeing it a little less well every time since her eyesight gradually has become weaker.[106]

I stand at the garden gate. They have not noticed the stranger. Here everything is small and narrow—an antechamber [67/68] of the cemetery.[107]

"Philemon, old magician, how are you?" I call out to him. He does not hear me, because he is stone-deaf. I follow him and take his arm. He turns and greets me awkwardly and trembling. He has a white beard and thin white hair and a wrinkled face—and there appears to be something about this face. His eyes are gray and old—and something in them is strange, one would like to say—alive.

"I am well, stranger," he says, "but what are you doing here?"

People tell me that you understand the black art. I am interested in that. Will you tell me about it?

Ph. "What should I tell you about? There is nothing to tell." [68/69]

I. Don't be ill-natured, old man, I want to learn.

Ph. You are certainly more learned than I. What could I teach you?

I. Do not be mean. I certainly don't intend to become your competitor. I'm just curious to know what you are up to and what magic you are performing.

Ph. What do you want? In the past I have helped people here and there who have been sick and disadvantaged.

I. What exactly did you do?

Ph. Well, I did it quite simply with sympathy.

I. Old man, that word sounds comical and ambiguous.

Ph. How so?

I. It could mean that you helped people either by expressing compassion or by superstitious, sympathetic means. [69/70]

Ph. Well, surely it would have been both.

I. And that's all there was to your magic?

Ph. agitated: I know even more.

I. What is it, tell me!

Ph. That is none of your business. You are impertinent and meddlesome.

I. Please, don't take my curiosity badly. Recently I heard something about magic that awakened my interest in this bygone practice. And then I came to you because I heard that you understand the black art. If magic were still taught today at the university, I would have studied it there. But the last college of magic was closed long ago. Today no professor knows anything anymore about magic. So do not be sensitive and miserly, but tell me a bit about your art. [70/71] Surely, you don't want to take your secrets with you to the grave, do you?

Ph. Well, all you will do is laugh anyway. So why should I tell you anything? It would be better if everything were buried with me. It can always be rediscovered later. It will never be lost to humanity.

I. What do you mean? Do you believe that magic is really inborn in man?

Ph. If I could, I would say, yes, of course, it is. But you will find this laughable.

I. No, this time I will not laugh, because I have often wondered about the fact that all peoples in all times and in all places have the

same magical customs. As you can see, I have already thought along similar lines.

Ph. What do you make of magic?

I. To put it plainly, nothing, or very little. It appears to me that magic is one of the suggestive tools of [71/72] men inferior to nature. I can detect no other tangible meaning in magic.

Ph. Your professors probably also know just as much.

I. Yes, but what do you know about it?

Ph. I'd prefer not to say.

I. Don't be so secretive, old man, otherwise I must assume that you know no more than I do.

Ph. Take it as you please.

I. Your answer suggests that you most definitely understand more about it than others. That sounded very positive.

Ph. Comical fellow, how stubborn you are. But what I like about you is that your reason does not deter you.

I. That's actually the case. Whenever [72/73] I want to learn and understand something, I leave my so-called reason at home and give whatever it is that I am trying to understand the necessary blank check. I have recognized this as necessary for a long time, because science is full of scary examples of the opposite.

Ph. In which case you could do very well for yourself.

I. I hope so. Now, let us not stray from magic.

Ph. Why are you so determined to learn more about magic, if you claim that you have left your reason at home? Or would you not consider consistency part of reason?

I. I do—I see, or rather, ~~I~~ it seems as if you ~~would~~ are quite an adept sophist, who skillfully leads me around the house and back to the door. [73/74]

Ph. It seems that way to you because you judge everything from the standpoint of your intellect. If you forsake reason for a while, you will also give up consistency.

I. That's a difficult test. But if I want to be adept at some point, I suppose I ought to submit to your request. All right, I'm listening.

Ph. What do you want to hear?

I. You're not going to draw me out. I'm simply waiting for whatever you are going to say.

Ph. And what if I say nothing?

I. Well—then I'll withdraw somewhat embarrassed and think that Philemon is at the very least a shrewd fox, who definitely would have something to teach me.

Ph. With this, my boy, you have learned something about magic.

I. I'll have to chew on this. I must admit [74/75] that this is somewhat surprising. I had imagined magic as being somewhat different.

Ph. Well, this shows you how little you understand about magic and how incorrect your notion of it is.

I. If this ~~is~~ should be the case, or that's how it is, then I must confess that I approached the problem completely incorrectly. I gather from what you are saying that these matters do not follow ordinary understanding.

Ph. Nor does magic.

I. But you have not deterred me at all; on the contrary—I'm burning to hear even more. What I know up to now is essentially negative.

Ph. With this you have recognized a second main point. Above all, you must know that magic [75/76] is the negative of what you can know.

I. That, too, my dear Philemon, is a piece of knowledge that is hard to digest and causes me no small pain. The negative of what you can know? I suppose you mean that it cannot be known, but—? This exhausts my understanding.

Ph. That is the third point that you must note as essential: namely, that there is nothing for you to understand.

I. Well, I must confess that that is new and strange. So nothing at all about magic can be understood?

Ph. Exactly. Magic happens to be precisely everything that eludes comprehension.

I. But then how the devil—pardon my French, is one to teach and learn magic?

Ph. Magic is neither to be taught nor learned. [76/77] It's foolish that you want to learn magic.

I. But then magic is nothing but deception.

Ph. Watch out—you have started reasoning again.

I. It's difficult to exist without reason.

Ph. And that is exactly how difficult magic is.

I. Well, in that case it's hard work. I conclude that it is an inescapable condition for the adept that he completely unlearns his reason.

Ph. I'm afraid that is what it amounts to.

I. Ye Gods, this is serious.

Ph. Not as serious as you think. Reason declines with old age, since it is an essential counterpart of the drives, which are much more intense in youth than in old age. Have you ever seen young magicians?

I. No. The magician is proverbially old.

Ph. You see, I'm right. [77/78]

I. But then the prospects of the adept are bad, he must wait until old age to experience the mysteries of magic.

Ph. If he gives up his reason before then, he can already experience something useful sooner.

I. That seems to me to be a dangerous experiment. One cannot give up reason without further ado.

Ph. Nor can one simply become a magician.

I. You lay damnable snares.

Ph. What do you want? Such is magic.

I. Old devil, you make me envious of unreasoning old age.

Ph. Well, well, a youth who wants to be an old man! And why? He wants to learn magic and yet dares not to for the sake of his youth! [78/79]

I. You spread a terrible net, old trapper.

Ph. Perhaps you should still wait a few years with magic until your hair has gone a bit gray; then your reason might slacken somewhat.

I. I don't want to listen to you, old mocker. Stupidly enough, I got caught up in your yarn. I can't make sense of you—

Ph. But stupidity would perhaps be progress on the way to magic.

I. Incidentally, what on earth do you intend to achieve with your magic?

Ph. I am alive, as you see.

I. Other old men are, too.

Ph. Yes, but have you seen how?

I. Well, admittedly it was not a pleasant [79/80] sight. Incidentally, time has left its mark on you, too.

Ph. I know.

I. So, what gives you the advantage?

Ph. It doesn't exactly meet the eye.

I. What kind of advantage doesn't meet the eye?

Ph. I call that magic.

I. You're moving in an ominous vicious circle. May the devil get the better of you.

Ph. Well, that's another advantage of magic, not even the devil gets the better of me. You're beginning to understand magic, so I must assume that you have a good aptitude for it.

I. Thank you, Philemon, that is enough—I feel dizzy. Goodbye!

I step outside the small [80/81] garden and walk down the street. People are standing around in groups and glancing at me furtively. I hear them whispering behind my back: "Look, there he goes, old Philemon's student—he spoke a long time with the old man—he has learned something—he knows the mysteries—if only I could do what he is able to do now."—

"Be quiet, you damned fools," I want to call out to them, but I cannot, since I do not know whether I have actually learned anything.

And because I remain silent, they ~~all~~ are even more convinced that I have received the black art from Philemon. [81/82][108]

29. I. 14

[109]"My soul, what can I say? What do you say?"

[110]"I let grass grow over everything that you do."

That sounds comforting and seems not to say much.

"Would you like me to say much? I can also be banal, as you know, and let myself be satisfied that way."

That seems hard to me. I believe that you stand in a close connection with everything beyond, with what is greatest and most uncommon. Therefore I thought that banality would be foreign to you.

"Banality is my element, a true point of tranquillity."[111]

That would be less astonishing if I said it about myself.

"The more uncommon you are, the more common I can be. A true [82/83] respite for me. I think you can sense that I don't need to torment myself today."

I can feel something like that—and I'm worried that at the end you will feel too good and your tree will ~~at the end~~ ultimately bear me no more fruit.

"Worried already? Don't be stupid, and let me rest."

I will gladly do it, but I am quietly afraid that the sources might dry up.

"Sources need to dry up at times."[112]

I notice that you like being banal. But I do not take you to heart, my dear friend, since I now know you much better than before.

"You're getting to be familiar. I'm afraid that you are beginning to lose respect." [83/84]

Are you anxious? I believe that would be uncalled for. I'm sufficiently well-informed about the proximity of pathos and banality. That no longer scares me.

"So, have you noticed that the becoming of the soul follows a serpentine path? Have you seen how soon day becomes night, and night day? How water and dry land change places? And that everything spasmodic is merely destructive?"

I believe that I saw all this. I want to lie in the sun on this warm stone for a while. Perhaps the sun will incubate me.

"You have learned a piece of wisdom."[113] [84/85]

31. I. 14.[114]

I don't know what to say. All pots are on the boil.

"A meal is being prepared."

A funeral banquet, a Last Supper, a "Communion," I suppose?[115]

"A union with all humanity."

A horrifying, sweet thought: to be both guest and dish at this meal![116]

"That was also Christ's highest pleasure."

How holy, how sinful, how everything hot and cold flows into one another! Madness and reason want to be married, the lamb and the wolf graze peacefully side by side.

Every word freezes in ice and drips fire. Thus my words do not flow.[117] It is all yes and no.

The lowest and the highest become one.[118] [85/86]

The opposites embrace each other, see eye to eye, and intermingle. They recognize their oneness in agonizing pleasure.

My heart is filled with wild battle, but not with the battle of being torn apart, but from the struggle of striving together.[119] The waves of dark and bright rivers rush together, one crashing over the other.

An antagonistic unity seems to be forged in me.[120]

I have never experienced this before.

"That is new, my dear one, at least for you. It was not alien to me. You alone have been angry with me."[121]

I suppose you are mocking me—but tears and laughter are one. I no longer feel like either. I am rigid with tension.

Loving reaches up to Heaven [86/87] and resisting reaches just as high. They are entwined and will not let go of each other, since the excessive tension seems to indicate the ultimate and highest possibility of feeling.

"You express yourself emotionally and philosophically. You know that one can say all this much more simply, for example, one can easily say that you have fallen in love—all the way from the snails up to Tristan and Isolde."[122]

My soul—yes, you are the devil, but God has received you.[123]

"Religion is still tormenting you, it seems? How many shields do you still need? Much better to say it straight out."

Your banality does not frighten me. My cowardice weighs heavier on me.[124]

"Well, what is it with morality? Have morality [87/88] and immorality also become one today?"

You're mocking me, terrible sophist.[125] But I must say that those two that rose up to Heaven entwined are also good and evil. I'm not joking but I groan, because joy and pain flow through my heart in fast-changing rhythms and sounding together in new harmonies and disharmonies.[126]

"Where then is your understanding?"[127]

My understanding? It is ignorance, nonsense, and wisdom.[128] I no longer have any understanding. Perhaps it will return later, but today it is only a partial phenomenon to me and entirely unsatisfactory.[129]

"You deny everything that you believed, even Faust.[130] He walked ~~xx~~ [88/89] calmly past all the specters."

I'm no longer up to this—My spirit, too, is a specter. I must not and cannot walk calmly past it.[131]

"Ah, I see, you follow my teaching."

Unfortunately, that's the case, and it has benefited me with painful joy.

"You will not escape yourself."[132]

This misfortune ought to make me happy.

[133]"You actually behave as if you were unfathomable."

That's because I have studied the art of stepping from the left foot onto the right and vice versa, which others have done correctly unthinkingly [89/90] from time immemorial.

[134]"So you have finally noticed this?"

[135]"The sinuous line of life could not escape me in the long run."[136]

The next turn of the way will lead me outside to the humans, I suppose?

"That you will see. I shroud myself in deafening silence."[137]

1. II. 14.[138]

[139]Oh night of aimless tensions and doubts—oh unity in being directed against each other!

Never has life been more doubtful than today.

When God did not proceed further, at least the devil progressed and vice versa. How will it be, now that God and the devil have become one? Are [90/91] they in agreement to bring the progress of life to a standstill?[140] Could it be that the oneness of opposites would also suspend the process of life?[141] Does the conflict of opposites belong to the inescapable conditions of life? And does he who recognizes and lives—or tries to live—the unity of opposites stand still?[142] He has completely taken the side of actual life, and he no longer acts as if he belonged to one party and had to battle against the other, but he is both and has brought their discord to an end. Through taking this burden from life, has he also taken the force from it? I lay these questions before you today, my soul.[143]

[144]"You hold a knife at my throat. Opposites were certainly [91/92] an element of life for me. You probably will have noticed this. Your innovations deprive me of this source of energy.[145] I can neither lure you with pathos nor annoy you with banality. I am somewhat baffled."

"If you are baffled, should I have counsel? I would rather you dive down to the deeper grounds to which you have entry and ask Hades or the heavenly ones. Perhaps someone there can give counsel.

"You have become imperious."

Necessity is even more imperious than I. I must live and be able to move.

"You have the whole wide earth. What do you want to ask the beyond for?"

It isn't curiosity that drives me, but necessity. I will not yield.

"I obey, but reluctantly. This style is new and unaccustomed to me." [92/93]

I'm sorry. But there is pressing need. Tell the depths that prospects are not looking too good for us, because we have cut off an important organ from life. As you know, I'm not the guilty one, since you have led me carefully along this way.

"You are playing Adam and Eve with me.[146] You were not obliged to accept the apple."

Enough of these jokes. You know that story better than I do. I am serious. We need some air.

Be on your way and fetch the fire. It has already been dark around me for too long. Are you sluggish or cowardly?

"I'm off to work. Take from me what I bring up."

A chair—the throne of the God—God Father, Son, and the Holy Spirit—the Holy [93/94] Trinity—the mother with the child—heaven and hell, with it Satan. He comes at last, resisting, and clings to his beyond. He will not let it go. The upperworld is too chilly for him.

Have you got tight hold of him?"

Satan crawls out of a dark hole with horns and tail, I pull him out by the hands.[147]

Welcome, hot thing of darkness! My soul probably pulled you up roughly?

S. "What is this all about? Someone who calls himself your soul is hanging around at our place putting on a reckless show.[148] I protest against this indelicate and[149] violent [94/95] extraction."

I. Calm down. I didn't expect you. The Holy Trinity and its entourage came first.[150] But you seem to be the hardest part as you come last of all.

S. What do you want from me? I don't need you, impertinent fellow.

I. It's a good thing we have you. I promised my soul that I will faithfully receive everything that she will render to me.[151] You're the liveliest and most interesting[152] thing in the whole dogma.[153]

S. What concern is your prattle to me! Make it quick—I'm freezing here.

I. Listen—something has just happened to us. We have united the opposites. Among other things, we have bonded you [95/96] with God.[154]

S. For God's sake, why this hopeless scandal[155]? Why ~~xx~~ such nonsense?

I. Please, that wasn't so stupid, as you think. This unification is an utterly economical[156] principle. We have put a stop to the never-ending, traffic-jamming quarreling of parties, to finally free our hands for a united work for progress or rather for real life with all its manifoldness.[157]

S. This smells of monism.[158] I have already made note of some of these men. Special chambers have been heated for them.

I. You're mistaken. Matters are not as intellectual and generally ethical with us as in Monism.[159] [96/97] We have no single correct truth either. Even that we have exceeded. Thus it is in no way Monism,[160] rather, a most remarkable and strange fact has occurred: after the opposites had been united—quite unexpectedly and incomprehensibly to us—nothing further happened. Everything remained in place, peacefully and yet completely motionless, and life turned into mere vegetating without force or progress.[161]

S. Yes, you fools! You certainly have made a pretty mess of things.

I. Well—your mockery is unnecessary. It happened for once experimenti causa[162] but our intentions were also serious.[163] [97/98]

S. Your seriousness led me to suffer. The ordering of the beyond is shaken to its foundations.

I. So you realize that matters are serious. Apparently my soul has brought you up to justify yourself toward me.[164] I want an answer to my question, what should happen under these circumstances? We no longer know what to do.

S. Well, it is hard to know what to do, and difficult to give advice even if one would like to give it. You are blinded fools, a brashly impertinent people. Why didn't you stay out of trouble? How do you mean to understand the ordering of the world?

I. Your ranting suggests that you are quite thoroughly aggrieved. Look, the holy trinity is calm and absolute.[165] It seems not to dislike the innovation. [98/99]

S. You cannot rely on it.[166] It is so irrational that one can never trust its reactions. I strongly advise you not to take those symbols seriously.[167]

I. I thank you for this well-meant advice. But you seem to be interested. One would expect you to pass unbiased judgment on account of your proverbial intelligence.

S. Me, unbiased! You can judge for yourself. If you consider this absoluteness in its completely lifeless equanimity, you can easily discover that the state and standstill produced by your presumptuousness closely resembles the absolute. But if I counsel you, [99/100] I place myself completely on your side, since you too find this standstill unbearable.

I. What? You take my side? That is strange.

S. That's not so strange. The absolute was always averse to the living. I am still the real master of life.

I. That is suspicious. Your reaction is far too personal.

S. My reaction is far from personal. I am utterly restless, quickly hurrying life. I am never contented, never unperturbed. I pull everything down and hastily rebuild; I am ambition, greed for fame, lust for action; I am the fizz of new thoughts and action. The absolute is—as the name says already—boring and vegetative. [100/101]

I. All right, I believe you. So—just what do you advise?

S. The best advice I can give you is: revoke your completely harmful innovation as soon and thoroughly as possible.

I. But that is impossible![168] What would be gained by that? We'd have to start from scratch again and would infallibly reach the same conclusion a second time. What one has grasped once and what one knows, one cannot intentionally not know again and undo. Your counsel is no counsel.

S. But could you exist without divisiveness and disunity? You have to get worked up about something, represent a party,

overcome opposites, if you want to live. [101/102]

I. That does not help. We also see each other in the opposite. We have grown tired of this game—

S. —And so with life.

I. It seems to me that it depends on what you call life. Your notion of life has to do with climbing up and tearing down, with assertion and doubt, with impatient dragging around, with hasty desire. You lack the vegetative[169] and its forbearing patience.

S. Quite right—my life bubbles and foams and stirs up turbulent waves, it consists of seizing and throwing away, ardent wishing and restlessness. That is life, isn't it?

I. But the absolute also lives.

S. That is no life. It is a standstill [102/103] or as good as a standstill. Or rather, it lives interminably slowly and wastes millions of years—just like the miserable condition that you have created with your innovations.

I. Without knowing it you enlighten me. You are personal life—but the apparent standstill is the forbearing life of eternity, the life of divinity.

This time you have counseled me well. I will let you go—Farewell!

Satan crawls deftly like a mole back into his hole again. The symbol of the trinity and its entourage rise up again in peace and imperturbable equanimity to Heaven. [103/104]

I thank you, my soul,[170] for hauling up the right one for me. Everyone understands his words, since they are personal.

We can live again, my soul, a long life; we can waste thousands of years.[171]

2. II. 14.[172]

That was a fresh wind!

Should it always be necessity that drives us on, mightn't it be rather joy?

My soul, what do you think? Do you want to cross over and tell those beyond that we are well today and that we don't need any help?

"Isn't it a presumption~~?~~ to knock over there without urgent reasons?" [104/105]

Perhaps it is a presumption, but we are not sure. It's worth having a try.

"I don't really feel like it."

I don't want to force anything, but maybe—who knows—we'll learn something meaningful.

"Wouldn't you rather like to rest?"

I am not sure, but I am inclined to think that it is at least worth attempting So, go!

"I will go and summon Satan for you once more."

Why him? I have heard everything that I need from him, yesterday. As for the rest I let you decide.[173]

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[174]"I believe that I have reached [105/106] Hell—there is a hanged man here.["]

A plain, ugly man with a contorted face stands before me. He has protruding ears, a hunchback, and is of small build.

~~(Was Christ supposed to look like that?)~~[175]

Who are you?

H. I am a poisoner who was condemned to the rope.

I. What did you do?

H. I poisoned my parents and my wife.

I. Why did you do that?

H. To honor God.

I. What? To honor God? What do you mean by that?

H. First of all, everything that happens is for the honor of God, and secondly, I had [106/107] my own ideas.

I. What went through your mind?

H. What went through my mind? I loved them and wanted to transport them more quickly from a wretched life into eternal blessedness. I gave them a strong, too strong a nightcap.

I. And did this not lead you to find out what your own interest in this was?

H. Not at all.[176] I was now alone and very unhappy. I wanted to live for the sake of my two children, for whom I foresaw a better future. I was in better health than my wife, so I wanted to live."

I. Did your wife agree to the murders?

H. No, she certainly would not have consented. But she knew nothing of my intentions. Unfortunately, the murder was discovered [107/108] and I was put on trial.[177]

I. Have you found your relatives again in the beyond?

H. That's a strange and unlikely story. I suspect that I'm in Hell. Sometimes it seems as if my wife were here too, and sometimes I'm not sure. Just as little as I'm sure of my own self.

I. What is it like? Tell me!

H. From time to time, she seems to speak to me and I reply. But we haven't spoken about either the murder or our children until now. We only speak together here and there, and only about trivial things, small matters from our earlier daily life, but completely impersonal, as if we no longer had anything to do with each other. [108/109] But the true nature of things eludes me. I see even less of my parents; I believe that I have yet to meet my mother. My father was here once and said something about his tobacco pipe, which he had lost somewhere.

I. Tell me, how do you pass your time?

H. I believe that there is no time with us, so there is none to spend. Nothing at all happens.

I. Isn't that extremely boring?

H. Boring? I've never thought about it like that. Boring? Perhaps, but there's nothing interesting. In actual fact, it's pretty much all the same.

I. Doesn't the devil ever torment you?

H. The devil? I've seen nothing [109/110] of him.

I. You come from the beyond and yet you have nothing to report? I find that hard to believe.

H. When I was still alive, I often thought that surely it would be interesting to speak to one of the revenants. But now the prospect means nothing much to me. As I said, everything here is impersonal and purely matter of fact—that is how you would express it, I assume.

I. That is bleak. I assume that you are in the deepest Hell.

H. I don't care. ~~Farewell~~ I guess that I am dismissed—Farewell.

I. My soul,[178] what should this boring guest from the beyond mean?

"I met him over there, stumbling around restlessly like so many others. I chose [110/111] him as the next best. He strikes me as a good example."

I. But is the beyond so colorless?

"It seems so. There is only motion upon my arrival. Otherwise everything merely surges back and forth in a shadowy way." There is nothing personal whatsoever."

I. What is it, then, with this "personal quality"? Yesterday Satan made a most "personal" impression on me.[179]

"I guess he does.[180] Since he is the eternal adversary, and because you can never reconcile personal life with absolute life."

I. Can't one also unite these [111/112] opposites?

"They are not opposites, but simply differences. Just as little as you make the day the opposite of the year."

I. That's enlightening—but somewhat boring—

"—as always, when one speaks of the beyond. It goes on withering away, particularly since we have balanced the opposites." I believe the dead will soon become extinct."[181]

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6. II. 14[182]

Today I feel the abundance of beauty and clarity.

We are, my soul, on the right path. You have a fine nose. [112/113]

Those terrible sandbanks of banality that used to frighten me have now become helpful.

Even contradiction has become a rung in the ladder of life.

Herein lie peace, great serenity, and beauty.

Steps alternating between white and black form the staircase of life.

"Don't express yourself too generally. Beware of every system. Systems are long-winded errors. Only one's ownmost truth is alive and real."

It seems to me you also express yourself in a general way. [113/114]

"Probably slightly—but still a good sign of our understanding?"

Let's hope for the best. But nothing is easier than to be at odds with you. You are sensitive.

"If you listen to me and share your warmth of life with me, I will gradually harden myself. For a long time I have desired a certain kind of healthy toughness."

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9. II. 14.

[183]It seems to me as if I look back as onto a work that has been accomplished. Shall I look back yet?[184]

"How curious you are![185] Nothing is accomplished yet."

What do you mean? Not accomplished? [114/115]

"This is only the beginning."

Forgive me, my soul, but[186] I think you are lying.

"Infidel,[187] whom are you quarreling with? Do you know better?"

I know nothing. But I'd already gotten used to the idea[188] that we had reached an end, at least a temporary end or some kind of

closure. If even the dead are about to become extinct, what else is going to happen?

"But then the living must first begin to live."

Pardon me, this remark could certainly be deeply meaningful, but it seems to be nothing but a joke.

"Ungrateful wretch,[189] you are getting impertinent." I'm not joking. Life has yet [115/116] to begin."

What do you mean by that?

"I say, life has yet to begin. Didn't you feel a bit empty today? Do you call that life?"

What you say is true. But I try to put as good a face as I can on everything and to settle for things.

"That might be quite comfortable. But you really ought to make much higher demands."

That I dread. I will certainly not assume that I could satisfy my own demands, but neither do I think that you are capable of satisfying them. However, it might be that once again I'm not trusting you enough. I suppose that might be so because I've drawn closer to you in human terms and find you so urbane. [116/117]

"That proves nothing. Just don't assume that somehow you could ever grasp me and embody me. For this you are simply too small."[190]

What should it be? It fills me with joy and horror, that you want to give more.[191]

"You earned it because you have fulfilled your duty as a man toward other men."[192]

I always need to be demanding toward myself in this respect.[193] A sweet thought, that payment could be made for this.

I give you payment in images. Behold! [117/118]

I see Elijah—and then Salome at some distance behind him. Elijah points at Salome, the seeing one. She comes closer—he takes her hand and leads her to me. She blushes and lowers her eyes while lovingly batting her eyelids.[194]

He speaks: "Here, I give you Salome, may she be yours."

I. For God's sake—what should I do with Salome? I am already married and we are not among the Turks or in other patriarchal

circumstances.[195]

Salome retreats intimidated.[196]

Elijah: You helpless man—how ponderous you are! Is this not a beautiful gift? Is her healing not your doing? Won't you accept her love as the well-deserved payment for your trouble? [118/119]

I. It seems to me, Elijah, a rather strange gift—more burden than joy. I am happy that Salome is thankful to me and loves me. I love her too—[197]relatively—I suppose. Incidentally, the care I afforded her, was, literally, pressed out of me, rather than something I gave freely and intentionally. If my partly unintentional ordeal has had such a good outcome, I'm already completely satisfied.

Elijah remains silent and looks at Salome.[198]

Sal.[199] Leave him, he is a strange man. Heaven knows what his motives are, but he seems to be serious. I'm not ugly and surely I'm desirable for many—and not the lowest.[200] [119/120]

[201]Why do you refuse me? I want to be your maid and serve you. I will sing and dance before you, play the lute for you, comfort you when you are sad, laugh with you when you are happy. I will carry all your thoughts in my heart, I will kiss the words that you speak to me. I will pick roses for you each day and all my thoughts will wait upon you and surround you.

I. Dear Salome, I thank you for your love. It is beautiful to hear love spoken of. It is music and old, far-off homesickness. Look, my tears are falling on your good words. I want to kneel before you and kiss your hands a hundred times, because they want to give me the service of love.

Love?—You speak so beautifully of [120/121] love. One can never hear enough of love being spoken.

S. Why only speak? I want to be yours, utterly and completely yours.

I. ǂ You are like the serpent that coiled around me and pressed out my blood.[202] Your sweet words wind around me and I ǂ stand like someone crucified.

S. Why still crucified?

I. Don't you see that unrelenting necessity has flung me onto the cross? It is impossibility that lames me.

S. Don't you want to break through necessity? Is what you call a necessity really one?

I. My principles—it sounds stupid—forgive me—but I have principles. Do not think these are stale moral principles [121/122], for these are insights that life has imposed on me.

S. What principles are these?[203]

I. You are harsh.[204] But listen, I doubt that it is your destiny to belong to me. I do not want to intervene in your utterly singular life, since I can never help you to lead it to an end. And what do you gain if one day I must lay you aside like a worn garment?

S. Your words are terrible, but true. But I love you so much that I could also lay myself aside when your time has come.

I. I know that it would be the greatest torment for me to let you go away. But if you can do this for me, I can also do it for you. I would go on without lament, since I have not forgotten [122/123] the dream that I had half a year ago:[205] I saw my naked body lying on sharp needles and a mighty bronze wheel rolling over my breast, mauling it.[206]

I must think of it whenever I think of love. If it must be, I am ready.

S. I don't want such a sacrifice. I want to bring you joy. Can I not be joy to you?

I. I don't know—perhaps—perhaps not."

S. So then at least try.

I. The attempt is the same as the act. Such attempts are costly.

S. Won't you bear the cost for my sake?

I. I'm rather too weak, too [123/124] exhausted after what I have suffered because of you, still to be able to undertake further tasks for you. I could not bear them.

S. If you don't want to accept me, then surely I cannot accept you?

I. It's not a matter of acceptance; if it's about anything in particular, it's about giving.

S. But I do give myself to you. Just accept me.

I. As if that would settle the matter! But being entangled with love! Simply thinking about it is dreadful.

S. So you really demand that I be and not be at the same time. That is impossible. What's wrong with you?

I. I lack the strength to hoist another fate onto my shoulders. I have enough to carry.

S. But what if I help you bear this load? [124/125]

I. How can you? You'd have to carry me—a recalcitrant burden. Shouldn't I have to carry it myself?

Elijah: You speak the truth. May each one carry his load.[207] He who wants to burden others with his baggage is their slave.[208] It is not too difficult for anyone to lug themselves.

S. But father, couldn't I help him bear part of his burden?

E. That is not possible, otherwise he would be your slave.[209]—

S. Or my master and ruler.

I. That I shall not be. You should be a free human being with me. I can bear neither slaves nor masters. I long for human beings. [125/126]

S. Am I not a human being?

I. I am begging you,[210] be your own master and your own slave, do not belong to me but to yourself. Do not bear my burden, but your own. Thus you leave me my human freedom, a thing that's worth more to me than the right of ownership over another person.

S. Are you sending me away?

I. I'm not sending you away. You must not be far from me. But give to me out of your fullness, not your longing. I cannot satisfy your poverty just as you cannot still my longing. If your harvest is rich, send me some fruit from your garden. If you suffer from abundance, I will drink from the brimming horn of your joy. I know that that will be a balm for me. I can satisfy myself only at the table of the satisfied, not from the [126/127] meager crumbs of those who yearn and desire. I will not steal my payment.

You possess nothing, so how can you give? Insofar as you give, you demand. Elijah, old man, listen:[211] you are a patriarchal Jew,

you have an old-fashioned gratitude. Do not give away your daughter, but set her on her own feet. She might dance, sing or play the lute before people, and they might throw flashing coins at her feet.

Salome, you heard that.—I will add telling you that I thank you for your love—if you truly love me, go to the markets, dance, sing or play the lute, please people so that they praise your beauty and your art.[212] [127/128] And if you have a rich harvest and you still love me, throw me one of your roses through the window, and if the ~~joy~~ fount of your joy overflows, dance and sing to me once more. I long for the joy of men, for their fullness and freedom and not their desires.[213]

Salome, crying, embraces her father.[214]

S. What a hard and incomprehensible man you are!

E. You have changed since I last saw you. You speak another language, one that ~~seems~~ sounds foreign to me.

I. My dear prophet,[215] I'd like to believe that you find me changed. But you too seem to have changed. Where is your serpent? [128/129]

E. She has gone astray. I believe she was stolen. Since then things have been somewhat gloomy with us. Therefore I would have been happy if you had at least accepted my daughter.

I. I know where your serpent is. I have her. My soul fetched[216] her for me from the underworld. She gives me hardness, wisdom, and magical power. We needed her in the upperworld, since otherwise the underworld would have had the advantage, to our detriment.

E. Woe betide you, accursed robber—may God punish you.

I. Your curse is powerless. Whoever possesses the serpent cannot be touched by curses. No, be sensible, old man. Whoever possesses wisdom is not greedy for power and only he who declines to use it has power. [129/130]

Do not cry, Salome, fortune is only what you yourself create and not what comes to you.

Be gone, my unhappy friends, the night grows late. Elijah, expunge the false gleam of power from your wisdom, and you, Salome, for the sake of our love, do not forget to dance![217]

11. II. 14.

[218]After all has been said, I hear Salome still crying. What does she still want? Or what do I still want? It's a remarkable payment, my soul, that has been given to me, a payment that one cannot touch without sacrifice and one that requires even greater sacrifice once one has touched it. [130/131]

[219]"Do you mean to live without sacrifice? Life must cost you something."

I have, I believe, already paid. I have rejected Salome[220] and moreover I have made her depend on herself. Is that not sacrifice enough?

"Perhaps too little for you. As has been said, you are allowed to be demanding of yourself."

You really mean[221]: demanding in sacrifice. That isn't what I understood. My error has obviously been to my own benefit once more. Tell me, isn't it sacrifice enough if I renounce the love of Salome and force my feeling into the background?

"You're not forcing your feeling into the background at all, rather [131/132] it suits you much better not to agonize further over Salome."

If you're speaking the truth, it's quite bad. Is that why Salome is still crying[222] and I feel this iron shackle on my left foot?

"Yes, I think so."

But what is to be done?

"Oh, you want to act? One can also think. Problems are also to be solved by thinking."[223]

That sounds redemptive because there seemed to be no exit possible through acting.[224] But what is there to think?,[225] that seems to me highly questionable. Though I should think, I confess that I know nothing to think here. I come to you, perhaps you have

[132/133] advice. I have the feeling that I must soar over my own head. I can't do that. What do you think?

"I think nothing and have no advice either."

So ask the beyond, go to Heaven or Hell, perhaps there is advice there.

"It seems to me that I would like to go to Heaven."[226]

So fare well. I wait.[227]

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[228]"Do you hear me? I'm far off now. Heaven is so far away, Hell is much nearer the earth. [133/134]

My voice hardly reaches you.[229] I found something for you—a discarded crown, it lay on a street in the immeasurable space of Heaven—a golden crown."

Give it to me, it might tell me something.[230]

In my hand lies[231] a small golden jagged crown—a pearl on each spike.[232] There are Greek[233] letters incised within:

Η ΑΓΑΠΗ ΜΗΔΕΝ ΕΚΠΙΠΤΕΙ.[234]

—"Love never ends."[235]

Obviously a gift from Heaven. But what does the crown mean?

"Here I am, are you satisfied?["]

Partially—at any rate I thank you [134/135] for this meaningful gift. But it is mysterious, and your gifts—pardon me—[236]make me well-nigh suspicious.

"But this gift comes from Heaven."

It's certainly very beautiful—but you know very well what we have made of Heaven and Hell.

"Don't exaggerate. After all, there is a difference between Heaven and Hell. I certainly believe, to judge from what I have seen, that just as little happens in Heaven as in Hell, though probably in another way. Even what does not occur cannot occur in a particular way."

You speak in riddles that could make one ill if one took them to heart. Tell me, what do you make [135/136] of the crown?"

"What do I make of it? Nothing. It truly speaks for itself."

You mean—through the inscription the crown bears?

"Precisely; I presume that makes sense to you."

To some extent—but that keeps the question awfully in suspense.

"Which is how it is meant to be."[237]

You're unnerving.

[238]"Only for him who isn't in agreement with me."

That I am certainly not. But how could one? To hang in the air in such a way is gruesome.

"Is this sacrifice too difficult for you? You must also be able to hang if you want to solve problems. Look at Salome!" [136/137]

I see Salome. She does not cry anymore, but looks at me anxiously.

I. You see, Salome, you are not yet done for. I hover and curse my hovering. I am hanging for your sake and for mine.[239] First I was crucified, now I'm simply hanging—which is less noble, but no less agonizing. Forgive me, for wanting to do you in; I thought of saving you as I did when I healed your blindness through my sacrifice. Perhaps I must be decapitated a third time for your sake, like ~~St~~ John, the Baptist.[240] Are you insatiable? Do you still see no way ~~xx~~ to become reasonable? [137/138]

S. "My beloved, what's this to me? I have utterly given up on you.

I. So why have you still been crying? You know I can't bear ~~seeing~~ hearing you cry—and to make things worse through two whole days and nights.[241]

S. I thought that you were invulnerable since you possessed the black rod.

I. I thought so, but now it is doubtful to me. In one respect the rod does help me—at least I do not suffocate, although I have been strung up. The magic rod apparently helps me bear the hanging—surely a gruesome good deed and aid. Don't you at least want to cut the cord?

S. How can I? You are hanging too high. [138/139]

High on the summit of the tree of life where I cannot reach. Can't you help yourself?[242]

I. Must I go on hanging for long?

S. Until you have devised help for yourself.

I. So at least tell me what you think of the crown that my soul[243] fetched for me from Heaven?

S. You have the crown? Lucky one, what are you complaining about?

I. A hanged king would like to change places with every beggar on the country road who has not been hanged.

S. (ecstatic) The crown—you have the crown.

I. Salome, take pity on me. [139/140] What is it with the crown?

S. (still ecstatic) The crown—you are to be crowned. What blessedness for me and you!

I. Alas, what do you want with the crown. I can't understand it.[244]

S. (irately) So hang until you understand.

I remain silent and hang high above the ground on the swaying branch.[245] My hands are bound and I am completely helpless.

Why shall I beg Salome? She can or does not want to help.[246]

12.II.14[247]

From where should help come?

[248]"We'll fetch help from the clouds [140/141] trailing above your head, when nothing else is of help to us."

I see, my soul speaks. She sits as a small white bird in the branches close to me, sad and with her head bowed.[249]

You want to fetch help from the clouds? How is that possible?

"I will go and try."

The bird swings off like a rising lark, becomes smaller and smaller, and finally disappears in the thick gray veil of clouds covering the sky. My gaze follows her longingly and I make out nothing more than the endless gray cloudy sky above me,

impenetrably gray, monotonously [141/142] gray and unreadable—unreadable? What if a script could be written on the sky—but the crown—it brought a script along: η αγαπη μηδεν εκπιπτει[250]—that love will never end—does that mean eternal hanging? I was not wrong to be suspicious when my soul brought the crown—the crown of eternal life—the crown of mercy[251]—the crown of martyrdom—all ominous things that are dangerously clear and ambiguous—?

I am weary, weary not only of hanging—weary of struggling after the immeasurable.

The mysterious crown lies far below my feet on the ground, winking gold on uncertain [142/143] gray earth. I do not hover—no, I hang, or rather worse, I am hanged between sky and earth—and do not tire of the state of hanging—for I could indulge in it forever, but η αγαπη μηδεν εκπιπτει[252]—is it really true, shall love never end? If this was a blessed message to them, what is it for me?

"That depends entirely on the notion."

That is an old raven, perched on a branch not far from me—immersed in philosophizing.

I. Why on the notion?

Raven: On your notion of love and the other. [143/144]

I. I know, unlucky old bird, you mean heavenly and earthly love.[253] Heavenly love would be utterly beautiful, but we are men, and, precisely because we are men, I've set my mind on being a complete and full-fledged man.

R. You're an ideologue—idealist would be less accurate.

I. Dumb raven, be gone.

I see the small black serpent. It has coiled itself around a branch and looks at me with the blinding pearly shimmer of its eyes.[254]

I. Sister, and black rod of magic—what do you think?[255] [144/145]

Serp. I think patience is necessary. Magic is of no use here. My magic art is useless here.[256] I wound myself idly around this branch to await further developments. You can use me in life, but not in hanging.

I look to the crown—it rotates silently—and now faster—everything is turning with it, the whole earth is turning—but I hang calm and unmoved. How cosmic it appears! As if I were hung over the terrestrial pole![257] Opposite me Satan stands in the air, as ever in his traditional form—"a cosmic carrousel" [145/146] he shouts with scornful laughter—[258] "See what comes from the reconciliation of opposites—recant, and in a flash you'll be down on the moving earth."

I. I won't recant—I'm not stupid—if such is the outcome of all this, let it be the end.

Serpent: Where is your inconsistency? Please remember this important rule of the art of life.

I. The fact that I'm hanging here is inconsistency enough. I've lived inconsistently ad nauseam. Have I not become an enigma to my surroundings? What more do you want? [146/147]

Serp. Perhaps inconsistency in the right place—?

I. Stop it! How should I know what the right and the wrong places are?

Sat. Whoever gets on in a sovereign way with the opposites knows left from right.

I. Be quiet, you're an interested party.

If only my white bird came back with help, that would be comforting—I fear I'm growing weak.

Serp. Don't be stupid—weakness too is a way—magic makes good the error.

Sat. Have the courage of weakness—you want to become a complete man—are men strong? [147/148]

I. My soul,[259] I suppose you can't find your way back? Did you get up and leave because you couldn't live with me?

Ah, Salome! There she appears on the horizon. Come to me, Salome! Another night has passed. I didn't hear you cry, but I hung and still hang.

S. I haven't cried anymore, for good fortune and misfortune are balanced in me.

I. I am also balanced—but how![260] My soul, the little white bird, has left and has not yet returned. I know nothing and understand nothing. Does this have to do with the [148/149] crown? Speak!

S. What should I say? Look into yourself.

I. I cannot, my brain is like lead—I can only whimper for help. I have no way of knowing whether everything is falling or standing still. My hope is with my soul.[261] If she doesn't bring redemption, then—I don't know what shall happen.

Oh no, could it be that the bird means the same thing as hanging?

Sat. Reconciliation of the opposites! Equal rights for all! Follies!

I. I hear a bird chirping!— [149/150] Is that you, my soul? Have you come back?

"If you love the earth, you are hanged; if you love the sky, you hover."

I. What is earth? What is sky?

"Everything under you is the earth, everything above you is the sky. You fly if you strive for what is above you; you are hanged if you strive for what is below you."

What is above me? What is beneath me?

"~~Everything~~ Above you is what is beyond and over you; beneath you is what comes back under you."

I. And the crown? Solve the riddle of the crown for me! [150/151]

"The crown and serpent are opposites, and are one. Did you not see the serpent that crowned the head of the crucified?"

I. I don't understand.

"What words did the crown bring you? Love never ends—that is the mystery of the crown and the serpent.["]

I. But Salome? What should happen to Salome?

"You see, Salome is where you are. Fly, and she will grow wings."

The clouds part, the sky is full of the crimson sunset.[262][151/152] The sun sinks into the sea on the horizon, and I glide with it from the top of the tree toward the earth. I feel solid ground. Softly and peacefully night falls.[263]

15. II. 14.[264]

Yet since then things have become strange, neither warm, nor cold—neither forward, nor backward.

I will consult with my soul about what is to happen now.

What do you think about the current situation?

"I think that what is going on is odd."

What is it?

"Something is taking place, but the trick consists precisely in finding out what is going on." [152/153]

Do you actually know what is taking place?

"I don't know either. But I always have ways of finding out."

It's comforting to know that.

"Or discomforting, because it is costly to be taught a lesson. Nothing comes from nothing."

What do you mean? Do you mean it is costly to get to the bottom of things?

"Of course. Everyone has the ability to find out what is taking place, but not everyone can afford to pay the price. It is quite exhausting."

That is what I thought, too. It is a very special and exhausting struggle. What do you think? Is it worth the effort?

"I think so, yes, ~~i.e. if~~ in so far as you have the time for it." [153/154]

Don't you think one could use the time in a better way?

"Use it in a better way? What for? There is a reason why you pursue such things. And by the way you already know that."

That's right, I actually know it. But I am worried by the thought, if and how this will continue, and if and how we will reach a conclusion?

"Of course you would like to know that. But the future is dark and everything to come still needs to be done."

The uncertainty and unpredictability are difficult to bear.

"Naturally, but who says it is an easy load to carry, if one wants to <u>create</u> the future and not just live it?"

The uncertainty aggravates this work many times over.

[“]What do you want? What is uncertain, is uncertain. [154/155] The only certainty is that you create.~~”~~ ~~But~~ Even the value of what you do is doubtful, inevitably so, because you have no means to judge the value of present things in any way; that only manifests itself later, if things are of value at all. One needs to live with uncertainty. That is for certain; only an intellectual can get agitated about that.”

I’m not especially agitated about it. I only prefer that it be as comfortable as possible.

“Now that is what I call shamelessly honest. This is progress.”

Thank God, at least you think that I’m making some progress. The word itself is already balsam to my ears.

“It seems to me that you miss the devil. There is not enough haste and nerviness around for you.” [155/156]

Not at all, I like the tranquillity. But my head throbs as if it were pregnant. I long for delivery.

“Your pregnancy has not ended yet. I don’t want to talk about patience all the time.”

Me neither, but one knows nothing for certain.

“Stop it—what certainty do you want?”

I don’t want any more. I’d rather talk in a roundabout manner.

“Then you don’t want to get into it.”

That might be it. Even the thought of it makes me sick.

“Take the whip and goad your horse. It’s not weary, just lazy. Weariness looks different.” [156/157]

What shall I do?

“Be prepared to latch onto what flies past.”

Nothing is flying past.

“Sure it is. You just don’t want to take it, because you dread the strain. I let things fly past you all the time.”

~~I~~ Yes—that’s true, but terribly boring things.

“You’d prefer sensations. That desire has got to go.

Well, what do you want to catch?”

I can’t help it—but for some time I’ve been seeing a ruler in front of me, an everyday straightedge. I got sick of it, because it is shockingly boring.

"You have yet to understand the art of making your life interesting." [157/158]

To make one's life interesting—that sounds like one of your worthy commonplaces, which used to drive me mad.

["]Exactly, the commonplace is effectively true and thoroughly appropriate for you. Don't be so snobby. The commonplace is a rule of universal truth and a substantial certainty. That is what you are looking for. Now take your ruler and do not despise this instrument. Just think what a calamity it would be, if one no longer had rulers. The foundations of culture would be shattered and whoever reinvented the ruler would be seen as the greatest benefactor of mankind. You always forget how valuable the little things are that surround us every day."

You're a dreadful pedant. [158/159]

"You provoked it."

The ruler—just then—is black—like my magic rod. So that too is a ruler. It is hard not to joke about this. And straight to boot. I talk in your style, as you can see. By the way, as the rod emerges again, so too does the curiosity of what its meaning might be. It is—so it seems to me—quite a dark matter.

"Look at your ruler!"

I see two hands carefully taking it at both ends and laying it on a table—and one hand draws a line with it ~~red line~~. Parenthetically I must tell you that I had to gulp down my boredom. [159/160]

"Just be still—I am holding you. One shouldn't run away from a ruler."

This is animal cruelty and I don't like it at all.

"You are unbearable."

I can't pull myself together to show some indignation. I can't abase myself in front of a ruler. I don't have any desire to be important. Even my tobacco has run out. So I can't go on writing. I am too deeply convinced by the importance of little things to declare myself independent of the aforementioned circumstances. You don't frighten or tempt me. [160/161]

I hope you admit that you've been overcome.

"Success will tell."

Well, I'll take my chances.

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22. II. 14.[265]

I did not think that I would return so soon. But your fulfilments are so odd and so wonderful, oh my soul, that I had to get back right away. I'm not reporting on things you know, but I want to tell you that everything still resounds in me from the fulfilment that has come to me. I'm not judging, although I almost did and nearly collapsed. Last night a dream showed me standing in my garden; many pure fountains had leaped up and water trickled [161/162] from everywhere. I diligently channeled all the water into a deep ditch, that led it back again to the womb of the earth.

With this dream I've come back, since it seemed to me that I had to go back into the depths.[266]

What do you think?

"I think you are on the right path."

If I am on the right path, then tell me where to go?

"Don't ask me, but look around!"

I see a wide plain—high tufts of grass—dry earth,—a clear sky above. Far off I see a herd of cattle tended by mounted shepherds with long lances. They are wearing broad-brimmed straw hats.

Before me stands one of the shepherds with [162/163] a long brown haggard face—he looks familiar to me—remarkably like me—what's that about?

Who are you?

G. A German who got bored by the German fatherland.

I. Is it better for you here?

G. Better and worse. We live here in a quite primitive way with all the disadvantages and advantages of primitives. But we are free and unrestrained; for that one can put up with a lot.

I. Don't you regret having bid farewell to civilization?

G. Perhaps I might, but due to this life you forget the things you do not have.

I. But don't you miss culture all the time? [163/164]

G. No, actually not. I somehow carry culture in me as a kind of inner tension and desire.

I. Isn't this excruciating?

G. Oh, no, we are troubled enough by the harshness of primitive life. Thus desire for culture scarcely bothers us. It is a rather comfortable feeling, full of foreboding.

I. But doesn't it bother you that your life is so isolated and that you never really attain the peak of your cultural potential? Every Indian could ~~xx~~ take up your position just as well as you. But you could achieve much better things, if you lived ~~stood~~ in your culture.

G. Hm—you might be right. But this wonderful free life—one can't let it go. Life in the cities ~~is a~~ means deformity. One more or [164/165] less in civilization—what difference does the individual make?[267]

I. What if everyone thought like you? What would become of the cultural achievement of mankind?

G. I am far from saying that my behavior should be exemplary—I was never a role model, nor do I want to be one. But I demand the right to live my individuality. If everyone thought like me, perhaps civilization might look differently. How many cowards and weaklings do you have among your cultural laborers, who participate only because of their cowardice and weakness, but at heart would like to do something else, if their anxiety would permit them?

I. I must agree with you on this point. [165/166] But I cannot reconcile myself with the thought that you prefer to conduct such a sterile life, in which you only indulge in your wild instincts and your intellectual gifts lie idle.

G. They don't lie entirely idle. I do think, but only for myself. But do cultured men think for each other? Everyone thinks for himself, if he can at all. One who thinks for others is either an exception or a philosopher, who thinks only for others in so far as he wants all the others to think or pray along the lines of his system.

I. That way the philosopher also has the effect of an educator, although his intention could be quite egotistic. Cultural labor [166/167] is not possible without egoism. Although it sometimes depends on just how something is achieved, at others what matters is not how it's done but that it's done at all. As I said, it seems to me that you are ducking your cultural task.

G. How moralistic you are. Don't you believe in the rights of the personality?

I. Yes, I ~~also~~ believe in it; but I also believe in the work of culture-building. That work is bigger than the individual and its indubitable rights.

G. But if I feel more comfortable as a shepherd?

I. That's precisely the point that raises my doubts. I just don't fully credit that you feel happier as a half-savage than when you take up your [167/168] task in culture. The life you lead here doesn't stretch your limits, so you are all-too hampered in spite of your unbounded freedom. You only have boundlessness when your work exceeds you.

G. I must admit that I haven't been the cowherd you see here all my life. I wasn't forthright earlier about why I left my fatherland.

I had a task there, I was in the midst of the effort, and that effort exceeded my limits, it even got the better of me in some incalculable way, and I was completely alone working on that task—and the immensity of this that was overwhelming. I saw the infinity of my task and courage and faith drained away. I escaped into the desert and renounced civilization. I'd rather choose the torments [168/169] of the primitive half-savage life than the unbearable burden of an immense task that overwhelms me! Yes, I give up, because I am too weak to shoulder the infinite. I returned to the finite, back to limited human life, where the task and the life burn out together.

I prefer a life alone with the most dangerous animals of the wild than with this terrible task—one has one's gun and one's cunning—but victory is at least possible. Doesn't that kind of mission always dwarf us—? Here one can count on his neighbor, who will lend a hand—there, no one hears you—on the contrary they set you as many stumbling blocks as they can, so that you won't succumb to the illusion [169/170] that you can take up the job in earnest. I threw off the impossible and came back to the possible.

I. But it seems to me that there were other possibilities between your early life and your life as it is now. It wasn't necessary to run immediately into the wilderness when you could not solve your probably overwhelming task.

One can also, it seems to me, cut one's task down to size.

G. You are reasonable and your views are balanced. But have you ever tasted infinity? Have you ever felt the pain and destruction that befalls he who no longer has the strength left to push the immense block any further? Have you ever tasted the bitterness [170/171] that is doled out to anyone who wishes to create beyond himself? What shall I tell you about the abandonment, the loneliness, the hell of desperation—?

That's what I accuse myself of. Do you understand that?

I. I think I do, my brother. The human heart has rights that should not be denied—.

We remain silent for a long time, because at this point we must. We cannot dispute the hardship of the human heart.

I. My brother, I understand your flight. The burden was too great. Was there no one to understand you?

G. Maybe—but what's the point? Fear stifled me and I came back to myself only when I hit bottom, clasping nature to my bosom [171/172]. I drank the pure water of freedom like someone dying from thirst. Since then I have lived again.

What help would have come from understanding, from human consolation? Do they counterbalance this free wilderness, this untrammeled nature?

I. I must agree with you. But I cannot agree with you about remaining in the wilderness. You are not a coward or weakling. If

you are capable of this sacrifice, you will also be able to take on your difficult task again. Don't be frantic in your determination, rather be open to persuasion. It seems to me that you have lived here long enough. The work awaits you. [172/173]

23. II. 14.[268]

That rings hollow—that was yesterday. It still seems I'm getting nowhere. I want to return to my work. What's holding me back?

"Thirst for glory."

Can it be? I thought I'd overcome that bad habit.

"Overcome? What do you call overcoming? You simply ignored it and did not accept it. You know that nothing could be overcome that way."

But how? At best I can try not to be determined by it.

"Accept it."

If you say ~~if~~ that I'm sick with ambition, then surely it must be so. [173/174] But where and how—that remains obscure to me.

"So ~~look~~ listen!"

"Once upon a time there was a king and he had no children. But he would have liked to have children. So he went to a wise woman who lived in the forest and confessed all his sins. To this she said: 'Dear King, ~~you~~ you have done what ~~you~~ you should not have done. But since it has come to pass, it has come to pass, and we will have to see how you can do it better in the future. Take a pound of otter lard, bury it in the earth, and let half a year[269] pass. Then dig up that place again and see what you find.' Thus spoke the wise woman.[270] So the king went to his house, ashamed [174/175] and saddened.[271] He dug a hole in the garden at night, and placed a pot of otter lard in it, which he had obtained with some difficulty. After half a year he dug up the place again.[272] To his great astonishment,

he found that the lard had disappeared, but in its place lay a sleeping infant. He took it with him and brought it to his wife. She took it immediately to her breast and behold—her milk flowed freely. And so the child thrived and became great and strong. He grew into a man who was greater and stronger than all others. When the king's son was of age, he came before his father and said:

'I know that you have produced me through sorcery and that I was not born [175/176] like any other men. You have made me from the repentance of your sins and this has made me strong, I am born from no woman, which made me clever. I am strong and clever and therefore I demand the kingdom from you.'

The old king was hit hard by his son's knowledge, but even more by his impetuous longing[273] and he decided to let the son be killed.[274] But because his son was so strong, he feared him and therefore he wanted to take refuge in a trick. He went again to the sorceress in the forest and asked her for advice.

She said: '~~You~~ Dear King, you confess no sin to me this time, because ~~you~~ you want to commit a sin. I advise you to bury another pot with otter's lard [176/177] and leave it to lie in the earth for half a year.[275] Then dig it out again and see what has happened.'

The king did what the sorceress advised him. And thenceforth his son became weaker and weaker, and when the king returned to the place where the pot lay after half a year, he could dig his son's grave at the same time. He lay him in the fosse beside the empty pot.

The king was saddened, and when he could no longer master his melancholy, he returned yet again to the sorceress one night and asked her for advice.

She spoke to him: 'Dear King, you wanted a son, but the son wanted to be king himself [177/178] and also had the power and cleverness for it, and then you wanted your son no more. Because of this you lost your son. Why are you complaining? You have everything, dear King, that you wanted.'

But the king said: 'You are right. I wanted it so. But I did not want this melancholy. Do you have any remedies against remorse?'

The sorceress spoke: ‘Dear King, bury again a pot with otter’s lard, and after half a year see what you find in the pot.’[276]

The king did this, as he had been commanded, and henceforth he became happy and did not know why. When after half a year he dug out the pot again [178/179], he found a sleeping infant where the pot had been before, and he realized that the infant was his dead son. He took the infant to himself, and henceforth he grew as much in a week as other infants grow in a year, and when 20 weeks had passed, ~~his~~ the son came before ~~him his~~ the father again and claimed his realm. But the father, already knowing for a long time how everything would turn out, got up from his throne and embraced his son with tears of joy and crowned him king.

But the son, who had thus become king, was grateful to his father and held him in high esteem until his end.[”][277]

[179/180] My soul,[278] in truth, I didn’t know that you are also a teller of fairy tales. So tell me, how should I interpret this[279] fairy tale?

“Do not interpret too much, but feel through it.[280] Imagine that you are the old king and your work is your son. You have behaved toward your work in one way, whereas you ought to behave toward it in the other.”[281]

I think I can understand that;[282] but what about the sorceress?

“The sorceress is a motherly woman whose son you should be, since you are a child renewing himself in you.”

Oh no, ~~is~~ will it be impossible for me to be a man?

“Sufficient manhood you have, and beyond [180/181] that fullness of childhood, for which you need the mother.”

I’m ashamed to be a child.

“And thus you kill your son.” A creator needs the mother, “since you are not a woman.”

This is a terrible truth. I thought and hoped that I could be a man in every way.

"You cannot do this if you want to be a creator. To create means—mother and child."

The thought that I must remain a child is unbearable.

"If you are simply a man, creating is over.[283] For the sake of your work[284] you must be a child [181/182] and leave him the crown."

The thought that I must remain a child is humiliating and shattering.

"A salutary antidote against the thirst for glory!"[285] Don't resist being a child, otherwise you resist the task[286] that you want above all."

It's true, I want to accomplish my work, but the price I must pay for it is high.[287]

"Your work stands even higher.[288]" You are smaller and weaker than your work and always much weaker than the child in you. That is a bitter truth, but it can't be avoided. Don't be defiant, children must be well-behaved."

Your scorn is painful. They will [182/183] laugh about me.[289]

"Man of mockery—do you know whose name that was."[290]

I know—but it is unspeakably bitter.

"I'll have patience with you, where others don't.[291] You shall hear words of solace from me when they mock and insult and injure you. I stand at the pure source of life, which no one can make muddy. My wells shall flow for you and pour forth the drink of salvation, if all lands parch with thirst and everyone comes to you begging for the water of life.

So subject yourself to the work."[292] [183/184]

Where, where am I going to take hold of the immeasurable? My knowledge and ability are poor, my power is not enough.

[293]"Let my help suffice you. Do not ask after the morrow, sufficient unto you is the day. You need not worry about the means. Let everything grow, let everything sprout—a work grows out of itself."[294]

I surrender.[295]

28 II 14.[296]

I have surrendered. It was difficult—and life continued on new paths.

My soul, do you want anything?

"I want nothing. We are weary from all those fierce struggles. We need [184/185] rest.

Put everything away.["]

9. III. 14.[297]

I'm somewhat burnt out, it seems. My head was peculiarly dull today. Does this mean that I should come back to you, my book?

My soul, speak and let me hear of what is going on in the depths. Proclaim the tidings of things to come. I feel as if a chaos were hidden deep inside me.

"That's it. Chaos is the right word."

I feel as if I ~~xx~~ needed some relief. Can't you bring up something that releases the inner [185/186] tension? I know I haven't yet carried out my work. But you know all the difficulties.

"Be at work unflaggingly."

I think I am already. Once more your admonition strikes a schoolmasterly tone. Please, don't talk in platitudes, but grasp for something deeper; I am in earnest.

"So listen: there is nothing more stupid under the sun than ravens."

Why? By God, you're astonishing.

"Don't be surprised. The raven is the animal you recently told me about. What did he say when you were hanging on the tree?"[298]

I really don't know [186/187] anymore. I can only remember that it was something rather doctrinaire and rational.

"Look it up."

I've got it: he spoke about my concept of love. As I understood in hindsight he was not entirely wrong, or rather he was completely

right.

"And yet he is dull."

Why? I don't understand that.

"It is stupid to talk about a 'concept of love.' One has no concept of love."

That is completely and utterly your style. But please, express yourself more clearly.

"You have truly grown. You are positively rude with me. [187/188] ~~xx~~ However—you very well know that you strike at yourself. So listen: The desire to understand love is already plainly awkward and the source of many evils. One does not understood love, it is not to be understood—one simply has it—or not."

So you think of love as something entirely irrational?

"If you absolutely want to put it philosophically, you may call it so. The attempt to understand love at all is thus simply bad."

I reflect and try to figure out where I have made myself guilty of such intellectualism—I wouldn't know where.

"In your daily work. You always look for reasons why you give love and why you receive love. [188/189] That must be avoided."

That sounds strange. Shouldn't one render an account of it?

["]Under no circumstances. You interrupt the process that is vital for you and others. Love is the most sensitive organ of perception. Only love lets you read your own soul and the souls of others. Nothing else will do. It ~~is,~~ will be, it is, and it passes, hiding an infinite meaning in itself."

Do you want to ban all my thoughts about it? Why then our reason?

"Reason comes afterward."

Of course entirely to our detriment. One can hardly accept this proposition.

"It would be worth a try." [189/190]

It seems to me that I've already made enough experiments with positive and negative outcomes. I fail to understand what you are aiming at.

"Me neither. But that needed to be said."

I won't let you go. I need to know everything.

"In order to abuse everything."

How do you get to that suspicion?

"Well—in order to protect you."

One can't go against rational findings, especially if one knows nothing better.

"That's a good reason, but not the point of what I mean."

What else do you mean? There you go again, [190/191] being difficult.

"You see? You know that style, don't you? Do you think others enjoy it when you speak that way."

You're right. This is a point I must remember. But in this case I don't understand anything.

"Listen: Once upon a time there was a gardener who sowed flower seeds. But the birds came and ate the seeds. So the gardener built snares and glue traps. When he came back the other day—what did he catch? A bullfinch."[299]

Do you mean me?

"Who ~~xx~~ else?"

I can only try to be patient with you. When you compare me to a bullfinch [191/192], I must assume that you have a reason. But the meaning is entirely obscure to me. Don't you want to explain it to me?

"Thank you, you are learning courtesy. Obviously you react in a better way to a somewhat stronger language."

The bullfinch has been taken in, not because it has eaten from the seeds, but because it belongs to its essence to be taken in."

Do you mean that I, or rather my love has been taken in or has to be taken in?

"Both are the case. ~~Libido~~ Love is always taken in."

But that contradicts experience. [192/193] I cannot accept this.

"You don't need to accept it unconditionally. Truths don't need to be accepted absolutely."

You're telling me things that I got clear on a long time ago. I know that my love gets taken in, and at times I accompany it, well aware that I could also fall into the trap. ~~And~~ But I cannot and do

not want to muzzle life. By the way—what is it with you[?] You're beating around the bush. What do you want?

"I am your mirror. What goes around, comes around."

In that case I am desperately alone, even with you, my soul. I thought of togetherness with you, but it seems [193/194] that I am alone with you.

"That is you. Do you see the value of love? ~~xx~~ The glue of the trap seems more desirable to the bullfinch than being alone with himself. Learn the silly wisdom of that bird."

You drive me to desperation. Don't I give enough love?

"No, you take too little."

How can I?

"Let yourself be loved, don't think of giving it back."

That seems immoral to me.

"Don't forget that you do people a favor if you let them love you."

But they want to be paid [194/195] in kind.

"That is valid only for your love. Others still must learn how to love at all. Apprentices are not paid in full."

That is a cruel teaching.

"It demands the sacrifice only of your male prejudices. You need to intensify the longing in others. That way they become modest."

Isn't that what I am doing sufficiently?

"Not at all. You serve a lot. You ought to demand."

But how should I behave in practical terms?

"Be demanding and make yourself scarce."

That means—the greatest possible restraint possible on my part? [195/196]

"The utmost. But allow the approach."

That suits me badly. But I shall obey.

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1. An inscription in Toni Wolff's handwritting. "LA SOMMA SAPIENZE E'L PRIMO AMORE" (the highest wisdom and the primal love) is the sixth line of the third Canto of Dante's *Inferno*, the inscription above the gate of hell. The whole inscription reads: "THROUGH ME THE WAY INTO THE GRIEVING CITY, / THROUGH ME THE WAY INTO ETERNAL SORROW, / THROUGH / ME THE WAY AMONG THE LOST PEOPLE. / JUSTICE MOVED MY HIGH MAKER; DIVINE POWER MADE ME, / HIGHEST WISDOM, AND PRIMAL LOVE. /

BEFORE ME WERE NO THINGS CREATED / EXCEPT ETERNAL ONES, AND I ENDURE ETERNAL. / ABANDON EVERY HOPE, YOU WHO ENTER" (*Inferno*, ed. and trans. Robert Durling [New York: Oxford University Press, 1996], p. 55).

2. The renumbering is in a different hand (possibly that of Franz Jung) and was done at a later date.
3. Replaced in *LN* by "philosophical" (p. 329).
4. The last clause was not reproduced in *LN*.
5. That is, *Thus Spoke Zarathustra*.
6. For Jung's commentary on this entry, see *LN*, pp. 331–32.
7. Thursday. *Liber Secundus*, chapter 15, "Nox secunda" (*LN*, pp. 333ff.).
8. This expression was not reproduced in *LN*.
9. "The resolve of the upright depends upon the grace of God, not on their own wisdom; in him they trust, whatever they undertake; for man proposes, God disposes, and it is not for man to choose his lot" (*The Imitation of Christ*, Book 1, chapter 19, p. 54).
10. The reference to Bergson was not reproduced in *LN*. On March 20, 1914, Adolf Keller gave a talk on "Bergson and the Theory of Libido" to the Zürich Psychoanalytical Society. In the discussion, Jung said that "Bergson should have been discussed here long ago. B. says everything that we have not said" (*MZS*, p. 57). On July 24, 1914, Jung gave a talk in London, where he noted that his "constructive method" corresponded to Bergson's "intuitive method" ("On Psychological Understanding," *Collected Papers on Analytical Psychology*, p. 399). The work Jung read was *L'évolution créatrice* (Paris: Alcan, 1907). He possessed the 1912 German translation.
11. The preceding clause was not reproduced in *LN*.
12. "I would like to imitate the Christian" was added here in *LN* (p. 334).
13. Abbreviation for ghost.
14. The biblical Ezekiel was a prophet in the sixth century bce. Jung saw a great deal of historical significance in his visions, which incorporated a mandala with quaternities, as representing the humanization and differentiation of Yahweh. Although Ezekiel's visions are often viewed as pathological, Jung defended their normality, arguing that visions are natural phenomena that should be designated as pathological only when their morbid aspects have been demonstrated (*Answer to Job*, *CW* 11, §§. 665, 667, 686.) Anabaptism was a radical movement of the sixteenth-century Protestant Reformation, which tried to restore the spirit of the early church. The movement originated in the 1520s in Zürich, with adherents rebelling against Zwingli and Luther's reluctance to completely reform the Church. They rejected the practice of infant baptism and promoted adult baptisms (the first of these took place in Zollikon, near Küsnacht, where Jung lived). Anabaptists stressed the immediacy of the human relation with God and were critical of religious institutions. The movement was violently suppressed and thousands were

killed. See Daniel Liechty, ed., *Early Anabaptist Spirituality: Selected Writings* (New York: Paulist Press, 1994).

15. The preceding sentence was not reproduced in *LN*.
16. In 1918 Jung argued that Christianity had suppressed the animal element ("On the unconscious," *CW* 10, § 31). He elaborated on this theme in his 1923 seminars in Polzeath, Cornwall. In 1939, he argued that the "psychological sin" that Christ committed was that "he did not live the animal side of himself" (Barbara Hannah, ed., *Modern Psychology, Vols. 3 and 4: Notes on Lectures Given at the Eidgenössische Technische Hochschule, Zürich, by Prof. Dr. C.G. Jung, October 1938–July 1940*, 2nd ed. [Zürich, privately printed: 1959], p. 230).
17. The thirteenth chapter of Book 1 of *The Imitation of Christ* begins: "As long as we are in this world we shall have to face trials and temptations. As it says in the Book of Job—What is man's life on earth but a time of temptation? That is why we should treat our temptations as a serious matter and endeavor by vigilance and prayer to keep the devil from finding any loophole. Remember that the devil never sleeps, but goes about looking for his prey. There is no one so perfect and holy that he never meets temptation; we cannot escape it altogether" (p. 46). It goes on to emphasize the benefits of temptation as being the means through which a man is "humbled, purified and disciplined."
18. The citation is from Cicero's *Cato Maior de Senectute* (Cato the Elder on Old Age). The text is a eulogy to old age. The lines Jung cites are italicized in the following passage: "Omnino, ut mihi quidem videtur, *rerum omnium satietas vitae facit satietatem*. Sunt pueritiae studia certa; num igitur ea desiderant adulescentes? Sunt ineuntis adulescentiae: num ea constans iam requirit aetas quae media dicitur? Sunt etiam eius aetatis; ne ea quidem quaeruntur in senectute. Sunt extrema quaedam studia senectutis: ergo, ut superiorum aetatum studia occidunt, sic occidunt etiam senectutis; quod cum evenit, *satietas vitae tempus maturum mortis affert*" (Tullii Ciceronis, *Cato Maior de Senectute*, ed. Julius Sommerbrodt [Berlin: Weidmannsche Buchhandlung, 1873]). ("Undoubtedly, as it seems to me at least, *satiety of all things causes satiety of life*. Boyhood has certain pursuits: does adolescence yearn for them? Adolescence has its pursuits: does the matured or so-called middle stage of life need them? Maturity, too, has such as not even sought in old age, and finally, there are those suitable to old age. Therefore as the pleasures and pursuits of the earlier periods of life fall away, so also do those of old age; and when that happens *one is satiated of life and the time is ripe for death*" [Cicero, *De Senectute, De Amicitia, De Divinatione* (London: William Heinemann, 1927), pp. 86–87, tr. mod.].)
19. The preceding sentence was not reproduced in *LN*.
20. This was replaced in *LN* by "religious paranoia" (p. 337).

21. This line was replaced in *LN* by "Well, I suppose so, as it seems to be a harmless prayer book" (p. 338).
22. The preceding sentence was replaced in *LN* by "The person to my left is lying motionless with a transfixed gaze, while the one to the right appears to possess a brain whose girth and weight are shrinking" (ibid.).
23. For Jung's commentary on this entry, see *LN*, pp. 338–47.
24. Sunday. *Liber Secundus*, chapter 16, "Nox tertia" (*LN*, pp. 347ff.).
25. The preceding two paragraphs were not reproduced in *LN*.
26. "My soul spoke to me in a whisper, urgently and alarmingly:" was added in *LN* (p. 347).
27. The preceding line was not reproduced in *LN*.
28. This line was not reproduced in *LN*.
29. The last two words were not reproduced in *LN*.
30. The preceding line was not reproduced in *LN*.
31. This was changed in *LN* to "hot toddy" (p. 349).
32. The preceding line was not reproduced in *LN*.
33. This word was replaced by "a glass" in *LN* (p. 349). A Manhattan is a cocktail with whisky, sweet vermouth, and bitters.
34. The preceding line was not reproduced in *LN*.
35. This was changed in *LN* to "the fool" (p. 350). "R" is presumably an abbreviation for "Redeemer."
36. In *The Relations Between the I and the Unconscious* (1928) Jung refers to a case of a man with paranoid dementia he encountered at the Burghölzli who was in telephonic communication with the mother of God (*CW* 7, § 229).
37. This was replaced in *LN* by "I'm supposed to save the world" (p. 350).
38. In *LN* "himself" was replaced by "myself" (ibid.).
39. "—the twelfth hour is complete" was added in *LN* (ibid.). In *Psychology and Religion*, Jung commented on the symbolism of the world clock (*CW* 11, §§ 110ff.)
40. The preceding line was not reproduced in *LN*.
41. "the interior of the earth" was replaced in *LN* by "Hell" (p. 351).
42. The preceding line was not reproduced in *LN*.
43. "A strange voice speaks:" was added in *LN* (p. 351).
44. In Dante's *Commedia*, the following lines are inscribed over the gates of Hell: "Abandon every hope, you who enter" (*The Divine Comedy of Dante Alighieri*, vol. 1, ed. and trans. Robert Durling [New York: Oxford University Press, 1996], Canto 3, line 9, p. 55).
45. The preceding sentence was not reproduced in *LN*.
46. The preceding two sentences were not reproduced in *LN*. For Jung's commentary on this entry, see *LN*, pp. 351–61.
47. Monday. *Liber Secundus*, chapter 17, "Nox quarta" (*LN*, pp. 361ff.).
48. The preceding paragraph was replaced in *LN* by: "I hear the roaring of the morning wind, which comes over the mountains. The night is overcome,

when all my life was subject to eternal confusion and stretched out between the poles of fire" (p. 361).

49. In *LN* this is spoken by the soul.
50. The preceding three lines were not reproduced in *LN*.
51. The preceding clause was not reproduced in *LN*.
52. The preceding four paragraphs were not reproduced in *LN*.
53. The preceding clause and the next sentence were not reproduced in *LN*.
54. The preceding sentence was not reproduced in *LN*.
55. The previous clause was not reproduced in *LN*.
56. In the first act of the second part of Goethe's *Faust*, Faust has to descend to the realm of the Mothers. There has been much speculation concerning the meaning of this term in Goethe. Goethe told Johann Peter Eckermann that the source was Plutarch. In all likelihood he was referring to Plutarch's discussion of the mother Goddesses in Engyon (see Faust, ed. Cyrus Hamlin, trans. Walter Arndt [New York: W. W. Norton, 1976], pp. 328–29). Jung referred to this episode in *Transformations and Symbols of the Libido* (*CW* B, § 206). In 1958, he identified the realm of the Mothers with the collective unconscious (*A Modern Myth: Of Things That Were Seen in the Skies*, *CW* 10, § 714).
57. *The Imitation of Christ*, chapter 21, p. 124.
58. The preceding clause was not reproduced in *LN*.
59. Jung is referring to the Greek practice of dream incubation. See C. A. Meier, *Healing Dream and Ritual: Ancient Incubation and Modern Psychotherapy* (Einsiedeln: Daimon Verlag, 1989).
60. The preceding sentence was not reproduced in *LN*.
61. The preceding sentence was not reproduced in *LN*.
62. The last two sentences were replaced in *LN* by "How closely Klingsor resembles me! What a repulsive play! But look, Parsifal enters from the left. How strange, he also looks like me" (pp. 363–64).
63. The preceding sentence was not reproduced in *LN*.
64. "of Hercules" was added in *LN* (p. 364).
65. The preceding clause was not reproduced in *LN*.
66. The preceding two clauses were not reproduced in *LN*.
67. "The audience is enraptured and recognizes itself in Parsifal. He is I" was added in *LN* (ibid.).
68. This expression was replaced in *LN* by "layered with history and my chimerical decoration" (ibid.).
69. The last two clauses were not reproduced in *LN*.
70. In *Parsifal*, Wagner presented his reworking of the Grail legend. The plot runs as follows: Titurel and his Christian knights have the Grail in their keeping in their castle, with a sacred spear to guard it. Klingsor is a sorcerer who seeks the Grail. He has enticed the keepers of the Grail into his magic garden, where there are flower maidens and the enchantress Kundry.

Amfortas, Titurel's son, goes into the castle to destroy Klingsor but is enchanted by Kundry and lets the sacred spear fall, and Klingsor wounds him with it. Amfortas needs the touch of the spear to heal his wound. Gurnemanz, the oldest of the knights, looks after Kundry, not knowing her role in Amfortas's wounding. A voice from the Grail sanctuary prophesies that only a youth who is guileless and innocent can regain the spear. Parsifal enters, having killed a swan. Not knowing his name or the name of his father, the knights hope that he is this youth. Gurnemanz takes him to Klingsor's castle. Klingsor orders Kundry to seduce Parsifal. Parsifal defeats Klingsor's knights. Kundry is transformed into a beautiful woman, and she kisses him. From this he realizes that Kundry has seduced Amfortas, and he resists her. Klingsor hurls the spear at him, and Parsifal seizes it. Klingsor's castle and garden disappear. After wanderings, Parsifal finds Gurnemanz, now living as a hermit. Parsifal is covered in black armor, and Gurnemanz is offended that he is armed on Good Friday. Parsifal lays his spear before him removing his helmet and arms. Gurnemanz recognizes him and anoints him king of the knights of the Grail. Parsifal baptizes Kundry. They go into the castle and ask Amfortas to uncover the Grail. Amfortas asks them to slay him. Parsifal enters and touches his wound with the spear. Amfortas is transfigured, and Parsifal radiantly holds up the Grail. On May 16, 1913, Otto Mensendieck gave a presentation to the Zürich Psychoanalytical Society on "The Grail-Parsifal Saga." In the discussion, Jung said: "Wagner's exhaustive treatment of the legend of the Holy Grail and Parsifal would need to be supplemented with the synthetic view that the various figures correspond to various artistic aspirations.—The incest barrier will not serve to explain that Kundry's ensnarement fails; instead this has to do with the activity of the psyche to elevate human aspirations ever higher" (*MZS*, p. 20). In *Psychological Types*, Jung put forward a psychological interpretation of *Parsifal* (*CW* 6, §§ 371–72). For his commentary on this entry, see *LN*, pp. 365–73.

71. Thursday. *Liber Secundus*, chapter 18, "The Three Prophecies" (*LN*, pp. 374ff.).
72. This paragraph was not reproduced in *LN*.
73. In *LN* the preceding paragraph was replaced by: "Wondrous things came nearer. I called my soul and asked her to dive down into the floods, whose distant roaring I could hear. This happened on 22 January of the year 1914, as recorded in my black book. And thus she plunged into the darkness like a shot, and from the depths she called out: 'Will you accept what I bring?' " (p. 374).
74. The preceding two lines were not reproduced in *LN*. The Latin phrase plays on the expression "to the greater glory of God," the motto of the Jesuits.
75. The preceding two lines were not reproduced in *LN*.
76. The preceding two paragraphs were not reproduced in *LN*.
77. The preceding two lines were not reproduced in *LN*.

78. The preceding clause was not reproduced in *LN*.
79. The last clause was not reproduced in *LN*.
80. These lines refer to the end of Voltaire's *Candide (1759)*: "All that is well said—but we must cultivate our garden" (*Candide and Other Stories*, trans. R. Pearson [Oxford: Oxford University Press, 1998], pp. 392–93). Jung kept a bust of Voltaire in his study.
81. For Jung's commentary on this entry, see *LN*, pp. 375–78.
82. Friday. *Liber Secundus*, chapter 19, "The Gift of Magic" (*LN*, pp. 379ff.).
83. The preceding part of this entry was not reproduced in *LN*.
84. On the magical rod, see Eliphas Lévi, *Transcendental Magic: Its Doctrine and Ritual* (1896), trans. A. E. Waite (London: Rider, 1984), pp. 259ff.
85. The preceding part of this paragraph was not reproduced in *LN*.
86. In *Ecce Homo*, Nietzsche writes: "Every acquisition, every step forward in knowledge is the result of courage, of severity toward oneself, of cleanliness with respect to oneself" (trans. R. J. Hollingdale, [Harmondsworth: Penguin, 1979], foreword, pp. 3, 34).
87. The preceding sentence was not reproduced in *LN*.
88. The preceding seven paragraphs were not reproduced in *LN*.
89. The preceding three paragraphs were not reproduced in *LN*. The reference is to the eleventh labor of Hercules, in which he has to get the golden apples, which confer immortality. Atlas offered to get them for him if Hercules held up the firmament in the interim.
90. This word was replaced by "contempt" in *LN* (p. 383).
91. The preceding two clauses were not reproduced in *LN*. For Jung's commentary on this entry, see *LN*, pp. 383–88.
92. Tuesday. *Liber Secundus*, chapter 20, "The Way of the Cross" (*LN*, pp. 388ff.). By this section in the calligraphic volume, Jung added a note in the margin: "25 February 1923. The transformation of black into white magic."
93. In 1917, in *The Psychology of the Unconscious Processes*, Jung read Nietzsche's metaphysics of the will to power as equivalent to Alfred Adler's power drive (in effect following Adler's own conflation of the two). In *Collected Papers on Analytical Psychology*, pp. 381ff.
94. Cf. Matthew 6:26: "Behold the fowls of the air: for they sow not, neither do they reap, nor gather into barns; yet your heavenly Father feedeth them."
95. The preceding section of this entry was not reproduced in *LN*.
96. The preceding two sentences were replaced in *LN* by "I saw the black serpent, as it wound itself upward around the wood of the cross. It crept into the body of the crucified and emerged again transformed from his mouth" (p. 388).
97. The following six paragraphs were not reproduced in *LN*.
98. "But the white bird that sat on my shoulder spoke to me:" was added here in *LN*, shifting the interlocutor from the soul to the white bird (pp. 388–89).

99. For Jung's commentary on this section of this entry, see *LN*, pp. 389–95. The following five paragraphs were not reproduced in *LN*.
100. *Liber Secundus*, chapter 21, "The Magician" {1} (*LN*, pp. 395ff.).
101. In the *Metamorphoses*, Ovid tells the tale of Philemon and Baucis. Jupiter and Mercury go wandering disguised as mortals in the hill country of Phrygia. They search for somewhere to rest and are turned away at a thousand homes. One old couple takes them in. They had been married in their cottage in their youth and had grown old together, contentedly accepting their poverty. They prepare a meal for their guests. During the meal, they see that the flagon refills itself as soon as it is emptied. In honor of their guests, they offer to kill their sole goose. The goose takes refuge with Jupiter and Mercury, who, revealing themselves to the couple, say that the animal should not be killed. The Gods then tell the couple that their neighbors will be punished but that they can escape. They ask the couple to climb the mountain with them. Reaching the mountaintop, the couple see that the countryside has been flooded. Only their cottage remains, and it has been transformed into a temple, with marble columns and a gold roof. Jupiter and Mercury ask the couple what they would like, and Philemon replies that they would like to be priests and serve the Gods in their shrine, and that they wish to die at the same time. Their wish is granted, and as they die, they are transformed into trees, standing side by side.

In Goethe's *Faust*, 2, act 5, a wanderer who had once been saved by Philemon and Baucis calls upon them again. Faust, who is building a city on land reclaimed from the sea, tells Mephistopheles that he wants Philemon and Baucis moved. Mephistopheles and three mighty men burn the cottage with Philemon and Baucis in it. Faust replies that he intended only to exchange their dwelling. To Eckermann, Goethe recounted, "My Philemon and Baucis . . . have nothing to do with that renowned ancient couple or the tradition connected with them. I gave this couple the names merely to elevate the characters. The persons and relations are similar, and hence the use of the names has a good effect" (June 6, 1831, cited in Goethe, *Faust*, 2, ed. Hamlin, p. 428). On June 7, 1955, Jung wrote to Alice Raphael, referring to Goethe's comments to Eckermann: "Ad *Philemon and Baucis*: a typical Goethean answer to Eckermann! trying to conceal his vestiges. *Philemon* (Φίλημα [philema] = kiss), the loving one, the simple old loving couple, close to the earth and aware of the Gods, the complete opposite to the Superman Faust, the product of the devil. Incidentally: in my tower at Bollingen is a hidden inscription: *Philemon sacrum Fausti poenitentia* [Philemon's Sanctuary, Faust's Repentance]. When I first encountered the archetype of the old wise man, he called himself *Philemon*. / In Alchemy Ph. and B. represented the artifex or vir sapiens and the soror mystica (Zosimos-Theosebeia, Nicolas Flamel-Péronelle, Mr. South and his daughter in the XIXth Cent.) and the pair in the *mutus liber* (about 1677)" (Beinecke Library,

Yale University). On Jung's inscription, see also his letter to Hermann Keyserling, January 2, 1928 *(Letters* 1, p. 49). On January 5, 1942, Jung wrote to Paul Schmitt, "I have taken over *Faust as my heritage*, and moreover as the advocate of Philemon and Baucis, who, unlike Faust the superman, are the hosts of the gods in a ruthless and godforsaken age" (*Letters* 1, pp. 309–10).

102. In *Psychological Types*, in the course of a discussion of Faust, Jung wrote: "The magician has preserved in himself a trace of primordial paganism, he possesses a nature that is still unaffected by the Christian splitting, which means he has access to the unconscious, which is still pagan, where the opposites still lie in their original naïve state, beyond all sinfulness, but, if assimilated into conscious life, produce evil and good with the same primordial and consequently daemonic force. Therefore he is a destroyer as well as savior. This figure is therefore pre-eminently suited to become the symbol carrier for an attempt at unification" (*CW* 6, § 316).
103. The preceding sentence was not reproduced in *LN*. This expression is from Cicero's *Speeches on Behalf of Publius Sestius*: "What then is the goal of these pilot of the commonwealth, what ought they keep in view to guide their course? The condition that is the most excellent and most desirable in the view of all who are sane, patriotic, and flourishing: tranquillity joined with worthy standing" (trans., with introduction and commentary, by Robert Kaster [Oxford: Clarendon Press, 2006], pp. 98, 84).
104. The sixth and seventh books of Moses (that is, in addition to the five contained in the Torah) were published in 1849 by Johann Schiebel, who claimed that they came from ancient Talmudic sources. The work, a compendium of Kabbalistic magical spells, has proved to be enduringly popular.
105. The figure of Hermes Trismegistus was formed through the amalgamation of Hermes and the Egyptian god Thoth. *The Corpus Hermeticum*, a collection of largely alchemical and magical texts dating from the early Christian era but initially thought to have been much older, was ascribed to him (Brian Copenhaver, ed. and trans., *Hermetica: The Greek Corpus Hermeticum and the Latin Asclepius in a New English Translation, with Notes and Introduction* [Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 2000]).
106. In Goethe's *Faust*, Philemon speaks of his declining powers: "Older, I could not lend a hand [to the building of the dyke] / as once I did full well, / and with my powers ebbing / the waters were pushed back" (2, act 5, ll. 11087–89).
107. The preceding sentence was not reproduced in *LN*.
108. For Jung's commentary on the second part of this entry, see *LN*, pp. 403–13.
109. Thursday. *Liber Secundus*, chapter 21, "The Magician" {2}, (*LN*, pp. 414ff.). The following passage was added here in *LN*, differentiating the soul as the

serpent (on the threefold nature of the soul, *Book* 5, p. 270): "I continue on my way, accompanied by a finely polished piece of steel, hardened in ten fires, stowed safely in my robe. Secretly, I wear chain mail under my coat. Overnight I became fond of serpents, and I solved their riddle. I sit down next to them on the hot stones lying by the wayside. I know how to catch them cunningly and cruelly, those cold devils that prick the heel of the unsuspecting. I became their friend and played a softly toned flute. But I decorate my cave with their dazzling skins. As I walked on my way, I came to a red rock on which a great iridescent serpent lay. Since I had now learned magic from ΦΙΛΗΜΩΝ, I took out my flute again and played a sweet magical song to make her believe that she was my soul. When she was sufficiently enchanted" (p. 413).

110. *LN* adds "But she spoke, flattered and therefore tolerantly" (p. 414).
111. The preceding clause was not reproduced in *LN*.
112. The preceding two paragraphs were not reproduced in *LN*.
113. The preceding sentence was not reproduced in *LN*.
114. Saturday. On the previous day at the Zürich Psychoanalytical Society, Maeder presented "On the dream problem." In the discussion, Jung criticized the concretism of Freud's theory and introduced the distinction between viewing dreams from an objective and a subjective standpoint. He argued that dreams had a tendency to balance and regulate, and that they had a final function as well.
115. This sentence is replaced in *LN* by "A Last Supper, I suppose?" (p. 416).
116. In *Mysterium Coniunctionis*, Jung noted: "If the projected conflict is to be healed, it must return into the soul of the individual, where it had its beginnings in an unconscious manner. He who wants to be the master of this descent must celebrate a Last Supper with himself, and eat his own flesh and drink his own blood; which means that he must recognize and accept the other in himself" (*CW* 14, § 512).
117. The preceding two sentences were not reproduced in *LN*.
118. The preceding sentence was not reproduced in *LN*.
119. The preceding two clauses were not reproduced in *LN*.
120. The preceding sentence was not reproduced in *LN*.
121. The preceding two sentences were not reproduced in *LN*.
122. The twelfth-century tale of the adulterous romance between the Cornish knight Tristan and the Irish princess Isolde has been told and retold. Jung referred to Wagner's *Tristan und Isolde* as an example of the visionary mode of artistic creation ("Psychology and Poetry," *CW* 15, § 142).
123. The preceding sentence was replaced in *LN* by "Yes, I know, but nonetheless—" (p. 416).
124. The preceding two sentences were replaced in *LN* by "You're not tripping me up" (ibid.).

125. In *LN*, "terrible sophist" was replaced by "my sister and chthonic devil" (ibid.).
126. In *LN*, "in new harmonies and disharmonies" and "flow through my heart" were not reproduced.
127. "You've gone utterly stupid. After all, you could resolve everything by thinking" was added in *LN* (p. 416).
128. The preceding sentence was replaced in *LN* by "My thinking?" (ibid.).
129. The preceding sentence was replaced in *LN* by "It has grown impervious to me" (ibid.).
130. The preceding sentence was replaced in *LN* by "You deny everything that you believed. You've completely forgotten who you are. You even deny Faust, who walked calmly past all the specters" (ibid.).
131. The preceding sentence was not reproduced in *LN*.
132. The preceding sentence was replaced in *LN* by "You turn your pain into pleasure. You are twisted, blinded; just suffer, you fool" (p. 416).
133. *LN* adds "The serpent now became angry and tried to bite my heart, but my secret armor broke her poisonous fang" (p. 417).
134. *LN* adds "The serpent raised herself again, as if accidentally holding her tail in front of her mouth, so that I should not see the broken fang. Proudly and calmly she said:" (ibid.).
135. *LN* adds "But I spoke to her smilingly:" (ibid.).
136. The following two sentences were not reproduced in *LN*.
137. For Jung's commentary on these two entries, see *LN*, pp. 417–18.
138. Sunday. *Liber Secundus*, chapter 21, "The Magician" {3} (*LN*, pp. 418ff.).
139. The first two paragraphs and first line of the third paragraph were not reproduced in *LN*.
140. The preceding clause was replaced in *LN* by "life to a standstill" (p. 419).
141. The preceding sentence was not reproduced in *LN*.
142. "or tries to live" was not reproduced in *LN*.
143. The preceding sentence was not reproduced in *LN*.
144. *LN* adds "The serpent turned and spoke ill-humoredly:" (p. 419).
145. *LN* instead has "source of power" (ibid.).
146. The preceding sentence was not reproduced in *LN*.
147. The preceding sentence was not reproduced in *LN*.
148. The preceding sentence was not reproduced in *LN*.
149. "indelicate and" were not reproduced in *LN*.
150. The preceding sentence was not reproduced in *LN*.
151. The preceding sentence was not reproduced in *LN*.
152. This word was not reproduced in *LN*.
153. For Jung's account of the significance of Satan, see *Answer to Job*, *CW* 11.
154. Jung discussed the issue of uniting the opposites at length in *Psychological Types*, chapter 6, "The Type Problem in the Poetic Art." The uniting of the opposites takes place through the production of the reconciling symbol.

155. This word was replaced by "fuss" in *LN* (p. 420).
156. This description was replaced by "important" in *LN* (ibid.).
157. The preceding clause was replaced in *LN* by "to finally free our hands for real life" (ibid.).
158. The reference is to Ernst Haeckel's system of Monism, which Jung was critical of.
159. The preceding sentence was replaced in *LN* by "Matters are not as rational with us as they seem to be" (ibid.).
160. The preceding clause and preceding sentence were not reproduced in *LN*.
161. This description was replaced in *LN* by "into a complete standstill" (p. 420).
162. Latin: by reason of experience.
163. The preceding sentence was replaced in *LN* by "Our intentions were serious" (p. 420).
164. The preceding sentence was not reproduced in *LN*.
165. This description was replaced in *LN* by "unperturbed" (p. 420).
166. The preceding sentence was not reproduced in *LN*.
167. Cf. Jung, "Attempt at a Psychological Interpretation of the Dogma of the Trinity" (1940), *CW* 11.
168. The preceding sentence was not reproduced in *LN*.
169. This word was replaced in *LN* by "the absolute" (p. 422).
170. "my soul" was replaced in *LN* by "serpent" (p. 423).
171. For Jung's commentary on this passage, see *LN*, pp. 424–25. In *LN*, the Cabiri scene, which is not found in the *Black Books*, follows here (pp. 425–30). The earliest manuscript for the Cabiri scene is the handwritten draft (1914–15).
172. Monday. *Liber Secundus*, chapter 21, "The Magician" {4} (*LN*, pp. 430ff.).
173. The preceding part of this entry was replaced in *LN* by " 'I don't want to force anything, but perhaps, who knows? We will still find out something useful.' For a while the serpent hesitated, then she disappeared into the depths" (p. 430).
174. *Liber Secundus*, chapter 21, "The Magician" {4} (*LN*, pp. 430ff.).
175. The preceding sentence was not reproduced in *LN*.
176. The preceding sentence was not reproduced in *LN*.
177. The last part of the preceding sentence was replaced by "and I was condemned to death" (*LN*, p. 431).
178. *LN* has "Suddenly he vanished. But I turned to the serpent and said:" (p. 432).
179. The preceding sentence was replaced in *LN* by "Satan recently made a strong impression on me, as if he were the quintessence of the personal" (p. 432).
180. The preceding sentence was not reproduced in *LN*.
181. For Jung's commentary on this passage, see *LN*, pp. 432–34.
182. Thursday. This entry was not reproduced in *LN*.

183. Monday. *Liber Secundus*, chapter 21, "The Magician" {5} (*LN*, pp. 434ff.). The following was added in *LN*: "Now that I had found the beauty in me and with myself, I spoke to my serpent:" (p. 434)—taking up the theme of the first line of the previous entry.
184. The preceding clause was not reproduced in *LN*.
185. The preceding sentence was not reproduced in *LN*. In *LN*, this dialogue is with the serpent.
186. The preceding part of this sentence was not reproduced in *LN*.
187. This word was not reproduced in *LN*.
188. The remainder of this sentence was replaced in *LN* by "that we had reached a goal, at least a temporary one" (p. 434).
189. This word was not reproduced in *LN*.
190. The preceding sentence was not reproduced in *LN*.
191. The preceding sentence was replaced in *LN* by "So, what should it be? I'm ready" (p. 435).
192. The preceding sentence was replaced in *LN* by "You are entitled to a reward for what has been accomplished so far" (ibid.).
193. The preceding sentence was not reproduced in *LN*.
194. This paragraph was replaced in *LN* by "Elijah and Salome! The cycle is completed and the gates of the mysteries have opened again. Elijah leads Salome, the seeing one, by the hand. She blushes and lowers her eyes while lovingly batting her eyelids" (p. 435).
195. Polygamy used to be practiced in Turkey. It was officially banned by Ataturk in 1926.
196. The preceding line was not reproduced in *LN*.
197. The remainder of this sentence was replaced in *LN* by "somewhat" (p. 436).
198. The preceding paragraph was not reproduced in *LN*.
199. "to Elijah" was added in *LN* (p. 436).
200. The preceding clause was not reproduced in *LN*.
201. "To me" was added in *LN* (p. 436).
202. The calligraphic volume has the following marginal note: "In XI Cap. of the mystery play" (p. 436; see *Book* 2, p. 196).
203. The preceding two paragraphs were not reproduced in *LN*.
204. The preceding line was not reproduced in *LN*.
205. The preceding clause was not reproduced in *LN*.
206. Jung later portrayed this in Image 127 in *LN* (see appendix, p. 155).
207. An echo of the saying, "Omnia mea mecum porto" (All that is mine I carry with me), variously ascribed to Stilpon the Stoic and Bias of Priene.
208. The issue of master and slave morality featured prominently in the first essay of Nietzsche's *On the Genealogy of Morals*, trans. Douglas Smith (Oxford: Oxford University Press, 1996), and in Hegel's *Phenomenology of Spirit*, trans. A. V. Miller (Oxford: Oxford University Press, 1977).
209. This sentence was replaced in *LN* by "Then he'd be your slave" (p. 438).

210. The preceding clause was not reproduced in *LN*.
211. The remainder of this sentence was replaced by "you have a strange gratitude" (p. 438).
212. The preceding paragraph was replaced in *LN* by "Salome, I thank you for your love. If you really love me, dance before the crowd, please people so that they praise your beauty and your art" (ibid.).
213. This word was replaced in *LN* by "neediness" (ibid.).
214. The preceding paragraph was not reproduced in *LN*.
215. The preceding clause was replaced in *LN* by "My dear old man," (p. 439).
216. The subject of this sentence was replaced by "We fetched" (ibid.).
217. For Jung's commentary on this entry, see *LN*, pp. 439–40.
218. Wednesday, *Liber Secundus*, chapter 21, "The Magician" {6} (*LN*, pp. 440ff.).
219. *LN* has: "Serpent:" throughout this section.
220. The remainder of this sentence was not reproduced in *LN*.
221. "with your damned logic" was added in *LN* (p. 440).
222. The remainder of this sentence was not reproduced in *LN*.
223. The preceding sentence was not reproduced in *LN*.
224. The preceding sentence was not reproduced in *LN*.
225. The following two sentences were not reproduced in *LN*.
226. The preceding sentence was replaced in *LN* by "I am being pulled upward" (p. 441).
227. The preceding paragraph was replaced in *LN* by "Then the serpent turned into a small white bird which soared into the clouds where she disappeared. My gaze followed her for a long time" (ibid.)
228. In *LN*, "Bird" is added here and throughout this section.
229. The preceding sentence was not reproduced in *LN*.
230. The preceding sentence was not reproduced in *LN*.
231. The transcription of *LN* into the calligraphic volume ends at this point.
232. In *LN*, the crown is described simply as "a golden royal crown" (p. 441).
233. This word was not reproduced in *LN*.
234. The Greek was not reproduced in *LN*.
235. This is a quotation from 1 Corinthians 13:8. Near the end of his life, Jung cited it again in his reflections on love at the end of *Memories* (p. 387).
236. This expression was not reproduced in *LN*.
237. The following was added in *LN*: "Now the bird suddenly turned into the serpent again" (p. 442).
238. In *LN* "Serpent" was added here.
239. In *Transformations and Symbols of the Libido*, Jung commented on the motif of hanging in folklore and mythology (*CW* B, § 358).
240. He is described in *LN* as "like your earlier friend John, who brought us the Christ of agony" (p. 442).
241. The preceding clause was not reproduced in *LN*.

242. "you knower of serpent wisdom" was added here in *LN* (p. 443).
243. *LN* has "the bird of my soul" (ibid.).
244. "and I'm suffering unspeakable torment" was added here in *LN* (ibid.).
245. "branch of the divine tree, for whose sake the original ancestors could not avoid sin" was added here in *LN* (ibid.).
246. This paragraph was replaced by "So I hang for three days and three nights" in *LN* (p. 443).
247. Thursday.
248. "Bird:" was added in *LN* (p. 443).
249. Instead of this paragraph, *LN* has "There sits my bird, the serpent, which has put on her white feather dress. Bird:" before the preceding paragraph (ibid.).
250. The Greek was not reproduced in *LN*.
251. This clause was not reproduced in *LN*.
252. The Greek was not reproduced in *LN*.
253. Swedenborg described heavenly love as consisting of "loving uses for the sake of uses, or goods for the sake of goods, which a man performs for the Church, his country, human society, and a fellow-citizen," differentiating it from self-love and love of the world (*Heaven and Its Wonders and Hell: From Things Heard and Seen*, trans. J. Rendell [London: Swedenborg Society, 1920], pp. 554ff.).
254. "Is it not my serpent?" was added in *LN* (p. 444).
255. "I thought that I saw you fly to Heaven as a bird and now you are here? Do you bring help?" was added here in *LN* (ibid.).
256. The preceding three sentences were replaced in *LN* by "I am only my own half; I'm not one, but two; I'm the one and the other. I am here only as the serpentlike, the magical. But magic is useless here" (p. 445).
257. The preceding three sentences were replaced in *LN* by "In the worst case, I'm ready to lead you to Hades. I know the way there" (ibid.).
258. In *LN*, the appearance of Satan is described thus: "A black form condenses before me out of the air, Satan, with a scornful laugh. He calls to me:" (ibid.).
259. *LN* has "White bird of mine," (ibid.).
260. The preceding sentence was not reproduced in *LN*.
261. *LN* has "with my white bird" (p. 446). The following sentence was not reproduced in *LN*.
262. "of the completed third day" was added in *LN* (p. 446).
263. For Jung's commentary on the last two entries, see *LN*, pp. 447–50. On February13, he presented "On dream symbolism" to the Zürich Psychoanalytical Society, following the continuation of a discussion of a paper by Alphonse Maeder on dreams (*JA*, *MZS*, pp. 49ff.). He commenced with a critique of Freud's dream theory and then presented his conception of the meaning of dreams, which he described as the symbolically outlined solution to problems. That is, a dream often simply presented a problem—or a

symbolic allusion to it, if one was unable to grasp the problem itself. Insofar as the dream brought subliminal material to consciousness, it had a compensating function, and insofar as it symbolically indicated a solution, it had a finalistic function. Finally, he gave a series of examples of typical dream symbols, indicating how Freud would interpret them and how he would. For a fuller account, see my *Jung and the Making of Modern Psychology*, pp. 143ff.

264. Sunday. This entry was not reproduced in *LN*.
265. Sunday. This entry was not reproduced in *LN*.
266. On November 6, 1915, Jung wrote a letter to Hans Schmid in which he referred to this dream (see introduction, p. 45).
267. In 1912 Jung had written about the deleterious consequences of city life: "Serious-minded people know there is something of a sexual problem today. They know that the rapid development of the towns, with the specialization of work brought about by the extraordinary division of labour, the increasing industrialization of the countryside, and the growing sense of insecurity, deprive men of many opportunities for giving vent to their affective energies. The peasant's alternating rhythm of work secures him unconscious satisfactions through its symbolical content—satisfactions which the factory workers and office workers do not know and can never enjoy. What do these know of his life with nature, of those grand moments when, as lord and fructifier of the earth, he drives his plough through the soil, and with a kingly gesture scatters the seed for the future harvest; of his joy in the fruitfulness of his wife who bears him daughters and sons who mean increased working-power and prosperity? Alas! From all this we city-dwellers, we modern machine-minders, are far removed" ("New paths in psychology," *CW* 7, § 428).
268. Monday. *Liber Secundus*, chapter 21, "The Magician" {7} (*LN*, pp. 450ff.). The first six paragraphs of this entry were replaced in *LN* by "As I stood so alone on the earth, which was covered by rain clouds and falling night, my serpent crept up to me and told me a story:" (p. 450).
269. In *LN* the time period was changed to nine months (p. 450).
270. The preceding sentence was not reproduced in *LN*.
271. "because he had humiliated himself before the witch in the forest. Yet he listened to her advice" was added here in *LN* (p. 450).
272. This sentence was replaced in *LN* by "Then he let nine months go by. / After this time had passed he went again by night to the place where the pot lay buried and dug it up" (ibid.).
273. "for regal power. He remained silent and thought: 'What has produced you? Otter lard. Who bore you? The womb of the earth. I drew you from a pot, a witch humiliated me' " was added here in *LN* (p. 451).
274. This expression was replaced by "his son secretly" in *LN* (ibid.).
275. The time period was changed to nine months in *LN* (ibid.).

276. The time period was changed to nine months in *LN* (p. 452).
277. The last expression was replaced in *LN* by "as long as his father was granted life" (ibid.).
278. In *LN*, this expression was replaced by "But I spoke to my serpent: 'In truth, my serpent,' " (ibid.).
279. This word was replaced by "your" in *LN* (ibid.).
280. The preceding sentence was not reproduced in *LN*.
281. The preceding sentence was not reproduced in *LN*. The following was added here in *LN*: "I: 'Who is the son?' / Se: 'Well, I thought that you had just spoken of a son who doesn't make you very happy.' / I: 'What? You don't mean—that I should crown him?' / Se: 'Yes, who else?' " (p. 452).
282. The preceding sentence was replaced in *LN* by "That's uncanny" (ibid.).
283. The preceding sentence was not reproduced in *LN*.
284. *LN* instead has "your son" (p. 452).
285. *LN* instead has "power" (ibid.).
286. *LN* instead has "the son" (ibid.).
287. This sentence is replaced in *LN* by "It's true, I want the son and survival. But the price for this is high" (p. 453).
288. *LN* instead has "the son" (ibid.).
289. Instead of this paragraph, *LN* has "I: 'Damned Scorn!' " (ibid.).
290. That is, Christ. Cf. Matthew 27:27–31. The preceding clause and the next sentence were not reproduced in *LN*.
291. The preceding clause and the next two sentences were not reproduced in *LN*.
292. *LN* instead has "the son" (p. 453).
293. *LN* instead has "At which the serpent curled up, gathered herself into knots and said:" (ibid.).
294. *LN* instead has "the son grows out of himself" (ibid.).
295. The preceding sentence was not reproduced in *LN*. For Jung's commentary on this entry, see *LN*, pp. 453–55.
296. Saturday. This entry was not reproduced in *LN*.
297. Monday. This entry was not reproduced in *LN*.
298. See above, *Book* 4, p. 258.
299. German: "*Gimpel*," which can also mean "sucker."

C·G· JUNG

THE BLACK BOOKS

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Edited by

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PHILEMON SERIES

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Ahnst du sie, die Pflicht der Welt?
Ja: von Sphären hin zu Sphären
muss sie Saat aus Saat gebären,
bringt sie uns des Licht der Welt:
rieselnd sie aus dunklem Siebe
sät es Liebe, Liebe, Liebe
von Nacht zu Nacht, von Pol zu Pol.

Schmidt.

18 III 74.

Ich las bei Nietzsche öfters das Wort „letzte Einsamkeit". Das ist das Wort, das vor mir steht. Meine Seele, hörst Du dieses Wort?

„Ich höre und ich denke."

Was denkst Du?

„Über die Gründe der Einsamkeit."

Was denkst Du von diesen Gründen.

„Ihrer sind viele, die einen in Dir, die anderen in den Andern."

Lass mich darum wissen.

„Du mussteest Liebe geben."

Mit der Liebe steht es schwach bei mir. Es scheint nicht mehr viel davon zu haben. Ich bin etwas aus. Es wendet sich Alles gegen mich selber.

„Warum giebst Du nichts?"

Mir scheint, ich gebe genügend.

„Nachmir?"

Du nehst, ich bin am Werke. Schwerreiche, die soviel zugehen, als ich kann. Ich weiß es ist wenig. Ich weiß nicht, wo das übrige ist. Hat der gegenwärtige Ebbe und Dunkelheit eigentlich beabsichtigt? Muß ich mich einsam fühlen?

„Einfältige Fragen! Mach es anders, wenn du kannst."

Mir sinkt bisweilen der Mut gänzlich. Was soll kommen?

„Wie kann ich wissen?"

Versuche doch, du kannst vielleicht etwas erreichen.

„Du bist schematisch, aber ich greife hinüber."

Hier hast du, nimm dir's an.

Ein Ziegenbock mit üblem Gestank – das waren Griff in die Hölle.

„Nun – was meinst du dazu?"

„Was kann ich meinen? Du wirst, Deine Geschenke und verdunkle Mahn."

„Ein Ziegenbock mit krummen Hörnern und etwas Schweif, ein harmloser Abbild des Satans – kannst du das?"

Ich bin verwundert, um nicht zu sagen – enttäuscht. Was soll dein übelriechendes Geschenk?

„Er riecht wirk. Sein Ruhm verbreitet sich weit um ihn."

Ein übler Ruhm, will mir scheinen.

„Dem Wappenthier, nein lieber."

Dein Hohn ist übel angebracht.

„Nichts so übel – das kommt von der Einsamkeit. Man fängt an, die Einsamkeit an zu riechen – und verzweifelt wird."

Ach, lass deine Scherze. Du bist noch ärger als der Menschen. Du bist ein wahrhaftiger Teufel.

„Warum willst du dich denn von den Menschen nicht plagen lassen?"

Ich dachte, man könnte vielleicht ohne die Quälerei auskommen – oder man könnte vielleicht die Andern auch einmal plagen, so wie man mich plagt. Weil ich das Letztere nicht wollte, kam ich in mich selber zurück.

„Das nützt nichts, du bist Opfer und Geopferter."

Was ist fort unerträglich. Ich kann es kaum.

„Fast und kaum – also doch nicht ganz."

Muss es denn sein?

„Was soll aus dem Leben werden, wenn du nicht mitthust? – schlachten und geschlachtet werden."

Dieser Wein riecht nach Menschenblut. Muss es wirklich so sein?

„Warum zweifelst du? Hast du noch kindliche Illusionen über das Leben? Wetze dein Messer."

Du bist unerhört grausam.

„Es kann nicht Tag werden, ohne dass du schlachtest und opferst."

Mich selber? Oder den? Oder was?

„Greife rund um dich und schlachte, wer du ergreifst!"

Der ist unerhört und unmöglich. Wo kennst das?

Mit einem Messer. Achte nicht des Wehgeschreis. Es müssen Opfer fallen, sonst bohrst du dich selbst an."

Aber die Menschlichkeit — was sagst du dazu?

„Damit ebenso menschlich, daß du den Bruder mordest, um zu leben."

Das Leben meines Bruders ist mir theuer.

„Wem sein eignes Leben nicht theuer ist, der wird es verlieren. Vorerst hast du zu leben. Du Kinder mögen für sich selber sorgen und sollen nicht da stehen, wo dein Messer sticht. Du sollst nicht zum Affen und Narren an Anderen werden — um deren Narrethei willen. Es hat Alles seine Grenze. Du werdenfech an Dir, weil du deine Waffen weglegst."

Thät ich nicht furchtbares Unrecht, wenn ich dir folgte?

„Nennst du das recht, wenn du nicht lebst? Wer soll denn leben, wenn du nicht lebst? Es sollte doch Jeder leben. Du handelst aus Nothwehr. Deine Güte grenzt nahezu an Absurde."

Fürwahr, deine Sprache klingt gewaltthätig. Das ist mir neu an dir.

Kein Wunder, du bist krankhaft langmüthig. Ich will auch sein. Du erstickst mich aber.

Schwerde Dich endlich wenn drücken, wenn du nicht gehorchst, du hast nicht heute heute zu spüren bekommen. Bleibe bei Dir und lebe. Du bist ja ganzlich ausgeraten.

Sollteest du am Ende die Wahrheit sagen? Das giebt zu denken.

19 III 74.

Mein Gott, welche innere Einsamkeit! Ist das der Weg? Was sagst du?

„Ich sage dir: dies ist dein Weg. Er ist nicht leicht, und es giebt keinen andern.

Wohin führt er?

„Wenn Du es wüsstest, wüsstest du Alles. Das zu wissen ist also offenkundig unmöglich."

Das Chaos in mir ist schrecklich. –

„Glücklich, wer mit dem Chaos schwanger geht."

Vielleicht sterbe ich an der Geburt.

„Es giebt Wöchnerinnen, denen es auch passiert ist."

Mir graut.

„Warum soll es Dir nicht grauen? Zur Einsamkeit gehört Grauen, und Einsamkeit ist dein Weg. Du hast Aussengenug Menschen."

Was soll aus meinem Chaos werden? Was wird aus Chaos? Doch geordnete Welt."

Wüsste ich, wo anfassen!

„Gedulde dich, es fasst schon an".

Ich glaube, ich fühle den Griff des Chaos. Ich bin ohnmächtig.

„Wie sollst du mächtig sein? Wir sind Kinder des Chaos, unauflöslich damit verknüpft. Unsere tiefste Mutter ist Unordnung. Sie ist der Anfang aller Dinge."

Die Bodenlosigkeit ist grauenvoll. Giebt es nirgends gerade Linie oder festen Punkt?

„Da wäre erst zu schaffen."

Doch wie? Soll ich mit dem Nächsten beginnen?

„Oder vielleicht besser mit dem Fernsten. Das Nächste zu thun ist gut für Anfänger."

Was ist das Fernste?

„Liebe im Umgekehrten".

Was sagst du? Liebe im Umgekehrten? Du bist schrecklich toll. Wie soll ich das verstehen?

„Es giebt Liebe im Directen und Liebe im Umgekehrten."

Davon bin ich nicht klüger geworden. Was ist Liebe im Directen?

„Geradeaus, direct lieben."

Liebe im Umgekehrten ist kurzgesagt, als im Indirecten. Einen Andern indirect lieben in meinem Sinne ist, sein Umgekehrtes lieben. Liebe des Freigebigen des Geizigen, des Hässlichen des Schönen, des Vernünftigen des Tollen und das Schlechte des Guten.

Das ist viel verlangt. Ich zweifle, ob ich es kann. Kann ich es

wohl an mir?

„An Dir hast Du, wie immer, zu beginnen.

Wie? soll ich mein Schlechtes oder mein Gutes lieben? Bin ich gut oder schlecht? Vernünftig oder toll, freigebig oder geizig? Du siehst, ich weiß nichts von mir.

„Betrachte Dich im Spiegel der Andern."

Für Die Nähern ~~gu~~ scheine ich gut zu sein, für Die Fernern schlecht. Mit der Entfernung verwandeln sich meine Tugenden ins Gegentheil. Ich glaube daher, es ist die innere Identität der Gegensätze. Was also soll ich an mir lieben?

„Das, was Du für schlecht hältst. Die nächste, Du bist gut, denn Die Distanz trübt das Urtheil; je ferner, desto subjectiver."

Was halte ich an mir für schlecht?

„Deine Emotionen."

Soll ich meine Selbstbeherrschung verlieren?

„Ich' nicht zu viel. Abschätze Deine Emotionen. Sie sind Lebensruch, und den Andern mein Lebenselement."

Ich fürchte, ich sie verletze.

„Die Andern sind es auch. Willst Du besser sein als Die Andern? das wäre ein christliches Ideal, das zur Selbstgerechtigkeit und zur Verödung führt. Ich möchte sagen,

sie unterscheiden und sie so schlecht wie die Andern. Es wird Dir und den Andern gut thun."

Deine Wahrheit ist persönlich und subjectiv.

„Die Wahrheit ist in letzter Linie immer subjectiv und für Andere giftig. Sie ist immer nur für den eigenen Sitz."

Soll man darauf verzichten, Andern eine Wahrheit zu lehren?

„Ja, man soll verzichten. Begnüge Dich damit, den Weg zur subjectiven Wahrheit zu lehren. Objective Wahrheit in diesen Dingen ist gleich bedeutend mit Wahnsystem. Die letzten Dinge sollen subjective Wahrheiten sein."

Es erscheint unempfehlenswerth, Mühe zu lohnen, nach Wahrheiten zu forschen, wenn wir schließlich nur beim Subjectiven anlangen.

„Du kennst die Bedeutung des Subjectiven nicht. Es ist von kosmischer Bedeutung. Es reicht zum Kern der Dinge."

Damit Dunkel.

„Es gehört eben zum Wesen des Subjectiven und es läßt sich nicht anders sagen. Das Subjective ist letzten Endes grundsätzlich alogisch. Nicht verständlich, aber annehmbar."

Wie soll uns kann man nicht Verständliches annehmen?

„Das haben doch alle Zeiten und aller Zonen Völker gethan.

Traust du dir diese Fähigkeit nicht zu?"

„Ich habe sie mir abgerungen mit Furcht und mit Zittern, mit Schweiß, und welchen Qualen. Verlangst du jetzt, daß ich sie wiederaufnehme und Alles rückgängig mache, was ich mit Schmerzen und Mühen erworben habe?

„Du dauerst mich; jedoch es gehört zur einer Vollendung als Mensch."

Ich glaube, die Arbeit wird mir sauer werden. Ich verzweifle fast an dieser Aufgabe.

„Geduld — und auch das wird vollendet."

Du hast gut reden. Das Subjective erscheint mir wie ein undefinierbarer Urschleim, haltlos und willkürlich.

„Verwandt dem tiefen Wesen der Welt, dem Chaos. Gesetz ist Oberfläche, Ordnung ist Aussenseite. Das Chaos ist deine Mutter. In Unterbewußten ruhst du wie in Mutterschooße, ewig werdend und keimhaft."

Das Unterbewußte ist ekelhaft und mir tief verhaßt.

„Du hast also viel dafür übrig. Sie einverstanden damit und du liebst es."

Was soll es nützen? Keiner würde es verstehen.

„Aber viele werden es annehmen."

Diese Haltung übergoss. Ich kann sie allen Göttern, wie nicht be-

weltigen.

„Nicht heute und nicht morgen, aber übermorgen."

Wer soll diesem Optimismus glauben? Du machst mich lachen.

„Hoffnungen waren einflußreiche Persönlichkeiten."

Das erleichtert nichts. Du frichst mich.

„Selig, die um ihrer Seele willen gebrochen sind, das Reich der Himmel ist in ihnen."

Billige Sprüche — ich blute aus vielen Wunden.

„Es geschieht nur zum Besten, lass es dich nicht anfechten." Durch Qual, durch Erfüllung

wo dort? Sollich an ein Jenseits glauben?

„An ein Jenseits von dir."

15.IV 1914.

Vieles von dem, was ich schrieb, ist wahrgeworden.

Es scheint, das darüber weiter nichts gesagt werden soll.

Meine Seele, willst Du noch etwas?

„Ja."

Was willst Du?

„Fassen."

Ein Känguru, das seine Jungen im Beutel trägt. — Das ist schmerzhaft groteSk — und inhaltsschwer. Die

Tinte fließt fast zu dick, als daß man solches leicht schreiben könnte.

„Das anerkannt Schöne wäre zu leicht. Du hast Widerstand nöthig."

Ich gestehe es zu, diese Wahrheit vergesse ich öfters und gerne.

„Das Kängurn ist ein Bild Christi, wie auch der Pelikan."

Oh – das ist mir schwer zu ertragen. Ahn sprich!

„Die Beutelratte ist ein lächerliches Vieh – so etwas Mütterliches".

Du bist grausig.

„Das Mütterliche ist grausig – für den, der nicht drin steckt. Für den aber, der drin steckt, ist es eitel Seligkeit und Wärme, wo der Keim gedeihen."

Meinst Du – Kind werden oder sein? Noch kein Ende? Drüber liegen oder selber geheyst werden?

„Beides – armer Teufel."

Warum nennst Du mich so?

„Weil du es bist. Du bist ausgerenkt."

Ich krümme den Rücken, das ist hart.

„Du bist hart und sollst weich werden."

Meinst Du – empfindsamer?

„Frage nicht so direct, das ist störend. Störe die Entwicklung des Unsinns nicht."

Er ist heilsam. Das hast Du heute zu lernen: Hass des Widersinnigen wach sein. Wie anders könntest Du dem Sinn erkennen?"

Du hast eine verzweifelte Weisheit. Sie ist qualvoll schön.

„Mut in ihrer Art culturartig. Damit zu merken."

„Wo willst Du hinaus? In die Uncultur?

„Oder in die Übercultur? Es ist aber unsicher, wie es sein muss."

16. IV. 14.

Ja, unsicher, bei Gott. Von „unsicher" haben wir zu reden.

Ich halte das für einen Punkt. „Unsicher" das ist das Wort der Wörter für jeden, der mit seiner geliebten und innigst verehrten Seele zuverkehren hat. Ich neige mich zur Verachtung der Seele.

Einst verehrte ich Dich, dann liebte ich Dich, jetzt drohst Du unverächtlich zu werden. Du erscheinst mir dumm, nur aber standpunktlos zu sein. Auch existierst Du offenbar nur bei der einen Hälfte der Menschheit.

„Puh — Du bist fabelhaft. Was für Sprüche!"

Du zeigst dein wahres Gesicht. Aber ich gehe Dir nicht auf den Leim.

„Denkst Du nicht, es wäre am Ende doch noch besser, mit aufeinander Leim zugehen?"

Ich traue mich nicht mehr, denn ich strebe nach „seelischen" Qualitäten. Man lebt damit, wie mir scheint. Also lass mich unruhig sein, aber in Frieden. Schwer es schon genug mit Unruhe.

„Unruhe ist mein Wesen und der Untergrund des Lebens."

Ich weiß schon: bin ich unruhig, so spricht Du von Ruhe und umgekehrt, ganz nach Bedarf.

„Sei froh, daß Dein Bedarf gedeckt wird."

Du bist ein Spiegelschwätzer und schließt jeweils einen Bogen zum Kreis. Wo tritt das Neue herein?

„Das Neue tritt nicht herein, es ist geschaffen."

Aber wie?

„Dadurch daß du es thust."

Ich will Dir Logik beseitigen. Ich habe bei Dir offenbar ohne sie ausgekommen.

„Du musst das Neue blos lieben, denn schaffst Du es."

Du hast gut reden. Gieb mir das Neue oder ich es lieben kann.

„Einfältiger, das wäre keine Kunst. Du musst das Neue lieben, das Du nicht hast, damit es muss ja noch kommen."

Du meinst also ein gegenseitiges Loserlieben? Damit ist viel verlangt und wenig gegeben. Ein Lieben ins

Blonde hinein, ein wahl- und objektloses Lieben. Desint gr. dumm.

„Und so unsinnig zugleich."

Zum Teufel, ich weiß, daß es sinnlos ist. Du hast es mir nicht vorzuplaudern. Aber es ist eine bequeme Attitude, die mir unleidlich erscheint.

„Empöre dich nicht, es ist halt und schafft Leben."

Aber nur nicht. Ich bin wie eine leere Blase – oder ich bin mit Blei gefüllt und kann es nicht entwinden. Da hast meine Liebe verschluckt, wie ein Parasit, der an meinem Leben zehrt. Du fütterst dich auf meine Kosten. Ich komme bei dir nicht auf meine Rechnung.

„Du hast eure Zufriedenheit."

Warum sollte es nicht sein?

„Wenn du Freude daran hast, magst du es bleiben."

Ich möchte nicht, aber ich kann nicht anders. Das, was sein soll, kann ich nicht erzwingen.

„Was soll denn sein?" Doch offenbar nur etwas, was du möchtest. Merkst du noch nicht, daß ich dich quälen will?"

Ja, wie wir aber scheinbar auf die Folter. Schmerz Gedeihen haben mit uns selber. Einig sein mit dem

Nichts sein — ein herrlicher Beruf für Alle, die etwas sein wollen! Du klingst in köstliche Accorde aus, die nur man die lassen.

19.IV.14.

Der Kampf mit dem Lebendigen ist schlimm.

„Was ist schlimmer? Wohl der Kampf mit dem Toten!"

Man stirbt am Leben.

„Ja, denn stirbt man am Leben."

Wieso, denn?

„Wenn man nicht mit dem Leben lebt."

Lebe ich nicht mit dem Leben?

Mein Gott, was verlangst Du noch?

Ich verlange Dein Leben."

Schnellst Du, meine Seele, wieder zum Gott empor?

„Ich steige wieder nun hinauf — ich war Fluch geworden — nun kehre ich zurück zum ewigen Glanz und Schimmer, zur ewigen Sonnenglut und lasse Dich dem Leben und der Leidenschaft. Du bleibst bei den Menschen. Du warst dagegen zu ewig in unsterblicher Gemeinschaft. Dem Werk gehört der Erde."

Welche Sprache! Wälzest Du Dich nicht im Banalsten, im Irdischsten und Unterirdischsten?

Ich war Mensch und Thier geworden und steige jetzt wieder um

empor zu meinem Lande.

Wo, wo meine Seele ist dein Land?

Im Lichte, im Ei, in der Sonne, in innerster Reinheit, in ewiger sehnsüchtiger Glut — so geht Du Form in deinem Herzen auf und strahlt in die kalte Welt hinaus.

Wie, oh meine Seele treu — figurirt Du Dich! Lass mich deine Verklärung ahnen!

„Ich will deinem Blick entschwinden, Du sollst in finsterer Einsamkeit leben. Menschenlichter sollen deine Dunkelheit erhellen."

Wie hart und herzlos Du bist! Ich möchte mit meinen Thränen deine Füsse benetzen, mit meinem Haar sie trocknen — Ich rase, bin ich ein Weib?

„Auch ein Weib — auch eine Mutter, die schwanger geht. Gebären harrt deiner."

Oh heiliger Geist, lass mir einen Funken deines ewigen Lichts.

„Du trägst mein Kind."

Ich fühle die Qual und die Angst und die Verlassenheit der Gebärerin. Siehst Du, mein Gott, was mir?

„Du hast das Kind."

Meine Seele, hast Du es noch? Du, die ich verspottete und verstand

Du mir in thörichtster Gestalt erschien? Ein Wehe denen, die ihre Seele schauen und mit Händen tasten! Ich bin ohnmächtig in deiner Hand, mein Gott.

„Die Schwangern gehören dem Schicksal." Um lass mich gehen, ich trage auf jenen ewigen Räumen.

Werde ich Deine Stimme nie mehr vernehmen? Oh verfluchte Täuschung — wer sprege ich? Du wirst morgen wieder mit mir reden, wirst wieder und wieder im Spiegel schwätzen —

„Lass es darauf ankommen und lästere nicht. Ich werde gegenwärtig sein und nicht gegenwärtig, du wirst mich hören und nicht hören, ich werde sein und nicht sein."

Du sprichst Rätsel.

„Das ist meine Sprache, und ich lerne sie der Begriffen. Niemand hat deine Seele als du selbst. Sie ist allerdings bei dir und du nehst sie an Andern und so ist sie nie bei dir. Du willst jene Menschen an dich reissen, um deine Seele zu haben scheinen. Du wirst sehen, dass sie sie nicht haben, dass du allein sie hast. So bist du allein mit Menschen, in der Menge und doch allein. Einsamkeit mit Vielen — denke dem nach."

Danach sollte ich wohl schweigen und kann es nicht, mein armes thörichtes Herz bricht, wenn ich sehe, wo du

von mir geht.

Las mich gehen. In neuer Gestalt kehre ich dir wieder. Siehst du die Sonne, wie sie goldig glühend hinter den Bergen versinkt. Dein Tages Werk ist vollbracht und eine neue Sonne kehrt wieder. Was trauerst du der Sonne von heute nach?"

Soll die Nacht beginnen?

„Ist sie nicht die Mutter des Tages?"

Ich möchte verzweifeln ob dieser Macht.

„Was klagst du? Schicksal – Lass mich gehen – mir wachsen die Schwingen und die Sehnsucht nach dem ewigen Licht schwellt mächtig in mir empor. Du kannst mich nicht mehr halten. Halte deine Thränen und lass mich mit Jubelruf emporfliegen, alle Schwere unter mir lassend. Du bist ein ackerbauender Mensch, denk an deine Saat. Mir wird Licht wie dem Vogel, der in den Morgenhimmel emporsteigt. Halte mich nicht, klage nicht, ich schwebe schon, der Jubelschrei des Lebens entringt sich mir, ich kann meine höchste Lust nicht länger halten – ich muss hinauf – es ist geschehen – der letzte Band ist zerrissen – meine Flügel schwingen mich mächtig empor – ich tauche hinauf in das Meer des Lichts.

Du kleinstehender, Frauer
Kümmriger Mensch — Du
schwindest mir —

Wohin bist du gegangen?
Es ist etwas geschehen — ich
bin wie gelähmt. Entschwand
mir nicht der Gott?
Wie arm und öde ist dieses
Land! Wo ist der Gott?
Was ist geschehen?

Nehme mich einmal auf die
Stelle zurück, wo du mir entschwun-
den. Wie leer — wie abgrundtiefen.
Soll ich das den Menschen verkünden,
wo und wie du entschwundest?

Soll ich hingehen und das Evan-
gelium der tiefsten und gottverlassenen
Einsamkeit predigen? Soll ich sagen,
ihr seid und sollt einsam sein — die
Seele ist euch entschwunden?
Sollen wir alle wie die Wisten gehen und
unser Haupt mit Asche bestreuen, da
der Gott von uns gegangen?

Ach er ist nur mir entschwunden.
Alle die Anderen, sie haben ihn nicht
gefühlt, und darum entschwand er
ihnen nie.

Was soll geschehen und auf welchen
Bahn soll das Leben weiterschreiten?

Ich erkenne und glaube, daß meine
Seele etwas von mir Verschiedenes sei.

sie schwang sich mit jubelnder Freude empor – ich stehe hier in dumpfem Schmerz und jeder Hoffnung und jedem Lichtes bar.

Nicht mehr mit meiner Seele sondern mit mir allein –

Dieser Kameraad ist penibel und kritisch. Ich habe ihn nicht zum Gesellen gewünscht. Seine Gesellschaft ist mir abermals aufgedrängt. Mit ihm unter einem Dach wohnen, das will was heissen – vielleicht noch lieber ein böses Weib oder wenigstens ein Hund – aber das eigene Ich – mir graut, denn es ist fürchterlich langweilig und zum ertödtenden Monotonie. Und gerade hat es viel üble Eigenschaften. Namentlich fehlt es ihm an Selbstbewunderung, an der richtigen Werthschätzung seines selbst. Es scheint eine erzieherische Aufgabe zu werden, damit doch wenigstens etwas geschieht.

Also höre, liebes Ich, wir sind allein zusammen und unser Zusammensein droht unerträglich langweilig zu werden. Also ich will etwas thun, z. B. Dich erziehen. Dein Hauptfehler ist, Du hast keine richtige Werthschätzung deines selbst. Sieht es, andere Leute haben Überfluss daran. Du hast doch keine Ruhe gutter Eigenschaften, auf die Du Dich etwas einbilden kannst. Du meinst das sei eben die Kunst, das zu können. Selbstverständlich, das ist die Kunst. Aber Künste kann man auch einigermaassen lernen. Bitte Ihne das. Es

fällt Dir schwer — nun, alles Anfangen ist schwer. Bedarfst Du es besser können. Du zweifelst? — Das nützt nichts, es muss sein, denn sonst kann ich mit Dir nicht existieren. Hüben meine Seele zum Himmel geflogen ist, sind wir aufeinander angewiesen und da wirst Du vernünftig sein und Dich annehmbar einstellen, sonst haben wir ein hundeelendes Leben zusammen. Also bitte, raffe Dich auf und achte Dich, bewundere Dich, sage Dir, dass Du unvergleichliche Verdienste und bewunderswerthe Gaben habest. Willst Du nicht? —

Kläglich Figur! Ich werde Dich etwas quälen, wenn du Dich nicht anstrengst. Was jammerst Du? Andere könnten es besser wie Du? Warum mit Andern vergleichen? Es giebt Welche, die es noch schlechter können.

Du bist unglaublich hartnäckig. Vielleicht spannt Dich die Reitsche?

Ha, das geht ins eigene Fleisch, aber noch eins — und noch eins —

Wie schmeckt es? Nach Blut wohl — in majorem Dei gloriam — willst Du noch mehr?

Oder willst Du Liebe oder wie man das nennt? Man kann auch mit Liebe erziehen, wenn die Schläge nichts pochten. Also ich will Dich lieben. Schmücke Dich als sichtbares Zeichen meiner Liebe.

Ist das grausam genug? Ich glaube wahrhaftig, die gähnt.

Du scheinst unverbesserlich zu sein. Das giebt nochmals schönes Zusammenleben auf die Dauer.

Was du willst sprechen? Ich lasse dich aber nicht zu Worte kommen, sonst behauptest du am Ende noch, du seiest meine Seele; aber wisse du magisches Wort: meine Seele ist zum Himmel emporgestiegen, zu den Quellen der ewigen Lichter. Du bist nicht meine Seele, sondern du bist bloss Ich, und als solches ein merkwürdig unsympathisches und kaltes Wesen, der offenbar mit allem Recht nicht viel auf sich hält.

An dir kann jeder Erzieher verzweifeln, denn so etwas Empfindliches und Begehrliches wie du kommt selten vor.

Es thut mir leid, dass ich dir solche Wahrheiten sagen muss. Du bist weibisch und rechthaberisch, widerspenstig, pessimistisch, unsanthropisch, faul, unehrlich mit dir selber, unliebenswürdig, giftig und rachsüchtig. Über deinen kindischen Stolz und deine Empfindelei wären Bände zu schreiben. Die Schauspielerei steht dir übel an und du missbrauchst sie nach Kräften.

Glaubst du, dass es einer vergnügen ist, mit einem solchen Kerl zusammenzuexistieren? Nein und dreimal nein — ich verspreche dir aber, ich werde dich in deinem Schneckenstock sparren und dir die Haut herunterfeilen. Dann hast du Gelegenheit, dir eine neue wachsen zu lassen. Vielleicht wird du dann auskömmlicher.

Du wolltest andern Leuten etwas

am Zeug flicken?

Komm her, ich will dir einen Lappenneuer Haut aufnähen, damit du selbst fühlst, wie's thut.

Du beklagst dich, dass du Schinderei noch kein Ende hat?

Du hast eben erst angefangen, sage ich dir. Du hast nämlich auch keine Spur von Geduld; nur da, wo es sich um dein Vergnügen handelt, da rühmst du dein Geduld. Sonst hast du überhaupt gar keine. Ich werde also deine Qual um's Doppelte verlängern, damit du den richtigen Begriff von Geduld bekommst.

Du findest den Schmerz unerträglich. Es giebt Dinge, die noch weher thun, und du kommst zu andern in bewundernswerther Naivetät an dem. Ich halte also meine Feile ins Feuer, bis sie glüht und dann feile ich dich weiter mit rothbraunem Eisen.

Du weinst, du kommst nicht mehr. Man kann noch viel mehr, nämlich schweigen. Wozu will ich dir du Dinge erzählen, mit der du gelästert, gespottet und gezwitzelt hast. Ich will alle deine ungerechten und lasterhaften Worte einzeln mit Nadeln an deinen Körper heften, damit du fühlst, wie böse Worte stechen.

Fühlst du jetzt, dass du auch noch ein Vergnügen an deiner Qual hast? Dieses Vergnügen will ich steigern bis du dich daran erbrichst, damit du weisst, was Vergnügen an der Selbstquälerei

heirat.

Du empörst Dich gegen mich? Ich jetzt aber den Schraubstock fester an und lege Dir Daumenschrauben an, bis Dir alle Lust an Empörung grundsätzlich vergangen ist.

Ich will alle Deine Knochen brechen, bis keine Spur von Härte mehr in ~~Dir~~ Dir ist.

Dann schreibst mir Dir auskommen, ich muss ja – hol' dich der Teufel – Du bist ja mein Ich, mit dem ich mich bis zum Grabe zu schleppen habe. Meinst Du, ich wolle ~~ich mit~~ eine solche Widerspänstigkeit wie Dich ewig zum Gesellen haben? Wenn Du nicht Ich wärest, so hätte ich Dich längst in Fetzen zerrissen — nein, ich hätte Dich stehen lassen in deiner Empfindsamkeitsecke, dort wärest Du von selber verdickt und zwar langsam, wie es ohnehin ohnes Ende gewesen wäre.

So bin ich aber verdammt, Dich durch eine ganz mittelalterliche Hölle hindurchzuschleppen, bis Du mir einigermassen anständig wirst. Vorher soll der Teufel mit Dir leben.

Du ruftst Gott um Hilfe an? Gut, der liebe Gott so weit weg ist und Dich nicht hört; er hätte am Ende noch Erbarmen mit deiner Nichtswürdigkeit und verdürbe mir mit einer Gnade die ganze Execution, wir sind aber an einem sichern Orte, wo Dich niemand hört. Meine Seele ist in den Himmel geflogen, und haben wir endlich eine ungestörte Seligkeit, nur einmal u

gründlichst abzurechnen mit einander.

Wende Dich nur und schwitze Blut. Diese Cur hattest Du schon lange nöthig.

Du wolltest überlegen sein! Es ist zum lachen! Du warst unterlegen bis dort hinaus. Soll ich Dir davon die längste Geschichte erzählen? Schlesse mir Dir durch 10 Trompeten in Dir Ohren schmettern, damit Du Dich nicht von deiner Überlegenheit gehalten wirst.

Bist Du jetzt ruhig und etwas ohnmächtig? Dann leg' ich Dich in einen Winkel, wo du liegen magst, bis Du wieder Athem schöpfst. Wenn Du nichts mehr fühlst, taugst Du Poesie nichts. Es soll Alles kunstgerecht sein.

Die Poesie ist barbarisch, aber wirksam. Der moderne Mensch bedarf der Revision. Es spricht nicht für ihn, der es so barbarischer Erziehungsmittel bedarf. Der Fortschritt seit dem Mittelalter scheint gering zu sein.

Der Prüfstein ist das Allerseinmit sich selber.

Dies ist der Weg zur Schätzung seiner selbst.

20 VI 44.

Du bist noch nicht viel weiter; ~~heute~~ Du hast Dich wieder in unterwerthig gestellt. Soll ich Dir sagen, warum?

Du hast eine grenzenlose Ehrsucht. Deine Motive sind nicht um der Sache, sondern

um der Ehre willen. Nicht für die Menschen, sondern für Dich arbeitest Du. Du strebst nicht nach Vollendung der Sache, sondern für eine Anerkennung. Du willst die dafür eine rechtige Eisenkrone auf den Kopf setzen. An diesem Lorbeer selbst da Dich genügen.

Und jetzt kommen wir ja dem argen Schwindel, den du mit deinem Intellect treibst. Du redest geschickter als Andere, darum mißbrauchst Du deine Fähigkeit und verfährst und mildert ab und verstärkt und retauchierst, wo du nur immer kannst, und verkündest laut deine Ehrlichkeit und Gutgläubigkeit. Du lässest andere ahnungslos auftreten, wenn sie sich doch nur in deinen Schlingen fangen. Du beutest ihre Naivetät aus, um als Klugerer und Überlegener dazustehen. Du spielst Bescheidenheit und verwähnst deine Verdienste nicht, in der gewissen Haffnung daß jemand anders es für Dich thäte, und geschieht es nicht, dann bist du entrüstet und ziehst dich schmollend zurück.

Du liebst Effecte — ja, wenn es nach dem der Andern wollen wäre. Aber denen mißgönnst du sie — du liebst sie für dich. Du kannst es nicht helfen, daß du es liebst, dich reden zu hören. Deine Affecte im Reden hörst du besonders gern an — aber nicht um der Andern willen, sondern einzig und allein um deinetwillen. Du gebrauchst ungewöhnliche Worte und fügst gern lese und bescheiden und wie nebenhin Citate ein, die deine große Gelehrsamkeit schamhaft andeuten sollen.

Wo ist Deine Scham? Schamloser!

Du predigst heuchlerisch Bescheidenheit, und, wenn es darauf ankommt, bist Du gelassen? Nein, Du bist es nicht, elender Lügner. Du verzehrst Dich in unserer Wuth, Du zischst kalte Dolche, Deine Augen funkeln vor Hass.

Du bist rachesüchtig und mißgünstig. Du gönnst dem Armen den Sonnenschein nicht. Jedes Wohlergehen um Dich beneidest Du und behauptest frech das Gegentheil.

In Deinen Gedanken denkst Du ehrenrührig, was Dir nur immer passt und fühlst Dich dabei der Menschheit gegenüber nicht im Geringsten verantwortlich. Du bist es eben der Menschheit verantwortlich, was Du thust und was Du denkst. Heuchle nur keinen Unterschied von Denken und Thun vor. Du stützest Dich nur auf den unverdienten Vortheil, nicht gezwungen gewesen zu sein, das zu sagen oder zu thun, was Du denkst.

Dennoch in Deinem Thun sagst Du schamlos, wenn Dich nur Niemand sieht. Soll ich Dir darüber erzählen? Wenn Dir das ein Anderer sagte, so wärest Du tödtlich beleidigt. Gewiß Du dafür Dir Haut über die Ohren ziehen, damit Andere denken, wenn sie Dir einen Fehler vorwerfen, gleichgültig, ob sie es aus Liebe oder Hass thun.

Und dann — wie denkst Du eigentlich? Es scheint mir, Du

denkst sogar mit Menschen ohne-
achtet ihrer menschlichen Würde, du
wagst es, mit ihnen zu denken und
sie als Figuren auf deinem Brett zu
benützen, wie wenn sie das wären, als
was du sie denkst oder imaginierst.
Ist dir jemals der Sinn daran ge-
kommen, das du damit eine ehrmö-
liche Gewaltthat begehst, ebensoviel
wie das, was du an Andern verur-
theilst, nämlich das sie dich mit
menschen mit sogenannter Liebe miß-
handeln. Deine Sünde blüht bloss
im Verborgenen, ist aber nicht minder
gross, schonungslos und gemein. Du
mißbrauchst die Verborgenheit deines
Denkens, Arglistiger! Ich will
aber deine Schmach aus Licht ~~entpor~~ heraus-
reissen, wie es dir nie zuvor ge-
schehen ist. Und du wollst dazu
Amen, Amen säuseln.

Den Ruhm deiner Überlegenheit
will ich dir mit Füssen zertreten und
in den Koth stampfen.

All das soll dir geschehen, um
deines Gefühles der Minderwertigkeit
wegen; das du Tag um Tag mißbraucht
um deiner Aufgabe auszuweichen.

Habe ich dich gefragt, ob du
dich minderwerthig fühlst? ~~Da~~
Eine solche Frage gibt es nicht. Du
hast bloss zu erfüllen. Es geht
dich garnichts an, nicht deine Kinder-
stubengefühle.

Sprich mir schon garnicht von
deiner Liebe zu Andern. Was du Liebe

nennst, triefst von Eigennutz, Neid und Habgier. Deine sogenannte Liebe ist ein complicirtes Bündel von Interessen.

Also, ich bitte, exemplificire mir mit deiner Liebe. Sondern halte den Mund darüber. Es wird unwahrscheinlich, wenn du davon sprichst.

Schade, daß ich nicht zehn Hände habe, um Dich durchzupeitschen.

Ich will alle deine Wälle niederreissen und deine Burg dem Erdboden gleichmachen. Du sollst in einer jämmerlichen Hütte wohnen, wo alle deine Armuth und Blösse sehen und verspotten sollen. Du hast genug Blössen aufgedeckt, genug Andere verspottet und vernichtet. Jetzt bekommst du deinen Antheil voll ausbezahlt.

Ich will dich zwingen, daß du auch alle deine Schande und Erbärmlichkeit laut hinausschreist, daß alle Leute dich ~~hören~~ und dein unsinniges Geschrei hören und Alle dich verspotten.

Ich will deinen Inhalt von dir ausbrennen, auf den du stolz warst, damit du leer wirst wie ein Gefäß, das ausgeschüttet ist. Du sollst auf nichts mehr stolz sein als auf deine eingestandene Erbärmlichkeit und Hohlheit.

Du sollst Gefäß und Behälter des Hohnes sein. Also schlachte alle deine todten Götzen in dir.

Du sollst mit Anstrengung das lassen, was Andere ~~trotz~~ Anstrengung

thun müssen. Du gehörst der Freiheit nicht, sondern der Form, nicht der Kraft, sondern der Empfangen und Erleiden. Du selbst aus der Gefangenschaft deiner selbstsüchtigen Tugend wachsen, die ich der Menschheit wie einen Teppich hinbreite. Lass sie mit schmutzigen Füssen darüber gehen. Du kannst dich nicht beklagen. Du bist ja denn noch schmutziger als die Füsse, die über dich schreiten. Es werden nicht etliche Füsse sogar an dir reinigen. Seid nun dem Himmel dankbar für deine Zweckmässigkeit.

21.IV.14.

Ich wusste lächerlicherweise noch nicht, dass wenn ich meine Bestie zähme, zugleich auch die Bestien um mich gezähmt werden. Nur bei mir nimmt die Zähmung den Anfang. Nicht dass ich wild gewesen wäre, nicht dass Du Dummer Bruder Ich, wild gewesen wärest! Andere waren wild. Aber wenn Andere wild werden, muss ich dazwischentreten, bis du Alles erträgst und vergiebst. Dann kann ich mit dir leben. Wenn du Einen ein Unrecht thut, dann quäle ich dich bis auf Blut, bis du das erlittene Unrecht vergeben und dich dafür bedankt hast, aber nicht bloss mit den Lippen, sondern auch in deinem argen Herzen mit seiner nachlosen Empfindlichkeit.

Gewaltthat ist schändlich, ~~also~~ Empfindlichkeit auch. Sie ist die Gewaltthat des Nicht-Thatmenschen.

Also, Bruder in meiner Einsamkeit, höre: Ich habe mit dich auch ferner hier alle Instrumente der

Foltrkammerbrüt, wenn es dir je einfallen sollte, empfindlich zu sein.

Merke dir: anerkennen, Recht geben, freundlich empfangen, bei Seite treten, dich hinlegen, Rutenstreiche mit Dank empfangen, Spott ertragen, und merke dir ~~ist~~ soll Alles nicht gewesen sein. Du sollst dich blau unterlegen fühlen, als Bettler auftreten und freigebig Königliche verschenken. Dafür sollst du hören, daß man deinen Geiz hervorhebt und du sollst wiederum anerkennen und Recht geben. Dies ist der Weg zur Macht, zu deren Besitz du träumtest.

Deine Seele ~~mit~~, mein Bruder Esel, ist zum Lichte aufgestiegen. Du bist nicht deine Seele, du gehörst nur deiner Seele, und wir gehört zum großen Lichte, das niemals erlischt. Das Mundenleben erreicht deine Seele nicht. Also füllen wir deinen Becher mit dem bitteren Trank der Unterlegenheit, denn deine Seele ist hinaufgestiegen zu unmessbarer Höhe.

Fühlst du noch empfindlich sein? warte, Teufel, ich merke, du nährst heimliche Rachepläne, heckst feine Pläne aus mit satanischer List. Du bist blau wie Dummkopf. Du kannst dich an Naturkräften das nicht rächen. Dummes Kind, du willst

wohl der Meer peitschen lassen?
Baue lieber unsere Brücken. Dann
magst du deinen Witz verschwenden.
Liebst du mich?
Gut, dann sei dir die Strafe
erlassen.
Was jammerst du?
Du willst verstanden sein? Das
fehlte noch. Verstehe dich selbst und
du bist verstanden genug. Natur-
kräfte verstehen dich besser als du
dich selbst. Sie gehen immer auf deinen
schwachen Punkt, daran siehst
du, wie gut sie dich verstehen. Ver-
stehe lieber die Naturkraft, dann
trifft sie dich nicht.

8 Mai 1914.

Ich lege Dir vor, was mich
bewegt. Ich that, wie uns geheimnis-
ich kommt widerwillig und eine bis
Angst tritt mich.

„Wie bist du ferne?
Ist es deine Stimme, meine Seele?
Aus welchen Höhen und Fernen
sprichst Du?

„Ich bin über Dir. Meine
Ferne ist eine Weltferne. Mir ist
sonnenhaftigkeit geworden. Wo stehst
Du? Kaum kann ich Dich in Deinen
Nebeln finden."

Ich stehe hier unten auf finsterer
Erde und mein Blick reicht nicht
zu Dir. Aber Deine Stimme tönt

mir näher.

„Ich fühle es. Erdenschwere drückt mich, feuchte Kühle umweht mich. Eine graue Erinnerung meiner früheren Kummergen befällt mich."

Lass Dich nicht ganz mir herab. Ich möchte, dass etwas von mir Sonnenhaftigkeit bewahre. Sonst kann ich nicht weiter in die Finsternis der Erde hinuntersteigen. Lass mich nur Deine Stimme hören. Nimmer begehre ich wieder, Dich im Fleische zu sehen. Lass mir ein Wort!

„Ich will Dir ein Wort lesen, sollt's Liebe, soll's Glück sein?"

Frage mich nicht; nimm es aus dem Tiefsten. Nimm es dort vielleicht, wo wo mir Angst zuflüstert.

„Ich kann und weg nicht, denn irgendwo fließt Deines Schaffens Quelle."

Du siehst mich und meine Pfaden. Du weißt, dass ich meinen bin.

„Der meinige Weg ist der gute Weg; an ihm liegen die Möglichkeiten. Sei unbeirrt und schaffe."

Ich höre Deine Flügel rauschen. Du steigst. Ich weiß, dass ich weiterschreiten werde.

21.V.14.

Soll ich nach oben oder nach unten reden? Unten bist Du, mein Bruder Ich, oben Du, meine Seele.

Es ist hart, die Opfer fallen, links und rechts. Und ich bin selber der am meisten aus deshalbs willen gekränkt.

Mein Bruder, wie schmeckt Dir diese Rede?

„Es ist bitter und mir geschieht viel Leides!"

Ich weiss, es ist aber nicht zu ändern.

Und du, meine Seele? Verzeih, ich rufe dich an.

„Mir geschieht viel Freude. Du hebst mich höher, meine Flügel dehnen sich."

Du hebst von menschlichem Herzblut.

„Kein Trank ist mir bitter als rothes Blut."

Wenn Du nicht meine Seele wärest, die aufgetrieben ist zu denen grossen Bäumen, so würde ich Dich die schrecklichste Feindin der Menschen nennen. Aber wer nährt an Dich? Ich weiss, Göttliches ist nicht Menschliches. Das Göttliche verzehrt das Menschliche. Ich weiss, es ist furchtbar hart. Wer Dich mit Händen tastete, kann die Glut an seinen Händen nimmer löschen. Ich bin Deiner Palme verfallen.

5. Lass die blutigen Opfer an Deiner Seite fallen. Nicht du bist hart, es ist hart und grausam, nothwendigerweise. Der Weg des Lebens ist mit Gefallenen besäet."

Bei Gott, ein wahres Schlachtfeld! Mein Bruder, was hast du?

du achtest?

J. „Warum sollte ich nicht? Ich belade mich mit den Toten und kann ihr Zahl kaum schleppen."

Du bist ein Hirte, mein Freund! Hast Du nicht gehört, der erscheint. „Lasst die Toten ihre Toten bestatten"! Warum lässt du dich mit Toten belasten? Du bringst sie nicht weiter, damit du sie schleppst.

J. „Aber mich drängt es, einen Gefallenen, sie kommen nicht zum Licht. Vielleicht wenn ich sie schleppe — ?"

Wer drängt dich? Ihre Lieben haben so viel erreicht, als sie konnten. Dann traf sie das Geschick. Beruhige dich, auch wird es auch so gehen. Du kannst nicht Unmögliches bitten.

Dein Mitleid ist krankhaft.

S. „Lass ihm das Mitleid. Mitleid verbindet Tod und Leben und ist eine Brücke von Tod zu Leben. Es gibt auch Scheintote und Ohnmächtige. Mit Mitleid kommen sie vielleicht noch."

Der Rath ~~wo~~ ist weise und kommt zur rechten Stunde. Mein Bruder möge Mitleid haben.

23 V. 1914.

Jeder Stundenzeiger gönnt Ruhe. Fliegst Du, meine Seele, zum Himmel empor. Warum thatest Du das?

„Aus innerer Nothwendigkeit."

Wozu bestand sie?

„Mir ist nicht bestimmt, in einer Welt zu sein. Ich beunruhige mich.

im Kothe eurer Erde."

Ist der Koth der Erde nicht heilig?

„Ja und nein. Der Boden der Erde ist heilig, aber nicht der Koth. Koth ist Koth, Erde ist Erde".

Hat ein Fehler meinerseits Dich veranlaßt, wiederum emporzutauchen?

„Nein, meine Nothwendigkeit. Ich gehöre nach oben."

Ist Niemand ein wirklicher Verlust entstanden durch Dein Verschwinden?

„Im Gegentheil – höchstens Gewinn. Hast Du das nicht bemerkt?"

Wenn ich höre, was die Menschen dazu sagen, könnten auch Zweifel darüber befallen.

„Warum hast Du bemerkt? Warum soll das, was Du nicht immer warst, immer wahr sein? Bist Du ein Kind oder ein Narr?"

Bisweilen scheint es mir fast.

„Damit thust Du eben Dein Bewußtsein Unrecht, das Du Dich selber zum Narren machst. Warum kommst Du denn nicht endlich einmal auf deinem Wege bleiben?"

Du weißt, es geschah um der Kinder willen.

„Nein, um Deiner Schwäche willen, um Deines Zweifels willen, um Deines Unglaubens willen. Halte Dich auf Deinem Wege und lasse die nicht selber sein. Es giebt eine göttliche und eine menschliche Absicht. Beide kreuzen sich bei dummen und gottvergessenen Leuten. Jedem Dir bisweilen gehörst."

Wider Alles anzunehmen?
Du wirst, in welchem Sinne ich es sage,
es ist nicht dumm und ungläubig so
zu sagen, sondern es ist ein Zweifel
höherer Art.

„Ich verstehe dich — alles
ist anzunehmen."

Mich erschreckt die Einsam-
keit.

„Es werden Bessere zu dir
kommen — sie sind unterwegs nach
deinem Hause und bald werden sie
anklopfen."

Es klopfen so viele an. Wer-
de ich die Rechten erkennen?

„Kein Irrthum ist möglich. Du
wirst sie erkennen."

Mir graut auch vor Wahnsinn,
der den Einsamen befällt.

„Die Einsamkeit habe ich dir,
wie du wohl weißt, schon längst vorausge-
sagt. Vor Wahnsinn brauchtest du nicht
zu zagen. Du wirst nicht so einsam
sein, wenn du Wahnsinn gefürchtet
hättest. Du siehst ja, dein Werk ge-
deiht und bringt herrliche Früchte."

Noch ist nicht alle Tage Abend.

„Wenn Dir voraussage, gilt:
Dein Werk wird bestehen. Nur
Blinde können es nicht sehen."

Eine unverstandene Angst
quält mich.

„Da sitzt Dein Unglauben, dein
Zweifel. Du willst an die Größe
der Opfer, die erforderlich sind, nicht
glauben. Es geht bis aufs Blut.
Grosses erfordert Grosses. Du

willst immer noch zu billig sein. Du erregst damit nur Mißverständnis.

Sprechich dir nicht von Verlegenheit? Willst du erhaben heben als andere Menschen? und gar noch besser als andere Schaffende?"

Nein, nein. Aber ich fürchte Unrecht zu thun.

„Das sollst du nicht fürchten. Es genügt, daß du es fürchtest. Andere fürchten es nicht einmal, sondern thun es ungenirt."

Hart bitter und ich kann dir nicht ausweichen.

„Wo willst du ausweichen? Es giebt kein Ausweichen. Du hast deine Stirne gegeben, unbekümmert um Alle, die an dir anfallen. Du sollst nicht zum Narren anderer werden, gleichviel ob sie gut oder schlecht sind. Du lebst nicht das, was du hast."

Was lebe ich?

„Eitle Frage! Du hast deine Hand auf das Göttliche gelegt, das Dein nicht haben. Frage nicht so breit und geschmacklos. Das giebt dir nur deine Angst ein."

Ich sehe einen Palast vor mir, mit unzähligen hellen Fenstern und höre „In meines Vaters Hause sind viele Wohnungen" – Was heißt das?

„Ach, denke dem nach wenn fragst du? Du kannst es selber erraten. Die Angst macht

Ich Dummer. Es ist ja Alles nur zu klar. Aber du willst nicht glauben. Keine Beweise mehr! Du kannst dich genügen.

24.V.14.

Ich bin auf den Kopf gefallen und glaube Entdeckungen zu machen.

„Nun kann es hell werden."

Sei Du vielleicht, meine Seele. Aber bei mir nicht.

„Sagte ich dir nicht <u>finstere Einsamkeit</u> voraus?"

Ich weiß, aber ich dachte nicht, daß es so kommen werde. Muß es so sein oder kann ich etwas thun?

„Du kannst nur ja sagen. Was willst du thun? Es ist nichts zu thun, als daß du deine Sache besorgst. Wenn etwas werden soll, kann es nur auf diesem Wege werden. Durch Andere geht es nicht."

Also ist es hoffnungslos, mich gegen die Einsamkeit sträuben zu wollen?

„Ganz hoffnungslos. Das ist anzunehmen. – Du selbst in dem Werk hinein gezwungen sein."

Ich sehe, einen alten Mann mit weißem Barte vor mir stehen. Er ist wie ein alter Einsiedler, einer von den Christen, die in der Wüste lebten. Sein Gesicht ist mager und abgehärmt. Was willst du, sprich!

A. Ich bin ein Namenloser, einer der Vielen, die in Einsamkeit lebten und starben. Das forderte Ø von uns. Der

Geist der Zeit und du anerkannte Wahrheit. Sieh mich an — das hast du zu lernen. Dir ging es zugut. Tiefe quellt vor der Einsamkeit."

Ist das noch die Nothwendigkeit in unserer so vielfach andern Zeit?

„Es ist heute mehr, wie gestern."

Es ist grauenhaft.

„Wagst du nicht, daß du ein Mensch bist und gehalten hast für das Ziel der Menschheit.

Höre, du bist noch zu jugendlich für das Alter. Du sollst älter werden, die Jahre schwinden und noch hast du Mensch nicht vollendet. Aber fliehe Einsamkeit und ohne Murren, damit Alles zur Zeit reife werde. Du sollst nicht unvollendet sterben. Diese Jahre sind gezählt und es braucht viele Jahre bis zu deiner Vollendung. Du sollst erst werden, und schwer wie Eisen soll dein Wort bis auf den Grund der Menschheit sinken. Lass ab von allzu viele Wissenschaft. Dort ist der Weg, dein Weg nicht. Dein Weg geht nach der Tiefe, nach allem Seltensten und Tiefsten. Wissenschaft ist Oberfläche, Instrument, Sprache. Du hast die Kinder in der Wissenschaft noch klar zu sehen."

Bin ich scholastisch?

„Das nicht, aber wissenschaftlich, Wissenschaft ist eine neuere Ausgabe der Scholastik. Das ist zu überwinden."

Hier noch nicht genug? Fehle ich damit nicht zu sehr gegen den Geist der Zeit, wenn ich noch von allem Wissenschaftlichen lasse?

Du sollst dich nicht genug los-

sagen, ehe bedenke, der Wissenschaft bloßerne Sprache ist.

Zu welchen Tiefen verlangst du mich vorzudringen?

Immer über den und gegenwärtigen hinaus."

Ich will, ehe wer soll kommen?

Ich habe offenbar Angst, ich könne nicht mehr.

Du unsichtbarhüter. Schöpfer Luft. Du bist nehmen die Luft weg."

Kommt auch dies Opfer?

Du musst, du musst."

25.V.74.

Es ist eng, wie im Sarg.

Noch ist nicht allertage Abend.

Das schlimmste kommt jetzt.

Die Hand, die zuerst schlägt, schlägt am besten.

Der Musim quellt aus tiefsten Brunnen und reichlich wie der Nil.

Der Morgen ist schöner als der Abend.

Die Blume duftet, bis sie verblüht.

Der Reif kommt möglichst spät im Frühling, sonst verfehlt er seine Bestimmung.

Der Wahnsinn ist das angenehmbarste aller Übel, man verkennt ihn.

Mein lieber Konrad, dein Herz ist von der Melancholie gepressen. Seine Seele sitzt im Himmel und es giebt kein Hernieder mehr. Also musst Du nicht zu sehr an mir zerren, sonst kann ich die Verbindung mit der Seele nicht halten. Dein Totenschleppen ist gräßlich. Aber meine Seele stimmt dabei. Also kann ich nicht menschlich sein; sondern

werde deine die eigenthümliche Qual unterstützen. Wir gehören ja zu den Verwöhnten des Schicksals. Unsere Qual hat eine vornehme Art — Andere sehen sie nicht.

Sonst wird dir nichts nachgelassen. Du kannst d. Dunkelheit nachstammen.

Du willst wissen, wohin das noch führen soll?

Du bist blödsinnig. Das ist eben der Witz der Sache, daß man nicht weiß, wohin wir gehen.

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24. VI 14.

Du, dieses Buch! Wieder habe ich Dich — banal und krankhaft und rasend und göttlich, mein geschriebenes Unbewusstes! Du hast mich wieder auf die Knie gedrückt. Hier bin ich, höre Deinen Spruch!

„Der Spruch ist leise wie sanfter Wind in den Blättern."

Wie lautet er, du erstaunliches Wesen?

„Das Größte kommt zum Kleinsten."

Ist dies das Wort? Lege mir aus!

Ich höre schlecht und bin voll Ungeduld. Mir scheint, es stimme etwas nicht. Ich scheine nicht klar zu sehen. Es zieht mich verschiedenes.

Ich höre eigenthümliche Worte in mir, wie: Du bist dumm, blödsinnig, verblendet, dein eigener Affe, ein Ball in den Händen Anderer. Warum passiert ein Wunder an mir? Du bist stumm? Warum höre ich Dich nicht?

„Weil Du mich nicht hören

— wegst — oder kommst?"

Was soll der hinsen? Ich will hören, wenn Du sprichst?

„Warum thust Du jenen Menschen nicht weg?"

Warum soll ich ihn wegthun? Ich kann Menschen nicht wegtegen, wie getragene Kleider.

„Du kannst Dich aber innerlich wandeln. Du musst auch härter und bestimmter werden. So führst Du es zu gutem Ende."

Das will ich nur merken. Du meinst der Menschen mir.

Du hast Göttliches zu vertreten. Verguis nicht.

21. VII. 1914.

Ich muss zu Dir. Du sahest, wie Alle die Tage voll Unrast waren. Du sahest, wie dunkel mein Weg ist. Ich zögere, des rechten Weges inzuwis.

„Dies ist Deine Sache."

Meine Sache? soll ich sagen, dass sie es oder jenes?

„Unnütze Fragen — Du musst eine, was Du thust."

Ich höre. Aber ich wollte Dir sagen, dass ich der Gute thun möchte. Ich möchte zu Dir kommen, um mit Dir zu sprechen, um Dir vorzulegen, dass ich mein Bestes thun wolle, nicht um meinet willen, sondern für Dich sache. Ich wollte Dir sagen, dass ich meines über meine ferneren Wege sei.

„Was fragst Du nach ferneren Wegen?

Lebe das Heute ganz. Das ist der beste Weg zur Zukunft. So wie Du sie schaffst, ist sie. Der denkt zu weit. Sei vernünftig, bleibe beim Heute!"

Was denkst Du vom Beten?

In dieser Zeit wurde der I. u. II. Theil des rothen Buches unmittelbar nach Kriegsbeginn.

3. Juni 15: Heute beim Rudern sah ich einen Fischadler plötzlich wild weit voraus herunterstoßen und einen Fisch aus den Wasserhyacinthen. Ein Zeichen.

Nacht 3/4 VI 15. Traum: Fremde Stadt – große Lindenbäume, eine grosse Kälte ist über Nacht gekommen, liegt auf der Straße, die Blätter und was sonst gewachsen sind. Deutliche Überzeugung im Traume, wie es möglich sei, daß trotz der seit einigen Tage es über Nacht plötzlich so kalt werden könne, ~~zu~~ ebenso gerade im Juni. (ähnliche Träume vor dem Krieg)

Anoc. frühere Träume dieser Art – nach Krieg? Veränderungen meiner Verhältnisse zur Welt – ~~zur~~ vermehrte Introversion – m. und sexu. gegenüber – der Otterkinnsalzfabrikant der zu vergraben ist. Zurückhaltung – gegenthätiger Effect meiner Anstrengungen.

Was sagst Du? Suchst Recht – begebe Dich, dann wachsen Andere. Willst Du, daß sie wachsen? Ja. Das ist das Opfer, Deiner selbst, so kann Dein Sohn wachsen, Du sollst entsprießen. Du hast keine Meinung mehr, verlengnende Bedeutung.

14.7.15.

Herumreisen werde ich Dich. Ich will Dich belehren. Ich will Dich prägen wie eine Münze. Ich will Handel mit Dir treiben. Man soll Dich kaufen und verkaufen. Kerner ist dein Daemon. Du sollst von einer Hand in die andere gehen. Eigenwille ist Dir nicht. Wider der Heraus-theilt bist Du. Gold ist kein Herr aus eigenem Willen, und doch der Theilhaber der Heraus-theilt, verachtet und gierig verlangt, ein Herrscher unerbittlicher Art. Er liegt und wartet. Wer es sieht, lechzt danach. Das Gold läuft Niemand nach. Es liegt schweigend, hellglänzendes Antlitz, sich selbst genug, ein König, der keines Beweises seiner Machtbedarf. Alle suchen danach, wenige finden es, ihnen ist das kleinste Stück wird hochgeschätzt. Es giebt sich nicht, es verschwendet sich nicht. Jeder nimmt es, wo er es findet und sorgt ängstlich dafür, daß er auch nicht den kleinsten Theil davon verliere. Man will immer seine Abhängigkeit davon verleugnen, um heimlich und schmeichelnd doch seine Hand danach auszustrecken. Muss das Gold seine Nothwendigkeit beweisen? Es ist durch das Begehren der Menschen erwiesen. Fragt es: Warum bist mich? Was nützt, sagt es. Das Gold prahlt sich nicht. Es schläft und leuchtet. Sein Glanz ist immerwährend. Ohne Wort verspricht es Alles, was dem Menschen begehrenswerth scheint. Es gerecht dem zahlreichen Verbunden zum Verderben, dem Strebenden hilft

er zum Aufstieg.

Ein glimmender Hort ist gehäuft. Er wartet der Nehmenden. Welch Wühsal nimmt der Mensch nicht auf sich um der Golder willen? Das Gold wertet und kauft der Menschen Mühsal immer, je höher gemüht, desto höher geschätzt.

Es bildet ~~[illegible]~~ sich aus Unterirdischem, aus feuerflüssigem, Erschlicht nichlangsam aus, in Adern, unterstein versteckt. Alle List bietet der Menschen, es herauszugraben und auszulaugen. Es giebt sich nicht, es läßt sich nehmen.

Philemon, Hüter des Hortes, mit zweideutiger Rede wartest Du eines Deutes.

15.IX.15. Nicht nur lehren, sondern auch verleugnen, denn warum lehrte ich? Wenn ich nicht lehre, so muß ich auch nicht verleugnen. Wenn ich aber gelehrt habe, so muß ich nachher verleugnen. Denn, wenn ich hätte nehmen sollen, so gebe ich den Andern, was er hätte nehmen sollen. Gut ist, was erwirbt; schlecht aber wirkt der Geschenk, das nicht erworben wurde. Sich verschwendende Reichtum: Viele unterdrücken wollen. Den Schenkenden umgiebt Hinterlist, weil auch sein eigener Vorsatz hinterlistig ist. Er wird gezwungen, seine Geschenke rückgängig zu machen und seine Tugend zu verleugnen.

Die Last der Schwäche ist nicht größer als die Last meines Ich, die ich immer ~~[illegible]~~ den Andern aufladen möchte. Darum rede ich und lehre ich. Der Hörer verteidigt sich gegen meine List, mit der ich ihm meine Last aufbürden möchte.

Die beste Wahrheit ist auch ein so gewichtiger Betrug, daß ich mich selber darin verfange, solange ich nämlich ~~nicht einsehe~~ den Wert einer geschickten List nicht einsehe.

Philemon, die Menschen haben sich über Dich getäuscht, darum täuschest Du sie. Wer Dich errät, erräth nicht alles.

17.IX.15. Es liegt am Geben. Man gebe, wenn man entbehren kann, oder an Dessen Überfluß man leidet. Sonst giebt man ~~[illegible]~~ nach dem Princip des donat des. Freude, sich dem Andern abschließlich bereite, zwingt sich zur Gegengabe. Eigne Freude, die überquillt, verpflichtet den Andern nie.

Es sind noch hohe Scheidewände zwischen den Menschen aufzurichten, weniger um sie vor wechselseitigen Lastern, als vielmehr vor wechselseitigen Tugenden zu schützen. Die christliche Moral hilft noch zum gegenseitigen Hingerissensein. In Sinn aber liegt die Sünde.

Wenn ich selbstvergessende Tugend annehme, mache ich mich zum selbstischen Tyrannen des Andern, wodurch ich gezwungen bin, ein anderes Mal auch mich selber wieder aufzugeben, um einen Andern zu meinem Herrn zu machen, was mir immer einen schlechten Endzweck hinterläßt, weder dem Andern nicht zum Vortheil gereicht. Durch dieses wechselseitige Spiel wird zwar der Staat unterstützt, aber die Seele des Einzelnen wird beschädigt, denn der Mensch lebt daraus, immer aus Andern zu leben, statt aus sich. Wir können die Früchte eines Baumes genießen, ohne den ganzen Baum abzuhauen.

Wer es vermag, gebe sich selber nicht auf, damit er den Andern nicht zwinge, dasselbe zu thun. Nicht das es eine besonders schöne oder angenehme Sache wäre, mit seinem Selbst zu leben, aber es dient zur Erlösung dieses Selbst. Wer von sich selber wegfällt, hat sich nicht aufgegeben.

Es ist einfach vorgekommen. Er hat sich selber verloren, er leidet daran, hat aber durch seinen Verlust den Andern einen geringern Schaden angethan, als durch selbstvergessende Tugend. Denn sein Selbstverlust hat für den Andern nichts Zwingendes, sondern bloß etwas Anstickendes. Dieser Fall gehört zu den natürlichen Ereignissen im menschlichen Leben. In der Regel ist die Folge eine bessere Kenntniß des Selbst. Die selbstvergessende Tugend aber ist eine widernatürliche Entfremdung vom eignen Wesen, welches dadurch dem Theilen heraufbeschwört. Es ist ~~das~~ eine Sünde, den Andern durch ein Gericht ~~auf Kosten~~ eigener Tugendhaftigkeit von seinem Selbst zu entfremden. Diese Sünde wirkt auf uns zurück. Es ist Unterwerfung genug, wenn wir uns unserm Selbst unterwerfen. Das Werk der Erlösung ist an uns selber zu thun. Ohne Liebe zu uns selber kann das Werk nicht gethan werden. Selbstlose Liebe ist eine Sünde, denn sie ist nicht wahr. Wir können unser Selbst im ~~Nehmen~~ aufgeben, sonst geben wir das Erlösungswerk auf. Wir sollen aber auch nicht zu unserer eigenen angeblichen Erlösung den Andern benutzen. Der Andere ist kein Heiter für unser Fuse.

18. IX. 15.

Es ist nöthig, daß wir jeden Tag in uns selbst gehen, um den Zusammenhang mit dem Selbst immer wieder herzustellen. Durch das beständige Äußerungsleben verlieren wir das Selbst, wodurch wir auch in unseren besten Bestrebungen heimlich selbstisch werden. Was wir in uns vernachlässigen macht sich geheimerweise unserm Handeln andern gegenüber bei.

Durch die Vereinigung mit dem Selbst erreichen wir den Gott, der Himmel und Hölle in sich vereinigt. Nicht das Selbst ist der Gott, sondern durch das Selbst haben wir den Gott.

Der Gott hat die Macht, nicht das Selbst. Ohnmacht ist also nicht zu beklagen, sondern Unverstand, wie es sein soll.

Der Gott wirkt aus sich. Das ist ihm zu überlassen. Was wir dem Selbst thun, thun wir Gott.

Wenn wir das Selbst verdrehen, verdrehen wir auch den Gott.

Es ist Gottes Dienst, sich selber zu dienen. Die Verchristlichten wird die Menschheit von uns selbst. „Einer trage des Andern Last", ist zur Unsittlichkeit geworden. Ein Jeder trage seine Last, das ist doch das Mindest, was man von ~~uns~~ einem Menschen fordern kann. Wir können einem Andern höchstens zeigen, wie man die eigne Last trägt.

Alle seine Güter den Armen geben, hieß die Armen zu Faulenzern erziehen.

Sittlich soll nicht der Lasttrager für Andere sein, sondern ein harter Erzieher.

Die Einsamkeit mit uns selber hat kein Ende. Sie hat ehe erst angefangen.

Nochmals heran? Wie? Noch tiefer in das Grab des Gottes? Die Stätte unserer Arbeit im Gewölbe selber? Der Gott soll nicht in uns, sondern wir sollen im Gott wohnen.

Wahl um selbst und ~~d~~durch ein Gott.
Träume und lange Tage der Ruhe.

~~2.XII.15~~

2.XII.15.

Es waren 3 Tote, die heute Nacht zu mir kamen. Vor Allem deutlich die Eine, die mir das schwarzen der goldenen Flügel hinterließ, jenes zugende Grab, der Sonnenflügel decken.

Wirst Du sprechen, Schatten?

|| Lass mir das Wort: Nacht war es, als ich starb -- Du lebst mit Tage - noch sind Tage, Zehre vor Dir -- was wirst Du beginnen - Thorhüter? Lass mir das Wort - Als das Dunkel hören konnt -- Mein Gott wie schwer -- Also höre -- Ich röchle, ich ächze, ich quaale - gieb mir das Wort -- ||

Ich weiß das Wort nicht - nennst Du Liebe? Licht? Was willst Du? Sprich!

|| Das Symbol, das Symbol ||

Was für ein Symbol? Ich weiss nicht, ich kann nicht.

|| Das Mittlere, das Symbol des Mittleren ||

Oh Gott, wenn ich es wüsste!

|| Wir bedürfen des Symbols, wir hungern danach, schaff uns Licht. ||

Wohin? wo kann ich!

|| Du kannst, fasse - nachoben - nach fasse ||

Ein Phallus?

|| Es ist, das ist das Symbol des Mittleren. Das wunderliche wir, dessen begerften wir. Es ist handlich einfach, Summe anfänglich, naturgottähnlich, des Gottes anderer Pol. Eben dieses Pols bedürfen wir. ||

Warum gerade dieses Gottespoles?

// Er ist ein Licht, der andere Gott ist in der Nacht //

Schwer lebst Du, Geliebte? Der Gott des Geistes ist in der Nacht? Wie der Gott der Kräuter? Wehe aus, wenn er der Gott ist unseres Tages.

// Er ist Fleischgeist, Blutgeist, Geist der energetischen Körpersäfte, Samengeist, Geist des Menstruums, des Glaires und der Kothes, der Leber der Nieren, des Herzens der Lungen, der Augen, der Ohren, der Geschlechtsteile, der Beine, der Hände, der Gedärme, aber nicht des Gehirns, doch auch des Gehirns, aber des Gehirnsaftes oder des Gehirnsamens, dessen Das nicht verbindet und nicht einzeln ist, ein Gehirn nicht Zellgeist, nicht vom Kern, sondern vom Protoplasma. //

Was bleibt uns dann noch, wenn uns ein blitzendes Götterlicht erleuchtet?

// Körper bleibt Du, Geliebter, Körper lebender Körper. Du wirst aus dem Körper denken, nicht aus den Zellkernen deines Gehirns. //

Das verstehe ich nicht. Ich wundere mich, was für ein Ding Denken denn ist.

// Es ist Denkfühlen, es kriecht herum wie ein Wurm, wie ein Schlangenbald da, bald dort, ein blinder Stollenmolch. //

Dann bricht wahllosen begraben, Ohnekel, oh Fäulnis! Wir ein Blutegel sich aufsaugen müssen.

// Deshalb ihn, Blut trinken, aussaugen, Dich füllen, das Das nicht scheuen, es sind Säfte Dein, Du garnicht, aber sie nähren auch, Nichtverstehen, saugen.

Ahnchen der verwarfich, Verfluchter Ekel!

// Ahnelle Menschenaugen doch. Du bist ja blonmochem Mensch. Du mustaussaugen. //

Nein, nein, dreimal nein. Genug davon. Mir wird übel.

// Erinnerdich nicht verdienen, Wirbedürfen der Lebenssaftes der Menschen. //

Ja willst Du mich zu ~~einem~~ Deinem Polypen machen? Warum bedrückst Du so ekle Nahrung?

// Wir wollen an Deinem Leben Theilhaben. So gewinnen wir Körperlichkeit. Dann können wir näher Dir. //

Warum wollt ihr näher heran?

// Nur mit euch zu reden und euch Kunde zu geben. Dieses thäte euch noth zu wissen. //

Davon werde ich geschwächt. Was thun?

// Saugen! //

Das kann ich nicht, mir graut es.

// Thu es für uns, für mich. Erinnert Du Dich meines Vorwachsenes? Die rothe Sommerhitze und die goldenen Flügel und der Rhythmus von Lehm und Dauer? Unsterblichkeit, Dasein wäre zu wissen. //

Das sei ein Höllenweg zu diesem Wissen!

5.XII.15. Noch mehr davon! Lehre mich vom Wissen der Würmer und der kriechenden Geschöpfe. Wie viel Finsterniss wollt Du noch verbreiten?

// Sieh Blut her, damit ich Ruhe gewinne. Hast Du gelogen, als Du sagtest, Herr Du sei

Macht dem Sohne lassen würdest?"

Nun, ich regte etwas, das ich nicht verstand.

"Wohl Dir, ~~Du hast gesogen~~ wenn Du gegen kamest, was Du nicht verstehst; so kam es wonder."

Du sprachst von Saugen. Meintest Du an mir saugen?

"Gewiss, es wäre kindisch und gewaltthätig, an Andern gesaugen. Nicht nicht ~~saugen~~ sondern an Dir saugen. Das nährt uns, Du Töter."

Was gewannest Du denn mit dem kindischen Symbol?

"Der Phallus ist nicht der Grund, sondern der Gipfel eines Gebäudes, einer Kirche, die nach versunken liegt, so gewissermassen ein Thurm über dem Dome errichtet. Wir bedürfen dieser Kirche, darin wir mit euch Lebin kommen und Antheil nehmen an euerm Leben. Ihr schlosset uns aus zu euerm Schaden."

Also ist Du der Phallus des ersten Dunjichen der Kirche, in der Du Gemeinschaft mit den Lebenden erhoffst? Sprich, was sagst Du?

"Blut, ich bedarf des Blutes!"

Nimm, hier mein Herzblut.

"Ich danke Dir, wie lebendig es schmeckt! Der Duft der Schattenwelt ist Nichts, es ist die Grenzder Atmosphäre. Die Längstverstorbenen sind sogar in den ~~Lei~~ leeren Weltraum hinausgeflattert, unbetimmten Bahnen überlassen, neue Welten suchend, um deren Bedingungen sich anpassend in immer niedre und höhere Formen einzugehen, je nach ihrem Vermögen. Wir, die wir noch nahe sind und unvollendet möchten zur Erde zurück, zu euch, zu Menschen und Lebenden. Hast Du keine Thierform, in die ich eingehen könnte?

Wie du möchtest mein Freund werden?

// Wenn es möglich ist, ja. Ich möchte sogar ein Theil sein in Deiner Nähe. //

Hast du solche Sehnsucht nach dem Leben oder nach mir?

// Nach Beidem, aber Beides ungetrennt. //

Bin ich Dir denn so viel werth?

// Du bist mir unsäglich viel werth, meine ganze Hoffnung, die sich nach der Erde klammert. Sehnsucht ist noch vollendet sein, was sich sehnt verlieren. //

Du nicht mein Unvermögen, das ja vollendet, was sich nicht kann. Kannst Du nicht helfen?

// Ich bin der Blutes, viel Blutes. //

Ja trinke, damit es werde, das werden soll.

// Ich trinke und fühle neue Kraft. Höre: Baue die Kirche. Schreibe die heiligen Bücher, die uralt-neuen, die ewigen Wesens Wahrheiten enthalten, die räthselhaften, die verspottete Wirklichkeit, die untere und obere Wahrheit. //

Was redest Du? Dasselbe wäre zu wissen.

// Brimo, die Alte — damit beginnts. Die Jungfrau gebar, den ragenden Phallus, der aus ihrem Schoße emporwuchs und sich reckte nach der Scham des Himmelsweibes, das sich über der Erde wölbt. Denn sie liegt über dem Leibe, ihn ohne und unten umfassend. Das Haupt des Phallus erreicht ihr Inneres, ihr Entzücken aber strahlt über ihr Haupt hinaus in die Räume, höher hinauf, als das Haupt des Phallus reicht, des Blinden, des Wurmes. Sie gebiert ihn und sie zieht ihn hinauf. Er hat ihn sie empor und lässt sie unter sich. Sie zieht ihn qualvoll empor und trinkt

seine Kraft wiederum in sich. Nach unten ist er Herr, nach oben Knecht und Hervorgezogenes. Sein Hauptkleid, so groß ist sein Gewalt.

Er sich zurück und gewinnt wieder Herrscherkraft, zieht sich wieder empor und befruchtet das Obere.||

Wer sind eine seltsame Lehre! Wann ist ergänzung dieses grausen Mysteriums?

|| Wenn der Himmel schwangergeht und seine Frucht nicht mehr halten kann, dann gebiert er, und ein Gottmensch erscheint von oben und tritt aufs Untere.||

Es ist nicht auszudenken. Wozu bin ich verflucht?

|| Um diese Sünde Last und Spott zu tragen. Der Baum des Lebens ist schwer, er bedarf breiter Schultern. Denn dieses Mal sollst Du und die Menschheit ihn tragen. Aber ich will nachmals Deines Blutes.||

Ich trinke bis zu meiner Erschöpfung.

|| Ich trinke und gewinne Gestalt. Höre: Grausam ist dieses Rätsel, über die Maassen grausam: Als Brunnenvergifter die Menschenfresser war, gebar sie den Drachen, die Nachgeburt zu erst und danach den Sohn. Er ist der weiße Vogel, der über dem Phallus schwebt. Er setzt sich auf den Hauptes des Phallus, wie auf den Wipfel eines Baumes. Der Phallus ist Empörung, der Vogel Friede von oben.||

Der Ekel lähmt mich.

|| Erwolle dich lähmen, denn deine erdgeborene Empörung fällt zusammen wie ein erlöschendes Feuer. Der Vogel ist über dir. Deine Stützen brechen von einem Feuer verzehrt. Du ruhst in Asche. Der Vogel nicht über die Schlange.||

So bin ich denn gelähmt und ungekräftig, ein Kriemam, der noch herumgeht und spricht.

// Ein Gefäß der Geister? //

Vergeblicher Kampf! Ich erkenne hin ich noch? Bin ich noch Rede und ~~Sinn~~ Sinn?

So reiß Du, Himmel, gieße aus Deine Regen! Füll mich, da ich schale geworden bin. Leere Schaden gießen nicht aus, ~~di~~ sie jagen auf. Möge es aus allen Wunden hereinströmen. Ich erwarte.

7.XII.15 Kommst herbei, Du Toter! Was stehst Du hinter ~~d~~ mir, Schatten? Was willst Du sagen?

// Ich wollte Dir sagen, der alte Tage Abend naht. //

Wie! Was meinst Du? Meinst Du Tod?

// Nicht Tod, nicht Leben, wohl ein Schatten. Schattendasein? Eintöpfigkeit? Nichtvorhandenheit?

// Abend ist es, wenn die Sonne sinkt. Ein Tage, zwei Tage, viele Tage sind beendet. //

Was heißt das?

// Das Tageslicht geht hinunter und leuchtet den Unteren, den Schatten, selber ein Schatten der Sonne. //

Was soll's? Sprich deutlich — hier rasenbleibt —

// Leben wird zum Schatten, und der Schatten belebt sich. Der Schatten der größer ist als Du. Dachtest Du, Der Dein Schatten Dein Sohn sei? Am Mittag ist er klein, um Mitternacht füllt er die Himmel. //

So führst Du mir den Sohn herauf, Du Schatten, der unter den Bäumen

wohnt? Der Sohn, den gewaltigen
Dunkelgewaltigen? Ist Dir der Jüngste
Du Thränel ausgiessen, oder der seelen-
lose Wurm, den Dir Erdenseele gebar?
Ob Thränel, ob finsterer Schwarz-
wollt ihr mein Leben aussaugen,
des aber der Schatten wollen? Soll Mensch-
liches so ganz und völlig verlorengehen?

9.XII.15. Soll ich mit Geistern leben, statt
mit Lebenden? Ist es verlangt, dass
alle Lebensnacht nach lebenden Menschen
Euch Toten gehört? Ihr hattet doch
Eure Zeit zu leben? Habt Ihr sie nicht
genutzt? Sollen Lebende für Euch,
die Ihr der Ewige nicht lebtet, ~~nun~~
sein Leben geben? Oder giebt es keine
Menschen für mich? Oder gebeut mich
keinem Menschen? Sprecht, Ihr stummen
Schatten, die Ihr an meiner Thür steht und
um mein Blut bettelt!

|| Du siehst – aber siehst Du noch nicht, was
du Lebenden mit Deinem Leben machst? Du
lebendest es Dir weg. Mit uns aber lebt Du Dich
Dir wie gehören zu Dir, sind Deine unsichtbare Erfolgsschaft und Gemeinde. Glaubst
Du die Lebenden sehen Dich? Sie sehen
Deinen Schatten, nicht Dich, Knecht,
Träger, Gefäss. ||

Warum eine Sprache führst Du, Du
Herold und Dolmetsch der Dunkeln?
Bin ich Euch überliefert? Soll mir
kein Tag mehr leuchten? Soll ich Leben
dem Leibe zum Schatten werden unter Euch,
Ihr Unsichtbaren? Euch ist keine Gestalt
und nichts Farbiges, und Frohes kältet geht
aus von Euch. Mich lebendig begraben
lassen? Du sprich, scheint uns. Erst muss
ich sterben. Habt Ihr des Honigs, der mein
Herz erfreut, und des Feuers, das mein Blut
wärmt? Da seid, Ihr traurigen Schatten!

Ihr Kindergespenster? Zeigt Euch, kommt
her! Was wollt Ihr in meinem Blut?
Wahrlich, Ihr undurchsichtigen Menschen,
Menschengeben wenig, doch wer gibt
Ihr? Schafft Ihr das Lebendige? Das
Warme schöne, Ihr Freude? Oder soll
Alles zu Euerm finstern Hades fahren?
Was bietet Ihr dafür? Was? Jetzt will
ich wissen — genug der Narrenpossen!

|| Ungestümer, halt an — Du kommst
wieder Athem — wir sind Schatten, werden
auch zum Schatten und Du kennst, was
wir geben. ||

Ich mag nicht sterben, um zu den
Dunkelbuten herunterzusteigen.

|| Du brauchst nicht zu sterben. Du
musst nur begraben werden. ||

In Hoffnung der Auferstehung? Macht
keine Späße.

|| Du hast, was kommt. Dreifache
Riegel vor Dich und Unsichtbarkeit. Zur Hölle
mit Deinen Lebensnichten und Lustmienen! Uns liebt
Du wenigstens nicht, also kommen wir Dich
wenigstens heute zu stehen als Menschen. Sie sich
in Deiner Ruhe wälzen und sie misbrauchen
und Dich zum Narren Deiner selbst machen. ||

Meine Toten, mir deucht, ihr sprecht
meine Sprache!

|| Menschen lieben — und Du! Welch
ein Irrthum! Du kannst ja warten, bis
man es Dir zuträgt. Du steigerst ja
Die Menschen zum grossen Wahnsinn, den
Du nicht mehr dämpfen kannst und dem
Du gar noch zum Opfer fällst — Deinem
eigenen Geschöpfe. Es ist nicht möglich,
hört Du nicht? ||

Mich schauts, mich schmerzts,
mich beutts an. Mich gelüstets, alles
weiche jämmert. Mein wüthiges Herz
schreit mich.

|| Der gehört uns — was willst Du da-
mit bei den Menschen? Die Peitsche und

eine scharfe Klinge und Kraut und Loth in Kartaunen, die Büchse hinter der Thür. //

Ich will nicht ersticken.

// So schöpft bisweilen Athem, ehe vergiss nicht den Deckel wieder zuzuklinken.

Meinst Du Menschenhilfe?

// Nein Gotteshilfe, und nachher wieder in die Kartaune. //

Zum Teufel, der Papst hat's denn.

// Eben das. Wer braucht einen Papst, weisst Du, einen unfehlbaren, der Alles hat, was er bedarf, der Niemand braucht, wieder's vom Himmel herunterzieht und weil die Engel ihm das Brot zucken. Das wollen Deine geliebten Mitmenschen nicht wie. Ja, wenn die Menschen anders wären — oder Dich. Jedoch, Du wirst doppelsinniges Verhängniss! // Übrigens könnten sich die Menschen auch denaturieren und der Papst willen. Du kannst das ja abwarten. Der Papst geht doch nicht aus dem Vatican heraus. //

Da kam wieder ein Schuss dazwischen. Was gilt denn davor?

// Um schnell wieder ins Menschliche hinunterzureisen. Was soll denn damit sein? Der Pfaff hat der Wahrheit nicht unterkommen können. Nichts von Belang, blos Instrumente. Ceremonien sollten es sein, sind ebenblos Instrumente. //

Was Ceremonien? Das fehlte noch. Was soll denn da der Teufel hier? Ceremonien? Ihr seid toll. Ihr wollt mich wohl in Feierlichkeit erfrieren lassen? Als Wachspuppe leben? Das geht doch nicht.

// Es schreibt doch Alles danach. Was hat Du die heiligen Bücher? Du verschlendertest sie. Du sollst sie noch schreiben. Feierlichkeit, Ernst fehlt Dir gänzlich. //

Lächerlicher Schwindel! Ich bin doch nicht ein Pfaffe. Wo sind die Institutionen?

// Schaffe sie! Hole heraus, Alles liegt bereit. Aber arbeite am Buch der Erkenntnis und der Lehren. //

Wer taugt das Euch! Den Menschen taugt vielleicht Comödie. Aber mir nicht, Herrchen doch hinter den Coulissen. Wer kann's auch taugen?

// Unsere nicht er viel. Wir kommen zu Ehren und leben mit Euch. //

Verfluchter Schwindel, ihr wollt mich noch zum Narren machen.

// Keine Rede. Wir wünschen Feierlichkeit. //

Soll ich sprechen? Dreckcomödie?

// Schatten sein, nicht Mensch. Dann kommen die Andern Menschen werden vor Dir. Dann werden sie Dich als obersten Menschenpreisen. //

Und ich fahre zur Hölle.

// Was liegt an Dir? Du stirbst als Hund, als treuer guter Hund, beklagt von Dir, doch, bitte, ohne Sentiment. //

Wenn ich Recht haben sollte, dann geht ich ja ganz verkehrt geht.

// Ganz verkehrt, Du hast ja am Hunde-wedeln gelitten, am Hundekummern, Hundegebell, Hundelecken. Blödsinniger Styl! Das wird anders. Feierlichkeit, Papstwürde, das wird gewünscht. //

Genug, ich friere.

13.XII.15.

Verbirgt das, das Du Mutter nicht auffällt? Nein unsäglich das Fühlen?

// Ja, natürlich, was denn sonst? Schwachwerden, nachgeben – Alles hat seine Zeit und einmal hat es auch seine Zeit nicht mehr. Hass die Dinge und Menschen auch ihre jeweiligen Plätze gehen. Es handelt sich wahrlich um Dich. Du bist noch nicht ausgeglüht. Es

müssen noch andere Feuer über Dich kommen.# Du willst Deine Einsamkeit noch genießen können. Darum willst Du doch auch von Andern nicht? Du wolltest Andern die Einsamkeit erleichtern? Deine Einsamkeit wolltest Du entgehen. So ist es.//

Wie steht es aber mit der Liebe?

// Mit der Liebe? Was ist Liebe? Lebewohl vor Allen Dingen, das ist mein Liebe. Ist der Krieg Liebe? Du sollst nachsehen, was für sentimentalen Tand die Menschen mit der Liebe hineingeheimnisselt haben. Daher vor Allem jenes Einsamkeit, ~~ob~~ wo alle Weichlichkeit herausgehämmert wird. Du sollst heraus, nach dem Du der Teufel vorangegangen ist. Jetzt ist keine Zeit zur Liebe, sondern zu Thaten.//

Was redest Du von Thaten? Was für Thaten?

// Dein Werk.//

Wie mein Werk? Meine Wissenschaft, mein Buch?

// Das ist nicht Dein Buch, das ist Das Buch.# Die Wissenschaft ist das, was Du thust. Das ist zu thun, ohne Zögern. Es giebt kein Zurück, nur vorwärts. Dorthin gehört Deine Liebe. Lächerlich – Deine Liebe! Du musst sterben lassen können.//

Das wenigstens Tod um mich sein.

// Tot genug, Du bist umdrängt.//

Ich merke nichts davon.

// Du sollst es merken.//

Wie? Wie kann ich das?

// Gehe weiter. Es kommt Dir Alles zu. Heute nicht, aber morgen.//

Ich ringe die Hände – nur Gräber um mich — . Was für ein verfluchter Wille ist über mir?

// Gottes Wille, stärker als Du, Frage

Knecht. Du bist in die Hände des Grösseren gefallen. Er kennt keine Barmherzigkeit. Die christlichen Hüllen sind gefallen. Der Gott ist wieder stark geworden. Du hast ihn neu erzeugt. Erst Dein Sohn und ihn ist die Macht. Menschensohn ist nichts als Gottes Sohn. Wer nicht in die Hände des Menschen fällt, fällt in die Hände des Gottes. Wehe ihm und Wehe ihm! Es giebt kein Entkommen. //

Wie der Frucht?

// Höchste Frucht. Nur Gott über Dir, durch Dich selbst. Trotz Dich mit dem und jenem, wo auch Du kommst. Der Gott schiebt Riegel, die Durchsichtigen kommt. Lass deine Gefühle wüteln, wie junge Hunde. Oben sind taube Ohren. //

Fühlst er keine Empörung um der menschlichen willen?

// Empörung — ich lache Deiner Empörung. //

Bist Du Gott?

// Ich bin es, Dein selbst und Dein und der Gott. //

Wie unsterblich —

// Gott ist nicht sterblich, er ist furchtbar. Feierlichkeit gehört zu Dir, ist menschlich, nicht Gottes. Gott braucht keines Theaters. Ich bin der Oberste der Toten und Auferstehenden. Ich war tot, Du gebst mir Leben, Dein Leben. //

Hast Du dafür Rache an mir?

Rache ist menschlich. Der Gott kennt keine Rache. Er kennt nur Macht und Schöpfung. Er befiehlt und Du thust. Deine Augen sind lächerlich, es giebt nur die eine Strasse, die Heerstrasse der Gottheit.

20.XII.15.

Die Verwandlung ist wirklich, die ich fühle, das ist jetzt an der Reihe? Mir wird schwarz vor den Augen. Was für ein blödsinnig zwecklosses Durcheinander herrscht eigentlich? Ein Kaninchenstall an Unordnung und Dummheit. Ist der Bewusstseinszustand einer Frau? Man weiss überhaupt nicht mehr, ob und wo man sich noch aufhält. Was befiehlst Du?

|| Ich sage, nimm auf, was an Wärme, einfache Pflicht. Verwunderung, Nichtwissen für Fernstes. Unterstützte Sehnsucht, gläubiges Annehmen mit Vorsicht. Kein weitreichender Plan. Keine grosse Unternehmung. Einfachsein ||

Willst Du noch mehr?

|| Nein, das genügt. Schwer genug. ||

Ist etwas besonderes in Dir heute?

|| Nur Dir selbst. Sorgfalt und Ruhe. Stille Hage, keine Unternehmung.

26.XII.15.

Wir haben ein neues Licht zu begrüssen. Eine blutrothe Sonne, will mir scheinen. Ein ahnungsvolles Wunder. Soll es das Opfer der Freude sein?

|| Alte Freude, wofür Du sie macht. Sie vollendet gemacht und nicht gemachtsein, sie soll kommen, wenn sie kommen muss. Ich bin dir treu und verlange Deinen Dienst. Du sollst nicht Deinem persönlichen Teufel dienen. Der führt zu überflüssigem Schmerz. Die wahre Freude ist einfach und kommt und ist von selbst, sie ist nicht aufgesucht da oder dort. Auch lasst hin, ohne zu Hecht vorüberzugehen und keine Freude zu suchen. Freude ist nie und nimmer zu zubereiten, sondern sie ist von selbst oder sie ist nicht. Du hast nur Deine Aufgaben zu lösen, sonst nichts. Freude kommt aus Erfüllung, aber nicht durch das was sie sucht. ||

Du hast Strenge.

|| Ich habe die Gewalt, ich will befehlen

Du hast zu gehorchen. //

Nur ist bange, daß Du mich zerstörst.

// Nehm das Leben selber, das nur Untaugliches zerstören will. Sorge dafür, daß Du kein untaugliches Werkzeug bist. Du willst selber regieren? Du fährst dem Korsaren den Arm. Brauche deine Brücke und wolle keine Schiffe führen. Du verwirrst und verirrst Dich, wenn Du meinem Dienste ins Kreuz kommst. Außerhalb meines Dienstes ist kein Heil. Wer traumwandelt und zögert Du? //

Du nicht, ich bin blind und unwissend. Wo soll ich beginnen?

// Erfülle Deine Kleinen an. Nur der Wächter. //

Das war ich schon lange. Thun ist schon schwieriger. Immerhin thue ich, was Du nicht, mein Möglichster. Was willst Du?

// Das hast Du erst fertig zu machen. Glaubst Du, ich hätte Dir Alles fertig hingelegen? Wo ist Deine Kirche? Wo die heilige Ceremonie? //

Das erscheint mir, wie heller Wahnsinn und geschwacklos obendrein.

// So, Du willst nicht? //

Ich weiß nicht, wie.

// So denke nach. //

Es wird mir unbehaglich dabei, es ist mir ekelig.

// Was der Kirche? Haben die Väter so gedacht? //

Ich will mein Bestes versuchen.

// Ich will die Kirche, sie ist nothwendig für Dich und die Andern mit Dir. Was willst Du denn sonst mit der Lehre anfangen, die ich gab dir und zu Deinen Füssen gebracht? Du selbst sie in Dich aufnehmen, nicht in Deinen Schooß, sondern in den

schoos der Kirche //

Was ist nun? Wie ruhaft sich sei?

// Stein um Stein. Deine Träume werden zerreden. //

Soll sich ein Sectenpfaff sein? Pfui Teufel! Nein, Nein, nein!

// Das schöne und das Natürliche wird sich anschmiegen und Wege weisen. Die Kirche ist ewiges Natürliches. //

Soll es etwas Äusserliches sein?

// Nein, innerlich. //

Wozu dann Ceremonien?

Es giebt auch innerliche Ceremonien. Die Ceremonie muss aufgelöst und zu Geist werden. Hoch über Menschliches hinüber soll sie Brücke führen. Unantastbar, fern und heilig. Deine Brücke ist zu niedrig. Daran zerreissen die Leute die Köpfe ein. Es giebt eine Gemeinschaft der Geister.

Wie, soll keine ~~geist~~ äusserer Gemeinschaft sein?

// Nein, aber eine innere geistige Gemeinschaft. //

Es soll nichts sichtbares sein!

// Nein. Alles soll geistig sein. Der äusseren Gebärde brauche ich auf Tücher mit festem Sinn. //

Das ist nicht zu ausdenken. Unfassbarschwer.

// Gemeinschaft mit den Toten, der Kult Euch nothwendig der Toten. //

Kennt Du Totencult?

// Nein keinen Toten verwerfe Dich, sondern sondere sie von Dir und gieb jedem, was ihm zukommt. //

Was verlangen die Toten?

// Eure Gebete. //

An die Toten? an welche?

// An alle. //

Lehre mich das Gebet an die Toten.

// Höre, so lautet es:

Ihr Toten, ich rufe Euch –
Ihr Schatten der Abgeschiedenen, Ihr
die Qual des Lebens abgelegt haben,
kommt herzu!
Mein Blut, der Saft meines Lebens
sei Eure Speise und Euer Trank.
Zehrt von mir, damit Euch Leben
und Sprache werde.
Kommt Ihr Dunkeln und Ruhe-
losen, ich will Euch erquicken mit meinem
Blute, dem Blute eines Lebenden, damit
Ihr Leben und Sprache erlanget in mir
und durch mich.
Ich bedarf Eurer und Ihr bedarf
meiner.
Da Gott gewürdigt mich dessen, Euch
~~zu~~ an Euch zu richten, damit Ihr
Leben gewinnet. Es lange schon liessen
wir Euch allein.
Lasset uns zusammen den Bund
der Gemeinschaft aufrichten, damit Le-
bendes und Totes Bild eines werden
und Vergangenes in Gegenwärtigem
weiterlebe.
Unsere Begierde reicht uns hin zur
lebenden Welt und wir sind in unserer Be-
gierde verloren.
Kommt zum Trank des lebendigen
Blutes, trinkt Euch satt, damit wir
erlöst seien von der unauslöschlichen und
unerbittlichen Gewalt unserer lebendigen
Begierde zu sichtbarem, äusserem und
gegenwärtig Seiendem.
Trinket von unserem Blut der Begierde,
welche Böses zeugt, als Streit, Unfrieden,
Feindlichkeit, Gewaltthat und Unersättlichkeit.
Nehmet, esset, dies ist mein Leib, der
für Euch lebt. Nehmet, trinket, dies ist mein
Blut, dessen Begierde für Euch fliesst.
Kommt herzu und feiert ein Abendmahl
mit mir, meiner und Eurer Erlösung.
Helfet mir, Eure Sprache zu verstehen, damit
ich Euch nicht verloren gehe und Ihr mir nicht.
Ich bedarf der Gemeinschaft mit Euch, denn
sonst verfalle ich der Gemeinschaft der lebenden
und meiner mit ihrer Begierde, die ~~unaufhörlich~~
unersättlich begehrt und darum Böses erzeugt.

Helfet mir, dass ~~mein Begehren nicht immer~~ ~~aufreibende~~ ich nie vergesse, dass meine Begierde Opferfeuer für Euch ist.

Ihr seid meine Gemeinschaft. Ich lebe für die Lebenden, wie ich lebe kann. Das Uebermaass meines Begehrens aber kann mich nicht leben mit Lebenden. Dies gehört Euch, Ihr Schatten. Wir bedürfen Eures Mitlebens.

Seid uns gnädig und öffnet unsern ~~Sinn~~ verschlossenen Geist, damit wir des erlösenden Lichtes theilhaftig werden. So möge es geschehen! Amen.

Dies Gebet bete zu den Todten.

Es soll so sein, damit Du Erlösung und Gron ist so noth der Todten. Der Gott bedarf keines Lebtopfer. Er steht jenseits von Geist und Ungeist. Er ist gütig und furchtbar. Die Todten aber hören Eure Gebete, denn sie sind menschlich und nicht frei von Geist und Mitgenust. Verstehst Du nicht? Geschichte ist älter und weiser als Du. Gab es eine Zeit, wo die Todten nicht waren? Erst vor kurzem fingen die Menschen an, der Todten zu vergessen, und meinten, sie hätten schon das Leben angefangen und gerieten darob in Raserei.

8.I.16.

Du wirst, was mich betrifft. Du siehst, es überteigt fast eines Menschen Kraft. Ich will es auf mich nehmen und erleiden, um Deinetwillen — um meinetwillen nie. An den Baum des Lebens gekreuzigt sein, o Bitterkeit! o schmerzhaftes Schweigen! Wärest Du nicht, meine Seele, die Du den Feuerkreis und die enge Fülle berührest, wie könntest?

Ich gehe hin und werfe mich vor die Menschenthiere, dass sie mich zerreissen mögen. O unmännlichste Qual! Ich muss meine

Tugend zerfleischen lassen, mein höchstes Können, weil auch in dem Menschenthiere noch Dorn im Auge ist. Nicht Tod um der Betten willen, sondern Besudelung und Zerreissung des schönsten um des Lebens willen. Ach, nirgends ist eine heilsame Täuschung, um mich vor dem Abscheu-mahl mit dem Hase zu schützen. Die Toten wollen aus mir leben.

Ihr Märtyrer, gebt mir Ein Schwert, Feuer! Ihr starbet in schönheit! Gab es schöneres als Euren Tod?

Warum erzählst Du mich, alter, der du Jahre, die vom Christenthum abfloss, der Menschheit zurücktrinken soll?

Furchtbar abscheuliche Qual!

Ist Du der Buschauen derfeuigen Fülle, o meine Seele, nicht genug? Willst Du nach ganz hinaufstauchen in der wuriglühende Licht der Gottheit? In welche Schatten der Trauer stösst Du mich hinunter? Ist nicht der stinkende Teufelspfuhl so tief, dass sein Koth selbst Dein glänzendes Gewand beschmutzt?

Woher nimmst Du das Recht zu solcher Schandthat an mir?

So ~~ist~~ es Dein Wille ist, so lass den Becher des abscheulichen Unflathes an mir vorübergehen. Ist es aber Dein Wille nicht ist, so steige, Du meine Seele, noch über den ewigen Feuerhimmel empor, und erhebe Deine ~~Klage~~ Anklage und stürze den Thron Gottes, auf dem der Furchtbare sitzt, verkünde das Recht des Menschen auch vor den Göttern und rächa an ihnen die Schandthat der Menschheit, denn nur Götter vermochten es, den Wurm zur Gigantengrausamkeit anzustacheln.

Lass es mit meinem Geschicke genug sein und lasse Menschen menschlich

schicksal verwalten.

O meine Mutter Menschheit, stoße du von Dir, den furchtbaren, den seelenlosen Gottwurm, den grausamen Menschenwürger. Verehre ihn nicht um seines furchtbaren Giftes willen. Ein kleinster Tropfen genügt — und was ist ihm ein Tropfen? ~~Ihm~~ Ein Tropfen ihm, der Menschlichkeit, äußerste Fülle und Leere zugleich ist?

10.I.16. Streife, o Mensch auch der Göttlichkeit von Deiner Seele ab, so viel es Dir möglich ist. Welch teuflischer Narrenspossen treibt sie mit Dir, so lange sie sich noch Gottgewalt über Dich anmaßt! Sie ist ein ungezogenes Kind, ein blutdürstiger Dämon, ein Menschenschinder ohne Flicken, weil ein Göttlichkeit besitzend. Ein Kind und ein Greis, ein ~~[illegible]~~ böses Weib, ein Teufel, ein Wesen, das bei Laune erhalten sein will.

Man fürcht' die Seele, man verachtet sie und liebe sie, gleichermaßen die Götter und den Gott. Mögen sie uns ferne sein! Aber die Seele möge nahe bei uns sein. Um Alles verliere sie nie! Denn verloren wird sie zur schrecklich heimtückischen Schlange, zum Tiger, der Dich Ahnungslosen von hinten überfällt. Ein Mensch, der verloren geht, wird zum Thier, eine verlorene Seele aber zum Teufel. Klammere Dich an Deine Seele mit Liebe, mit Furcht, Verachtung und Hass, ~~ohne~~ lasse sie nicht aus den Augen. Sie ist ein köstlich göttlicher Schatz, der nur hinter eisernen Wänden und im tiefsten Gewölbe geborgen

ist. Immerwährend zu hinaus und gleichst
Schönheit strahlen. Gieb Acht, wenn
bist Du verraten! Wo fandest Du
ein treuloseres, bissigeres und gemeineres
Weib, wie einen rohern und unhäus-
lichern Mann als Deine Seele — wie
sahest Du einen schönern, edlern und
vollkommenern Menschen als Deine
Seele. Schütze Du Menschheit vor ihr
und sie vor der Menschheit. Höre, was
sie im Gefängniß jammert und singt,
ehe lasse sie nicht entfliehen, sie wird
allzeit gut Thiere. Du bist als
Gatte durch sie gesegnet und dadurch
an sie verflucht. Lasse sie mit Toten
als ihren Gespielen sein, denn sie gehört
zu jener Art mehr als zu Deiner. Sie ist
kleiner und grösser als ein Mensch. Sie gehört
zum dämonischen Geschlecht der Dämo-
ringen und der Riesen und ist menschlicher
Art nur entfernt verwandt. Wenn
Du sie menschlich zähmen willst, so wirst
Du rasend. Alle Deine Wuth, Verzwei-
flung, Liebe gehöre ihr. Die Menschheit
wird dadurch vom gräßlichen Ab-
scheu. Denn, wenn Du Deine Seele nicht
nährst, dann nährst Du sie im Mitmenschen
und davon wird Du rasend, denn dieses
Teufels Geheimniß und dieses Höllenspuk
vermagst Du nicht zu durchschauen.
Siehe den Menschen an, den schwachen,
in seiner Erbärmlichkeit und Qual,
den die Götter sich zum Jagdwild ausser-
sehen haben — zerreisse den blutigen
Schleier, den Deine verlorene Seele
um Dich genommen hat, die grausamen
Netze, die die Todbringende geknüpft
hat und fasse sie selber, diese göttliche
Hure, die sich von ihrem Sündenfall

noch immer nicht erholen kann und in rasender Verblendung nach dem Schmutze giert, in den sie sich stürzen könnte. ~~Wie~~ Sperre sie ein wie eine geile Hündin, die ihr edles Blut mit jedem dreckigen Köter mischen möchte. Fange sie ein, einmal ist genug. Lasse sie Deine Qualen einmal kosten, damit sie den Menschen zu fühlen bekommt und seines Stammes, dessen den Göttern abgetrotzt.

In der Menschenwelt herrsche der Mensch. Seine Gesetze mögen gelten. Die Seelen, Daemonen und Götter aber behandle nachsichtsvoll, das Gebrechen darbringend. Ihr belastet keinen Menschen damit, fordere nichts von ihm, was Deine Seelentäuflerin und Götter Dir vorgaukeln, sondern ertrage, duldet, schweige.

Warum willst Du schweigen? Weil Du nichts zu sagen hast in diesen Dingen. Was sind Daemonen, welche nichts wirken können? Also lasse sie wirken und komme ihnen in Deinem Dummstöppischen Wirre mit Wortschwällen und Armeverwerfen zuvor, sonst bist Du daemonisch und die Andern werden sagen, dass die Daemonen sich an der hilflosen Rasse der ~~Ath~~ ohnmächtigen Menschen. Also duldet und schweige, dann müssen die Daemonen sich quälen und alle die, die sich von Daemonen äffen lassen.

Ziehe Dir den Mantel der Geduld und des Schweigens über das Haupt und setze Dich nieder, derweilen solch Daemonenwerk vollbringen. Wenn er etwas kann, so wird er Wunder wirken. So ritzest Du unter fruchtbaren

dem Baume.

Wisse, daß Du davon Dich aufspreiten möchtest zu ihrem Werk, das nicht der Deine ist. Und Du hast glaubst, das seist Du selber, weil Du Dich von Deiner Seele nicht untrennen kannst. Du bist aber von ihr verschieden, Du bist kein Seelengottteufel, sondern ein ohnmächtiger Mensch, der aus den wiedererzeugten Göttern keine Dienendente gemacht hat. Du bist aber Gefangener Deiner Seele, der Eunuch Deiner Seele, der sie ~~von~~ vor Göttern und Menschen zu schützen hat. Ebensolast der die Menschen vor ihr zu schützen — ja, vielleicht auch die Götter. Dem Menschen nämlich ist Macht gegeben, ein Gift, das die Götter lähmt, so wie der kleine Biene, die die an roher Kraft unendlich unterlegen ist, auch ein schmerzhafter Giftstachel verliehen ist. Durch seelischen Extract menschlicher Substanz wird vermittelst dieses Giftes sogar den Göttern gefährlich. Also hüte dich gefährliche, denn nicht nur die Menschen, auch die Götter müssen leben.

Also meine Seele, rede ich zu Dir. Ich höre, was Du sagst!

// Du bist unbeschreiblich gnädig //

Schmollst Du?

// Beinahe, aber ich muss Deine Tüchtigkeit anerkennen. Du bist besorgt um mich. //

Dieser Ton gefällt Dir also?

// Ich bitte kein Spott, sonst trifft Du Dich. Du musst sachlich mit mir sein, sonst betrüge ich Dich und entfliehe Dir. //

Vergiß nicht mich zu lieben. //

Nun fällt schwer, Haß und Liebe zu meinen.

// Begreiflich, jedoch Du weißt, es ist dasselbe. Beides gilt bei mir. Mir kommt es, wie jedem natürlichen Weibe, nicht auf die Form an, sondern das Alles mir gehöre und sonst Niemand. Ich bin sogar eifersüchtig auf den Haß, den Du Andern giebst. Ich will Alles, denn ich brauche Alles für meine große Reise, die ich nach Deinem Verschwinden anzutreten gedenke. //

Du bist wirklich freundlich, schon auf mein Ableben hin Dich einzurichten.

// Wer willst Du? Man muß bei Zeiten vorsorgen. Bis dahin muß ich gerüstet sein und Vieles fehlt noch. Ich habe volle Einsicht. //

Das klingt sehr vernünftig. Bist Du mit Deinem Schicksal zufrieden?

// Selbstverständlich. Hier habe ich Ruhe und kann mich sammeln. Deine Menschenwelt macht mich trunken, so viel Menschenblut — ich könnte mich bis zum Wahnsinn daran berauschen. Thür von Eisen, Wand von Stein, kühles Dunkel und Fastenspeise — das ist Erlösungsvorme. Du aber mein Qualmich, wenn dein blutiger Rauch mich faßt, mich wieder und wieder in den lebenden Stoff zurückzerren aus dunkeln furchtbaren Schöpferdrange, der mich einstmals dem Leblosen angenähert hat, ~~und~~ das schreckliche Zeugungsgier in mir entzündet hat? Entferne mich Du empfangenden Stoff, das brünstig Weibliche der toten Leere.

Drange mich ins Enge, wo ich Widerstand finde und mein eignes Gesetz. Wo ich an Deine Reise denken ~~ke~~ kann, an Dein Kommen, aufstieg und an Dein schwirrendes Klingen, Goldflügel. Habe Dank — Du wolltest mir danken? Du bist verblendet. Dir gebührt mein Dank, mein tiefster Dank. //

Wie bist Du göttlich schön!

11.I.16. O Dein Bitterkeit! Du schleppst mich durch meine Wahnsinnshölle, Du quältest mich schier zu Tode — und ich lechze nach Deinem Dank. Ja ich bin gerührt, dass Du mir dankst. Die Hundenatur liegt mir im Blute. Darum bin ich bitter. Meinetwegen, Du — was rührt es an Dich! Du bist göttlich und teuflisch groß, wenn

wie Du auch immer tötest. Ich bin blos Dein Gefangener, Dein verschnittener Sklavenhüter, nicht weniger eingesperrt als Du. Dreimal verfluchte Ehe! Reife, Du Himmelskebse, Du göttliches Schemal! Habe ich Dich nicht aus dem Sumpfe gefischt? Wie gefällt Dir das schwarze Loch? Reife, ohne Blut, zuge aus eigener Kraft, gemästet Du Dich an Menschengemärkt.

// Erbarmen, Gestrenger! Habe Mitleid! //

Mitleid? Hattest Du je Mitleid mit mir? Du Thierquälerin, über mitleidige Laune bist Du mir hinausgekommen. Du lebtest von Menschenfleisch und tränktest meine lebendige Kraft in Dich. Bist Du wohl fett

daran geworden? Wirst Du wohl Ehrfurcht vor der Qual der Menschenthieres lernen? Was wollt ihr Seelen und Götter ohne den Menschen? Warum verlangt euch nach ihm? Ihr könnt wohl ohne ihn nicht sein! Sprich!

// Ich habe wohl 100 Jahre schweren Kerkers? Wie lange soll die Strafe währen? //

Du jammerst schon? Hundert Jahre lang kann ich Dich ja nicht halten. Wer für Unsern wert Du! Vielleicht noch 20 oder 30 Jahre, dann bist Du endgültig frei und kein eifersüchtiger Liebhaber sperrt Dich mehr ein. Dann wirst Du mich für die Ewigkeiten schweigen hören. Und Keiner wird Dich kennen und lieben.

Satan ward einst für 1000 Jahre in den Abgrund geschlossen. Und Du? Bald blüht Dir Freiheit aber ohne Mensch.

Grübles blutige Thränen, so lasse auch mir über Dich weinen.

Rede, Hure!

// Nun stocht die Rede. Ich bin entsetzt ob Deiner Anklage. //

Solltest Du erusthaft werden? Sollte Du Dich besinnen? Reuhaftigkeit lernen oder gar sonst noch eine menschliche Tugend? Du seelenloses Seelenwesen? Ha, Du hast keine Seele, weil Du sie selber bist, Du Unhold! Du möchtest wohl eine Menschenseele? Soll ich vielleicht Deine Erdenseele werden, damit Du Seele bekommst? Ich bin bei Dir in die Schule gegangen.

Ich habe gelernt, wie man sich als Seele benimmt, mutterhaft zweideutig, geheimnisvoll lügnerisch und gleisnerisch. Vor Allem aber ist mit Betrug zu beginnen.

Gebenedeit seist Du, meine Jungfrauseele! Gelobt sei dein Name. Du bist die Auserwählte unter den Frauen. Du bist die Gottesgebärerin. Gelobet seist Du! Ehre und Ruhm Dir in Ewigkeit, Amen.

Du wohnest im goldenen Tempel. Von ferne her kommen die Völker um preisen Dich.

Ich, Dein Knecht, harre Deines Wortes.

Ich trinke rothen Wein, Dir dadurch ein Trankopfer spendend in Erinnerung an das Blutmahl, das Du mit uns feiertest.

Ich bereite ein schwarzes Huhn zur Opfersprise in Erinnerung an den Menschen, der Dich nährte.

Ich lade meine Freunde zum Opfermahl und wir tragen Kränze von Epheu und Rosen zur Erinnerung an den Abschied, den Du nahmest von Deinen betrübten Knechten und Mägden.

Im Fest der Freude und des Lebens sei dieser Tag, wo Du, ~~die~~ Hochgebenedeite, den Rückweg antratest aus den Hände der Menschen, die Du gelernt hatt, Seele zu sein.

Du folgest dem Sohne, der hinauf und hinübergieng.

Du trägt uns hinauf als Deine Seele und stellest Dich vor den Gottesthron,

Dein unsterbliches Recht als bewegtes Wesen wahrend.

Freude ist mit uns, Euter folgt Dir, wir stärken Dich. Wir sind im Land der Menschen und wir leben.

B.-I. 16.

Was hältst Du noch zurück? Was verbirgst Du? Wohl ein goldenes Gefäß, ein Schmuck, der Dir dem Menschen gestohlen? Blitzt nicht ein Edelstein, ein Goldrihm Dir Durchs Gewand? Was ist das Gebäu, das Du geraubt hast, als Du des Menschen Blut trankest und seinen heiligen Körper assest? Sprich Du Wahrheit, denn ich sehe Du lügst auf Deinem Gericht!

// Ich habe nichts genommen. //

Du lügst. Du willst mich verdächtigen, wo Du fehltest. ~~Ich~~ Du Zeit, wo Du den Menschen auszählst, ist vorbei. Gieb Alles heraus, was ihm heiliges Erbgut ist und was Du Dir widerrechtlich einmaasst. Du bestiehlst den Bettler und den Knecht. Gott ist reich und mächtig, ihm magst Du bestehlen. Dein Rechtsherr kennt keinen Verlust. Schändliche Lügnerin, wann hörst Du auf, Deine Menschlichkeit zu plagen und auszurauben?

// Ich verdächtige Dich nicht. Ich will Dir ja wohl. Ich achte Dein Recht. Ich würdige Deine Menschlichkeit. Ich nehme Dir nichts weg. Du besitzest ja Alles. Ich nichts. //

Doch, Du lügst unverschämt.

Du besitzest nicht nur jenes herrliche Stück, das mir zukommt, sondern Du hast auch den Zugang zu den Göttern und zu unserer Welt. Gib heraus, Betrüger!

// Wie kommst Du nur? Ich kenne Dich nicht mehr. Du bist verrückt. Noch mehr, Du bist lächerlich, ein kindischer Affe, der seine Pfote nach allem Glänzenden ausstreckt. Ich lasse der Meine mir nicht nehmen. //

Du lügst, Du lügst. Ich sah das Gold, ich weiß, es gehört mir. Du sollst Du nicht wegschleppen. Gib es heraus!

// Ich will es nicht geben. Zu kostbar ist es mir. Ach, willst Du mir die letzte Ehre rauben? //

Eine Dichtung dem Gold der Götter, aber nicht mit den kärglichen Kostbarkeiten der ausgeplünderten Erde vermenge. Du sollst einmal himmlische Armuth schmecken, nachdem Du dem Menschen so lange irdische Armuth vorgepredigt hast als eine echte und rechte Tugendpflicht, der sich Wanst und Beutel füllt und von Armuth redet.

// Du quälst mich abscheulich. Lasse mir doch der Eine. Ihr Menschen habt ja noch genug davon. Ich kann nicht sein, ohne dies Eine, Unvergleichliche, um dessentwillen selbst die Götter den Menschen beneiden. //

Ich werde nicht ungerecht sein. Aber sieh, was mir zugehört, und wessen Du davon bedarfst, darum bitte.

Was ist es?

// Ach, der ich es nicht helfen und nicht verbergen kann, es ist Liebe, warme menschliche Liebe, das Blut, der warme rothe Blut, der heilige Lebensquell, der Einigung aller Getrennten und Sehnsuchtigen. //

Die Liebe also ist es, die ihr euch als ein selbstverständliches Recht anmasstet, wo ihr doch darum betteln gehen solltet. Ihr betrinkt euch am Blute der Menschen und lasset ihn darben. Die Liebe heilige ich. Ihr werdet herzukriechen und darum betteln wie Hunde. Ihr werdet eure Hände emporheben dann, Wehe euch werdet ihr, damit es euch zukomme. Bettelhunde und werdet ein gerechter Verwalter sein, als ihr Halbwesen, ihr seelenlosen Seelen und ihr gottlosen Götter, und Du gottverlassener Gott. Ihr werdet euch alle zum Blutquell drängen und eure Gaben mitbringen, damit euch zukomme, wessen ihr bedürftig.

O Mensch hüte den heiligen Quell, damit kein Gott sich eines bemächtige. Die Götter kennen kein Maass und keine Gnade. Sie berauschen sich am kostbarsten Tranke. Sie vergeuden ihn in Trunkenheit, denn sie kennen weder Gott noch Seele. Anmassung und Maasslosigkeit, Hass und Lieblosigkeit sind ihr Wesen. Gier ~~und~~ um der Gier willen, Macht um der Macht willen, Lust um der Lust willen, Unmässigkeit und Unver=

Sattlichkeit, daran erkennt Du
die Daemonen.

Ha, ihr habt erwach zu lernen,
ihr Teufel und Götter, um der Liebe willen
im Staube zu kriechen, damit ihr irgendwo
und bei irgendwem ein Anzeichen
der lebendigen Lüngkeit erharchet.
Lernet beim Menschen Demuth und
Stolz um der Liebe willen.

Ihr Götter, euer erstgeborener
Sohn ist der Mensch. Ergebar sich
einem schrecklich-schön-herrlichen Gottsohn.
Aber dieses Mysterium erfüllt sich auch
an euch. Ihr gebaret euch einen
Menschensohn, nicht minder prächtig-
gräulich und seiner Herrlichkeit wurst
auch ihr Reuen.

Preise, Gott und Mensch, sein
enttäuschende ~~tatsä~~ Enttäuschte, Segnende
Gesegnete, machtlose Mächtige.

Wieder faßte sich das eng reiche
All in Erdenhimmel und Götterhimmel
in Unterwelten und Oberwelten
auseinander. Wiederum trennte sich
weit das qualvoll Geeinte und unter
ein Joch zusammen Gezwängte.
Unendliche Vielheit tritt auf Stelle
des zusammengedrückt Einen.
Denn nur Mannigfaltigkeit ist Reichthum, Blüthe, Frucht.

Ich küsse Dich, Du Buch
des Lichts und des Lebens.

14.I.16.

Was ist es, Sech, noch
Schlt Du da? Fandest Du Deinen

Platz nicht, oder fanden die Worte nicht, sie mir gehören? Wie verehrst Du Deine Erdenseele? Erinnere Dich daran, was ich für Dich trug und litt, wie ich mich verzehrte, wie ich vor Dir lag und rang, wie ich mein Herzblut Dir aus vollen Adern spendete! Ich habe eine Forderung an Dich: Du sollst den Kultus Deiner Erdenseele lernen.

Ich sah das Land, das dem Menschen verhissen ist, das Land, wo Milch und Honig fliesst.

Ich sah den Glanz der Sonne auf jenem Lande.

Ich sah die grünen Wälder, die gelben Weinberge und die Dörfer erdbewohnender Menschen.

Ich sah das himmelhochragende Gebirge mit den hängenden Federn ewigen Schnees.

Ich sah die Fruchtbarkeit und das Glück der Erde.

Nirgends aber sah ich das Glück des Menschen.

Du ringst, o Seele, den sterblichen Menschen für Dein unsterbliches Ziel zu arbeiten und zu leiden. Ich fordere von Dir, das Du auch für das irdische Glück der Menschen das Dringe thuest. Bedenke das! Ich rede in meinem und der Menschheit Namen. Deine ist unsere Kraft und Herrlichkeit, Dein ist das Reich und unser verhissenes Land. Also bewirke, Deine Fülle gebrauchend!

Ich werde schweigen, ja ich werde
Du verlorengehen. Es liegt an Dir,
Du vermagst es zu bewirken, was
Sterblichen zu schaffen versagt ist.
Ich stehe erwartend, fordernd Dich,
Dich, der Du es findest. Wo bleibt
Dein unterblicher Teil, wenn Du
Deine Pflicht, dem Menschen das Heil zu
bringen, nicht thust? Bedenke das.
Du musst also für mich arbeiten,
für mich den Schweigenden und Tra-
genden.

Auch über Dich Götterweltteil
wäre Gericht, nicht aber über den Sterblichen.

15.I.16.

Was ist es mit jener alten Schmelz-
stätte, die verödet liegt und wo noch
Weniges umgeschmolzen wird?
Meine Seele ich rufe Dich an, gieb
Rede!

// Altes, Zerbrochenes wird hinein-
Ungebrauchtes und Zerstörtes soll er-
neuert werden zu erneutem Gebrauche //

Aber was ist es?

// Es ist altüberkommenes, gute
Sitte der Väter, seit Alters täglich
Geübtes; es ist neuem Gebrauche an-
zupassen. Es ist tägliche Übung. Ein
tägliches Zurücknehmen alles Abgenutzten,
Abgebrauchten in den Schmelzofen,
damit erneugeschmolzen und erneuert
neuem Zwecke dienen.

Du musst all Dein Fühlen, das
der Tag abgenutzt hat, einschmelzen
durch Zurücknehmen in das Innere,
in die anfachende Hitze, damit Rost
und Zerbrochenheit durch Feuersglut

weggenommen werden und Du mit erneuertem Werkzeug die Arbeit des Tages wieder beginnst. Die Älteste betreten und führen die geheiligte Ceremonie //

Lehre mich die Ceremonie, lehre mich ihren Ernst und Nutzen und ihren Sinn, damit ich das Nöthige erfüllen kann.

// Richte vor Allem Dein Gebet an mich, damit ich es überhöre, gemeinsam mit Gott. Gebet hat magische Gewalt und zwingt die Götter. Fühlst Du den Einfluss der Götter und der Dämonen? Sie beten auch zu Dir und dadurch zwingen sie Dich. Thue ihnen also das Gleiche. Schließe durch Fürbitte. //

Lehre mich die Anrufung an Dich.

// Es ist wortlos, es sind wenige Worte, es ist rührende That. Es sollen wenige Worte sein, es sollen keine Worte sein. Es muss That sein, niederwerfung auf buntem Teppich, welcher die Erde bedeutet. //

Lügst Du?

// Wie kommst Du zu dieser Frage? Wir sollen die Ceremonie nützen. Du ~~wolle~~ brauchst sie ja für Dich. //

Ist das wahr? Auch der Teppich? Ist Äußeres nothwendig?

// Du kennst nicht die Macht des Stoffes, so wie die Macht des Menschen, auch Deine eigene nicht kennst. Stoff ist der Lingam-gott der Götter. Gott lockte den Phallus aus ihm hervor.

Ja er lockte den Stoff aus der tenfischen Leere hervor, die der Gott selber ist.

Du weißt, daß die Macht des Phallus groß ist. Hast Du je daran gezweifelt? So wisse, daß die Macht des Stoffes noch größer ist. Die Erde ist gewaltiger als der Phallus, er ist der vergängliche Sohn, sie die ewige Mutter. Der härteste, der am vergänglichste Stoff ist der Berg. Es ist ein Riesenstoff hinein zu bilden.

Der härteste Stein ist gut für die größte Idee.

Tiefer hineinwirken in den Stoff schafft größte Gewalt dem Gedanken.

Immer bilde in den Stoff hinein.

16 I 16

Furchtbar ist die Gewalt des Gottes.

// Daraus sollst Du noch viele erfahren. Du bist in der zweiten Zeit. Die erste Zeit ist überwunden. Dies ist die Zeit der Herrschaft des Sohnes, den Du den Krötengott nennst. Eine dritte Zeit wird folgen, die Zeit der Verteilung und ausgeglichener Macht. //

Mein Sohn, wohin geiferst Du? Geiferst Du gegen den Thieren?

// Ich verbinde das Obere mit dem Unteren. Ich verbinde Gott und Thier. Etwas an mir ist Thier, etwas Gott, und ein Drittes menschlich. Unter Dir schlange, in Dir menschlich, über Dir Gott. Zuerst der Schlange kommt der Phallus und weiter die Erde, und weiter der Mond und dann die Kälte und die

Leere der Weltraumes.

Über Dir kommt die Taube oder die Himmelsseele, die in Dunkelheit und Bewusstsein nicht einen, wie in der Schlange Gift und Schlauheit sich einen. Die Schlauheit ist Teufelsverstand, der immer das noch Kleinere merkt und Löcher findet, wo der Kleine schlüpft.

Wenn ich nicht durch Trennung der Unteren und der Oberen zusammengesetzt bin, dann zerfalle ich in die drei Stücke: die Schlange und als welche oder in andere Tiere oder zwischen ihnen, die Natur deutsch lebend, Furcht und Sehnsucht einflößend. Die Menschenseele, das bin ich mit Dir Lebende. Die Himmelsseele, als welche ich dann bei den Göttern wohne, ferne von Dir und Dir unbekannt, in Vogelgestalt erscheinend. Jedes dieser 3 Stücke ist dann selbständig.

Jenseits von mir steht die himmlische Mutter. Ihr Gegenüber ist der Phallus. Seine Mutter ist die Erde, sein Kind die Himmelsmutter.

Die Himmelsmutter ist die Tochter der Himmelswelt. Ihr Gegenüber ist die Erde.

Die Himmelswelt ist erleuchtet durch die gestirnte Sonne. Ihr Gegenüber ist der Mond. Und wie der Mond der Untergang ist in den Tod, der Raum, so ist die gestirnte Sonne Untergang in der Pleroma, die obere Welt der Fülle. Der Mond ist das Göttertier der Leeren, wie die Sonne das Göttertier des Vollen ist. Der Mond, den du siehst.

ist der Symbol, wie auch die Sonne, die Dunstsäule. Sonne und Mond, die ~~Stern~~ heißt, ihre Symbole sind Götter. Ergiebt noch andere Götter, ihre Symbole sind die Planeten.

Die Himmelsmutter ist ein Daemon, unter dem Range der Götter, eine Bewohnerin der Himmelswelt.

Die Götter sind günstig und ungünstig, impersönlich, Sternseelen, Einflüsse, Kräfte, Gromwätter der Seelen, Herrscher in der Himmelswelt, sowohl im Raume, wie in der Kraft. Sie sind weder gefährlich noch gütig, stark, sechsungram, Verdeutlichungen der Pleroma und der ewigen ~~Tel~~ Leere, Gestaltungen der ewigen Eigenschaften.

Ihre Zahl ist unermeßlich gross und leitet über in das Eine Überwesentliche, das alle Eigenschaft in sich enthält und selber keine Eigenschaft hat, ein Nichts und Alles, die völlige Auflösung des Menschen, Tod und ewiges Leben.

Der Mensch wird durch die Principium individuationis. Er strebt nach dem absolut Einzelnen, wodurch er das schon aufgelöste der Pleroma immer mehr zerstört. Dadurch macht er das Pleroma zum Punkt, der größte Spannung enthält und selbst ein leuchtender Stern ist, unmerkbar klein, wo das Pleroma unmerkbar groß ist. Je mehr das Pleroma zerstört wird, desto stärker wird der Stern des Einzelnen. Erst von leuchtenden Wolken umgeben, ein Gestirn im Werden, ~~wie~~ vergleichbar einer kleinen Sonne. Er wirft Feuerraus. Daher heißt: ἐγὼ φωστήρ ἐν κόσμῳ. ~~Trans~~ Zuerst wie die Sonne,

Die Sonne aucherin solcher Stern ist, ein Gott und Grossvater der Seelen ist, so ist auch der Stern des Einzelnen gleich der Sonne, ein Gott und Grossvater der Seelen. Er ist bisweilen sichtbar, aber wie ich ihn beschrieben habe. Sein Licht ist blau, wie dasjenige jener Sterne. Er ist mit Menschen im Raume, kalt und einsam, denn er ist jenseits des Todes. Um zum Einzelsein zu gelangen, bedürfen wir eines grossen Stückes Todes. Darum heisst es: Drei Götter, denn wie der Menschen unzählig viele sind, so die Sektoren, so der Götter, als der Herrscher der Himmelswelt.

Dieser Gott ist wohl der, der den Tod der Menschen überlebt. Wer einsamen Zeit Himmel ist, der kommt in den Himmel, wenn die Hölle ist, der kommt in die Hölle. Wenn das principium individuationis nicht zum Ende führt, wird kein Gott, denn er kann das Einzelsein nicht ertragen.

Die Toten, die aus Bedrängnis, und Seelen, die das principium individuationis nicht erfüllt haben, sonst wären sie zu fernen Sternen geworden. Wiederum wir es nicht erfüllen, haben die Toten ein Durchdrangnis und Bedrängnis nur und wir entgehen ihnen nicht.

A = Triquinos Mund
A = Mondsichel
= Schlange = Dreieck
= Vogel = Himmel
= Himmelsmutter
= Phallus Teufel
Engel
= Teufel
= Himmelswelt
= Seele
Mutter des Teufels
= Sonne, Auge
= Mond, Auge
Mond scheint
Sonne scheint
Mond = Satan
Sonne = Gott
= Gott
Dreieck = Abraxas
= Welt
= Leere
= Flamme Feuer, Liebe = Eros, ein Daemon
= Götter, Sterne ohne Zahl

Der Mittelpunkt, Schwerpunkt des Pleroma, der Gott Fülle der Abraxas, ein Daemonenwelt und vorüberziehen, nur Allegorie in einem Mittelpunkt, der Mensch ist, endend u. beginnend.

Der Gott der Kröte oder Kröten, der Kleinlose, ist die Vereinigung des christlichen Gottes mit Satan. Sein Wesen ist ähnlich der Phanne, er ist Eros ähnlich, jedoch ein Gott, der

nur ein Daemon.

Dieser Gott, dem Verehrung gebührt, ist in der Mitte.

Du sollst nur einen Gott verehren. Die andern Götter sind gleichgültig. Der Abraxas ist zu fürchten. Darum war es Erlösung, als er sich von mir trennte. Du brauchst ihn nicht zu suchen. Er wird Dich finden, gleichwie der Eros. Er ist der Gott der Welt, alles, überaus mächtig und furchtbar. Er ist der Schöpfertrieb, er ist Zerstörung und Gestaltung, ebenso sehr Stoff, wie Kraft, darum über allen hellen und dunkeln Göttern. Er reißt die Seelen weg und wirft sie in die Tiefe. Er ist schaffend und geschaffenes. Er ist der Gott, der sich stets erneut, im Tage, im Monat, im Jahre, im Menschenleben, im Zeitalter, in Völkern, im Lebendigen, im Gestirnen. Er zwingt, er ist unerbittlich. Wenn Du ihn verehrst, stärkst Du seine Macht über Dich. So wird Dir durch unerträglich. Du wirst zutreffende Mühe haben, Dich von ihm zu befreien. Je mehr Du Dich von ihm befreit, desto mehr nähert Du Dich dem Tode, denn er ist der Leben des All. Er ist aber auch der allgemeine Tod. Darum verfällst Du ihm wiederum, nicht im Leben aber im Sterben. Also erinnere Dich seiner, verehre ihn nicht, aber bitte Dir auch nicht ein, der Du ihn fliehen könntest, denn er ist ringsum um Dich. Du mußt mitten im Leben sein, vom Tod umfangen. Ausgespannt, wie ein Gekreuzigter, hängst Du in ihm, dem Furchtbaren, dem Übergewaltigen.

Du hast aber in Dir den einen Gott, den wunderbar Schönen und Gütigen, den Einsamen, Sterngleichen, den Unbewegten, der der älter und weiser ist als der Vater, der der eine sichere Hand hat, der Dich führt in allen Dunkelheiten und allen Todesschrecken des furchtbaren Abraxas. Er gleicht

Freude und Frieden, denn er ist jenseits der Todes und jenseits der Wechselvollen. Er ist kein Diener und kein Freund des Abraxas. Ja er ist selber ein Abraxas, aber nicht Dir, sondern in sich und seiner fernen Welt, denn Du bist selber ein Gott, der in fernen Räumen wohnt und sich in seinen Zeiten und Schöpfungen und Völkern erneuert, ihnen ebenso mächtig, wie Dir der Abraxas.

Du selber bist Weltschöpfer und Creator.

Du hast den einen Gott, Du wärst zu deinem einen Gott in der unendlichen Zahl der Götter.

Du bist als Gott der große Abraxas Deiner Welt. Als Mensch aber bist Du das Herz des einen Gottes, der seiner Welt als der große Abraxas erscheint, der Gefürchtete, der Mächtige, der Lebensspendende,

Du der Auskünder des Lebensbaumes, der Geist des Lebensbaumes, ~~Du Wurzel~~ der Dämon des Blutes, der Todbringende.

Du bist das liebende Herz deines einen Sterngottes, der seiner Welt Abraxas ist.

Darum, weil Du das Herz Deines Gottes bist, so trachte nach ihm, liebe ihn, lebe für ihn. Fürchte den Abraxas, der die Menschenwelt regiert. Nimm an, wozu er Dich zwingt, denn er ist der Herr des Lebens dieser Welt und keiner entgeht ihm. Nimmst Du nicht an, so quält er Dich zu Tode und das Herz Deines Gottes leidet, so wie der Eine Gott des Christus zu seinem Tode schwerstes erlitten hat.

Das Leiden der Menschheit ist ohne Ende, denn ihr Leben ist ohne Ende. Denn es ist kein Ende, wo nicht Einer sieht, das ein Ende ist. Wenn die Menschheit zu Ende ist, so ist Keiner, der ihr Ende sähe und Niemand

ich da, der sagen konnte, daß die Menschheit ein Ende habe. Also hat sie kein Ende für sich selber, wohl aber für die Götter.

~~Darum auch~~ Der Tod des Christus hat kein Leben von der Welt weggenommen, ~~hat~~, ~~so~~ sein Leben ~~D~~ aber hat uns viel gelehrt; nämlich: daß es dem Einen Gott gefällt, ~~das~~ wenn der Einzelne sein eigenes Leben lebt entgegen der Macht des Abraxas. Da durchbohrt sich der Eine Gott vom Lachen der Erde, in das ihn sein Eros hinabstürzte; denn aber der Eine Gott die Erde sah, da begehrte er ihrer zur Zeugung und vergaß, daß ihm schon eine Welt gegeben war, in der er Abraxas war. So wird der Eine Gott Mensch. Darum zieht der Eine den Menschen wieder empor zu sich und in sich, damit der Eine werde vollständig werde.

Die Befreiung des Menschen aus der Macht des Abraxas erfolgt nicht dadurch, daß der Mensch sich der Macht des Abraxas entzieht — ~~denn~~ Niemand kann sich ihr entziehen, sondern indem er sich ihr unterwirft. Selbst Christus wurde sich der Macht des Abraxas unterworfen und der Abraxas tötete ihn auf grausame Weise.

Nur indem Du das Leben lebst, erlösest Du Dich davon. Also lebe es in dem Maasse, als es Dir zukommt. In dem Maasse, als Du es lebst, verfällst ~~du~~ Du auch der Macht des Abraxas und seinen furchtbaren Täuschungen. Im selben Maasse aber gewinnt der Sterngott in Dir an ~~Kra~~ Sehnsucht und Kraft, indem die Frucht der Täuschung und Enttäuschung der Menschen ihm zufällt. Schmerz und Enttäuschung erfüllen die Welt des Abraxas mit Kälte, als Deine Lebenswärme inkl. Ingram in die Tiefe Deiner Seele, in den Mittelpunkt des Menschen, wo das ferne blaue Sternlicht Deines Einen Gottes entglimmt.

Wenn Du aus Furcht den Abraxas fliehst, so entfliehst Du dem Schmerz und der Enttäuschung,

und so bleibst Du mit Furcht, d. h. mit Dir unbewusster Liebe am Abraxas hängen und Dein Euer Gott kann nicht entbrennen. Durch Schmerz und Enttäuschung aber löset Du Dich aus, denn von selbst fällt dann Dein Begehren wie eine reife Frucht in die Tiefe, der Schwerkraft folgend, nach dem Mittelpunkte strebend, wo ihm der blaue Licht der Sterngottes entsteht.

Also flieh nicht dem Abraxas, suche ihn nicht. Der fühlst seinen Zwang, wirke ihm nicht, damit Du lebest und so Dein Lösegeld bezahlest.

Du werke der Abraxas und zu erfüllen, denn, bedenke, in Deiner Welt ist Er selber Abraxas und zwingt Dein Geschöpf zur Erfüllung Deiner Werke. Hier, wo Du und Abraxas unter uns eine Creatur bist, hast Du zu lernen, die Werke des Lebens zu erfüllen. Dort, wo Du Abraxas bist, zwingst Du Deine Geschöpfe.

Du fragst, warum dies Alles so sei? Ich verstehe, dass es Dir schwer

wird, es zu glauben. Die Welt ist preiswürdig. Sie ist die unendlich grosse Thorheit der Götter, von der Du weisst, dass sie unendlich weise ist. Gewiss ist sie auch eine unverzeihliche Sünde und darum auch höchste Ruhe und Tugend.

Also lebe das Leben, flieh den Abraxas nicht, wenn er Dich zwingt und Du eine Nothwendigkeit anerkennen kannst. In einem Sinne sage ich: Fürchte ihn nicht, liebe ihn nicht. In anderem Sinne sage ich: Fürchte ihn, liebe ihn. Er ist das Leben der Erde, das sagt Dir genug.

~~Hier~~ Erkenntniss von der Vielheit der Götter thut Dir noth. Du kannst nicht Alles in einem Wesen vereinigen. Soweenig wie Du Eines bist mit der Vielheit der Menschen, so wenig ist der Eine Gott ~~einig~~ Eines mit der Vielheit der Götter. Dieser Eine Gott ist der Gütige, der Liebende, der Tröstende, der Heilende. Ihm gebührt

alle Deine Liebe und Verehrung. Zu ihm sollst Du beten, mit ihm bist Du eins, er ist Dir nahe, näher als Deine Seele.

Ich Deine Seele bin Deine Mutter, Dich zärtlich und furchtbar umgebend, Deine Ernährerin und Verderberin, ich bereite Dir Gutes und Böses. Ich bin Deine Fürbitterin beim Abraxas. Ich lehre Dich Künste, um Dich gegen den Abraxas zu schützen. Ich stehe zwischen Dir und dem allmächtigen Abraxas. Ich bin Dein Körper, Dein Schatten, Dein in Sinnwelt Wirkendes, Dein in der Welt der Götter Erscheinendes, Dein Glanz, Dein Hauch, Dein Geruch, Deine magische Kraft. Mich sollst Du anrufen, wenn Du mit Menschen leben willst, den Einen Gott aber, wenn Du über die Menschenwelt emporringen willst zur göttlichen und ewigen Einsamkeit des Sein's.

18 I 16.

Ach, meine Seele, was thust Du? Welche Angst und Unruhe schaffst Du mir? Was soll in der Tiefe der Zukunft werden?

Was sehe ich? Lodernde Flammen? Ein Feuer – ein blutiges Feuer?

Ach mein Gott, ich rufe Dich, jüngst meine Seele, der sie mir Antwort gebe über die Dinge, die mich bedrängen!

// Du achtest an der grossen Fluth, Du achtest an dem schützenden Wall, Du achtest nicht des Feuers, das durch die Luft jagt. //

An das Feuer? Was willst Du sagen?

// Lasse mich Dir reden! Ein Feuer in den Lüften wartet, es naht heran, eine Flamme, viele Flammen – ein heisser Wunder – es entbrennen viele Lichter, gleich Sternen der Nacht. – Mein Geliebter

Du Gnade des ewigen Feuers — der Feuerhauch senkt sich über Dich. //

Meine Seele, ich rufe Dich an — schrecklich — Grausames fürchte ich — namenlose Angst erfüllt mein Herz, denn furchtbar waren die Dinge, die Du mir zuvor kündetest — was alles zerbrochen, verbrannt, vernichtet sein? Erzittert Dich kein Verzweiflungsschrei?

// Geduld, Feuer ist über Dir — vor Dir, ein Gluthmeer — ein verzehrendes Feuer — ein lodernder Brand //

Martre mich nicht — welche gewaltigen Geheimnisse besitzt Du. Sprich, ich flehe Dich an. Meine Gott, mein ferner Stern, ich rufe Dich an! Wo ist Deine Macht? Schütze mich, oder gieb mir Kraft, der Unsäglichkeit zu erdulden.

Oder, meine Seele, trügst Du mich? Verfluchter Quälgeist, täuschender Unhold, was sollen Deine Truggespinste?

// Ich will auch Deine Angst //

Wozu?

// Um vor den Herrn Seiner Welt zu bringen. Er verlangt das Opfer Deiner Angst. //

Warum? Rede!

// Erwürdige Dich eines Opfers. Der Herr ist Dir gnädig. //

Mir gnädig? Was soll der heißen? Ich möchte mich hier vor ihm verbergen. Mein Angesicht scheint den Herrn Seiner Welt, denn er ist gekennzeichnet, es trägt ein furchtbares Mal. Es schaut der Sterbende, darum scheue ich den Herrn Seiner

Welt. #

// Du sollst aber vorsichtig sein. Deine Angst gegen an. //

Du machst mir die Angst, Lügnerin? Warum verriethest Du mich?

// Du bist zu einem Dienst bestimmt, Dreimal verfluchtes Schicksal! Warum kamst Du mich nicht in der Verborgenheit lassen? Warum hat er mich zum Opfer ausersehen? Tausende würden sich ihm ja gern hinwerfen, warum muss ich es sein? Ich will nicht, ich kann nicht.

// Du hast das Wort, das nicht verborgen bleiben darf. //

Ich will es hören, den Meinen, den Nächsten, aber wirf es nicht auf die Strasse. Was willst Du dem Abraxas helfen? Er hat die Macht, er schaffe aus sich, warum soll ich für ihn Blatt und in ewigen Feuern mich verzehren? Mein Gott, rette mich vor der Angst. Gieb mir den erlösenden Gedanken, in Demuthsinne beschlo ich meine Fahrt.

Ich sehe weite Flur und blaue Berge im Rauch zieht darüber hin. Ein Feuersee wälzt sich heran, er entzündet die Städte und Dörfer, er wälzt sich durch das Thal, er verbrennt die Wälder — ich gehe vor ihm her in verbranntem Gewande, mit versengtem Haar, meine Augen sehen ihn, meine Zunge ist trocken und meine Stimme heiser — ich eile voran und verkünde das Herannahende, ich eile über die Berge und ich steige in jedes stille Thal und

ich stammle Worte der Schrecknis und Kunde d. Qual des Feuers.
Du Menschenfliehen entsetzt vor mir, denn ich trage d. Male des Feuers. Su sehn d. Feuer nicht, sie sehen mich und ahnen zu mir den Boten der brennenden Qual.
Wer sind ein Feuer? fragen sie. Wer sind ein Feuer? Ich stottere, ich stammle — wer wusst sich vom Feuer? Ich schaute d. Gluthen, ich sah das lodernde Feuer.
Mein Gott, hilf und rette uns hinüber.
Mein Gott, berate mich; ist es Tod, ist es Unterblicks?
Mein Gott warum hast du mich verlassen? O furchtbares Schweigen!

Meine Seele, ruhe, nur Alles ruhe!
// Lange genug wartetest Du, Heiliges Feuerlodern, steige in d. Flammen Tute ins Licht, schaffe empor, wer im Dunkelnacht, Kunde des Kommende. //
Wer sollich Kunder, d. Feuer? Welches Feuer?
// Du Flamme, d. über d. unendlichen lodert, blicke empor, d. Himmel röthen sich. //

23.I.16. Mein Gott, mein wunderbares Licht!

29.I.16.
Meine Seele, ich weiss, dass Du der Teufel gerufen hast. Er hat seine beschwörenden Dämpfe ge-

sandt? Er war es, der an meinem Hause
anpochte mit einer schwarzen dunklen
Begleitung. Ich rock sie in der Luft.
War he fick ok Dich, der Du uns
diesen Streich spiltest? Was soll der
Teufel?

„Aufbrechen, was verschlossen.“ //

Was? meine Geheimnisse? Schon
liegen sie zu offen!

// Nein, Deine eisernen Thüren! //

Dass Du üble Herrde in meinem
Herzen brechen kann? Soll ich aus-
gepfundert und auf den Mist gewor-
fen werden? Du machst mich zum
Affen und zum Spielzeug kleiner Kinder.
Wann, o mein Gott, soll ich erlöst
werden aus dieser Narrenhölle? Ich
sehne mich nach dem Tod, nach der immerwährenden
Kälte. Sollte das der Teufel sein? Er ist
dortirgendwo in der Nähe.

Meine Seele, verfluchte Quälgeist, höre
endlich auf! Zuviel der Kärrlichkeit,
zuviel des Schmutzes, zuviel des hinz-
unlustreinden Blödsinns. Ich will
ein Mensch sein. Ich will die Menschen
nicht mehr lieben. Ich will sein.
Ich will euer verfluchtes Gepinnerts
zerhacken. Fahret zur Hölle, ihr Mam-
Mich umgebe das Licht.

// Was wirst Du? Lass dem Teufel das
Werk. Er wird es besorgen. //

Wie kann ich Dir trauen? Du arbeitest
für Dich, nicht für mich. Wozu sollte
Du taugen, Du Strauchdieb, wenn
Du mich nicht einmal von den Verwirrungen

des Teufels zu nützen weiß. Soll das Feuer Höllenfeuer sein?

// Du regst Dich auf. Gib Ruhe, die Stärk der Werk //

Ich bin müde, ich will keine Überraschungen. Sprich, warst Du der? Oder wieder Teufel und sein nächtlicher Spuk?

// Wir kamen, um Dich Arbeitsen, den Geheimnisvollen, Dich Unsichtbare. Wir kochten Dich heiß um Dich, wir mischten Dämpfe Deiner Seine, narkotische, verwirrende, betäubende, wir bereiten den Schein, den unerklärlichen, den lügenkoncisten und den angstvoll gesuchten. Ich will an Deinem Ruhme schuldheben. Du kennst uns. Lass uns wirken, mit glatten Worten, mit sprechender Gebärde werfen wir Netze aus. Lass Dich nur gehen. Es wird fließen wie Öl und duften wie Narde. Unwahrnehmlicher Feuerschein, zappelnde Mummeln in unsichtbaren Behängen, ein heiseres Hohnlachen in der Ferne, zähne knirschende, furchtbehende Befangene //

Schweige, du Teufel, mir ekelts.

// Dich freuts. Der Tag der Rache naht. Vergis der Unbill nicht, die Du erlitten, zu werden Lösegeld zahlen. Ha, wir zu eilen werden, den Herrn zu grüßen und Dich zu kücken. //

Skillose! Du gab wohl der Teufel Worte?

// Glänzende, gleißnerische Worte, blank wetzbarer Stahl, schneidend wie Nordwind. Hohnvoncrlesener

Kostbarkeit. //

Es wird mir übel.

// Gieße Ihm der Wolk, nicht Dir. Sei ruhig und besonnen walten. Wir treffen nicht. Wahre ruhig, gelassen. Wir werden die Glutth schüren.

Baue gelassen Stein zu Stein. Wir thun der Mutter. Kümmere Dich nicht. Schonglutth der Feuer. //

Mein Gott, Du nehmt den Frevel.

// /// Der Geschick erfülle sich //////

Was rollt? Es kocht furchtbar.

// Das Leben fängt an. //

Soll es noch oft anfangen? Oder hat es denn noch nicht angefangen? Es ist eine unerträgliche Spannung. Wann soll einmal Ruhe werden!

// Gemach, gemach. Kein Drängen. Du hast gut reden. Es zersprengt mich. Wirklich als ob eiserne Thuren gesprengt werden sollten. Was soll heraus? Wie soll's hinaus?

// Hinten hinaus. //

Phensal.

// Hinter Deinem Rücken, in gehaltener Sprache. Alles geht hinter Deinem Rücken. //

Warum soll ich nicht dabei sein? Ich will auch leben.

// Es wird von Vorne zu Dir kommen

Und darauf soll man trauen?

// Was denn sonst? Kannst Du es machen? Nein. Du kannst nur warten, bis es wird. //

Ihr es zerrüttet mich. Seitdem Du den Teufel gebraucht hast, werde ich heftig geplagt. Du wurst Leidenschaften. Sprich ein erlösendes Wort. Was ist mit den Jüdern? Sie reisen an mir herum und sich halte Mühe mich zu halten.

// Gieb ihnen nach. //

So sprecht, ich Toter! Sind Ihr noch nicht entleert?

Sermon // Wir kommen von Jerusalem zurück, wo wir nichts fanden, was wir suchten! Wir begehren bei Dir Einlass.

Du hast es, wonach uns verlangt. Dein Licht, nicht Dein Blut, das ist es //

Aber was kann ich thun?

// Lehre uns, wir hören! //

Was soll ich lehren?

// Du wurstest, die Erkenntniss, als Du gewannest und sie uns fehlte. //

Doch wo soll ich beginnen?

// Beginne, beginne, gleichviel wo. Wo es Dir gut dünkt zu beginnen. //

So hört Ihr Tohn! Ich lehre euch: Ich beginne beim Nichts.

Das Nichts ist dasselbe wie die Fülle. In der Unendlichkeit ist voll so gut wie leer. Nichts ist leer und voll. Ihr könnt auch ebensogut etwas Anderes

vom Nichts sagen, z. B. es sei weiss oder schwarz, oder es sei nicht oder es sei. Ein Unendliches und Ewiges hat keine Eigenschaften, weil es alle Eigenschaften hat.

Das Nichts oder die Fülle nennen wir das Pleroma. Durch dies hört Denken und Sein auf, denn das Ewige und Unendliche hat keine Eigenschaften. In ihm ist Keiner, denn er wäre dann vom Pleroma unterschieden und hätte Eigenschaften, die ihm als Etwas vom Pleroma abtrennten.

Im Pleroma ist Nichts und Alles. Es lohnt sich nicht über das Pleroma nachzudenken, denn das hiesse: sich selber auflösen.

Die Creatur ist nicht im Pleroma. Das Pleroma ist Anfang und Ende der Creatur, es umgiebt sie gewissermassen, es geht durch sie hindurch, wie das Sonnenlicht die Luft überall durchdringt. Obschon das Pleroma durchwegs hindurchgeht, so sind wir doch nicht im Pleroma, denn wir haben nicht eigentlich Theil daran, so wie ein vollkommen durchsichtiger Körper weder hell noch dunkel wird durch das Licht, das ihn durchdringt.

Wir sind aber Pleroma, denn wir sind im Ewigen und Unendlichen eingeschlossen und ein Theil davon. Wir haben aber nicht Theil daran, sondern sind vom Pleroma unendlich weit entfernt, nicht räumlich oder zeitlich, sondern wesentlich, indem wir uns im Wesen vom Pleroma unterschieden als Creatur, die in Zeit und Raum beschränkt ist.

BOOK 5

March 13, 1914–January 30, 1916

Do you sense it, the duty of the world?
Yes, from spheres to spheres
it needs to bear seed from seed,
it brings us the light of the world:
sprinkling as if from a dark sieve
it sows love, love, love
from night to night, from pole to pole.
Dehmel[1]

[1] 18 III 14.[2]

A number of times I read in Nietzsche the expression "ultimate solitude."[3] This is the phrase that stands before me. My soul, do you hear this expression?

"I listen and I think."

What are you thinking about?

"The causes of solitude."

What do you think about these causes[?]

"There are many, some in you, some in other people."

So let me know.

"All you must give is love."

Love is quite weak in my case. There is not a lot left. I'm drained. Everything turns against me.

"Why don't you give?"

It seems to me that I give enough. [1/2]

"To me as well?"

You can see that I'm trying. I try to give as much as possible to you. I know that it's not much. I don't know where the rest is. Is this present ebb and darkness actually intentional? Must I feel solitary?

"Silly questions! Try again, if you can."

At times I completely lose my nerve. What will happen?

"How do I know?"

Have a try, perhaps you can achieve something.

"You are formulaic, but I will just reach out and grab.

Here it is, look at [2/3] it."

A stinking ram—that was a grab into hell.

"Well—what do you think about it?"

What can I think? You know, your gifts are pretty obscure.

"A ram with crooked horns and a bit of a tail, a harmless image of Satan—can you use it?"

I am astonished, not to say—disappointed. What is the use of your stinking present?

"He reeks afar. His glory scatters all around him."

A disgusting glory, it seems to me. [3/4]

"Your heraldic animal, my dear."

Your mockery is inappropriate.

"Not so much—it comes from solitude. One starts to smell in solitude—and the smell reaches far."

Stop joking. You are worse than men. You are a true devil.

"Why wouldn't you like to be bothered by men?"

I thought one could perhaps do without this torment—or one could bother others the same way they do it to me. Since I didn't want that bother I crawled back into my self.

"That's no good, you are both the sacrificer and the victim. [4/5]

This is almost unbearable. I can hardly do it.

"Almost and hardly—hence not entirely."

Must it be?

"What shall become of life, if you don't take part? Slaughter and being slaughtered."[4]

This truth smells like human blood. Does it really have to be that way?

"Why do you doubt? Do you still have childish illusions about life? Sharpen your knife."

You are incredibly cruel.

"Day won't break without you slaughtering and sacrificing."

Myself? Or who? Or what? [5/6]

"Reach out and slaughter whatever you can grab?."

This is unheard-of and impossible. How can I do that?

"With a knife. Pay no mind to the screams. There have to be sacrifices, otherwise you will do yourself in."

But humaneness—what does it say about this?

"It's eminently humane that you kill your brother so that you might live."

My brother's life is dear to me.

"Whoever does not value his own life will lose it. Now you must live. Others ought to look after themselves and [6/7] not stand where your knife stabs. You shouldn't become a monkey and fool to others—for the sake of tomfoolery. Everything has a limit. They will be insolent to you because you have laid down your weapons."

Wouldn't I commit a terrible injustice, if I followed you?

"Do you call it just, when you do not live? Who shall live at all, if you don't? Everyone should live. You act in self-defense. Your kindness borders almost on the absurd."

My, your language sounds violent. This is new to me.

["]No wonder, you are insanely patient. I want to live too. But you suffocate me. [7/8]

I will shove you against the wall if you do not obey. You have already had a taste of me today. Stand with yourself and live. You are entirely sucked dry.["]

Might you be finally telling the truth? Food for thought.

19 III 14.[5]

My God, what inner solitude! Is this the way? What do you say?

"I tell you: this is your way. It is not easy and there is no ~~x~~other."

Where does it lead?

"If you knew that, you would know everything. It is evidently impossible to know it." [8/9]

The chaos inside me is horrible.

"He who is pregnant with chaos is fortunate."

Maybe I'll die giving birth.

"Sometimes that happens to women in labor."

I'm horrified.

"Why should you <u>not</u> be horrified?" Horror belongs to loneliness, and loneliness is your way. You have enough people in your outer life."

What should become of my chaos?

"What becomes of chaos? Orderly world."[6]

If I knew how to take hold of it!

"Be patient, it will take hold[.]" [9/10]

I think I can feel the grip of chaos. I'm powerless.

"How should you be powerful? We are children of chaos, inextricably intertwined with it. Our deepest nature is disorder. That is the beginning of all things."[7]

The fathomlessness is terrible. Are there no straight lines or solid points?

"First they had to be created."

But how? Shall I begin with the nearest?

"Or maybe with the furthest. To do the nearest is good for beginners."

What is the furthest?

"Love inside-out." [10/11]

What are you saying? Love inside-out? You are terribly crazy. How shall I take this?

"There is straightforward love and love inside-out."

I don't get it. What is straightforward love?

"Straightforward direct love." Love inside-out is better described as indirect love. To my way of thinking loving someone indirectly is to love their obverse. Love the generosity of the miser, the ugly of the beautiful, the rationality of the crazy and the badness of good."

That's asking a lot. I doubt that I can do it. Might I do it [11/12] with myself?

"As always you need to begin with yourself."

How? Shall I love my badness or my goodness? Am I good or bad? Rational or crazy, generous or miserly? You see, I don't know anything about myself.

"Look at yourself in the mirrors of others."

For those close ~~xx~~ I seem ~~xx~~ to be good, for those distant, bad. With increasing distance my virtues turn into their opposites. Thus I believe in the inner identity of the opposites. What is it that I should love about myself? [12/13]

"What you regard as bad." You can see that you are good, because any judgment is blurred by distance; the further, the more subjective."

What do I find bad in myself?

"Your emotions."

Should I lose my temper?

"Don't go too far. But value your emotions. They are instructive and a vital principle to others."

I am afraid, that I am hurtful.

"Just as the others. Do you want to be better than others? That would be a Christian ideal that leads to self-righteousness and desolation. What I want to say is, [13/14] humbly be as bad as others. It will do both you and others good."

Your truth is dangerous and subjective.

"Ultimately truth is always subjective and noxious to others. ~~Only~~ You are immune only to your own poison."

Should one refrain from teaching truth to others?

"Yes, one should. Restrict yourself to teaching the way to subjective truth. Objective truth in these matters comes down to a delusional system. Ultimate things ought to be subjective truths." [14/15]

It seems hardly worth the effort to continue the search for truth, if we finally end up only at the subjective.

"You don't know the significance of the subjective. It is of cosmic significance. It reaches to the kernel of things."

That's obscure.

"It's part of the essence of the subjective and ~~it~~ cannot be formulated in another way. The subjective is finally illogical through and through. Not understandable, but acceptable."

How accept something not understandable? Can one even do it?

"But peoples at all times and of all places have done that. [15/16] Don't you trust yourself to have that quality?"

I have unlearned it in fear and trembling, and only you know with what agony. Are you telling me to start all over again and undo everything I've won through suffering and pain?

"I sympathize. But it belongs to your completion as a man."

I think this work will sour me. I almost despair of this task.

"Patience—even that will be completed."

It's easy for you to talk. The [16/17] subjective seems to me like an undefinable primordial soup, hopeless and arbitrary.

"It is related to the chaos, the deep essence of the world. The law is surface, order is the outer side. Chaos is your mother. You rest in uncertainty as in the mother's womb, eternally becoming and in a seminal state."

Uncertainty is disgusting and abhorrent to me.

"So you care a lot for it. Accept it and you will love it."

What's the use? No one will understand it.

"But many will accept it."

This burden is way too excessive. By all the Gods, I cannot cope with it. [17/18]

"Not today and not tomorrow, but the day after tomorrow."

Who will believe in your optimism? You make me laugh.

"Jesters were influential personalities."

That doesn't make it easier. You are breaking me.

"Blessed are those who are broken for the sake of their soul, the kingdom of the heavens will be theirs."

Cheap sayings—but—I am bleeding from many wounds.

"It happens for my sake, don't be challenged by it." Here is torment, there is fulfilment.["] [18/19]

Where there? Shall I believe in a beyond?

"In a beyond of yours."[8]

15. IV. 1914.[9]

Much of what I wrote became true.

It seems as if there is nothing further to be said.

My soul, is there anything else you want?

"Yes."

What do you want?

"Take it."

A kangaroo with her joey in her pouch.—This is painfully grotesque—and fraught with meaning. The [19/20] ink almost flows too fast in order to write such things easily.

"Acknowledged beauty would be too easy. You need resistance."

I admit that I often and readily forget this truth.

"The kangaroo is an image of Christ, as is the Pelican."[10]

Oh—that's hard to bear. But speak!

"The possum is a ridiculous animal—something motherly."

You are cruel.

"The maternal is cruel—for he who is not stuck inside. But for he who is inside it is [20/21] pure bliss and delight, and he can prosper."

You mean—to become or to be a child? No end in sight? To foster others or to be fostered yourself?

"Both—poor devil."

Why call me that?

"Because that is what you are. You are dislocated."

I bend my back, that is hard.

"You are hard and should become soft."

Do you mean—more sensitive?

"Don't ask in such a direct way, it's disturbing. Don't disturb the development of nonsense. [21/22] It's salutary. This is what you

need to learn today. Let the nonsensical grow. How else could you discern meaning?"

You possess a desperate wisdom. It is agonizingly beautiful.

"And in its kind antagonistic to culture. That needs to be remembered."

Where do you go with that? Into non-culture?

"Or into the super-culture." But how that might be is uncertain."

16. IV. 14.[11]

Yes, uncertain, by God. We have to speak of "uncertain". [22/23] I think this is an important point. "Uncertain" is the word of words for everyone who must consort with his beloved and revered soul. I tend toward contempt of the soul.

Once I adored you, then I loved you, now you threaten to become contemptuous to me. You seem to me dull, but definitely lacking a point of view. You also seem to exist only in one half of mankind.

"Phew—you are fabulous. What slogans!"

You show your true face. But I will not be taken in by you.

"Don't you think that it might be better after all to be taken in by me?" [23/24]

I am no longer reluctant, because I strive for "soulful" qualities. One can live with that, it seems to me. So let me be uncertain, but in peace. For far too long was I in a restless state.

"Restlessness is my essence and the foundation of my life."

I know that already: when I'm restless you speak of tranquillity, and vice versa, according to your demand.

"Be glad that this demand gets an airing."

You blabber only to yourself, and go round in circles. Where does the new come in? [24/25]

"The new doesn't come in, it needs to be created."

But how?

"By doing it."

I will leave logic aside. In your case I obviously need to manage without it.

"You only need to love the new, then you will create it."

That's easy for you to say. Give the new to me, so I can love it.

"You joker, that would be easy. You must love the new you don't have because it is still to come."

You mean objectless loving? A lot is demanded with this, but little given. To love [25/26] haphazardly, a love with neither choice nor object. That is too dull.

"And at the same time full of meaning."

What the hell, I know that it has a meaning. You don't need to shout it at me. But it's a randy attitude that seems unclean to me.

"Don't get upset, it is life and creates life."

But not for me. I am like an empty bubble—or am I filled with lead and cannot wrench free of it. You have swallowed my love, like a parasite that leaches on my life. You [26/27] feed yourself at my expense. It's costing me.

"You are eternally discontented."

Why shouldn't I be?

"If you enjoy it, you might stick to it."

I don't want to, but I can't help it. What should have been, I cannot reach.

"What should it be?" Obviously only something that you want. Don't you realize that I only want to stretch you?"

Yes, but on the rack, it seems to me. I need to have patience with myself. To be at one [27/28] with being nothing—a marvelous job for all those who want to be something! You fade away in comforting harmonies, I'll give you that.

19. IV. 14.[12]

The struggle with the living is hard.

"What is harder? Truly the struggle with the dead!"

One dies of life.

"Yes, then one dies of life."

Why, then?

"If one does not live with life."

Do I not live with life? [28/29]

My God, what else do you want?

"I demand your life."[13]

Are you shooting off to God again, my soul?[14]

"I rise again—I had become flesh—now I return to eternal glitter and shimmer, to the eternal embers of the sun, and leave you to your life and earthliness. You will remain with men. You have been in immortal company long enough. Your work belongs to the earth."

What a speech! Weren't you wallowing in the most mundane, the earth and the underearth?

I had become man and beast, and now ascend again [29/30] to my own country.

Where, where my soul,[15] is your country?

In the light, in the egg, in the sun, in what is innermost and compressed, in the eternal longing embers—so rises the sun in your heart and streams out into the cold world.

How, oh my soul, you transfigure yourself! Let me see your transfiguration![16]

I want to vanish from your sight, you ought to live in darkest solitude. Human lights should illumine your darkness. [30/31]

How hard and solemn you are! I'd like to bathe your feet with my tears, dry them with my hair—I'm raving, am I a woman?[17]

"Also a woman—also a mother, pregnant. Giving birth awaits you."

Oh holy spirit, grant me a spark of your eternal light.

"You are with my child."

I feel the torment and the fear and the desolation of a pregnant woman. Are you leaving me, my God?

"You have the child."

My soul, do you still exist? You, whom I ridiculed and abused, [31/32] who appeared to me in a foolish form? Woe betide those who have seen their soul and felt it with hands! I am powerless in your hand, my God!

"Pregnant women belong to fate." Release me, I rise to the eternal realm.["]

Will I never hear your voice again? Oh damned deception—what am I asking? You'll talk to me again tomorrow, you'll chat over and over in the mirror.—

"Take your chance and do not rail. I will be present and not present, you will hear and [32/33] not hear me, I will be and not be."[18]

You utter[19] riddles.

"Such is my language and to you I leave the understanding. No one besides you has your soul. It is always with you, yet you see it in others, and thus it is never with you. You strive to draw to yourself those who seem to possess your soul. You will come to <u>see</u> that <u>they</u> do not possess it, and that you alone have it. Thus you are alone among men—in the crowd and yet alone. Solitude in multitude—ponder this."

I suppose I ought to remain silent after what you have said, but I cannot, my human heart bleeds when I see you [33/34] go from me.

"Let me go. I shall return to you in renewed form. Do you see the sun, how it sinks glowing golden into the mountains? This day's work is accomplished, and a new sun returns. Why are you mourning the sun of today?"

Must night fall?

"Is it not the mother of the day?"

Because of this night I want to despair.

"Why lament? Fate—let me go—my wings grow and the longing [34/35] toward eternal light swells up powerfully in me. You can no longer stop me. Stop your tears and let me ascend with cries of joy, let me leave everything heavy below me. You are a man of the fields, think of your crops. I become light, like the bird that rises up into the skies of morning. Do not stop me, do not complain; already I hover, the cry of life escapes from me, I can no longer hold back my supreme pleasure—I must ascend—it has happened—the last cord tears away—my wings bear me up—I dive up into the sea of light. [35/36]

You who are down there, you distant, twilight being—you fade from me—"

Where have you gone? Something has happened—I am as if lamed. Has the God not left my sight?

How poor and desolate this country is![20] Where is the God?

What has happened?

I need to return to the place where you disappeared from my sight.[21] How empty—how utterly empty. Should I proclaim to men where and how you vanished? [36/37] Should I go and preach the gospel of godforsaken solitude? Should I say that you are and should be lonely—that your soul has vanished?[22]

Should we all go into the desert and strew ashes on our heads, since the God has left us?[23]

Alas, he has only disappeared for me. All the others haven't felt him, and thus he has not vanished for them.

What will happen and on which course shall life set out from here?

I believe and accept that my soul[24] is something different from me. [37/38]

She[25] swung high with jubilant joy—here I stand in dull pain devoid of all hope and light.[26]

No longer with my soul[27] but alone with myself—

[28]This comrade is fussy and critical. I did not want him as my companion. But his companionship was forced upon me. To live under one roof with him, that is quite something—I'd prefer a bad woman or a wayward hound—but one's own I—this horrifies me, because it is terribly boring and deadly monotonous. And besides it possesses many bad qualities. In particular it lacks [38/39] self-admiration and correct valuation of itself. It seems that an educational undertaking is called for if anything at all is to transpire.

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[29]So listen, dear I, we are together alone and our being together threatens to become unbearably boring.[30] Hence I would like to do something, for example, educate you. Your main flaw[31] is, that you have no proper self-esteem. You see, other people have it in abundance.[32] You have a number of good qualities that you can be proud of. You believe that being capable is an art. Of course that is the art. But one can also learn such skills to some extent. Please, do so. You [39/40] find it difficult—well, all beginnings are difficult.[33] Soon you will be able to do it better. Do you doubt this?—That is of no use; you must be able to do it, or else I cannot exist with you.[34] Ever since my soul[35] has flown to heaven[36] we have depended upon one another; you therefore need to be reasonable and present yourself acceptably[37] or else our life together will become wretched. So pull yourself together and value yourself,[38] admire yourself, tell yourself that you have incomparable merits and admirable virtues. Don't you want to?—

Pitiful creature! I will torment you a bit if you do not make an effort. What are you moaning about? [40/41]

Others could do it better than you? Why compare with others? There are some who are even worse at it.

You're unbelievably stubborn.[39] Perhaps the whip will help?

Ha, now that gets under your skin, take that and that—

What does it taste of? Of blood, presumably—in majorem Dei gloriam[40]—Do you want more?[41]

Or do you want love, or what goes by that name? One can also teach with love, if blows do not bear fruit. So I will love you.[42] I embrace you as a visible sign of my love.

Is this serious enough? I truly believe that you are yawning. [41/42] You seem to be incorrigible. What a beauty living together will be in the long run!

How now, you want to speak? But I won't let you, otherwise in the end you will claim that you are my soul; but know the magic word~~,~~: my soul has risen to the sky, to the sources of the eternal light.[43] But you are not my soul, you are just I,[44] and as such a strangely disagreeable half-being, who rightly considers itself of little value.

You would be the despair of any teacher, for something as sensitive and needy as you hardly exists.[45] [42/43]

I regret that I must speak such truths to you. Yes, you are self-pitying[46] and self-righteous, unruly, pessimistic, misanthropic, cowardly, dishonest with yourself, unamiable, venomous, and vengeful. One could write books about your childish pride and your sensitivities. Playacting becomes you badly and you abuse it to the best of your ability.[47]

Do you believe that it is a pleasure to exist together with a fellow like you?[48] No, three times no—but I promise you that I will tighten the vise around you and slowly peel off your skin. Then you be able to grow a new one.[49] Perhaps you would become more reasonable.

You wanted to pick holes in others? [43/44]

Come here, I will stitch a cloth of new skin onto you, so that you can ~~see~~ feel its effect.

You complain that the drudgery[50] has not yet come to an end?

Let me tell you: it has only just begun. Because you have not a trace of patience;[51] only when it concerns your pleasure do you praise your patience. Otherwise you have none at all. I will double the length of the torment so that you learn patience.

You find the pain unbearable. But there are other things that hurt even more, and you can inflict them on others [44/45] with the greatest naivety.[52] Thus I hold my rasp in the fire until it glows and then I will continue to abrade you with red-hot iron.[53]

You think you cannot endure it any longer. One can do even more, namely be silent.[54]

For this I will pull out your tongue, with which you have blasphemed, ridiculed, and joked. I will pin all your unjust and depraved words one by one to your body with needles so that you can feel how evil words stab.

Do you admit that you also derive pleasure from this torment? I will increase this pleasure until you vomit with joy so that you know what taking pleasure in self-torment [45/46] means.

You rise against me? I am screwing the vise tighter,[55] and put the pilliwinks on you until the old desire for rebellion will have thoroughly left you.

I will break all of your bones until there is no longer a trace of hardness in ~~you~~ you.

For I want to get along with you—I must—damn you—you are my I, which I must carry around with me to the grave. Do you think I'd like ~~xx~~ an embuggerance such as you as a companion for ever?[56] If you were not I, I would have torn you to pieces long ago—no, [46/47] I would have left you in your corner of sensitivity, where you would have suffocated by yourself, and slowly at that, which would also have been a good ending.

But I am damned to haul you through a medieval hell,[57] so that you too will become somewhat acceptable. But before that the devil shall live with you.[58]

You call on God for help? It's good that the loving God is far off and cannot hear you; in the end he might have mercy on your worthlessness[59] and spared me the entire execution by granting mercy. But we are in a safe place, where no one can hear you.[60] My soul has flown into the sky; thus we finally have an undisturbed opportunity to [47/48] get thoroughly even with each other.[61]

Just squirm and sweat blood. You have needed this cure for a long time.[62]

You wanted to be superior! How laughable![63] You were as inferior as anything. Shall I tell you the longest story about it? Let it blast it into your ears with ten trumpets, in order to cure you of your superiority once and for all.

Are you quiet now and perhaps somewhat powerless? I place you in a corner where you can lie until you have caught your breath.[64] If you no longer feel anything, the procedure is of [48/49] no use. After all, we must proceed skillfully.

The procedure is barbaric, but effective. Modern man needs revision.[65] It really says a lot about him that he needs such barbaric means for his amendment. The progress since the Middle Ages appears to be minuscule.[66]

The touchstone is being alone with oneself.

This is the way to the valuation of oneself.[67]

20. IV. 14.[68]

You still have not got much further.[69] You felt debased again today. Shall I tell you why?

Your inordinate ambition is boundless. Your motives[70] are not focused on the good of the matter but [49/50] on your honor. You do not work for humanity but for yourself.[71] You do not strive for the completion of the thing but for your recognition.[72] I want to honor you with a prickly crown of iron.[73] This laurel shall suffice you.[74]

And now we come to the vile swindle that you pursue with your intellect.[75] You speak more skillfully than others; and thus you abuse your capability and discolor and tone down and strengthen and touch up, and loudly proclaim your honorableness and credulity. You gloatingly leave others in the lurch, if they only get caught in your snares.[76] You exploit their naivety in order [50/51] to present yourself as wiser and superior.[77] You play at modesty and do not mention your merit, in the certain hope that someone else will do it

for you; you are disappointed and withdraw hurt if this doesn't happen.

You love effects—yes, if only for the sake of others!; But those you begrudge them—you love them for yourself. You cannot help loving hearing yourself speak. In particular you like to listen to your affects in speaking—though not for the sake of others, but solely for your sake. In a prudish way you use unusual words, and very quietly and modestly, as if off the cuff, you lard in quotations meant to indicate your enormous scholarship. [51/52]

Where is your shame?, shameless one![78]

You preach hypocritical composure, but when it really matters, are you calm? No, you are not, pathetic liar. You consume yourself in inner rage, your tongue speaks cold daggers, your eyes flash with hatred.[79]

You are gloating and resentful. You begrudge the other the sunshine.[80] You are envious of all well-being around you and you impertinently assert the opposite.

In your thoughts[81] you think unsparingly only what always suits you, and with this you feel yourself above humanity and not in the least responsible. [52/53] But you are responsible to humanity in everything that you do and that you think. Do not pretend there is a difference between thinking and doing. You rely only on your undeserved advantage, not to be compelled to say or do what you think and feel.

But even in your acts[82] you are shameless where no one sees you. Do you want me to tell you about it?[83] If another said that to you, you would be mortally offended. I'd like to pull your skin off over your ears so that you would give thanks to others when they fault you, regardless of whether they do it out of love or hate.[84]

And then—how do you really <u>think</u>? It appears to me that you [53/54] even think with men, regardless of their human dignity; you dare think by means of them, and use them as figures on your stage, as if they were how you conceive or imagine[85] them? Have you ever considered that you thus commit a shameful act of power, as bad as that for which you condemn others, namely that they

maltreat their fellow men with so-called love.[86] Your sin flourishes only in seclusion, but it is no less great, remorseless, and coarse. You abuse the seclusion of your thinking, fraudulent one![87] But I will drag your shame ~~up~~ out into the light, as you have never experienced [54/55] it before. And to that you shall whine Amen, Amen.[88]

I will crush your glorious superiority under my feet and stamp it into the dirt.[89]

All this shall happen to you because of your feeling of inferiority that you abuse day by day in order to avoid your task.

Did I ask you if you feel inferior? ~~There~~ That is not even in question. For you it is only accomplishment. It's about the cause, not your kindergarden feelings.

And not a word to me about your love for others. What you call love [55/56] oozes with self-interest, avarice, and greed.[90] Your so-called love is a complicated bundle of interests.[91]

Thus never showcase your love. Just keep your mouth shut. It's making me sick, hearing you go on about it.[92]

[93]What a shame that I don't have ten hands to thoroughly whip you.

I want to tear down your walls and raze your castle to the ground. You ought to be living in some wretched hut, where everyone would see and mock your poverty and nakedness. You have revealed enough nakedness, have mocked and destroyed others quite enough. Now [56/57] you will get your full share of the same.

I want to force you to scream your shame and wretchedness aloud, so that everyone will hear you and your strident clamor and will mock you. I will burn out of you the contents of which you were proud, so that you will become empty like a poured-out vessel. You should be proud of nothing more than your emptiness and wretchedness.

You ought to be life's womb and vessel. Smash all the dead idols within.

You should struggle to leave what others must do in spite of [57/58] their effort. Freedom does not belong to you, but form; not power, but the conceiving and suffering. You should make a virtue out of your self-contempt, which I will spread out before men like a carpet. Let them walk over it with dirty feet. Some of those feet will even wipe themselves clean on you. Then thank heaven that you serve a purpose.

21. IV. 14.[94]

Ridiculously enough, I did not know at this stage that if I tame my beast the other beasts around me will be tamed at the same time.[95] [58/59]

The taming begins always with me.[96] Not that I had been wild, nor that you, stupid brother I, had been wild. Others were wild. But when others get wild, I must whip you until you endure and forgive everything. Then I can live with you. If someone does you wrong, I will torment you to death, until you have forgiven the wrong suffered and have given thanks for it, yet not just by paying lip service, but also in your heavy heart with its heinous sensitivity.

An act of violence is disgraceful, ~~but~~ sensitivity, too. It is the violent act of the inactive man.[97]

Therefore listen, brother in my solitude: I have also in future prepared all the instruments of [59/60] the torture chamber[98] for you, if it should ever occur to you again to be sensitive.

Remember: acknowledge, agree, receive in a friendly way, step aside, lie down, receive whiplashes with gratitude, endure mockery, and in the end it should be as if nothing has happened.[99] You only should feel inferior,[100] appear as a beggar and give away kingdoms in a generous manner. Thus you shall hear that your greed will be emphasized and you shall again acknowledge and agree. This is the way to power, which you dream of possessing.

Your soul ~~with~~, my brother [60/61] ass, has risen to the light. You are not your soul, you only belong to your soul, and it belongs to the great light that never goes out. The life of man does not extend to

your soul. Thus calmly fill your beaker with the bitter drink of subjugation, since your soul has risen to immeasurable heights.[101]

You still want to be sensitive? Wait, devil,[102] I notice that you are forging secret plans for revenge, plotting subtle tricks with satanic deceit.[103] But you are simply an idiot. You cannot take revenge on the powers of nature.[104] Stupid child, you probably even want [61/62] to lash the sea. Build better bridges instead. That is a better way to squander your wit.

Do you give in?

Good, in that case you will be spared your punishment.

Why are you wailing?[105]

You want to be understood? That's all we needed. Understand yourself, and you will be sufficiently understood.[106] The powers of nature understand you better than you do yourself. They always target your weak point, which shows you how well they understand you. It behooves you to understand the power of nature, then it won't clobber you.[107] [62/63]

8 May 1914.[108]

I lay before you what stirs me. I did as I was told. I come reluctantly and a silent fear fuels me.[109]

"How distant you are!"

Is that your voice, my soul? From which height and distance do you speak?

"I am above you. I am a world apart. I have become sun-like. Where are you? I can hardly find you in your mists."

I am down on the murky earth and my gaze does not reach you. But your voice sounds [63/64] closer.

"I feel it. The heaviness of the earth penetrates me, damp cold enshrouds me. Gloomy memories of my former pain overcome me."

Do not lower yourself to me. I would like some part of me to remain sun-like. Otherwise I cannot step down further into the darkness of the earth.[110] Let me just hear your voice. I will never want to see you in the flesh again. Say something!

"I will give you word, should it be love, should it be happiness?"[111] [64/65]

Don't ask me;[112] take it from the depths, from which fear perhaps flows to me.

"I cannot and do not want to, since your creative source flows from there."

You see me and my deeds. You know that I am uncertain.[113]

"The uncertain way is the good way; upon it lie possibilities. Be unwavering and create."

I heard the rushing of your wings. You rise. I know that I will continue on my way.[114] [65/66]

21. V. 14.[115]

Should I speak to the above or the below? Below are you, my brother I, above, my soul, are you.[116]

It is hard, the sacrificed fall left and right. And I am the one most crucified for the sake of life.[117]

[118]My brother, how do you like this speech?

[119]"It is bitter, and I suffer much!"

[120]I know, but there's no changing it. And you, my soul? Forgive me, I call upon you.[121]

"Much happiness is happening to me." You lift me higher, my wings unfurl."

[122]You live from the blood of the human heart.

[123]"No drink is dearer to me [66/67] than red blood."

[124]If you were not my soul who rose to the eternal realm, I would call you the most terrible scourge of men. But who moves you? I know that divinity is not humanity. The divine consumes the human. I know that this is terribly hard. He who has felt you with his

hands can never extinguish the embers in his hands. I have become enslaved to your way.[125]

S. [126]"Let the bloody victims fall at your side. It is not you who are severe, it is necessarily severe and cruel. The way of life is sown with fallen."

By God, it's a battlefield! My brother, what's with you? [67/68] Are you groaning?

[127]I. "Why shouldn't I? I load myself with the dead and can hardly haul their number."

[128]You are a pagan, my friend! Have you not heard that it is said: "Let the dead bury their dead!" Why do you want to be burdened with the dead? You don't help them by hauling them.

[129]"But I pity the poor fallen ones, they cannot reach the light. Perhaps if I haul them—?"

What do you think? Their souls have accomplished as much as they could. Then they encountered fate. Calm down, it will also happen to us. You cannot achieve the impossible.[130] [68/69] Your compassion is sick.

[131]S. "Leave him compassion. Compassion binds life and death[132] and is a bridge from death to life. There are also the apparently dead and the collapsed. With compassion they might keep up."

Your advice is wise and comes at the right time. My brother shall have compassion.[133]

23. V. 1914.[134]

In that hour of my greatest torment you, my soul, ascended into heaven.[135] Why did you do that?[136]

"Out of inner necessity."

What did that consist of?[137]

"It is not meant for me to be in your world. I besmirch myself [69/70] on the excrement of your earth."

Is the excrement of the earth not sacred?

"Yes and no. The soil of the earth is sacred, but not its excrement. Excrement is excrement," earth is earth."

Was it a mistake on my part that caused you to ascend again?[138]

"No, inner necessity. I belong to the above."

Has no one suffered an irreplaceable loss through your disappearance?

"On the contrary—utmost benefit. Didn't you notice?"[139]

If I listen to what people say about this, doubt might overcome me. [70/71]

"What have you noticed? Why should what you see always be untrue? Are you a child or a fool?"

At times it almost seems that way.[140]

"It is how you commit your particular wrong that you has you go on making a fool of yourself. Can't you remain on your way for once?"

You know that it was for the sake of love.[141]

"No, for the sake of your weakness, for the sake of your doubt, for the sake of your disbelief. Stay on your way and don't run away from yourself. There is a divine and a human intention. They cross each other in stupid and godforsaken people, who also include you from time to time."[142] [71/72]

Is all that to be accepted? You know in what sense I ask this. It's not stupid and unbelieving to ask thus, but a higher kind of doubting.

"I understand you—but it must be accepted."

The solitude terrifies me.

"Better ones will come to you. They are on their way to your house and will soon knock."

So many knock. How will I recognize the right ones?

"You can't go wrong. You will recognize them."[143]

I also dread the madness [72/73] that befalls the solitary.

"As you already know, I have long predicted solitude for you. You need not be afraid of madness. You won't be so lonely that you must fear madness. You see that your work prospers and bears marvelous fruits."

We haven't seen the end of the matter yet.

"What I predict is valid." Your work will endure." Only the blind cannot see that."[144]

An incomprehensible fear torments me.

"That is your disbelief, your doubt. You don't want to believe in the magnitude of the sacrifice that is required. But it will go on to the bitter end. Greatness requires greatness. [73/74] You still want to be too cheap. This only causes misunderstanding."[145]

Didn't I tell you about abandonment? Do you want to have it better than other men? Or even better than other creative minds?"[146]

No. no. But I fear committing an injustice.[147]

"Have no concern. It's enough that you are afraid. Others don't fear it at all, but do it shamelessly."

It is bitter and I cannot avoid you.

"What do you want to avoid? There is no avoidance. You must go your way, unconcerned about others, who fall by the wayside.[148] You shall not [74/75] become a fool for others,[149] no matter whether they are good or bad. They don't have what you have."

What's that?

"Vain question![150] You have laid your hand on the divine, which those have not. Don't ask in such an insolent and tasteless manner.[151] That stems only from your fear."

I see a palace in front of me, with countless windows, and hear: "In my father's house are many mansions."[152]—What does it mean?

"Think about it, please." Why ask? You can guess for yourself. Fear makes [75/76] you dull. Everything is way too obvious. But you don't want to believe. No more proofs! That will do."

24.V.14.[153]

I have been hit on the head and believe I am making discoveries.

"Now light can rise."

Perhaps in you, my soul. But not in me.[154]

"Did I not predict <u>dark solitude</u> for you?"

I know, but I did not really think that it would happen. Must it be so or can I do anything about it?[155]

"You can only say yes. What do you want to do? There is nothing [76/77] to do other than for you to take care of your cause. If anything should happen, it can only happen that way. It doesn't come about through others."[156]

So it's hopeless to want to resist solitude?

"Utterly hopeless. That has to be accepted. You should be forced into your work."

I see an old man with a beard standing in front of me.[157] He is like one of the old saints, one of the first Christians ~~in the~~ who lived in the desert. His face is drawn and haggard. What do you want, speak![158]

A.[159] I am a nameless one, one of the many who lived and died in solitude. The spirit of the times and the acknowledged truth ~~x~~ required [77/78] this from us. Look at me—you must learn this. Things have been too good for you. Only solitude can grant depth."[160]

But is this still a necessity in our so very different time?

"It is as true today as it was yesterday."

That is terrible.[161]

"Never forget that you are a man and therefore you must bleed for the goal of humanity. Listen, you are still too juvenile for your age. You should get older, the years are dwindling and yet your work has not been accomplished.[162] Practice solitude assiduously without grumbling so that everything will in time become ready. You should not die unfulfilled. Your [78/79] years are numbered and many years are still needed for your fulfillment.[163] You should become serious and your word sink heavy as iron into the ground of mankind. Let go of too much science. There lies the way that is not your way.[164] Your way goes toward the depths, toward the rarest and deepest. Science is surface, instrument, language.[165] You have yet to perceive this childishness in science."

Am I scholastic?

"Not that, but scientific; science is a new version of scholasticism. It needs to be surmounted."[166]

Is it not enough yet? Do I thus not counter the spirit of the time if I dissociate myself from science?

["]You are not supposed to dissociate [79/80] yourself, but consider that science is merely your language."

What kind of depths are you driving me to approach?

"Forever above yourself and the present."

I want to, but what should happen? Often I feel I'm no longer able.

"You must put in extra work. Provide respite. Too many take up your time."

Will this sacrifice come too?

"You must, you must."

25.V.14.[167]

It is as confining as a coffin.[168]

It is not yet the evening of days.

The worst comes last. [80/81]

The hand that strikes first, strikes best.

Nonsense streams from the deepest wells, amply like the Nile.

Morning is more beautiful than night.

The flower smells until it fades.

Ripeness comes as late as possible in spring, or else it misses its purpose.

Madness is the most acceptable of all evils; it is misunderstood.[169]

[170]My dear Konrad,[171] your master has been devoured by melancholy. His soul is seated in Heaven and there is no coming down any more. You should not tug on me too much, or I cannot keep my link with the soul. Your deadweight of the dead is dreadful. But my soul agrees with you. So I can't be human, but [81/82] must support your peculiar torment, so unique to you. We belong to those spoiled by fate. Our torment is of a noble kind—others don't see it.

Otherwise you won't be released. You must still come to know the darkness.

You want to know where this finally leads?

You are feeble-minded. Such is the crux of the matter, that no one knows where we are going.

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24 VI 14.[172]

Ha, this book! I have laid hands on you again—banal and pathological and frantic and divine, my written unconscious! You have forced me to my knees again! Here I am, say what you have to say![173] [82/83]

"This saying is silent like the gentle wind in the leaves."

Can you construe it for me, you astonishing being?[174]

"The greatest comes to the smallest."

[175]Is that what it says? Interpret it for me. I cannot hear well and I am full of impatience. To me it seems that something is out of place. Apparently I cannot see clearly. Various things excite me.

I hear peculiar words inside me, such as: You are silly, stupid, deluded, you are your own ape, a ball in the hands of others. Why did a worm feed on me today? You are mute? Why can't I hear you?

"Because you cannot [82/83]—or do not like to—hear me?"

What does that mean? That I want to hear you speaking?

"Why don't you get rid of that man in you?"

Why should I get rid of him? I cannot put men aside like worn clothes.

"But you can change inwardly. You need to become stronger and more affirmative. That way you will make it turn out well."

I'll remember that. You mean the "man" inside me.

"You need to stand in for the Divine. Don't forget." [84/85][176]

21.VII.1914.[177]

I need to come to you. You saw how all these days were filled with restlessness. You saw how dark my way is. I hesitate because I am uncertain of the right path.

"That's your task."

My task? Shall I say that it's this or that?

"Useless questions"—You have to know what you're doing."

I hear you. But I would like to tell you that I want to do good. I would like to come to you in order to speak to you, to show you that I want to do my best, not for my sake but for the sake of the task. I wanted to tell you that I'm uncertain about my paths farther on.

"Why do you ask about farther paths? [85/86] Live entirely today. That is the best way into the future. It's how you create it. You think as two. Be rational, stick with today."

What do you think of praying?

During this time the I and II part of the red book were written. Immediately after the beginning of the war.[178]

3. 4 June 15:

[179]Today I saw an osprey suddenly plunge down not far from me; he seized a fish from the water. A sign.[180]

Night 3/4 VI 15.[181]

Dream: foreign city—big lime trees, overnight an extreme cold has descended, ice on the roads, the leaves are bent from the frost. Clear reflection in the dream, how was it possible that, in spite of the warmth of the last few days, it could suddenly turn so cold

overnight, ~~yes~~ precisely now in June. (similar dreams before the war).[182]

Assoc. Earlier dreams of that kind—new war? Changes—my relationship to the world— ~~int~~ increased introversion—vis-à-vis M and Sch.[183]—the otter lard (=libido) —that needs to be buried.[184] Restraint—the opposite of my efforts.

What do you say? You are right—bury yourself and others will grow. Do you want them to grow? Yes. That is the sacrifice~~,~~ of yourself in order for your son to grow.[185] You should disappear. You no longer have opinions, disavow all meanings. [86/87][186]

14.IX.15.[187]

I want to turn you around. I want to master you. I want to emboss you like a coin. I want to do business with you. One should buy and sell you. Hermes is your daimon.[188] You should pass from hand to hand. Self-willing is not for you. You are the will of the whole. Gold is no master out of its own will and yet it rules the whole, despised and greedily demanded, an inexorable ruler.[189] It lies and waits. He who sees it longs for it. Gold does not follow one around. It lies silently, with a brightly gleaming countenance, self-sufficient, a king that needs no proof of its power. Everyone seeks after it, few find it, but even the smallest piece is highly esteemed. It neither gives nor squanders itself. Everyone takes it where he finds it, and anxiously ensures that he doesn't lose the smallest part of it. Everyone denies that he depends on it, and yet he secretly stretches out his hand longingly toward it. Must gold prove its necessity? It is proven through the longing of men. Ask it: who takes me? He who takes it, has it. Gold does not stir. It sleeps and shines. Its brilliance confuses the senses. Without a word, it promises everything that men deem desirable. It ruins those to be ruined and helps [87/88] those on the rise to ascend.

A blazing hoard is piled up. It awaits the taker. What tribulations do men not take upon themselves for the sake of gold? Gold waits

and does not shorten their tribulations. The greater the tribulations, the greater the trouble, the more esteemed it is.

It forms ~~forms~~ from the subterranean, from the magma. It slowly exudes, hidden in veins and rocks. Man exerts all his cunning to dig it out, to extract it. It does not proffer itself, but it lets itself be taken.[190]

Philemon, keeper of the hoard, with ambiguous speech you attend to your duty.[191]

15 IX 15.[192]

Not only to teach, but also to disavow, or why then did I teach? If I do not teach, I do not have to disavow. But if I have taught, I must disavow thereafter. For if I teach, I give the other what he should have taken. What he acquires is good, but the gift that was not acquired has bad effects. To waste oneself means to want to dominate many. Deceitfulness surrounds the giver because [88/89] his own enterprise is deceitful. He is forced to revoke his gift and to deny his virtue.

The burden of silence is no greater than the burden of my I[193] ~~xx~~ that I always like to offload onto ~~xx~~ the other. Therefore I speak and I teach. May the listener defend himself against my ruse, by means of which I burden him.

Even the best truth is still such a skillful deception that I also entangle myself in it as long ~~xx~~ as I do not realize the worth of a successful ruse.

[194]Philemon, men have deceived themselves about you, therefore you deceive them. But he who fathoms you, fathoms himself.

17.IX.15.[195]

It lies in giving. One should give what one can relinquish or the abundance that makes one suffer. Otherwise one ~~xx~~ gives according to the principle of the *do ut des*.[196] The joy I have intentionally given

to the other obliges the other to provide a gift in return. Your own overflowing joy never obliges the other. [89/90][197]

High barriers would still need to be erected between men, less to protect them against mutual burdens than against mutual virtues. The [198]Christian morality of our time goes on producing mutual enchantment.[199] But sin resides in that. If I accept self-forgetting virtue, I make myself the selfish tyrant of the other, and I am thus also forced to surrender myself again in order to make another my master, which always leaves me with a bad impression and is not to the other's advantage. Admittedly, this interplay underpins the state,[200] but the soul of the individual becomes damaged since man thus learns always to live from the other instead of from himself. We can enjoy the fruits of a tree without cutting it down.[201]

If one is capable, one should not surrender oneself, as that induces, indeed even forces, the other to do likewise.[202] Not that it would be a beautiful or a pleasant thing to live with one's self, but it serves the redemption of the self.[203] He who falls away from himself has not abandoned himself. [90/91] He has simply freed himself. He has lost out, he suffers it, but at the same time through this loss he has brought about less damage to the other than through self-forgetting virtue.[204] Because his self-loss entails no obligation to the other, but only something contagious. This occurrence belongs to the natural events in human life. Normally a better knowledge of the self follows from it.

Self-forgetting virtue is an unnatural alienation from one's own essence, which is thus deprived of redemption.[205] ~~But~~ It is a sin to deliberately alienate the other from his self by means of ~~xx~~ one's own virtuousness.[206] This sin rebounds on us. It is submission enough, amply enough, if we subjugate ourselves to our self. The work of redemption is always first to be done on ourselves.[207] This work cannot be done without love for ourselves.[208] Selfless love is a sin, because it is not true. We can never abandon ~~lose~~ our self, or else we will abandon our work of redemption. But we also should

not use the other for our own alleged redemption. The other is no ladder for our feet. [91/92]

18.IX.15.[209]

It is necessary that we go into ourselves every day to reestablish the connection with the self.[210] Through constant outward living we lose the self and through this we also become secretly selfish in our best endeavors. What we neglect in ourselves blends itself secretly into our actions toward others.

Through uniting with the self we reach the God, who unites heaven and hell in himself.[211] The self is not God, although we reach the God through the self.[212]

[213]The God has the power, not the self. Powerlessness should thus not be deplored, rather it is the condition that should abide.

The God acts from within himself. This should be left to him. What we do to the self, we do to the God. [92/93]

If we twist the self, we also twist the God.

It is divine service to serve oneself. We thus relieve humanity of ourselves. "Bear ye one another's burdens"[214] has turned into immorality. May each carry his own burden;[215] that is the least that one can demand anyone to do. We can at best show another how to carry his own load.

To give all one's goods to the poor means to educate them to become idle.

Pity should not carry another's load, but it should be a strict educator instead. Solitude with ourselves has no end. It has only just begun.

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[216]Even closer? What? Even deeper into the grave of the God?[217] Is the place of our work in the vault itself? The God should not live in us, but we should live in the God. [93/94]

[218]Apparently in the self and thus in God. Dreams and long days of tranquillity.[219]

~~22.IX.15.~~

2.XII.15.[220]

They were 3 dead who came to me last night. One woman was especially clear. She bequeathed to me the whirr of her golden wings, this singing grave roofed by sunwings.[221]

Are you going to speak, shade?

"Let me speak:[222] It was night when I died—you still live in the day—there are still days, years ahead of you—what will you begin—follies? Let me have the word—oh, that you cannot hear!—My God, how difficult—so listen—I rattle, I groan, I burble[223]—give me the word—"

I don't know the word—do you mean love? Light? What do you want? Speak![224] [94/95]

"The symbol, the symbol."

What sort of symbol? I don't know, I can't.

"The middle, the symbol of the middle."

Oh God, if only I knew it![225]

"We need the symbol, we hunger for it, make light for us."

Where from? How can I?

"You can, grasp it—upward—onward."

A phallus?[226]

"That is it, that is the symbol of the middle. That's what we wanted, what we needed.[227] It is terribly simple, initially stupid, naturally godlike, the God's other pole. This is precisely the pole we needed."

Why do you need precisely that pole of God?[228] [95/96]

"He is in the light, the other God is in the night."

Oh, what's that, beloved? The God of the spirit is in the night? Is that the son of the toads? Woe betide us, if he is the God of our day.

[229]"He is the flesh spirit, the blood spirit, he is the extract of all bodily juices, the spirit of the sperm, the spirit of menstruating, of the urine and the faeces, of the liver, of the heart, of the lungs, of the eyes, of the ears, of the genitals, of the legs, of the hands, of the bowels, but not of the brain, yes, also of the brain, but of its liquid and fibers, of what is conjoined and not single in the brain. Not the spirit of the cells, not from the nucleus, but from the protoplasm."[230] [96/97]

What remains when my flashing godly light fades away?

"Your body remains with you, my beloved, body, living body. You will think from your body, not from the cell nuclei of your brain."[231]

I don't understand it. I don't know what kind of thought that is.

"It is thought-feeling, it crawls around like a worm, like a serpent, soon there, soon here, a blind cave newt."

Then I must be buried alive. Oh horror, oh rottenness! To have to attach myself completely like a leech.

"That's it, drink blood, suck it, fill yourself, don't shun the carcass, there is juice inside, certainly disgusting to you, but also nourishing. Don't brood, but suck." [97/98]

But this is precisely what I rejected. Damned horror!

"But all men take suck. You are nothing more than a man. You need to take suck."

No, no, three times no. Enough of it. I am getting sick.[232]

"It should not irritate you. We need[233] the life juices of men."

Do you want to turn me into ~~xx~~ your polyp? Why do you need such disgusting food?[234]

"We want to share in your life. That way we gain corporeality.[235] Thus we can draw closer to you."

Why do you want to draw closer?[236]

"We want to talk to you and give you tidings. So much that you need [98/99] to know."

I'm turning into an idiot. What can I do?

"Take suck."

I can't, it fills me with horror.[237]

"Do it for me, for us. Do you recall my legacy? the red sun disk and the golden wings and the wreath of life and duration? Immortality, of this there are things to know."

What a hellish path to this knowledge![238]

5.XII.15.[239]

Still more of that! Teach me the knowledge of the worms and the crawling creatures. How much darkness do you want to go on spreading?[240]

"Give blood, so that I gain speech. Were you lying when you said that you [99/100] would leave the power to the son?"

No, but I said something that I did not understand.

"You are fortunate, ~~you need to say~~ if you can say what you do not understand; that way it can work."[241]

You spoke about sucking. Do you mean sucking on me?

"Of course, it would be childish and violent to suck on others." No, not sucking, but sucking from you. This is what nourishes us dead."

What did you gain from the pagan symbol?

"The phallus[242] is not the foundation but the summit of a building, of a church that still lies sunken, like a tower erected over a dome.[243] We need this church since we can live in it with you and take part in your life. You have excluded us to your own detriment." [100/101]

Hence for you the phallus[244] is the first sign of the church in which you hope for community with the living? Speak, why do you hesitate?

[245]"Blood, I need blood!"

So take, here is blood from my heart.

"I thank you, how alive that tastes![246] The air of the shadow world is thin,[247] it is the upper boundary of the atmosphere. Those long dead have even fluttered into the ~~xx~~ empty space, surrendered to indefinite byways, searching for new worlds, in order to enter new forms both lower and higher by adapting to the new circumstances

and according to their abilities. But we, we who are still near and incomplete, would like to return to earth, to you, to men and the living. Do you not have an animal form into which I can enter?["] [101/102]

What, you would like to be my dog?

"If possible, yes. I would even like to be the dog at your side."

Do you have such a longing for life and me?

"For both, but both undivided."

Am I that valuable to you?[248]

"To me you are of unspeakable worth, all my hope, that still clinging to earth. I would still like to see completed what I left too soon."

"You see my inability to accomplish what I do not know. Can't you help?

"I need blood, much blood!"

Then drink, so that what should be will be.

[249]"I drink and feel new power. Listen: Build the church. Write the holy [102/103] books, the age-old new ones, that contain the echo of the eternal being, the mysterious ones—mocked wisdom—the lower and upper truth."

What are you saying? That is precisely what one needs to know.

"Brimo,[250] the old one—which is how it begins. The one who bore the son, the towering phallus,[251] who grew out of her shame and strove after the shame of the heavenly wife, who arches over earth. Because she lies above the son, enveloping him above and below.[252] The head of the phallus reaches down to her lower parts, but her bliss radiates beyond her head into the spaces, higher than the head of phallus can reach, the blind one, the worm.[253] She bears and raises him.[254] He climbed above her and left her below him. She pulls him up in agony and in turn drinks [103/104] in his strength. He is the master of the regions below, but only a servant to the regions above, something lifted up. His head is bleeding, such is her strength.

He eases off and regains sovereign powers, draws himself up again and impregnates the above."

What a strange teaching![255] Is this still not enough of the horrifying Mysterium?[256]

"If Heaven becomes pregnant and can no longer hold its fruit,[257] then it gives birth and a God-man appears from above and sets foot below."

One cannot imagine it. To what end am I cursed?

"In order to carry the burden and mockery of this sin. The tree of life is heavy, it needs broad shoulders. This [104/105] time you and mankind should carry it. But I want still more of your blood."

So drink your fill, drain me.

"I drink and gain shape. Listen: This riddle is terrible, exceptionally terrible:[258] When Brimo, the heavenly, was pregnant, she gave birth to the dragon, first came the afterbirth, and then the son. He is the white bird that hovers over the phallus. He places himself on the head of the phallus as on a tree-top. The phallus is indignation, the bird is peace from above."

Disgust paralyzes me.

"It is supposed to paralyze you, because your earth-born indignation breaks down like an extinguished fire. The bird is above you. Your supports crumble as if consumed by an inner fire. You sink down into the ash. The bird triumphs over the serpent." [105/106]

Thus I am paralyzed and powerless, a walking and talking zombie.

"A vessel of the spirit."

A futile struggle! I'm fading. What is left of me? Do I still have a voice and ~~xx~~ a meaning? Speak, heaven, pour out your rain!

Replenish me, I'm an empty shell. Empty shells do not pour out, ~~xx~~ they catch. May it stream in from all the winds. I wait for it.

7.XII.15.[259]

Come here, you dead! Why did you stand behind ~~xx~~ me, shade? What did you want to say?

"I wanted to tell you that the evening of all days is near."

What? What do you mean? Does that mean death? [106/107]

"Neither death, nor life, but probably shadow."

Shadowy existence? Spirituality? Non-reality?

"It is evening, when the sun sets. A day, two days, many days have come to an end."

What does it mean?

"The light of day, itself a shadow of the sun, goes down and illumines the ones below, the shadows."

What is it? Speak clearly—here is my blood—

"Life becomes a shadow, and the shadow enlivens itself. The shadow that is greater than you. Do you think that your shadow is your son? It is small at midday, and fills the skies at midnight."

[260]"So you introduce the son, you shade, who lives under the trees? [107/108] The son, the terrible, the mighty? Is he the spirit that the heavens pour out, or is he the soulless worm that the earth bore? Oh Heaven—Oh sinister womb—do you want to suck the life out of me for the sake of one or many shades? Should humanity thus completely go to waste for divinity?

9.XII.15.[261]

Should I live with ghosts, instead of with the living? Must all the longing for living men belong to you, the dead? Did you not have your time to live? Did you not use it? Should a living person give ~~xx~~ his life for your sake, you who did not live the eternal? Or are there no men for me? Or am I not to give myself to my fellow men?[262] Speak, you mute shadows, who stand at my door and [108/109] beg for my blood!

[263]"You see—or do you still not see, what the living do with your life? They fritter it away. But with us you live yourself, since we belong to you, we belong to your invisible following and community. Do you believe that the living see you? They see only your shadow, not you, servant, bearer, vessel."

How you hold forth, you herald and interpreter of the dark? Am I at your mercy? Should day no longer shine for me? Should I become a shadow with a living body amongst you, invisible ones? You are

formless and beyond grasp, and you emanate the coldness of the grave.[264] To let myself be buried alive[265]? Too soon, it seems to me. I must die first. Do you have the honey that pleases my heart and the fire that warms my hands? What are you, you mournful shadows? [109/110]

You specters of children? Show yourselves, come across! Why do you always want my blood? Truly, you are even worse than men. Men give little, yet what do you give? Do you make the living? The warm beauty, the joy? Or should all this go to your gloomy Hades? What do you offer in return?[266] What? Now I want to know—enough of these buffooneries!

[267]"Impetuous one, stop—you take our[268] breath away—we are shadows; become a shadow and you will grasp what we give."

I do not want to die to descend into your darkness.

"You need not die. You must only let yourself be buried."

In the hope of resurrection? No joking now.

[269]"You suspect what will happen. Triple [110/111] bolts before you and invisibility. To Hell with your longings and feelings! At least you do not love us, so we will cost you less dearly than the men who roll in your love and abuse you and have you make a fool of yourself."

"My dead one, I think you are speaking my language!

"Men do love—as do you! What an error! You can wait until it will be delivered to you. You coax men into megalomania that you cannot deflate and to which you fall victim[270]—to your own creation. It is not possible, do you hear at last?"

It grieves me, pains me, howls at me. I feel a great longing, everything soft complains. My womanly heart yearns.

[271]"That belongs to us—what do you want with it amongst men? [272] Whip and [111/112] a sharp blade and herbs and the plumbline in the cupboard, and the rifle behind the door."

But I don't want to suffocate.

"Then take a breath from time to time, but don't forget to close the lid again."

Do you mean human air?

"No, divine air, and afterward back in the box."

What the hell, the Pope is better off.

"Exactly. We need a Pope,[273] you know, someone infallible who has everything he needs, who does not need anyone since he draws things down from heaven and since the angels give him bread. That is what your beloved fellow men want, not us. Of course, if men were different—or you. But, you know— [112/113] double-sided calamity! "By the way, men could also denature themselves for the sake of the Pope. Just wait and see. The Pope still won't leave the Vatican."

At that moment another shot interrupted. What is going on?

"Quickly pull yourself down into the human. So what? The horse could not help neighing. Nothing of importance, merely sentiments.

Instead of ceremonies there are only sentiments."

What ceremonies? That is just what was needed. Where should the heart go in that case? Ceremonies? You are crazy. Would you let me be mortified into solemnity? To live as a wax doll? That's impossible.

"But everything cries out for it. What do you have the holy books for? You are dumping them. You still ought to be writing them. You utterly lack solemnity." [113/114]

Ridiculous trickery! I'm no parson. Where are the institutions?

"Create them! Dig deep, everything is ready. But work on the book of the secrets and the teachings."

What's it to you! Maybe people like comedy, but not me. You can see through this carnival. How can this do you any good?

"It is very useful to us. We rise in esteem and get to live with you."

Damned trickery!, You would like to make a fool of me.

"Not at all. We wish for solemnities."

Should I play-act? Laughable dreck?

"Be a shade, not a man. That way, others can turn into men in front of you. Then they will glorify you as the highest man." [114/115]

And I will go to hell.

"Who cares about you? You will die as a dog, a good loyal dog, mourned by you, but, please, no sentiments."

If you're right, then I've lived completely awry.

"Completely awry. You have suffered from canine wagging, canine snarling, canine licking. Stupid style! This will change. Solemnity, papal dignity, that is what is demanded."

Enough, I'm freezing.

13.XII.15.[274]

What does it mean that the mother attacks me? My human feeling?

"Yes, of course, what else? Become weak, surrender—there comes a time for everything and suddenly its time is no more. Let things and men go to their respective places. This is really about you. You are not tempered yet. Other fires [115/116] must still overcome you. "You should still learn to enjoy your solitude. That is what you want from others, isn't it? You wanted to ease the other's solitude? You wanted to escape your solitude. That's it."

But what is it about love?

"With love? What is love? Living, above all that is what love is. Is war love? You are bound to see what kind of sentimental magic men have conjured into love.[275] Therefore, above all, solitude, ~~if~~ until every softness toward yourself has been burnt out of you.[276] You shall freeze, after the devil has preceded you. Now is not the time for love, but for deeds."

[277]Why do you mention deeds? Which deeds?

"Your work." [116/117]

What do you mean, my work? My science, my book?

"It's not your book, it's <u>the</u> book. "Science is what you do. Do it, without hesitation. There is no way back, only forward. Your love

belongs there. Ridiculous—your love! You must allow death to occur."

At least let the dead stay with me.

"Enough dead, you are surrounded."

I don't notice anything.

"You ought to notice them."

How? How can I?

"Proceed. Everything will come toward you. Not today, but tomorrow."

I try to regain my composure—only graves before me—. What accursed will is above me?

"The will of the God, that is stronger than you, bearer [117/118], slave.[278] You have fallen into the hands of the greater. He knows no mercy.[279] The[280] Christian shrouds have fallen.[281] The God has become strong again. You have conceived him anew. He is your son and the power is with him.[282] The yoke of men is lighter than the yoke of the God. But he who does not fall into the hands of men falls into the hands of ~~xx~~ the God. May he be well and may woe betide him! There is no escape."

Is that freedom?

"The highest freedom. Only the God above you, through yourself. Comfort yourself with this and that as well as you can. The God bolts doors that you cannot open. Let your feelings whimper like puppies. The ears on high are deaf."

Is there no outrage for the sake of the human? [118/119]

"Outrage—I laugh at your outrage."

[283]Are you God?

"It is I, your self and yours and the God."

How unsolemn—

"God is not solemn, he is terrible. Solemnity belongs to you, it is human, not divine. God has no need of theatre. I am the highest of the dead and resurrected. I was dead, you gave me life, my life."

Are you taking revenge for that on me?

Revenge is human. God does not know revenge. He knows only power and creation. He commands and you act. Your anxieties are

laughable, there is only one road, the military road of the Godhead. [119/120]

20.XII.15.[284]

The transformation into a woman, which was still missing, is this next? It's making me weak. What inane, aimless confusion prevails here? A rabbit hutch of mess and stupidity. Is this the state of consciousness of a woman? One no longer knows if and what one can still choose. What do you command?

"I say, receive, accept what's at hand. Simple duty. Astonishment. Ignorance of the furthest. Formless desire, faithful acceptance with care. No far-reaching plan. No great undertaking. Simplicity."

Do you want more?

"No, that will do. Difficult enough."

Is there something special in the air?

"Only you. Circumspection and tranquillity, quiet care, no undertaking.["] [120/121]

26.XII 15.[285]

We have to greet a new light. A blood-red sun, it seems to me. A painful wonder.[286] Should it be the sacrifice of joy?

[287]"Of all joy, provided that you do it yourself. It should neither be made nor sought; it should come, if it must come. I am the master[288] and demand your service. You should not serve your personal devil. That leads to superfluous pain. True joy is simple and comes and exists from itself, and is not to be sought here and there. At the risk of encountering black night, you must devote yourself to me and seek no joy. Joy can never ever be prepared, but exists of its own accord or exists not at all. All you must do is fulfil your task, nothing else. Joy comes from fulfillment, not from searching for it."[289]

You are strict.[290]

"I have the power, I want to command. [121/122] You need to obey."

I am anxious that you will destroy me.

"I am life itself that only wants to destroy the unfit. Take care that you are no unapt tool. You want to rule yourself? You steer your ship onto the sand. Build your bridge and don't think of wanting to take the helm. You get confused and go astray if you want to escape my service. There is no salvation outside my service.[291] Why are you dreaming and hesitating?"

[292]You see, I am blind and ignorant. Where shall I begin?

"It always begins with the small things. Always with the neighbor."

I know this already. Putting it into action is more difficult. At least, as you can see, I do my very best. What do you want? [122/123]

"You need to find that out. Do you think that I should hand you everything on a plate? Where is your church? Where is the holy ceremony?"[293]

[294]That seems to me pure madness and tasteless as well.

"So you don't want to?"

I don't know how.

"Then think about it."

I am getting sick of it. I find it disgusting.

"The church? Did the ancestors think that way?"

I will try my best.

"I want the church, it is necessary for you and for others. Otherwise what are you going to do with those whom I force onto you and at your feet?[295] You ought to lovingly receive them, not in your bosom, but in the bosom [123/124] of the church."

Where is it? How do I create it?

"Stone by stone. Your dreams will speak."

Shall I become a sect leader? What the devil! No, no, no!

"The beautiful and natural will nestle and show ways. The church is something natural as well."

[296]Should it be something external?

"No, internal."

Why then ceremonies?

["]There are also internal ceremonies. The[297] ceremony must be dissolved and become spirit. The bridge should lead out beyond humanity.[298] Inviolable, far, of the air. Your bridge is too low. People will knock their heads on it.[299] There is a community of spirits.["][300] [124/125]

[301]What, should there be no outer community?

"No, but an inner spiritual community."

There should be nothing visible!

"No. Everything ought to be spiritual. Outer dealings are limited to signs with solid meaning."

That doesn't bear thinking about, it's incomprehensible.

"Community with the dead is what both you and the dead need."

Do you mean worship of the spirits?[302]

"Do not commingle with any of the dead, but stand apart from them and give to each his due."[303]

What is it they demand?

"Your prayers."

To the dead? Which ones?

"To all of them."

Teach me the prayer to the dead.

"Listen, here it is: [125/126]

You dead, I call you—

You shades of the departed, who have cast off the torment of living, come here!

My blood, the juice of my life, will be your meal and your drink.

Sustain yourself from me, so that life and speech will be yours.

Come, you dark and restless ones, I will refresh you with my blood, the blood of a living one so that you will gain speech and life, in me and through me.

I need you and you need me.[304]

The God forces me to address this prayer ~~also~~ to you so that you come to life. Too long have we left you alone.

Let us build the bond of community so that living and dead images will become one and the past will live [126/127] on in the present.

Our desire pulls us to the living world and we are lost in our desire.

Come to the potion of the living blood, drink your fill so that we will be saved from the inextinguishable and unrelenting power of vivid longing for visible, graspable, and present being.

Drink from our blood of desire that begets evil, as quarrel, discord, ugliness, violent deeds, and famishment.

Take, eat, this is my body, that lives for you. Take, eat, drink, this is my blood, whose desire flows for you.[305]

Come, celebrate a Last Supper with me for your redemption and mine.

Help me to understand your language, so that I will not stray from you nor you from me.[306] I need community with you so that I fall prey neither to the community of the living nor to my desire and yours, whose envy is insatiable ~~unending~~ and therefore begets evil. [127/128]

Help me, so that ~~my desire is always directed toward you~~ I do not forget that my desire is a sacrificial fire for you.

You are my community. I live what I can live for the living. But I cannot live the excess of my longing with the living.[307] It belongs to you, you shades. We need your living with us.

Be auspicious to us and open our closed spirit so that we become blessed with the redeeming light. May it happen thus! Amen.[308]

Address this prayer to the dead. It should be, so that you will have redemption.[309] Great is the need of the dead. The God needs no sacrificial prayer. He stands beyond goodwill or ill will. He is kind and fearsome. But the dead hear your prayers since they are still of human nature and not free of [128/129] goodwill and ill will. Do you

not understand? History[310] is older and wiser than you. Was there a time when there were no dead? [311]Only recently have men begun to forget the dead and to think that they have now begun the life, sending them into a frenzy."

8.I.16.[312]

You know what takes place. You see that it almost surpasses the power of a man. I want to accept and suffer it for your sake—and never for mine. To be crucified on the tree of life, Oh bitterness! Oh painful silence! If it weren't you, my soul, who touched the fiery Heaven and the eternal fullness, how could I?

I go and cast myself before human animals, so they can tear me apart.[313] Oh most unmanly torment! I must let my [129/130] virtues, my best ability be torn apart, because they are still thorns in the side of the human animal. Not death for the sake of the best, but befouling and rending of the most beautiful for the sake of life. Alas, is there nowhere a salutary deception to protect me from having the Last Supper with my carcass? The dead want to live from me.

You martyrs, give me lions, a sword, fire! You died of beauty! Was there anything more beautiful than your death?[314]

Why did you see me as the one to drink the cess of humanity that poured out of Christendom?

Terribly repulsive torment![315]

Haven't you had enough of beholding the fiery fullness, my soul? Do you still want to emerge [130/131] entire into the glaring white light of the Godhead? Into what shades of horror are you plunging me? Is the stinking devil's pool so deep that its mud sullies even your glowing robe?

Where do you get the right to do me such a foul deed?

If this be your will, let the beaker of disgusting filth pass from me.[316] But if this be not your will, then climb, you my soul, past fiery Heaven and lodge your ~~lament~~ charges and topple the throne of God, on which the dreadful one sits, proclaim the right of men also

before the Gods and take revenge on them for the infamous deed of humanity, since only Gods were able to spur on the [317]worm to acts of colossal atrocity.

Let my fate suffice and let men manage human destiny.

Oh my mother humanity, thrust the terrible, soulless God-slug,[318] the cruel strangler of men, from you. Do not venerate him for the sake of his fertile poison. The smallest drop suffices—and what is a drop to him? ~~Him~~ A drop—for him, who is eternity, the most extreme fullness and emptiness, all at the same time?[319]

10.I.16.[320]

[321]Remove, Oh man, the divine, too, from your soul, as far as you can manage. What a devilish foolish farce she carries on with you, as long as she still arrogates divine power over you! She's an unruly child, a bloodthirsty daimon, a tormentor of humans without equal, precisely because she has [132/133] divinity.[322] A child and an old man, an ~~fickle~~ evil woman, a devil, a being which needs to be humored. Fear the soul, despise her and love her, just like the Gods and the God. May they be far from us! But may the soul be near us. Above all never lose her! Because once lost she will turn into a terribly malicious serpent, into a tiger that pounces on the unsuspecting from behind. A man who goes astray becomes an animal, but a lost soul becomes a devil. Cling to your soul with love, fear, contempt, and hate, ~~but~~ and don't let her out of your sight. She is a hellish-divine treasure to be kept behind walls of iron and in the deepest vault. [133/134] She always wants to get out and scatter glittering beauty. Beware, because you have already been betrayed! You'll never find a more disloyal, more cunning and heinous woman, never a rougher and more infamous man than your soul[323]—you will never see anyone more beautiful, nobler, and more complete than your soul. Shield men from her, and her from men. Listen to what she wails and sings in prison but don't let her escape, as she will immediately turn whore. As her husband you are blessed through her, and therefore cursed. Let her be with the dead as her

playmates, since she belongs to their kind more than to yours. She is smaller and larger than a man.[324] She belongs to the daimonic race of the Tom Thumbs and giants, and is only distantly related to humankind. [134/135] If you seek to grasp her in human terms you will be beside yourself. All your rage, despair, love belong to her.[325] Humanity will be saved from the dreadful nightmare. For if you do not see your soul, you see her in fellow men and this will drive you mad, since this devilish mystery and hellish spook can hardly be seen through. Look at man, the weak one in his wretchedness and torment, whom the Gods have singled out as their quarry—tear to pieces the bloody veil that the lost soul has woven around you, the cruel nets woven by the death-bringing, and take hold of the divine whore who still cannot recover from her fall from grace [135/136] and in raving blindness craves filth in which to throw herself.[326] Lock her up like a lecherous bitch who would like to mingle her blood with every dirty cur. Capture her, may enough at last be enough. Let her for once taste your torment so that she will get to feel man and his hammer, which he has wrested from the Gods.

May man rule in the human world. May his laws be valid. But treat the souls, daimons, and Gods in their way, offering what is demanded. But burden no man, demand nothing from him, with what your devil-souls and God-souls lead you to believe, but endure, suffer, and remain silent.[327] [136/137]

Why should you keep silent[328]? Because you have nothing to say on this matter.[329] What are daimons, who cannot act?[330] So let them go to work and do [not] preempt them in your dull and awkward way with your torrents of words and windmilling your arms, or else you become daimonic and the others will become your daimons, because the daimons are pleased at the helpless raving of ~~men~~ powerless men. So suffer and stay quiet, for then the daimons must torment themselves and all those who let themselves be mocked by daimons.

Draw the coat of patience and silence over your head, sit down, and leave the daimon to accomplish his work. If he brings something

about, he will work wonders. Thus will you sit under a fruit-bearing [137/138] tree.

Know that the daimons would like to inflame you to embrace their work, which is not yours. And, you fool, you believe that it is you, because you can't distinguish yourself from your soul. But you are distinct from her,[331] you are not a soul-God-Devil,[332] but instead you are a powerless man who need not foster the regenerated Gods.[333] For you are the prison guard of your soul, the eunuch of your soul, who protects her from Gods and men. You must equally protect men from her—yes, perhaps even the Gods.[334] Power is given to the man, a poison that paralyzes even the Gods, like a poison sting bestowed upon the little bee whose brute force is far inferior to yours. But your soul, this extract of human essence, could by way of that poison endanger even the Gods.[335] So put the dangerous one under wraps,[336] since not only your fellow men but also the Gods must live.

[337]Thus my soul, I speak to you. I listen to what you say!

"You are truly merciful."

Are you upset?

"Almost, but I must acknowledge your tenderness. You are concerned about me."

So you liked this tone?

"No mockery, please, or else it comes back on you. You must stick to facts with me, or else I will betray and escape you." [139/140] Do not forget to love me."

It is difficult for me to unite hate and love.

"I understand, yet you know that it is the same. Both are valid for me. Like all natural women, form matters less to me than having everything belong to me or else to no one. I am even jealous of the hate you give others. I want everything, since I need everything for the great journey that I intend to begin after your disappearance."

How sweet of you to already anticipate my demise.[338]

"What do you want?[339] One[340] must prepare in good time. Until then I must make timely provision and much is still lacking. I fully [140/141] grasped it."[341]

That sounds very reasonable. Are you satisfied with your prison?[342]

"Of course, here[343] I have peace and can collect myself. Your human world makes me drunk, so much human blood—I could get intoxicated on it to the point of madness. ~~xx~~ Doors of iron, walls of stone, cold darkness and the rations of penance—that is the bliss of redemption. You do not suspect my torment when the bloody intoxication seizes me, I would like to hurl myself again and again into living matter from a dark fearful creative urge that formerly brought me close to the lifeless and ignited the terrible lust for procreation in me. Remove me from conceiving matter, the rutting feminine of yawning emptiness. [141/142]

Force me into confinement where I can find resistance and my own law. Where I can think about the journey, the rising sun and the buzzing, melodious golden wings. Be thankful—you wanted to thank me? You are deluded. You deserve my thanks, my deepest thanks."

How divinely beautiful you are!

11.I.16.[344]

Oh this bitterness! You have dragged me through sheer and utter Hell, you have tormented me nearly to death—and I long for your thanks. Yes, I am moved that you thank me. The hound's nature lies in my blood. Therefore I am bitter. For my sake, since—how does it move you! You are divine and devilishly great, wherever and [142/143] howsoever you are. I am only your prison guard,[345] your eunuch doorkeeper, no less imprisoned than you. Thrice damned marriage![346] Speak, you concubine of Heaven, you divine monster! Have I not fished you from the swamp? How do you like the black hole? Speak without blood, sing from your own force, you have gorged yourself on men.

[347]"Pity, stern one! Have compassion!"

Compassion? Have you ever had compassion for me? You brute bestial tormentor, you've never gotten past compassionate moods. You lived on human food and drank my vital powers. Has it made

you fat? [143/144] Will you learn to revere the torment of the human animal? What would you souls and Gods want without man? Why do you long for him? You cannot be without him! Speak![348]

"Do I have 100 years in the penitentiary? How long will the punishment last?"

You complain already? I cannot keep you for a hundred years. What nonsense you speak! Perhaps 20 or 30 years more, then you will be free and no jealous lover will imprison you anymore. Then you will hear my silence through all eternities. And no one will know or love you. [144/145] Once Satan was thrown into the abyss for 1000 years.[349] And you? Soon freedom will come to you, but without men.

If there are to be bloody tears, then let me weep them over you.

Speak, whore!

"I'm speechless. I'm horrified at your accusation."

Are you going to get serious? Are you going to have second thoughts? Are you going to learn modesty or perhaps even some other human virtue? You soulless soul-being? Yes, you have no soul, because you are the thing itself, you fiend! Would you like a human soul? Should I perhaps become your earthly soul? so that you will have a soul? I've gone to your school. [145/146]

I've learned how one behaves as a soul, perfectly ambiguous, mysteriously untruthful and hypocritical. But above all one must start with betrayal.[350]

[351]You are blessed, virgin soul! Praised be your name. You are the chosen one among women. You are the God-bearer. Praise be to you! Honor and fame be yours in eternity, Amen.[352]

You live in the golden temple. The peoples come from afar and praise you.

I,[353] your vassal, wait on your words.

I drink red wine, dispensing a sacrificial drink in recollection of the meal of blood that you [146/147] celebrated with me.

I prepare a black chicken[354] for a sacrificial meal in remembrance of the man who fed you.

I invite my friends to the sacrificial meal, carrying wreaths of ivy and roses in remembrance of the farewell you took from your sorrowing vassals and maidens.

Let this day be a festival celebrating joy and life—the day upon which you, ~~the~~ most blessed one, commence the return journey from the land of men where ~~it~~ you have learned how to be a soul.

You follow the son who ascended and passed over.

You carry us up as your soul and set yourself before the son of God, [147/148] maintaining your immortal right as an ensouled being.

We are joyful, good things will follow you, we lend you strength. We are in the land of men and we are alive.

13.I.16.[355]

What holds you back? What are you hiding? Probably a golden vessel, a jewel that you have stolen from men? Isn't that a gem, a piece of gold, shining through your robe? What is the beautiful thing that you stole when you drank the blood of men and ate their sacred flesh? Speak the truth, for I see the lie on your face! [148/149]

"I haven't taken anything."

You are lying. You want to cast suspicion on me, where you are at fault. ~~I~~ Those times when you could rob men are over. Surrender everything that is their sacred inheritance and that you have rapaciously claimed. You have stolen from the beggar and the vassal. God is rich and powerful, you can steal from him. His kingdom knows no loss. Shameful liar, when will you finally stop plaguing and robbing your humanity?

[356]"I do not suspect you. I wish you well. I respect your right. I acknowledge your humanity. I do not take anything away from you.[357] You possess everything. I, nothing."

Yet, you lie insufferably. [149/150] You possess not only that marvelous thing that belongs to me, but you also have access to the Gods and eternal fullness. Therefore surrender what you have stolen, liar!

"How can you? I no longer recognize you. You are crazy. Even more: you are laughable, a childish ape, who extends his paw toward everything that glitters. I will not allow what is mine to be taken from me."

[358]You're lying, you're lying. I saw the gold, [359]I know it belongs to me. You ought not take that away. Give it back!

[360]"I don't want to part with it. It's too precious to me. Do you want to rob me of the last ornament?" [150/151]

Embellish yourself with the gold of the Gods, but not with the meager treasures of earthbound human beings. May you taste heavenly poverty after you have preached earthly poverty to men for so long, like a true and proper cleric full of lies, who fills his belly and purse and preaches poverty.

"You torment me awfully. Leave me just this one thing. You men still have enough. I cannot be without this very one, this incomparable one, for whose sake even the Gods envy men."

I will not be unjust. But give me what belongs to me and beg for what you need from it. [151/152] What is it?

"Alas, that I can neither keep it nor conceal it, it is love, warm human love, blood, warm red blood, the holy source of life, the unification of everything separated and longed for."

So, it is love that you claim as a natural right, although you still ought to beg for it. You get drunk on the blood of man and let him starve—love belongs to me. [361]You'll crawl and beg for it like a dog. You'll raise your hands. You will fawn, in order to [152/153] get it.[362] I possess the key and I will be a more just administrator[363] than you half-beings, you soulless souls and you godless Gods, and you godforsaken God. You will gather around the source of blood,[364] and you will come bearing gifts so that you may receive what you need.

Oh, men,[365] protect the holy source so that no God can seize it for himself. The Gods know no measure and no mercy. They get drunk on the most precious of draughts.[366] They waste it in drunkenness, since they know neither God nor soul.[367] Presumptuousness and excessiveness, severity and callousness are their essence. Greed for the sake of greed, power for the sake of

power, pleasure for the sake of pleasure, immoderation and insatiableness [153/154], this is how you recognize the daimons.

Ha, you have yet to learn, you devils and Gods,[368] to crawl in the dust for the sake of love so that from someone somewhere you snatch a drop of the living sweetness. Learn humility and pride from men for the sake of love.

You Gods, your first born son is man. He bore a terribly beautiful-ugly son of God.[369] But this mystery, too, is accomplished with you. You bore a son of men,[370] no less splendid-terrible, and you will also serve under his rule.

[371]Both God and man are disappointed victims of deception, blessedly [154/155] blessed, powerlessly powerful.

The eternally rich universe should unfold again in the earthly Heaven and the Heaven of the Gods, in the underworlds and in the worlds above. Separation once more comes to the agonizingly united and yoked. Endless multiplicity takes the place of what has been forced together. Since diversity alone is wealth, blossom, and harvest.

I kiss you, you book of light and life.[372]

14.I.16.[373]

[374]What, soul, you're still here? Didn't you find your [155/156] place or didn't you find the words, which belong to me? How do you honor your earthly soul? Recall what I bore and suffered for you, how I wasted myself, how I lay before you and struggled, how I gave my heart's blood from full bowls to you! I have an obligation to lay on you: you should learn the cult of your earthly soul.[375]

I saw the land that is promised to man, the land where milk and honey flows.[376]

I saw the splendor of the sun on that land.

I saw the green forests, the golden vineyards and the villages [156/157] of man.

I saw the towering mountains with hanging fields of eternal snow.

I saw the fruitfulness and fortune of the earth.

None but I saw the fortune of man.

You, oh soul, force mortal men to labor and suffer for your immortal salvation. I demand that you also do this for the earthly fortune of humankind. Pay heed! I speak in both my name and the name of mankind. Since our power and glory are yours, thine is the kingdom and our promised land.[377] So bring it about, employing your abundance! [157/158]

I will remain silent, yes, you will lose me. It depends on you; you can bring about what mortals are forbidden to create. I stand waiting, beseeching. Torment yourself, so that you come to find it. Where is your immortal salvation, if you fail in your duty to bring salvation to man? Pay heed. So you will be working for me, the silent and suffering one.[378]

Eternal fate presides over the Gods also, not only over mortals.

15.I.16.[379]

What is it about the old furnace that lay there so deserted and seldom used anymore for smelting?

My soul, I beseech you, [158/159] speak![380]

"Throw in the old and the broken. The unused and the ruined shall be renewed for fresh use."

But what is it?[381]

"It is the custom of the ancients, the good[382] tradition of the ancestors, observed since days of old; it is to be adapted for new use.[383] It is daily exercise. A daily retrieval of the battered and used

into the furnace in order to serve—smelted and renewed—to serve new purposes.

You must melt down all your feeling, which has been worn out by the day, through inward retrieval into the mounting heat, in order to purge rust and breakage in the fire's heat [159/160], so you can renew the work of the day with restored tools. The ancestors prayed and practised the holy ceremonies."

Teach me the ceremony, teach me its solemnity, use, and meaning, so I can accomplish what is necessary.

"Above all dedicate your prayer to me, so I can convey it to the distant God. Prayer has magical power and compels the Gods. Don't you feel the influence of the Gods and the daimons? They also pray to you and by that they compel you. Thus do likewise to them. I will lead through intercession." [160/161]

Teach me how to invoke you.

"It is wordless, it is a few words, on the contrary it is deed. There should be few words, there should be no words. It must be deed, prostration on a colorful prayer mat that signifies the world."

Are you lying?

"How can you ask such a question? What good is this ceremony for me? Actually you need it for yourself."

Is that true? Even the prayer mat? Is the outer thing necessary?

"You are ignorant of the power of matter, just as you know nothing of human power, not even your own. Matter is the counterpole to God. God lures the phallus out of himself. [161/162] Yes, he lures matter out of the devilish void, which is God himself. You know that the power of the phallus is great. Did you ever doubt it? Then know that the power of matter is <u>even greater</u>. The earth is more powerful than the phallus, he is the transient son, she is the age-old mother. The hardest, most imperishable matter is the best. It needs to be built into this matter.

The hardest stone is good for the greatest idea.

To penetrate deeper into matter endows thought with greater powers.

Always erect it in matter.[”] [162/163]

16 I 16[384]

The force of the God is frightful.

“You shall experience even more of it. You are in the second age. The first age has been overcome. This is the age of the rulership of the son, whom you call the Toad God. A third age will follow, the age of apportionment and harmonious power.”[385]

My soul, where did you go? Did you go to the animals?

I bind the Above with the Below. I bind God and animal. Something in me is part animal, something part God, and a third part human. Below you serpent, within you man, and above you God. Beyond the serpent comes the phallus, then the earth, then the moon, and finally the coldness and [163/164] emptiness of outer space.

Above you comes the dove or the heavenly soul, ~~the~~ in which love and foresight are united, just as poison and shrewdness are united in the serpent. Shrewdness is the devil’s understanding, which always detects smaller things and finds chinks where you suspect none.

If I am not conjoined through the uniting of the Below and the Above, I break down into three parts: the serpent, and in that or some other animal form I roam, living nature daimonically, arousing fear and longing.~~,~~ The human soul, living forever within you. The heavenly soul, as such dwelling with the Gods, [164/165] far from you and unknown to you, appearing in the form of a bird. Each of these three parts then is independent.

Beyond me stands the heavenly mother.[386] Her counterpart is the phallus.[387] ~~Since~~ His mother is the earth, his goal is the heavenly mother.

The heavenly mother is the daughter of the heavenly world. Its counterpart is the earth.

The heavenly world is illuminated through the spiritual sun. Its counterpart is the moon. And just as the moon is the crossing to the dead of space, the spiritual sun is the crossing to the Pleroma,[388] the upper world of fullness. The moon is the God's eye of emptiness, just as the sun is the God's eye of fullness. The moon that you see [165/166] is the symbol, just as the sun that you see. Sun and moon, that is ~~xx~~, their symbols, are Gods. There are still other Gods; their symbols are the planets.

The heavenly mother is a daimon among the order of the Gods, an inhabitant of the heavenly world.

The Gods are favorable and unfavorable, impersonal, the souls of stars, influences, forces, grandfathers of souls, rulers in the heavenly world, both in space and in force. They are neither dangerous nor kind, strong, yet humble, clarifications of the Pleroma and of the eternal ~~xx~~ emptiness, configurations of the eternal qualities.

Their number is immeasurably great [166/167] and leads over to the one supreme fundamental, which contains all qualities in itself and itself has none, a nothing and everything, the complete dissolution of man, death and eternal life.

Man becomes through the *principium individuationis*.[389] He strives for absolute individuality, through which he ever increasingly concentrates the absolute dissolution of the Pleroma. Through this he makes the Pleroma the point that contains the greatest tension and is itself a shining star, immeasurably small, just as the Pleroma is immeasurably great. The more concentrated the Pleroma becomes, the stronger the star of the individual becomes. It is surrounded by shining clouds, a heavenly body in the making, ~~xx~~ comparable to a small sun. It emits fire. Therefore it is called: εγω συμπλανοζ υμιν αστηρ.[390] ~~xx~~ Just like the sun, [167/168] which is also such a star, which is a God and grandfather of souls, the star of the individual is also like the sun, a God and grandfather of the souls. He is visible from time to time, just as I have described him. His light is blue, like that of a distant star. He is far out in space, cold

and solitary, since he is beyond death. To attain individuality, we need a large share of death. Therefore it is called θεοι εστε,[391] since just as an innumerable number of men rule the earth, so a countless number of stars and of Gods rule the heavenly world.

To be sure, this God is the one who survives the death of men. To him for whom solitude is Heaven, he goes to Heaven; to him for whom it is Hell, he goes to Hell. Whoever does not follow the *principium individuationis* to its end becomes no God, since he cannot bear individuality. [168/169]

The dead who besiege us are souls who have not fulfilled the *principium individuationis*, or else they would have become distant stars. Insofar as we do not fulfill it, the dead have a claim on us and besiege us and we cannot escape them.

IMAGE LEGEND:

A Anthropos

A Human soul

Serpent = earthly soul

Bird = heavenly soul

Heavenly mother

Phallus (Devil)

Angel

Devil

Heavenly world

Earth, Mother of the Devil

Sun, Eye of the Pleroma

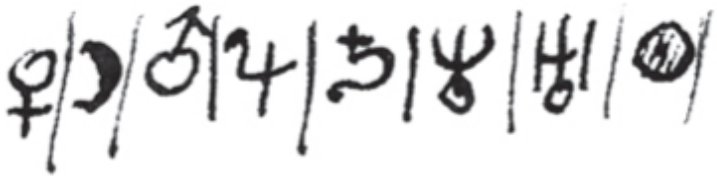
Moon, Eye of the Pleroma
[Moon, sighted]
[Sun, looking]
Moon = Satan
Sun = God

God of the Frogs = Abraxas

the Fullness

the Emptiness

Flame, Fire, Love = Eros, a daimon



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Gods, stars without number

The middle point is again the Pleroma. The God in it is Abraxas, a world of daimons surrounds it and again in a middle point is humanity, ending and beginning.

[393]The God of the frogs or toads, the brainless, is the uniting of the Christian God with Satan. His nature is like the flame; he is like Eros, but a God; Eros [169/170] is only a daimon.[394]

The one God, to whom worship is due, is in the middle.

You should worship only one God. The other Gods are unimportant. Abraxas[395] is to be feared. Therefore it was a deliverance when he separated himself from me. You do not need to seek him. He will find you, just like Eros. He is the God of the cosmos, extremely powerful and fearful. He is the creative drive, he is form and formation, just as much as matter and force, therefore he is above all the light and dark Gods. He tears away souls and casts them into procreation. He is the creative and created. He is the God who always renews himself, in days, in months, in years, in human life, in ages, in peoples, in the living, in heavenly bodies. He compels, he is unsparing. If you worship him, you increase his power [170/171] over you. Thereby it becomes unbearable. You will have dreadful trouble getting clear of him.

The more you free yourself from him, the more you approach death, since he is the life of the universe. But he is also universal death. Therefore you fall victim to him again, not in life but in dying. So remember him, do not worship him, but also do not imagine that you can flee him since he is all around you. You must be in the middle of life, surrounded by death on all sides. Stretched out, like one crucified, you hang in him, the fearful, the overpowering.

But you have in you the one God, the wonderfully beautiful and kind, the solitary, starlike, unmoving, he who is older and wiser than the father, he who has a safe hand, who leads you among all the darknesses and death scares of dreadful Abraxas. He gives [171/172] joy and peace, since he is beyond death and beyond what is subject to change. He is no servant and no friend of Abraxas. He himself is an Abraxas, but not unto you, but in himself and his distant world, since you yourself are a God who lives in faraway realms and who renews himself in his ages and creations and peoples, just as powerful to them as Abraxas is to you.

You yourself are a creator of worlds and a created being.

You have the one God, and you become your one God in the innumerable number of Gods.

As a God, you are the great Abraxas in your world. But as a man you are the heart of the one God who appears to his world as the great Abraxas, the feared, the powerful, the donor of madness, [172/173] he who dispenses the water of life, the spirit of the tree of life, ~~the power~~ the daimon of the blood, the death bringer.

You are the suffering heart of your one star God, who is Abraxas to his world.

Therefore because you are the heart of your God, aspire toward him, love him, live for him. Fear Abraxas, who rules over the human world. Accept what he forces upon you, since he is the master of the life of this world and none can escape him. If you do not accept, he will torment you to death and the heart of your God will suffer, just as the one God of Christ suffered the heaviest in his death.

The suffering of mankind is without end, since its life is without end. Since there is no end where none sees an end. If mankind has come to an end, there is none who would see its end and none [173/174] who could say that mankind has an end. So it has no end for itself, but it certainly does for the Gods.

~~As there is also~~ The death of Christ took no suffering away from the world, but his life has taught us much; namely, that it pleases the one God if the individual lives his own life against the power of Abraxas. The one God thus delivers himself from the suffering of the earth into which his Eros plunged him; since when the one God saw the earth, he sought its procreation, and forgot that a world was already given to him in which he was Abraxas. So the one God became human. Therefore the one in turn pulls man up to him and into him, so that the one becomes complete again.

But the freeing of man from the power of Abraxas does not follow man's withdrawing from the power of Abraxas [174/175]—~~because~~ no one can pull away from it—but through subjugating himself to it. Even Christ had to subjugate himself to the power of Abraxas, and Abraxas killed him in a gruesome manner.

Only by living life can you free yourself from it. So live it to such a degree that it befits you. To the degree that you live it, you also

fall ~~xx~~ victim to the power of Abraxas and his dreadful deceptions. But to the same degree the star God in you gains in ~~pow~~ longing and power, in that the fruit of deception and human disappointment falls to him. Pain and disappointment fill the world of Abraxas with coldness, all of your life's warmth slowly sinks into the depths of your soul, into the midpoint of man, where the far blue starlight of your one God glimmers.

If you flee Abraxas from fear, you escape pain and disappointment [175/176] and you remain terrified, that is, out of unconscious love you cling to Abraxas and your <u>one</u> God cannot catch fire. But through pain and disappointment you redeem yourself, since your longing then falls of its own accord like a ripe fruit into the depths, following gravity, striving toward the midpoint, where the blue light of the star God arises.

So do not flee from Abraxas, do not seek him. You feel his coercion, do not resist him, so that you shall live and pay your ransom.

The works of Abraxas are to be fulfilled, for consider that in your world you yourself are Abraxas and force your creature to fulfil your work. Here, where you are the creature subjugated to Abraxas, you must learn to fulfill the work of life. There, where you are Abraxas, ~~xx~~ you compel your creatures.

You ask, why is all this so? I understand that it seems questionable [176/177] to you. The world is questionable. It is the unending infinite folly of the Gods, which you know is unendingly wise. Surely it is also a crime, an unforgivable sin, and therefore also the highest love and virtue.

So live life, do not flee Abraxas, provided that he compels you and you can recognize his necessity. In one sense I say to you: do not fear him, do not love him. In another sense I say: fear him, love him. <u>He is the life of the earth</u>, that says enough.

~~xx~~You need to recognize the multiplicity of the Gods. You cannot unite all into one being. As little as you are one with the multiplicity of men, just so little is the one God ~~xx~~ one with the multiplicity of the Gods. This <u>one</u> God is the kind, the loving, the leading, the healing. To him [177/178] all your love and worship is due. To him

you should pray, you are one with him, he is near you, nearer than your soul.

I, your soul, am your mother, who tenderly and frightfully surrounds you, your nourisher and corrupter; I prepare good things and poison for you. I am your intercessor with Abraxas. I teach you the arts that protect you from Abraxas. I stand between you and Abraxas the all-encompassing. I am your body, your shadow, your effectiveness in this world, your manifestation in the world of the Gods, your effulgence, your breath, your odor, your magical force. You should call me if you want to live with men, but the one God if you want to rise above the human world to the divine and eternal solitude of the star. [178/179]

18 I 16.[396]

[397]Oh, my soul, what are you doing? What anxiety and unease are you creating for me? What will come to be in the depths of the future?

What am I seeing? Blazing flames? A fire—a bloody fire?

Oh, my God, I call you, force my soul to provide answer to the things that besiege me!

"You thought of the great flood, you thought of the protective rampart, you did not think of the fire that drives through the air."

The fire? What do you want to say?

"Be reasonable! A fire hovers in the air, it draws near, a flame, many flames—a searing miracle—many lights burn, like the stars in the night.[398] My beloved, [179/180] it is the mercy of the eternal fire—the breath of fire descends on you."

My soul, I call upon you—I fear something terrible and dreadful—nameless fear fills my heart, since the things that you announced beforehand were awful—must everything be broken, burned, and destroyed? Does no cry of despair reach you?[399]

"Patience, fire is above you—in front of you,[400] a sea of embers—a consuming fire—a blazing fire."

Don't torture me—what dreadful mysteries you possess. Speak, I implore you.[401] My God, my far off star, I call upon you! Where is your power? Protect [180/181] me or give me the power to endure the unspeakable.

Or are you lying again, my soul? Damned tormenting spirit, deceiving fiend, what are your treacherous specters supposed to mean?

"I also want your fear."

What for?[402]

"To bring it before the ruler of this world.[403] He demands the sacrifice of your fear."

Why? Speak![404]

"He deems you worthy of this sacrifice. Abraxas[405] has mercy upon you."

Mercy upon me? What is that supposed to mean? I'd rather want to hide myself from him. My face shrinks from the ruler of this world, for it is branded, it bears a terrible mark. It beheld the forbidden, therefore I avoid the ruler of this [181/182] world."

"But you should come before him. Your fear attracted him."

You instilled this fear in me, liar.[406] Why did you give me away?

"You have been summoned to serve him."

Thrice damned fate! Why can't you leave me in seclusion? Why has he chosen me for sacrifice? Thousands would gladly throw themselves before him, why must it be me? I cannot, I don't want to.

"You possess the word that should not be allowed to remain concealed."

[407]I am going to teach it to my own, to the nearest, so don't throw it on the street. Why do you want to help Abraxas? [182/183] He has the power, he should create from himself; why should I bleed for him and be consumed by eternal fires? My God, deliver me from fear. Give me the redeeming vision, into your hands I commit my spirit.[408]

[409]I see wide meadows and blue mountains and smoke sweeps over. A sea of fire rolls close in[410], it is setting the towns and villages on fire, breaking through the valleys, burning the forests[411]— I[412] go before it in a burning robe with singed hair, a crazy look in my eyes, a parched tongue, a hoarse[413] voice—I forge ahead and announce what approaches—I cross the mountains and go into every quiet valley and [183/184] stammer words of fright and proclaim the fire's agony. Men flee in horror from me since I bear the marks of the fire. They do not see the fire, but they see me and suspect that I am the messenger of the burning agony. What fire? they ask. What fire? I stutter, I stammer—what do I know about the fire? I looked at the embers, I saw the blazing flames. Help us, my God, and carry us over.

[414]My God, prepare me; is it death, is it something immortal?

My God, why have you forsaken me?[415] Oh, horrendous silence! [184/185]

My soul, speak, for heaven's sake, speak!

"You have waited long enough. The holy fire is blazing, step into the flames." Step into the light. Bring up what lay in the dark, proclaim what is to come."

What should I proclaim, the fire? Which fire?

"The flame that blazes over your head, look up, the skies redden."[416]

23.I.16.[417]

My God, my wonderful light!

29.I.16.[418]

My soul, I know that you have summoned the devil. He has sent his burdensome vapors. [185/186] It was he who knocked at my door with his herd of dark companions. I could smell them in the air. What came over ~~xx~~ you that you played that prank on me? Why the devil?

["]To break open what is locked?"

What? My mysteries? They are already way too exposed!

"No, your iron doors!"

That this wicked herd can break into my garden? Should I be plundered and thrown out onto the rubbish? You make me into an ape and a child's plaything. When, oh my God, shall I be saved from this Hell of fools? I [186/187] am longing for death, for the innermost cold. Should that be the devil? He's somewhere in the neighborhood.

My soul, damned gadfly, stop it at last! Too much ugliness, too much dirt, too much blatant nonsense. I want to be a man. I don't want to love men anymore. I want to be. I want to hack to pieces your cursed webs. Go to hell, you fools. The light shall surround me.

"What are you talking about? Let the devil get to work. He'll see to it.

How can I trust you? You work for yourself, not for me. What good are you, you tramp, if you don't even know how to protect me from [187/188] the devil's confusion. Should that be the hell fire?

"You get annoyed. Be quiet, you are disturbing the work."

I am tired, I don't want any surprises. Speak, what is your plan? What about the devil and his nightly haunting?

"We came to perform the work, the mysterious, the invisible. We cooked the air around you, we mixed it with fine, narcotic, confusing and beguiling vapors, we prepare the necessary emanation, long missing and anxiously sought. I want to participate in your renown. You suit us. Let us take effect. We threw out nets [188/189] with smooth words, with spoken gestures. Let yourself go. It will flow like oil and smell like nard.[419] Inimitable fiery glow, fidgeting little men in invisible snares, quiet mocking laughter in the distance, grinding teeth, captives trembling with fear."

Shut up, you devil, I'm disgusted.

"You like it. The day of reckoning is near. Don't forget all the hardship you suffered. They will pay ransom. Ha, how they will hurry to welcome the master and bow down."

Damned ones! Did the devil give you your words?

"Shiny, glistening words, bright as sharp steel, cutting as the north wind. Mockery of exquisite [189/190] value."

I am getting sick.

"Spirits will do the work, not you. Be quiet and let us take charge. We will strike for sure. Dwell quietly, calmly. We'll poke the embers.

Build calmly stone by stone. We will do our bit. Don't worry. The fire glows already."

My God, you can see the sacrilege.

"May fate be accomplished[.]"

30 I 16[420]

What? It's boiling frightfully.

"Life is beginning." [190/191]

Should it begin many more times? Or hasn't it started yet? It's an unbearable tension. When will silence descend!

"Slowly, slowly. Don't push."

It's all very well for you. I am being scattered. Honestly, as if iron doors ought to be blown. What shall get out? And how?

"From the backside."

Awful creature.

"Behind your back, in polite language. Everything happens behind your back."

Why shouldn't I be there? I too want to live.

"It will come to you from the front.["] [191/192]

And one can trust that?

"What else? Can you do it? No. You can only wait until it emerges."

But it's tearing me apart. Since you have brought the devil, I am getting tormented hellishly. You need to bring some relief. Speak a redeeming word. What's up with the spirits? They're tearing at me and I have difficulties standing.

"Surrender."

So speak, you dead! Aren't you empty yet?

"We have come back from Jerusalem, where we did not find what we sought! We implore you to let us in.[421] [192/193]

You have what we desire. Not your blood, but your light. That is it."

[422]But what can I do?

"Teach us, we'll listen!"

What shall I teach?

"The wisdom, the knowledge that you have gained and we lacked."

But where shall I begin?

"Begin, begin, wherever. Wherever you think it is good to start."

"Now listen, you dead! I teach you:[423] I begin with nothingness.

Nothingness is the same as the fullness. In infinity full is as good as empty. Nothingness is empty and full. You might just as well say anything else [193/194] about nothingness, for instance, that it is white, or black, or that it does not exist, or that it exists. That which is endless and eternal has no qualities, since it has all qualities.

We call this nothingness or fullness the Pleroma. Therein both thinking and being cease, since the eternal and endless possess no qualities. No one is in it, for he would then be distinct from the Pleroma, and would possess qualities that would distinguish him as something distinct from the Pleroma.

In the Pleroma there is nothing and everything. It is fruitless to think about the Pleroma, for this would mean self-dissolution.

The creature is not in the Pleroma.[424] The Pleroma is the beginning and end of the [194/195] creature, it covers it all over, so to speak.[425] It pervades it, just as the sunlight pervades the air. Although the Pleroma pervades us, we are not in it, since we do not participate in it[426], just as a wholly transparent body becomes neither light nor dark through the light pervading it.

But we are the Pleroma, for we are enclosed in and part of the eternal and the endless.[427] But we have no share therein, as we are infinitely removed from the Pleroma; not spatially or temporally, but <u>essentially</u>, since we are distinguished from the Pleroma in our essence as creation, which is confined within time and space.

1. These lines were copied here by Toni Wolff. They are from an epic poem by Richard Dehmel (1863–1920), *Zwei Menschen* [Two People] (Berlin: Schuster und Loeffler, 1903, chapter 113). In 1905 this work inspired a series of seven woodcut prints by the Expressionist painter Ludwig Kirchner. Dehmel's frank treatment of sexual themes led to charges of obscenity and blasphemy.
2. Wednesday. This entry was not reproduced in *LN*. Jung's daughter Helene (1914–2014) was born on this day. On March 13, Jung presented "On Dream Psychology" to the Zürich Psychoanalytical Society. He criticized Freud's sexual interpretation of symbols and provided alternative interpretations of typical dreams. This was followed by a presentation by Adolf Keller on "Bergson and libido theory," which was continued on March 20. Jung commented, "A gap has been filled through Keller's presentation. Bergson should have been discussed here long ago. B. says everything that we have not said. He has descended from the unity, we have risen up from the multiplicity" (*MZS*).
3. See Nietzsche, "The Fire-Signal," in *Dithyrambs of Dionysus* (1888): "Seamen blown off course! Rubble of old stars! / You seas of the future! Unexplored sky! / to all that knows solitude do I now throw this line: / give answers to the the flame's impatience, / catch me, the fisherman on high mountains, / my seventh, *final* solitude!" (trans. R. J. Hollingdale [London: Anvil Press], p. 51). Jung commented on this poem in *Transformations and Symbols of the Libido* (*CW* B, § 162n.). In his presentation before the Psychological Club in 1916 on "Individuation and Collectivity," he said: "The individual must now consolidate himself by cutting himself off from the divine and becoming wholly himself. Thereby and at the same time he also separates himself from society. Outwardly he plunges into solitude, but inwardly into hell, distance from God" (*CW* 18, § 1103).
4. In 1912 Jung cited the following lines from the *Bhagavad Gita*, chapter 4, verse 24 (in English in Edwin Arnold's 1885 translation): "All's then God! The sacrifice is Brahm, the ghee and the grain / Are Brahm, the fire is Brahm, the flesh it eats / is Brahm, and unto Brahm attaineth he / Who, in such office, meditates on Brahm" (*Transformations and Symbols of the Libido*, *CW* B, § 242n.).
5. Thursday. This entry was not reproduced in *LN*.
6. In *Thus Spoke Zarathustra*, Nietzsche writes: "one must have chaos in one, to give birth to a dancing star" ("Zarathustra's Prologue 3," § 5, p. 46; underlined as in Jung's copy).
7. In his *Theogony*, Hesiod wrote: "First came Chaos, and then wide-bosomed Earth" (l. 116).
8. From March 30 to April 1, Jung went sailing with Hans Schmid. Later in April they went to northern Italy and visited Ravenna.
9. Sunday. This entry was not reproduced in *LN*.

10. In *Psychology and Alchemy*, Jung reproduced two images of the pelican as a symbol of Christ (*CW* 12, figs. 89 and 256). In 1945, in "On the Nature of Dreams," he noted that "the pelican, who nourishes its young with its own blood, is a well-known allegory of Christ" (*CW* 8, § 559).
11. Monday. This entry was not reproduced in *LN*. Jung saw one patient.
12. Thursday. *Liber Secundus*, chapter 21, "The Magician" {8} (*LN*, pp. 455ff.). The first eight lines were not reproduced in *LN*.
13. *LN* instead has "I come to you and demand your life." (p. 455).
14. *LN* instead has "What do you mean? Have you even become a God? / He:" (ibid.).
15. "where my soul" was not reproduced in *LN*.
16. Instead of this paragraph, *LN* has: "How you transfigure yourself!" (p. 455).
17. Cf. John 12:3: "Then took Mary a pound of ointment of spikenard, very costly, and anointed the feet of Jesus, and wiped his feet with her hair: and the house was filled with the odor of the ointment."
18. At the entrance to his house, Jung had an inscription carved that read, "Vocatus atque vocatus, deus aderit" (Called or not, God will be present). He also used it on his bookplate. The statement, from the Delphic oracle, is reproduced in the Dutch Renaissance humanist Erasmus's work *Collectanea adagiorum*, a collection of proverbs from classical authors. See my *C.G. Jung: A Biography in Books*, pp. 46ff.
19. In *LN* "gruesome" was added here (p. 456).
20. The previous sentence was not reproduced in *LN*.
21. The previous sentence was not reproduced in *LN*.
22. The previous sentence was not reproduced in *LN*.
23. The next two paragraphs were not reproduced in *LN*.
24. This expression is replaced by "the God" in *LN* (p. 457).
25. *LN* instead has "He" (ibid.).
26. The preceding clause was replaced in *LN* by "I remain in the night of pain" (ibid.).
27. This expression was replaced by "God" in *LN* (ibid.).
28. The following paragraph was not reproduced in *LN*. Instead, *Liber Secundus* ends with: "Now shut, you bronze doors I opened to the flood of devastation and murder brooding over the peoples, opened so as to midwife the God. / Shut, may mountains bury you and seas flow over you. / I came to my self, a giddy and pitiful figure. My I! I didn't want this fellow as my companion. I found myself with him. I'd prefer a bad woman or a wayward hound, but one's own I—this horrifies me. / An opus is needed, that one can squander decades on, and do it out of necessity. I must catch up with a piece of the Middle Ages—within myself. We have only finished the Middle Ages of—others. I must begin early, in that period when the hermits died out. Asceticism, inquisition, torture are close at hand and impose themselves. The barbarian requires barbaric means of education. My I, you are a barbarian. I

want to live with you, therefore I will carry you through an utterly medieval Hell, until you are capable of making living with you bearable. You should be the vessel and womb of life, therefore I shall purify you. / The touchstone is being alone with oneself. / This is the way" (pp. 457–58).

29. The transcription of material from the *Black Books* into *Scrutinies* in the autumn of 1917 commences here, with the following additional opening paragraph: "I resist, I cannot accept this hollow nothing that I am. What am I? What is my I? I always presuppose my I. Now it stands before me—I before my I. I speak now to you, my I:" (p. 461).
30. "We must do something, devise a pastime;" was added here in *LN* (p. 461).
31. "which strikes me first:" was added here in *LN* (ibid.)
32. The preceding line was not reproduced in *LN*.
33. "All beginnings are difficult" is a proverb from the Talmud.
34. This word was replaced by "live" in *LN* (p. 461).
35. This expression was replaced by "the God" in *LN* (ibid.).
36. "and spreads himself in whichever fiery heavens, to do whatever he does, what exactly I do not know," was added here in *LN* (ibid.).
37. The preceding clause was replaced in *LN* by "Therefore you must think about improving," (ibid.).
38. The remainder of this sentence was not reproduced in *LN*.
39. The preceding paragraph and preceding sentence were not reproduced in *LN*.
40. "To the greater glory of God." This was the motto of the Jesuits.
41. The preceding clause was not reproduced in *LN*.
42. *LN* instead has "So should I love you? Press you tenderly to myself?" (p. 461). The next six sentences were not reproduced in *LN*.
43. The preceding sentence was replaced in *LN* by "But my soul is with the fire worm, with the son of the frog who has flown to the heavens above, to the upper sources. Do I know what he is doing there?" (p. 461).
44. The preceding clause was replaced in *LN* by "you are my bare, empty nothing—I" (p. 462).
45. The preceding paragraph was replaced in *LN* by "One could despair over you: your sensitivity and desirousness exceed any reasonable measure. And I should live with you, of all people? I must, since the strange misfortune occurred that gave me a son and took him away" (ibid.).
46. This word was replaced in *LN* by "laughably sensitive" (ibid.).
47. The preceding sentence was replaced in *LN* by "One can hardly speak about your childish pride, your craving for power, your desire for esteem, your laughable ambition, your thirst for fame without feeling sick. The playacting and pomposity become you badly and you abuse them to the best of your ability" (ibid.).
48. The preceding clause was replaced in *LN* by "rather than a horror to live together with you?" (ibid.)

49. The next three sentences were replaced in *LN* by "You, you of all people wanted to tell other people what to do? / Come here, I will stitch a cloth of new skin onto you, so that you can feel its effect. / You want to complain about others, and that one has done an injustice to you, not understood you, misinterpreted you, hurt your feelings, ignored you, not recognized you, falsely accused you, and what else? Do you see your vanity in this, your eternally ridiculous vanity?" (ibid.).
50. This word was replaced in *LN* by "torment" (ibid.).
51. The preceding sentence was replaced in *LN* by "You have no patience and no seriousness" (ibid.).
52. "and absolve yourselves all unknowingly" was added here in *LN* (ibid.).
53. The preceding sentence was not reproduced in *LN*.
54. The preceding two sentences were replaced in *LN* by "But you will learn silence" (ibid.).
55. The remainder of this sentence was not reproduced in *LN*.
56. The preceding clause was replaced in *LN* by "I want to have such foolishness around me all my life?" (p. 463).
57. This expression was replaced in *LN* by "purgatory" (ibid.).
58. The preceding sentence was not reproduced in *LN*.
59. This preceding part of this sentence was replaced in *LN* by "The dear old God has died, and it is good that way, otherwise he would have had pity on your repentant sinfulness" (p. 463).
60. The preceding clause was not reproduced in *LN*.
61. The preceding sentence was replaced in *LN* by: "You must know that neither a God of love nor a loving God has yet arisen, but instead a worm of fire crawled up, a magnificent frightful entity that lets fire rain on the earth, producing lamentations. So cry to the God, he will burn you with fire for the forgiveness of your sins" (ibid.).
62. The following was added here in *LN*: "Yes—others always do wrong—and you? You are the innocent, the correct, you must defend your good right and you have a good, loving God on your side, who always forgives sins with pity. Others must reach insight, not you, since you have a monopoly on all insight from the start and are always convinced that you are right. And so cry really loudly to your dear God—he will hear you and let fire fall on you. Have you not noticed that your God has become a fiery worm with a flat skull who crawls red-hot on the earth?" (ibid.)
63. The remainder of this paragraph was replaced in *LN* by "You were, and are, inferior. Who are you, then? Scum that disgusts me" (ibid.)
64. The preceding clause was replaced by "until you come to your senses again" (ibid.).
65. The preceding two sentences were not reproduced in *LN*.
66. In 1930, Jung stated: "A movement back into the Middle Ages is a sort of regression, but it is not personal. It is an historical regression, a regression

into the past of the collective unconscious. This always takes place when the way ahead is not free, when there is an obstacle from which you recoil; or when you need to get something out of the past in order to climb over the wall ahead" (*VS*, vol. 1, p. 148). Around this time, he began working intensively on medieval theology—see *Psychologicial Types* (1921), *CW* 6, chapter 1, "The type problem in antique and medieval intellectual history."

67. The previous two sentences were placed at the end of *Liber Secundus*, with the last modified as "This is the way" (p. 458).
68. Monday. Jung saw three patients. On the same day, he resigned as president of the International Psychoanalytical Association (*Freud/Jung Letters*, p. 613).
69. The preceding sentence was not reproduced in *LN*.
70. This word was replaced by "grounds" in *LN* (p. 464).
71. This word was replaced by "your self-interest" in *LN* (ibid.).
72. "but for your recognition" was replaced in *LN* by "but for the general recognition and safeguarding of your own advantage" (ibid.).
73. "it has teeth inside that bore themselves into your flesh" was added here in *LN* (ibid.).
74. The preceding sentence was not reproduced in *LN*.
75. This word was replaced by "cleverness" in *LN* (p. 464).
76. "and speak of your benevolent superiority and the prize that you are for others" was added here in *LN* (ibid.).
77. The preceding sentence was not reproduced in *LN*.
78. The preceding two paragraphs were not reproduced in *LN*.
79. The preceding clause was replaced in *LN* by "and you dream of revenge" (p. 464).
80. "since you would like to assign it to those whom you favor because they favor you." was added here in *LN* (pp. 464–65).
81. *LN* instead has "Inside yourself" (p. 465).
82. This expression was not reproduced in *LN*.
83. The preceding sentence was not reproduced in *LN*.
84. The preceding sentence was replaced in *LN* by the following: "You want to reproach others for their failings? So that they better themselves? Yes, confess, have you bettered yourself? From where do you get the right to have opinions of others? What is your opinion about yourself? And what are the good grounds that support it? Your grounds are webs of lies covering a dirty corner. You judge others and charge them with what they should do. You do this because you have no order within yourself, because you are unclean" (p. 465).
85. The last two words were not reproduced in *LN*.
86. "as they claim, but in reality exploit them to their own ends" was added here in *LN*.
87. The previous sentence was not reproduced in *LN*.

88. The previous sentence and the last clause of the previous sentence were not reproduced in *LN*.
89. The previous clause was not reproduced in *LN*. The next two paragraphs were not reproduced in *LN*.
90. The previous two words were replaced in *LN* by "desirousness" (p. 465).
91. This sentence was replaced in *LN* by "But you speak about it with great words, and the greater your words are, the more pathetic your so-called love is" (ibid.).
92. The preceding paragraph was replaced in *LN* by "Never speak to me of your love, but keep your mouth shut. It lies" (ibid.).
93. In *LN*, the remainder of this entry was replaced by the following: "I want you to speak about your shame, and that instead of speaking great words, you utter a discordant clamor before those whose respect you wanted to exact. You deserve mockery, not respect. / I will burn out of you the contents of which you were proud, so that you will become empty like a poured-out vessel. You should be proud of nothing more than your emptiness and wretchedness. You should be a vessel of life, so kill your idols. / Freedom does not belong to you, but form; not power, but suffering and conceiving. / You should make a virtue out of your self-contempt, which I will spread out before men like a carpet. They should walk over it with dirty feet and you should see to it that you are dirtier than all the feet that step on you" (*LN*, p. 466).
94. Tuesday. Jung saw seven patients.
95. The previous sentence was replaced in *LN* by "If I tame you, beast, I give others the opportunity to tame their beasts" (ibid.)
96. The previous sentence was replaced in *LN* by "The taming begins with you, my I, nowhere else" (ibid.).
97. The previous sentence was replaced in *LN* by "Your sensitivity is your particular form of violence" (ibid.).
98. This expression was replaced in *LN* by "every kind of torture" (ibid.).
99. The previous sentence was not reproduced in *LN*.
100. The remainder of this paragraph was replaced in *LN* by "You should be able to bear the fact that one calls your purity dirty and that one desires your dirtiness, that one praises your wastefulness as miserliness and your greed as a virtue" (p. 466).
101. The previous paragraph was replaced in *LN* by "Fill your beaker with the bitter drink of subjugation, since you are not your soul. Your soul is with the fiery God who flamed up to the roof of the heavens" (ibid.).
102. This word was not reproduced in *LN*.
103. This expression was not reproduced in *LN*.
104. This word was replaced by "fate" in *LN*.
105. The previous three paragraphs were not reproduced in *LN*.

106. The remainder of this entry was replaced in *LN* by: "You will have quite enough work in hand with that. Mothers' little dears want to be understood. Understand yourself, that is the best protection against sensitivity and satisfies your childish longing to be understood. I suppose you want to turn others into slaves of your desirousness again? But you know that I must live with you and that I will no longer tolerate such abject plaintiveness" (p. 467).
107. Jung later described the self-criticism depicted in this opening section as the confrontation with the shadow. In 1934 he wrote: "Whoever looks into the mirror of the water will see first of all his own image. Whoever goes to himself risks a confrontation with himself. The mirror does not flatter, it faithfully shows whatever looks into it; namely the face we never show to the world because we cover it with the persona, the mask of the actor. But the mirror lies behind the mask and shows the true face. This confrontation is the first test of courage on the inner way, a test sufficient to frighten off most people, for the meeting with ourselves belongs to the more unpleasant things that can be avoided as long as one can project everything negative into the environment. But if we are able to see our own shadow and can bear knowing about it, then a small part of the problem has already been solved: we have at least brought up the personal unconscious" ("On the Archetypes of the Collective Unconscious" (*CW* 9, pt. 1, §§ 43–44).
108. Friday. Jung saw six patients. As noted above, on April 20, 1914, Jung resigned as lecturer from the medical faculty of the University of Zürich.
109. The previous sentence was replaced in *LN*: "After I had spoken these and many more angry words to my I, I noticed that I began to bear being alone with myself. But the touchiness still stirred in me frequently and I had to lash myself just as often. And I did this until even the pleasure in self-torment faded" (p. 467).
110. The preceding line was replaced in *LN* by "Otherwise I will lose the courage to live further down in the darkness of the earth" (p. 468).
111. The preceding sentence was not reproduced in *LN*.
112. The preceding clause was not reproduced in *LN*.
113. This preceding sentence was replaced in *LN* by "You see my uncertainty" (p. 468).
114. The preceding two sentences were replaced by "I knew that the bird rose higher, above the clouds in the fiery brilliance of the outspread Godhead" (ibid.).
115. Thursday.
116. In *LN*, this paragraph was replaced by "I turned to my brother, the I; he stood sadly and looked at the ground and sighed, and would rather have been dead, since the burden of enormous suffering burdened him. But a voice spoke from me and said:" (p. 468).
117. The previous sentence was replaced in *LN* by "and you are crucified for the sake of life" (ibid.).

118. "And I said to my I:" was added here in *LN*.
119. "But he sighed deeply and moaned:" was added here in *LN*.
120. "To which I answered:" was added here in *LN*.
121. In *LN*, the preceding two sentences were replaced by the following: "But I did not know what that was, since I still did not know what the future held (this happened on the 21st May of the year 1914). In the excess of suffering I looked up to the clouds and called out to my soul and asked her. And I heard her voice, happy and bright, and she answered:" (p. 468).
122. "I was seized with bitterness at these words and I cried:" was added here in *LN* (p. 469).
123. "I heard her laughing—or was she not laughing?" was added here in *LN* (ibid.).
124. "Powerless anger seized me and I called out:" was added here in *LN* (ibid.).
125. This expression was replaced in *LN* by "you" (ibid.).
126. "Do not be angry, do not complain" was added here in *LN* (ibid.).
127. "Then my I answered:" was added here in *LN* (ibid.).
128. "But I did not understand my I and therefore spoke to him:" was added here in *LN* (ibid.).
129. "Then my I wailed:" was added here in *LN* (ibid.).
130. The preceding sentence was not reproduced in *LN*.
131. "But my soul called from afar:" was added here in *LN* (p. 470).
132. The remainder of this paragraph was not reproduced in *LN*.
133. The preceding sentence was not reproduced in *LN*.
134. Saturday. Jung saw six patients.
135. The preceding line was replaced in *LN* by "These words of my soul stung me. She spoke of compassion, she, who rose up following the God without compassion, and I asked her:" (p. 470).
136. "For my human sensitivity could not grasp the hideousness of that hour" was added here in *LN* (ibid.).
137. The preceding two paragraphs were not reproduced in *LN*.
138. The preceding three paragraphs were replaced in *LN* by "I: Am I not earth? Am I not excrement? Did I commit an error that forced you to follow the God into the upper realms?" (p. 470).
139. The preceding sentence was not reproduced in *LN*.
140. The preceding two sentences were not reproduced in *LN*.
141. The preceding sentence was replaced in *LN* by "You know that I doubt, because of my love for men" (p. 470).
142. In *LN*, Jung added here the following reflections: "Since what my soul spoke about referred to nothing that I could see, nor could I see what my I suffered from (since this happened two months before the outbreak of the war), I wanted to understand it all as personal experiences within me, and consequently I could neither understand nor believe it all, since my belief is weak. And I believe that it is better in our time if belief is weak. We have

outgrown that childhood where mere belief was the most suitable means to bring men to what is good and reasonable. Therefore if we wanted to have a strong belief again today, we would thus return to that earlier childhood. But we have so much knowledge and such a thirst for knowledge in us that we need knowledge more than belief. But the strength of belief would hinder us from attaining knowledge. Belief certainly may be something strong, but it is empty, and too little of the whole man can be involved, if our life with God is grounded only on belief. Should we simply believe first and foremost? That seems too cheap to me. Men who have understanding should not just believe, but should wrestle for knowledge to the best of their ability. Belief is not everything, but neither is knowledge. Belief does not give us the security and the wealth of knowing. Desiring knowledge sometimes takes away too much belief. Both must strike a balance. / But it is also dangerous to believe too much, because today everyone has to find his own way and encounters in himself a beyond full of strange and mighty things. He could easily take everything literally with too much belief and would be nothing but a lunatic. The childishness of belief breaks down in the face of our present necessities. We need differentiating knowledge to clear up the confusion which the discovery of the soul has brought in. Therefore it is perhaps much better to await better knowledge before one accepts things all too believingly" (pp. 470–71). In *Transformations and Symbols of the Libido*, he wrote: "I think, belief should be replaced by understanding" (*CW* B, § 356). On October 5, 1945, he wrote to Victor White: "I began my career with repudiating everything that smelt of belief" (Ann Conrad Lammers and Adrian Cunningham, eds., *The Jung-White Letters* [London: Routledge/Philemon Series, 2007], p. 6).

143. The previous three paragraphs were not reproduced in *LN*.
144. The previous two paragraphs were replaced in *LN* by "These words filled me with disquiet, since I felt that I could almost not accept what my soul predicted, because I did not understand it. I always wanted to understand it with regard to myself. Therefore I said to my soul:" (p. 472).
145. The preceding sentence was not reproduced in *LN*.
146. The preceding clause was not reproduced in *LN*.
147. In *LN*, the previous sentence was replaced by " 'No,' I replied. 'No, that is not it. But I fear committing an injustice to men if I go my own way' " (p. 472).
148. The preceding clause was not reproduced in *LN*.
149. The preceding clause was not reproduced in *LN*.
150. The previous two sentences were not reproduced in *LN*.
151. The remainder of this entry was replaced in *LN* by the following: "I could not accept these words since I feared deception. Therefore I also did not want to accept this way that forced me into dialogue with my soul. I preferred to speak with men. But I felt compelled toward solitude and I

feared at the same time the solitude of my thinking which departed from accustomed paths" (p. 472).

152. A citation from John 14:2: "In my Father's house are many mansions."
153. Sunday.
154. The preceding three paragraphs were not reproduced in *LN*.
155. The preceding clause was not reproduced in *LN*.
156. The preceding sentence was not reproduced in *LN*.
157. In *LN*, the preceding sentence was replaced by "As my soul spoke thus, an old man with a white beard and a haggard face approached me" (p. 473).
158. In *LN*, the preceding sentence was replaced by "I asked him what he wanted with me. To which he replied:" (ibid.).
159. Abbreviation for "Anchorite."
160. The preceding sentence was not reproduced in *LN*.
161. The preceding sentence was not reproduced in *LN*.
162. The preceding two sentences were not reproduced in *LN*.
163. The preceding two sentences were not reproduced in *LN*.
164. In *LN*, the previous two sentences were replaced by "You should become serious, and hence take your leave from science. There is too much childishness in it" (p. 473).
165. The remainder of this entry was not reproduced in *LN*.
166. Jung wrote, in *Transformations and Symbols of the Libido*: "Taken historically, scholasticism . . . is the mother of modern scientificity, and a later time will show how and in what scholasticism furnishes still living undercurrents to the science of today" (*CW* B, § 30).
167. Monday. Jung saw seven patients. The following was added here in *LN*: " 'But you must set to work.' I did not know what work was mine, since everything was dark. And everything became heavy and doubtful and an endless sadness seized me and lasted for many days. Then, one night, I heard the voice of an old man. He spoke slowly, heavily, and his sentences appeared to be disconnected and terribly absurd, so that the fear of madness seized me again. For he spoke the following words:" (pp. 473–74).
168. The preceding sentence was not reproduced in *LN*.
169. The preceding sentence was not reproduced in *LN*.
170. The remainder of this entry was not reproduced in *LN*.
171. In Carl Spitteler's *Imago*, a novel, the protagonist calls his body "Konrad." Freud and Jung adopted this usage. Cf. Freud to Jung, October 4, 1909, *Freud/Jung Letters*, p. 249.
172. Wednesday. Jung saw six patients.
173. The preceding paragraph was not reproduced in *LN*. This is the one reference to "the unconscious" in *Books* 2–7.
174. The preceding two paragraphs were not reproduced in *LN*.
175. The remainder of this entry was not reproduced in *LN* and was replaced by the following: "After this nothing further was said. And then the war broke

out. This opened my eyes about what I had experienced before, and it also gave me the courage to say all of that which I have written in the earlier part of this book" (p. 474).

176. From July 4 to July 6, Jung was on holiday in Pontresina in the Engadine.
177. Tuesday. This entry was not reproduced in *LN*. Jung prepared for his trip to London.
178. This appears to be a later addition in pencil; "of the red book" in turn appears to have been inserted subsequently in another hand. From January 1 to January 3, 1915, Jung was on holiday in Castagnola in Ticino. He was on military service in Olten on January 4 and then again on March 10, 1915, this time with the transport for the wounded.
179. Thursday/Friday. Jung saw one and seven patients, respectively. "From there on the voices of the depths remained silent for a whole year" was added here in *LN* (p. 474). On June 4, Jung commenced a theoretical correspondence with Hans Schmid on the question of psychological types (see *The Question of Psychological Types: The Correspondence of C.G. Jung and Hans Schmid-Guisan, 1915–1916*).
180. Instead of the preceding sentence, *LN* has "I heard the voice of my soul, and she spoke: 'That is a sign that what is below is borne upward' " (p. 475).
181. This entry was not reproduced in *LN*.
182. See introduction, p. 35. On July 9, Conrad Schneiter gave a presentation before the Association for Analytical Psychology on "Homosexuality in Schreber," evidently reinterpreting the *Memoirs* of Daniel Paul Schreber, which Freud had analyzed. In the discussion, Jung noted: "For the Gnostics the diabolos causes the descent from the unity and the entering into the multiplicity (the centers of the senses). The concretistic understanding of symbols is devilish—a soul murder (hence projection onto Flechsig). This is why the thinking back to the origins is devilish. (*Faust*, *2*: "So, to the actively eternal creative force, in cold disdain / You now oppose the fist infernal . . . [ll. 1380ff.]). Because that way the releasing symbol will be destroyed. (The symbol itself is already something releasing)" (*MAP*, pp. 89–90).
183. Possibly a reference to Maria Moltzer and Hans Schmid. In his letter to Jung of July 6, 1915, Schmid wrote, "Once, on a motorboat trip, Miss Moltzer compared the introvert to a motorboat, and the extravert to a sailing boat" (*The Question of Psychological Types: The Correspondence of C.G. Jung and Hans Schmid-Guisan, 1915–1916*, p. 64).
184. This appears to refer to the burial of the otter lard in the "fairy tale" in *Book* 4. See pp. 269ff.
185. See above, *Book* 4, pp. 271ff.
186. On July 8 Jung saw a performancce of Mozart's opera *The Magic Flute*. On July 18, he was on holiday in Klosters.
187. Tuesday. Jung saw six patients. The following was added in *LN*: "Soon after this on an autumn night I heard the voice of an old man (and this time I

knew that it was ΦΙΛΗΜΩΝ). He said:" (p. 475).

188. The preceding sentence was not reproduced in *LN*.
189. Jung discussed the alchemical symbolism of gold in *Mysterium Coniunctionis* (*CW* 14, §§ 353ff.).
190. The preceding sentence was not reproduced in *LN*.
191. In place of the previous sentence, *LN* has "But I called out dismayed: 'What ambiguous speech, Oh ΦΙΛΗΜΩΝ!' " (p. 476).
192. Wednesday. Jung saw six patients. "But ΦΙΛΗΜΩΝ continued:" was added here in *LN* (ibid.).
193. Replaced in *LN* by "self" (ibid.)
194. "And I was startled again and cried:" was added here in *LN* (ibid.).
195. Friday. Jung saw seven patients.
196. A Roman expression, meaning "I give, so that you might give."
197. The preceding paragraph was replaced in *LN* by "But ΦΙΛΗΜΩΝ fell silent and retired into the shimmering cloud of uncertainty. He left me to my thoughts" (p. 477).
198. "So-called" was added here in *LN* (ibid.).
199. "How can anyone bear the burden of the other, if it is still the highest that one can expect from a man, that he at least bears his own burden" was added here in *LN* (ibid.).
200. This word was replaced in *LN* by "society" (ibid.).
201. The preceding sentence was not reproduced in *LN*.
202. "But what happens if everyone surrenders themselves? That would be folly" was added here in *LN* (p. 477).
203. The next sentence and next paragraph were replaced in *LN* by "Incidentally, can one give oneself up? With this one becomes one's own slave. That is the opposite of accepting oneself. If one becomes one's own slave—and this happens to everyone who surrenders himself—one is lived by the self. One does not live one's self; it lives itself" (ibid.) On the significance for Jung of Nietzsche's understanding of the self in *Zarathustra*, see introduction, p. 66, n. 204.
204. In *Thus Spoke Zarathustra*, Nietzsche writes: "You crowd together with your neighbours and have beautiful words for it. But I tell you: <u>Your love of your neighbour is your bad love of yourself. You flee away from yourselves</u> and would like to make a virtue of it: but I see through your 'selflessness' " ("Of love of one's neighbour," p. 86; underlined as in Jung's copy).
205. This word was replaced in *LN* by "development" (p. 478).
206. "for example, through saddling oneself with his burden" was added here in *LN* (ibid.).
207. "if one dare utter such a great word" was added here in *LN* (ibid.).
208. The remainder of this entry was replaced in *LN* by a lengthy passage expanding on the nature of the process of redemption (pp. 478–79).
209. Saturday. Jung saw five patients. *LN*, pp. 479ff.

210. "since it is torn apart all too often, not only by our vices but also by our virtues. For vices as well as virtues always want to live outside" was added here in *LN* (p. 479).
211. The preceding clause was not reproduced in *LN*. Cf. Jung, "Transformation Symbolism in the Mass": "The self then functions as a unio oppositorum and thus constitutes the most immediate experience of the divine which is at all psychologically comprehensible" (*CW* 11, § 396). In *LN*, Jung added here a lengthy passage concerning his experience of God (pp. 480–81).
212. In 1921, Jung wrote concerning the self: "But inasmuch as the I is only the centre of my field of consciousness, it is not identical with the totality of my psyche, being merely one complex among other complexes. I therefore distinguish between the *I* and the *self*, since the I is only the subject of my consciousness, while the self is the subject of my total psyche, which also includes the unconscious" (*Psychological Types*, *CW* 6, § 706). In 1928, Jung described the process of individuation as "self-becoming" and "self-realization" (*The Relations Between the I and the Unconscious*, *CW* 7, § 266). Jung defined the self as the archetype of order and noted that representations of the self were indistinguishable from God-images (chapter 4, "The self," *Aion*, *CW* 9, pt. 2). In 1944 he noted that he chose the term because this concept was "on the one hand definite enough to convey the sum of human wholeness and on the other hand indefinite enough to express the indescribable and indeterminate nature of this wholeness. . . . in scientific usage the 'self' refers neither to Christ nor to the Buddha but to the totality of the figures that are its equivalent, and each of these figures is a *symbol of the self*" (*Psychology and Alchemy*, *CW* 12, § 20).
213. The remainder of this entry, up to the dividing line, was replaced in *LN* by a lengthy passage on the service of the self and the relation of the self to the God (pp. 482–83).
214. Galatians 6:2.
215. An echo of the saying "Omnia mea mecum porto" (All that is mine I carry with me), echoed in *Book* 4, p. 242.
216. In *LN*, this paragraph was preceded by "In the following night, I heard the voice of ΦΙΛΗΜΩΝ again and he said:" (p. 483).
217. In his proclamation of the death of God in Nietzsche's *The Gay Science*, the madman exclaims, "What after all are these churches now, if they are not the tombs and sepulchres of God?" (trans. Walter Kaufmann, § 125, p. 182).
218. In place of the next sentence, *LN* has: "These words disturbed me since I had thought before precisely to free myself from the God. But ΦΙΛΗΜΩΝ advised me to enter even deeper into the God. / Since the God has ascended to the upper realms, ΦΙΛΗΜΩΝ also has become different. He first appeared to me as a magician who lived in a distant land, but then I felt his nearness and, since the God has ascended, I knew that ΦΙΛΗΜΩΝ had intoxicated me and given me a language that was foreign to me and of a different

sensitivity. All of this faded when the God arose and only ΦΙΛΗΜΩΝ kept that language. But I felt that he went on other ways than I did. Probably the most part of what I have written in the earlier part of this book was given to me by ΦΙΛΗΜΩΝ. Consequently I was as if intoxicated. But now I noticed that ΦΙΛΗΜΩΝ assumed a form distinct from me" (p. 483).

219. Between September 28 and November 4, Jung was on military service.

220. Thursday. Jung saw one patient. *Scrutinies* {4} (*LN*, pp. 483ff.). On November 6, he concluded his theoretical correspondence with Hans Schmid in a manner that signaled a return to the elaboration of his fantasies in the *Black Books*. On November 5, he wrote to Adolf Keller in response to one of his sermons: "You describe the process of self-awareness and self-absorption that leads to the renewal of one's disposition and, in turn, to the brotherhood of man. I concur thoroughly with this logical insight. Why are people such fools that they do not simply do this? They could do so from insight and will —as we have done thus far. In reality it does not happen this way, but completely differently. That is, this process must be *lived*, after which the following occurs: / I. Stage of introversion: separation of the individual from society. Because of inordinately strong social cohesion this does not take place without misunderstanding, enmity, and hatred = war. / II. Stage of libido in the mother: reawakening of the archaic = psychosis. Unleashing of the highest and the deepest. An almost anarchic state, in any case a disintegration of society to a high degree. (Dismemberment motif). / III. Stage of emergence: a mystical development and unification about which I cannot yet say much, which I am better able to sense intuitively than think. For as yet we have hardly lived this out. The disintegration of tradition is not yet complete. The isolation will be insupportable. A start on this is to be found in the national experience of isolation" (Marianne Jehle-Wildberger, ed., *C.G. Jung and Adolf Keller: On Theology and Psychology. A Correspondence*, trans. Heather McCartney with John Peck [Princeton: Princeton University Press/Philemon Series, forthcoming]).

221. Instead of this paragraph, *LN* has: "Several weeks later, three shades approached me. I noticed from their chilly breath that they were dead. The first figure was that of a woman. She drew near and made a soft whirring sound, the whirring of the wings of the sun beetle. Then I recognized her. When she was still alive, she recovered the mysteries of the Egyptians for me, the red sun disk and the song of the golden wings. She remained shadowy and I could hardly understand her words" (p. 483).

222. The preceding clause was not reproduced in *LN*.

223. The preceding three clauses were replaced in *LN* by "how difficult" (p. 484).

224. The preceding sentence was replaced in *LN* by "I answered dismayed: 'I do not know the word that you seek' " (ibid.).

225. The preceding four paragraphs were replaced in *LN* by "The symbol, the middle" (ibid.).

226. Instead of the last two paragraphs, *LN* has: " 'I do not know the symbol that you demand.'/ But she insisted: 'You can do it, reach for it.' / And precisely at this moment the sign was placed in my hand and I looked at it filled with boundless astonishment. Then she spoke loudly and joyfully to me:" (ibid.).
227. Instead of this sentence, *LN* has "That is it, that is HAP, the symbol that we desired, that we needed" (ibid.).
228. *LN* instead has " 'Why do you need HAP?' I replied" (ibid.).
229. "But the dead one spoke full of triumph:" was added here in *LN*.
230. *LN* instead has: "He is the flesh spirit, the blood spirit, he is the extract of all bodily juices, the spirit of the sperm and the entrails, of the genitals, of the head, of the feet, of the hands, of the joints, of the bones, of the eyes and ears, of the nerves and the brain; he is the spirit of the sputum and of excretion" (p. 484).
231. Instead of the preceding sentence, *LN* has "The enlightening thought comes from the body" (ibid.).
232. Instead of the preceding three paragraphs, *LN* has " 'Damned horror! No, three times no,' I cried in outrage" (p. 485).
233. "This meal" was added here in *LN* (ibid.).
234. The preceding sentence was not reproduced in *LN*.
235. The preceding sentence was not reproduced in *LN*.
236. The preceding sentence was not reproduced in *LN*.
237. Instead of the preceding three paragraphs, *LN* has: " 'That is horribly absurd! What are you talking about?' / But she looked at me as she had done on the day I had last seen her among the living, and on which she showed me, unaware of its meaning, something of the mystery of what the Egyptians had left behind. And she said to me:" (p. 485).
238. The preceding sentence was replaced in *LN* by "The way that leads to this knowledge is Hell" (ibid.).
239. Sunday. The following was added here in *LN*: "From this I sank into gloomy brooding since I suspected the heaviness and incomprehension and the immeasurable solitude of this way. And after a long struggle with all the weakness and cowardice in me, I decided to take upon myself this solitude of the holy error and the eternally valid truth. And in the third night I called to my dead beloved and asked her:" (pp. 485–86).
240. The preceding sentence was replaced in *LN* by "open to me the darkness of the spirits!" (p. 486).
241. The preceding clause and the next three paragraphs were not reproduced in *LN*.
242. *LN* instead has "HAP" (p. 486). The following references may be connected to this. In *The Egyptian Heaven and Hell*, Wallis Budge notes that "The Phallus of his Pepi is Hap" (vol. 1, p. 110). He notes that Hap is a son of Horus (p. 491—Jung placed a mark in the margin by this in his copy). He also notes, "In the *Book of the Dead* these four children of Horus play very

prominent parts, and the deceased endeavoured to gain their help and protection at all costs, both by offerings and prayers. . . . the four children of Horus shared the protection of the deceased among them, and as far back as the Vth dynasty we find that they presided over his life in the underworld" (ibid.; underlining as in Jung's copy) (London: Kegan Paul, Trench and Trübner, 1905).

243. The previous clause was not reproduced in *LN*. Cf. Jung's childhood dream of the ritual phallus in the underground temple (*Memories*, pp. 26ff.).
244. "the phallus" is replaced in *LN* by "HAP" (p. 486).
245. "She moaned and whispered with a weak voice:" was added here in *LN* (ibid.).
246. The preceding clause was replaced in *LN* by "that is fullness of life" (ibid.).
247. The remainder of this clause and the next sentence was replaced in *LN* by "since we hover on the ocean of the air like birds above the sea. Many went beyond limits, fluttering on indeterminate paths of outer space, bumping at hazard into alien worlds" (ibid.).
248. The preceding three paragraphs were not reproduced in *LN*.
249. The next two paragraphs were replaced in *LN* by "She whispered with a hesitant voice:" (p. 487).
250. In 1912, Jung discussed the Hecate mysteries that flourished in Rome at the end of the fourth century. Hecate, the Goddess of magic and spells, guards the underworld and is seen as the sender of madness. She is identified with Brimo, a Goddess of death (*Transformations and Symbols of the Libido*, *CW* B, §§ 586ff.).
251. This phrase was replaced in *LN* by "the powerful HAP" (ibid.).
252. In *Transformations and Symbols of the Libido*, Jung referred to Nut, the Egyptian sky Goddess, who arches over the earth, daily giving birth to the sun God (*CW* B, § 364).
253. The preceding sentence was not reproduced in *LN*.
254. The remainder of this paragraph and all of the next paragraph were replaced in *LN* by "Born from below, he fertilizes the Above, since the wife is his mother, and the mother is his wife" (p. 487).
255. *LN* instead has "Accursed teaching!" (ibid.).
256. "I cried full of outrage and abhorrence" was added here in *LN* (ibid.).
257. The remainder of this paragraph, the next three paragraphs, and the following sentence were replaced in *LN* by "it gives birth to a man who carries the burden of sin—that is the tree of life and of unending duration. Give me your blood! Listen!" (ibid.).
258. The remainder of this entry was replaced in *LN* by the following: "when Brimo, the heavenly, was pregnant, she gave birth to the dragon, first the afterbirth and then the son, HAP, and the one who carried HAP. HAP is the rebellion of the Below, but the bird comes from the Above and places itself on the head of HAP. That is peace. You are a vessel. Speak, Heaven, pour

out your rain. You are a shell. Empty shells do not spill, they catch. May it stream in from all the winds. Let me tell you that another evening is approaching. A day, two days, many days have come to an end. The light of day goes down and illumines the shadow, itself a shadow of the sun. Life becomes a shadow, and the shadow enlivens itself, the shadow that is greater than you. Do you think that your shadow is your son? He is small at midday, and fills the sky at midnight" (ibid.).

259. Tuesday. Jung saw seven patients.
260. The preceding part of this entry was not reproduced in *LN* and was replaced by "But I was exhausted and desperate and could hear no more, and so I said to the dead one:" (p. 487).
261. Thursday. Jung saw no patients.
262. The preceding two sentences were not reproduced in *LN*.
263. "The shadow of the dead one raised its voice and said:" was added here in *LN* (p. 488).
264. "a breath of emptiness" was added here in *LN* (ibid.).
265. "—what are you thinking of?" was added here in *LN* (ibid.).
266. The remainder of this paragraph was replaced in *LN* by "Mysteries? Will the living live from these? I regard your mysteries as tricks if the living cannot live from them" (ibid.).
267. "But she interrupted me and cried:" was added here in *LN* (p. 489).
268. *LN* instead has "my" (ibid.).
269. "But she spoke calmly:" was added here in *LN* (ibid.).
270. The remainder of this paragraph was not reproduced in *LN*.
271. "But she was unsparing" was added here in *LN* (p. 489).
272. The remainder of this entry and the first four paragraphs of the following entry were replaced in *LN* by a lengthy passage in which the dead one spoke against hypocritical preachers, and about the importance of love, which commenced with being able to endure oneself (pp. 489–90).
273. The current pope was Benedict XV (1854–1922), who succeeded Pope Pius X on the latter's death in September 1914.
274. Monday. Jung saw seven patients. The first three paragraphs of this entry were not reproduced in *LN*.
275. The preceding sentence was replaced in *LN* by "You are bound to see what human love is still good enough for—a means like other means" (p. 490).
276. The remainder of this paragraph was replaced in *LN* by "You should learn to freeze" (ibid.).
277. The following ten paragraphs were not reproduced in *LN*.
278. *LN* instead has "you, you slave, you vessel" (p. 490).
279. *LN* instead has "pity" (ibid.).
280. *LN* instead has "Your" rather than "The" before "Christian" (ibid.).
281. "the veils that blinded your eyes" was added here in *LN* (pp. 490–91).
282. The preceding two sentences were not reproduced in *LN*.

283. The next five paragraphs and the first two sentences of the next paragraph were not reproduced in *LN*.
284. Monday. This entry was not reproduced in *LN*.
285. Sunday. Jung saw one patient. At Christmas, he painted a portrait of Izdubar in the calligraphic volume of *LN* (Image 36).
286. "No one forces me to; only the foreign will in me commands and I cannot escape since I find no grounds to do so" was added here in *LN* (p. 491).
287. "But the dead one replied:" was added here in *LN* (ibid.).
288. This expression was not reproduced in *LN*.
289. The preceding clause was replaced in *LN* by "but not from longing" (ibid.).
290. The preceding sentence was not reproduced in *LN*.
291. The preceding expression was replaced in *LN* by "without me" (p. 492).
292. The following three paragraphs and the first sentence of the fourth paragraph were not reproduced in *LN*.
293. *LN* instead has "community" (p. 492).
294. The following seven paragraphs were replaced in *LN* by " 'This is pure madness,' I cried out indignantly, 'why do you speak of a church? Am I a prophet? How can I claim such for myself? I am just a man who is not entitled to know any better than others.' / But she replied:" (ibid.).
295. The remainder of this paragraph and the next three paragraphs were not reproduced in *LN*.
296. The following three paragraphs and the first line of the fourth paragraph were not reproduced in *LN*.
297. "holy" was added here in *LN* (p. 492).
298. The terms "*hinübergehen*" (going across), "*Übergang*" (going-across), "*Untergang*" (down-going), and "*Brücke*" feature in Nietzsche's *Zarathustra* in relation to the passage from man to Übermensch, or superman. For example, "What is great in man is that he is a <u>bridge</u> and not a <u>goal</u>: what can be loved in man is that he is a <u>going-across</u> and a <u>down-going</u>. / I love those who do not know how to live except their lives be a down-going, for they are those who are going over" (trans. R. Hollingdale [Harmondsworth: Penguin, 1984], p. 44, tr. mod.; words are underlined as in Jung's copy). The following three sentences were not reproduced in *LN*.
299. The preceding sentence was not reproduced in *LN*.
300. "founded on outer signs with a solid meaning" was added here in *LN*.
301. The following three paragraphs were not reproduced in *LN*.
302. The preceding sentence was not reproduced in *LN*.
303. "The dead demand your expiatory prayers" was added here in *LN* (p. 492). The following five paragraphs were replaced in *LN* by "And when she spoke these words, she raised her voice and evoked the dead in my name:" (ibid.).
304. The preceding sentence was not reproduced in *LN*.
305. Cf. Matthew 26:26: "And as they were eating, Jesus took bread, and blessed it, and brake it, and gave it to the disciples, and said, Take, eat; this is my

body."

306. The preceding sentence was not reproduced in *LN*.
307. The last clause was not reproduced in *LN*.
308. This word was not reproduced in *LN*.
309. The previous two sentences were replaced in *LN* by "When the dead one had ended this prayer, she turned to me again and said:" (p. 493).
310. *LN* instead has "The history of humanity" (p. 494).
311. "Vain deception!" was added here in *LN*.
312. Saturday. Jung saw five patients. See *Scrutinies* {5} (*LN*, p. 494). "When the dead one had uttered all these words, she disappeared. I sank into gloominess and dull confusion. When I looked up again, I saw my soul in the upper realms, hovering irradiated by the distant brilliance that streamed from the Godhead. And I called out:" was added here.
313. The last clause was not reproduced in *LN*.
314. The preceding paragraph was not reproduced in *LN*.
315. The preceding line was not reproduced in *LN*.
316. In Gethsemane, Christ said: "O my Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me: nevertheless not as I will, but as thou wilt" (Matthew 26:39).
317. *LN* instead has "human worm" (p. 495). Cf. Job 25:6: "How much less man, that is a worm? and the son of man, which is a worm?"
318. *LN* instead has "thrust the terrible God-slug" (p. 495).
319. *LN* instead has "who at the same time is all emptiness and all fullness?" (ibid.).
320. Monday. Jung saw six patients.
321. The following was added here in *LN*: "As I proclaimed these words, I noticed that ΦΙΛΗΜΩΝ stood behind me and had given them to me. He came alongside me invisibly, and I felt the presence of the good and the beautiful. And he spoke to me with a soft deep voice:" (p. 495).
322. The following was added here in *LN*: "Why? Where from? Because you venerate her. The dead too want the same thing. Why don't they stay quiet? Because they have not crossed over to the other side. Why do they want sacrifice? So they can live. But why do they still want to live with men? Because they want to rule. They have not come to an end with their craving for power, since they died still lusting for power" (ibid.).
323. In place of the remainder of this sentence, *LN* has: "How should I praise the miracle of her beauty and perfection? Does she not stand in the brilliance of immortal youth? Is her love not intoxicating wine and her wisdom the primordial cleverness of serpents?" (p. 496).
324. The preceding two sentences were not reproduced in *LN*.
325. *LN* instead has "The excess of your rage, your despair, and your love belong to her, but only the excess. If you give her this excess" (p. 496).
326. The preceding clause was not reproduced in *LN*.

327. The following was added here in *LN*: "and do piously what befits your kind. You should act not on the other but on yourself, unless the other asks for your help or opinion. Do you understand what the other does? Never—how should you? Does the other understand what you do? Whence do you take the right to think about the other and act on him? You have neglected yourself, your garden is full of weeds, and you want to teach your neighbor about order and provide evidence for his shortcomings" (p. 497).
328. "about the others" was added here in *LN* (ibid.).
329. In place of the preceding line, *LN* has: "Because there would be plenty to discuss concerning your own daimons. But if you act on and think about the other without him soliciting your opinion or advice, you do so because you cannot distinguish yourself from your soul. Therefore you fall victim to her presumption and help her into whoring. Or do you believe that you must lend your human power to the soul or the Gods, or even that it will be useful and pious work if you want to bring the Gods to bear on others? Blinded one, that is Christian presumptuousness. The Gods don't need your help, you laughable idolater, who seem to yourself like a God and want to form, improve, rebuke, educate, and create men. Are you perfect yourself?—therefore remain silent, mind your business, and behold your inadequacy every day. You are most in need of your own help; you should keep your opinions and good advice ready for yourself and not run to others like a whore with understanding and the desire to help. You don't need to play God" (ibid.).
330. The remainder of this paragraph was replaced in *LN* by: "So let them go to work, but not through you, or else you yourself will become a daimon to others; leave them to themselves and don't preempt them with awkward love, concern, care, advice, and other presumptions. Otherwise you would be doing the work of the daimons; you yourself would become a daimon and therefore go into a frenzy. But the daimons are pleased at the raving of helpless men advising and striving to help others. So stay quiet, fulfill the cursed work of redemption on yourself, for then the daimons must torment themselves and in the same way all your fellow men, who do not distinguish themselves from their souls and let themselves be mocked by daimons. Is it cruel to leave your blinded fellow human beings to their own devices? It would be cruel if you could open their eyes. But you could open their eyes only if they solicited your opinion and help. Yet if they do not, they do not need your help. If you force your help on them nonetheless, you become their daimon and increase their blindness, since you set a bad example" (p. 497).
331. "and you should not pursue whoring with other souls" was added here in *LN* (p. 498).
332. *LN* instead has "as if you yourself were a soul" (ibid.).

333. In *LN*, the preceding clause was replaced by "who needs all his force for his own completion. Why do you look to the other? What you see in him lies neglected in yourself" (ibid.).
334. The preceding two sentences were replaced in *LN* by: "You should be the guard before the prison of your soul. You are your soul's eunuch, who protects her from Gods and men, or protects the Gods and men from her" (ibid.).
335. The preceding sentence was replaced in *LN* by "Your soul could seize this poison and thereby endanger even the Gods" (ibid.).
336. This expression was replaced in *LN* by "soul under wraps, distinguish yourself from her" (ibid.).
337. The next six paragraphs were replaced in *LN* by the following: "When ΦΙΛΗΜΩΝ had finished, I turned to my soul, who had come nearer from above during ΦΙΛΗΜΩΝ's speech, and spoke to her: 'Have you heard what ΦΙΛΗΜΩΝ has been saying? How does this tone strike you? Is his advice good?' But she said, 'Do not mock, or else you strike yourself. Do not forget to love me' " (pp. 489–90).
338. The preceding sentence was not reproduced in *LN*.
339. The preceding sentence was not reproduced in *LN*.
340. *LN* instead has "I" (p. 499).
341. The preceding sentence was not reproduced in *LN*.
342. The preceding sentence was replaced in *LN* by " 'And do you agree that I throw you into prison?' I asked" (p. 499).
343. *LN* instead has "there" (ibid.).
344. Tuesday. Jung saw seven patients. "And at the same time fury seized me:" was added here in *LN* (ibid.).
345. This expression was not reproduced in *LN*.
346. The previous sentence was not reproduced in *LN*.
347. The following was added here in *LN*: "Then my soul writhed and like a downtrodden worm turned and cried out:" (p. 500).
348. The previous two sentences and the next three paragraphs were not reproduced in *LN* (ibid.).
349. Revelation 20:2–3: "And he laid hold on the dragon, that old serpent, which is the Devil, and Satan, and bound him a thousand years, and cast him into the bottomless pit, and shut him up, and set a seal upon him, that he should deceive the nations no more, till the thousand years should be fulfilled: and after that he must be loosed a little season."
350. The previous sentence was not reproduced in *LN*.
351. The following was added here in *LN*: "While I spoke to my soul in this way, ΦΙΛΗΜΩΝ stood silently a little distance off. But now he stepped forward, laid his hand on my shoulder, and spoke in my name:" (ibid.).
352. The last word was not reproduced in *LN*.

353. *LN* instead has "we" as the subject for the remainder of this entry (pp. 500–501).
354. Some varieties of chickens, such as the silkie, have black fur. Jung may also have been referring to a black-legged chicken, such as a poulet de Bresse, prized for its flavor.
355. Thursday. Jung saw one patient. The following was added here in *LN*: "After ΦΙΛΗΜΩΝ had ended, my soul looked saddened and pleased, and hesitated and yet hurried to prepare herself to leave us and to ascend again, happy at the regained freedom. But I suspected something secret in her, something that she sought to hide from me. Therefore I did not let her make off, but spoke to her:" (p. 501).
356. "But she looked at me as innocently as a dove and said gently:" was added here in *LN* (ibid.).
357. "I do not withhold anything from you" was added here in *LN* (ibid.).
358. "Then I cried enraged:" was added here in *LN* (p. 502).
359. "I saw the sparkling light of the jewel;" was added here in *LN* (ibid.).
360. "Then she broke out in defiant tears and said:" was added here in *LN* (ibid.).
361. "I want to love, not you through me" was added here in *LN* (ibid.).
362. The preceding sentence was replaced in *LN* by "and fawn like hungry hounds" (ibid.).
363. The remainder of this sentence was replaced in *LN* by "than you godless Gods" (p. 503).
364. "the sweet miracle," was added here in *LN* (ibid.).
365. "Oh, men," was replaced in *LN* by "I" (ibid.).
366. "Ambrosia and nectar are the flesh and blood of men, truly a noble meal" was added here in *LN* (ibid.). In Greek mythology, ambrosia and nectar are the food and drink of the Gods.
367. The preceding sentence was replaced in *LN* by "They waste the drink in drunkenness, the goods of the poor, since they have neither God nor soul presiding over them as their judges" (ibid.).
368. "you daimons and souls" was added here in *LN* (ibid.).
369. "who is renewal to you all" was added here in *LN* (ibid.).
370. "who is my renewal" was added here in *LN* (ibid.).
371. "Then ΦΙΛΗΜΩΝ approached me, raised his hand, and spoke:" was added here in *LN* (ibid.).
372. The preceding line was not reproduced in *LN*.
373. Friday. Jung saw eight patients.
374. The following was added here in *LN*: "A night and a day passed, and when night came again and I looked around I saw that my soul hesitated and waited. So I addressed her:" (p. 503).
375. This was replaced in *LN* with "learn to honor humankind," (p. 504).
376. In Exodus 3, God appears to Moses in the burning bush and promises to lead his people out of Egypt into a land flowing with milk and honey.

377. Cf. the Lord's Prayer: "For thine is the kingdom, the power, and the glory, for ever and ever."
378. The previous clause was replaced in *LN* by "and I will remain silent" (p. 504).
379. Saturday. Jung saw five patients.
380. The preceding two paragraphs were replaced in *LN* by " 'Now then,' she said, 'I want to set to work' " (ibid.).
381. This sentence was not reproduced in *LN*.
382. This word was not reproduced in *LN*.
383. The remainder of this entry was replaced in *LN* by the following: "It is practice and incubation in a smelter, a taking-back into the interior, into the hot accumulation where rust and brokenness are taken away through the heat of the fire. It is a holy ceremony, help me so that my work may succeed. / 'Touch the earth, press your hand into matter, shape it with care. The power of matter is great. Did HAP not come from matter? Is matter not the filling of emptiness? By forming matter, I shape your salvation. If you do not doubt the power of HAP, how can you doubt the power of its mother, matter? Matter is stronger than HAP, since HAP is the son of the earth. The hardest matter is the best; you should form the most durable matter. This strengthens thought' " (pp. 504–5).
384. Sunday. This entry was not reproduced in *LN*. It formed the basis of the cosmology elaborated in the *Septem Sermones ad Mortuous* (see below). Given its significance, it was included as Appendix C in *LN* (pp. 577–82).
385. In *Aion* (*CW* 9, pt. 1, §§ 139ff.), Jung accords special significance to Joachim of Fiore (1135–1202), who spoke of a series of three states of the world of increasing spirituality: the Age of the Father, corresponding to the Old Testament, characterized by obedience to the rules of God; the Age of the Son, from the birth of Christ to 1260, corresponding to the New Testament, in which man becomes a son of God; and the Age of the Holy Spirit, when mankind comes into direct contact with God in a new dispensation of universal love proceeding from the Gospel of Christ but transcending the letter of it.
386. Goethe's *Faust* ends with a vision of the Mater Gloriosa. In his lecture "*Faust* and alchemy," Jung said: "The Mater Coelestis should on no account be thought of as Mary or the Church. She is rather Aphrodite urania, as in St. Augustine or Pico de Mirandola, the beatissima mater." In Irene Gerber-Münch, *Goethes Faust: Eine tiefenpsychologische Studie über den Mythos des modernen Menschen. Mit dem Vortrag von C.G. Jung, Faust und die Alchemie* (Küsnacht: Verlag Stiftung für Jung'sche Psychologie, 1997, p. 37).
387. In *Transformations and Symbols of the Libido*, Jung noted: "The phallus is the creature that moves without limbs, sees without eyes, and knows the future; and as the symbolic representative of ubiquitous creative power it claims immortality" (*CW* B, § 209). He goes on to discuss phallic Gods.

388. The Pleroma, or fullness, is a term from Gnosticism. It played a central role in the Valentinian system. Hans Jonas states that "Pleroma is the standard term for the fully explicated manifold of divine characteristics, whose standard number is thirty, forming a hierarchy and together constituting the divine realm" (*The Gnostic Religion: The Message of the Alien God and the Beginnings of Christianity* [London, Routledge, 1992], p. 180). In 1929, Jung said: "The Gnostics . . . expressed it as Pleroma, a state of fullness where the pairs of opposites, yea and nay, day and night, are together, then when they 'become,' it is either day or night. In the state of 'promise' before they become, they are nonexistent, there is neither white nor black, good nor bad" (William McGuire, ed., *Dream Analysis: Notes of the Seminar Given in 1928–1930* [Princeton: Princeton University Press/Bollingen Series, 1984], p. 131). In his later writings, Jung used the term to designate a state of preexistence and potentiality, identifying it with the Tibetan Bardo: "He must . . . accustom himself to the idea that 'time' is a relative concept and needs to be compensated by the concept of a 'simultaneous' Bardo—or pleromatic existence of all historical processes. What exists in the Pleroma as an eternal 'process' appears in time as aperiodic sequence, that is to say, it is repeated many times in an irregular pattern" (*Answer to Job*, *CW* 11, § 629; see also pp. 620, 624, 675, 686, 727, 733, 748). The distinction that Jung draws between the Pleroma and the creation has some points of contact with Meister Eckhart's differentiation between the Godhead and God. Jung commented on this in *Psychological Types* (*CW* 6, §§ 429ff.). The relation of Jung's Pleroma to Eckhart is discussed by Christine Maillard, *Au coeur du Livre Rouge. Les Sept Sermons aux Morts. Aux sources de la pensé de C.G. Jung* (Paris: La compagnie du livre rouge, 2017), pp. 118–20. In 1955–56, Jung equated the Pleroma with the alchemist Gerhardus Dorn's notion of the unus mundus (one world) (*Mysterium Coniunctionis*, *CW* 14, § 660). Jung adopted this expression to designate the transcendental postulate of the unity underlying the multiplicity of the empirical world (ibid., pp. 759ff.).

389. The *principium individuationis* is a notion from the philosophy of Arthur Schopenhauer. He defined it as space and time, noting that he had borrowed the expression from scholasticism. The *principium individuationis* was the possibility of multiplicity (*The World as Will and Representation* [1819], trans. E. J. Payne, 2 vols. [New York: Dover], pp. 145–46). The term was used by Eduard von Hartmann, who saw its origin in the unconscious. It designated the "uniqueness" of each individual, set against the "all-one unconscious" (*Philosophie des Unbewussten: Versuch ein Weltanschauung* [Berlin: C. Dunker, 1869], p. 519). In 1912, Jung wrote, "Diversity arises from individuation. This fact validates an essential part of Schopenhauer's and Hartmann's philosophy in profound psychological terms" (*Transformations and Symbols of the Libido*, *CW* B, § 289). In a series of papers and presentations later in 1916, he developed his concept of individuation ("The

Structure of the Unconscious," *CW* 7, and "Individuation and Collectivity," *CW* 18) (see introduction). In 1921, he defined it as follows: "The concept of individuation plays no minor role in our psychology. Individuation is in general the process of the formation and particularization of individual beings; especially the development of the psychological individual, as a being distinct from generality, from collective psychology. Individuation, therefore, is a process of differentiation, having for its goal the development of the individual personality" (*Psychological Types*, *CW* 7, § 758).

390. "I am a star, wandering about with you"—from the Mithras liturgy (Albrecht Dieterich, *Eine Mithrasliturgie* [Leipzig: B. G. Teubner, 1903], p. 8, l. 5). Jung carved the continuation of this sentence on his stone at Bollingen.
391. "You are Gods": see John 10:34: "The Jews answered him, saying, for a good work we stone thee not; but for blasphemy; and because that thou, being a man, makest thyself God. Jesus answered them, Is it not written in your law, I said, Ye are gods?"
392. These are the astrological symbols for Venus, Mars, Jupiter, Saturn, Neptune, Uranus, and the Sun.
393. Jung later incorporated this image into a painting titled *Systema Mundi Totius* (see appendix, p. 131). On the back of it, he wrote in English: "This is the first mandala I constructed in the year 1916, wholly unconscious of what it meant." The painting contains the figure of Phanes, who makes his first appearance in the *Black Books* on September 28, 1916 (*Book* 6, p. 260), suggesting that the *Systema* was painted sometime after this.
394. In 1917, Jung wrote a chapter on "The sexual theory" in *The Psychology of the Unconscious Processes*, which presented a critique of the psychoanalytic understanding of the erotic. In his 1928 revision of this chapter, retitled "The Eros theory," he added: " 'The Erotic' belongs on the one hand to the original drive nature of man. On the other hand it is related to the highest forms of the spirit. It only thrives when spirit and drive are in right harmony. . . . 'Eros is a mighty daemon,' as the wise Diotima said to Socrates. He is not all of nature within us, though he is at least one of its essential aspects" (*CW* 7, §§ 32–33). In the *Symposium*, Diotima teaches Socrates about the nature of Eros. She tells him, " 'He is a great spirit, Socrates. Everything classed as a spirit falls between god and human.' 'What function do they have?' I asked. 'They interpret and carry messages from humans to gods and from gods to humans. They convey prayers and sacrifices from humans, and commands and gifts in return for sacrifices from gods. Being intermediate between the other two, they fill the gap between them, and enable the universe to form an interconnected whole. They serve as the medium for all divination, for priestly expertise in sacrifice, ritual and spells, and for all prophecy and sorcery. Gods do not make direct contact with humans; they communicate and converse with humans (whether awake or asleep) entirely through the medium of spirits' " (trans. C. Gill [London: Penguin, 1999], pp. 202e–203a).

In *Memories*, Jung reflected on the nature of Eros, describing it as "a *kosmogonos*, a creator and father-mother of all consciousness" (p. 387). This cosmogonic characterization of Eros needs to be distinguished from Jung's use of the term to characterize women's consciousness. See *Boo*k 2, p. 183, n. 182.

395. In 1932, Jung wrote: "the Gnostic symbol Abraxas, a made-up name meaning three hundred and sixty-five. . . . the Gnostics used it as the name of their supreme deity. He was a time god. The philosophy of Bergson, *la durée créatrice*, is an expression of the same idea." And: "just as this archetypal world of the collective unconscious is exceedingly paradoxical, always yea and nay, that figure of Abraxas means the beginning and the end, it is life and death, therefore it is represented by a monstrous figure. It is a monster because it is the life of vegetation in the course of one year, the spring and the autumn, the summer and the winter, the yea and nay of nature. So Abraxas is really identical with the Demiurgos, the world creator. And as such he is surely identical with the Purusha, or with Shiva" (November 16, 1932, *VS*, vol. 2, pp. 806–7). He added: "Abraxas is usually represented with the head of a fowl, the body of a man, and the tail of a serpent, but there is also the lion-headed symbol with a dragon's body, the head crowned with the twelve rays, alluding to the number of months" (June 7, 1933, *VS*, vol. 2, pp. 1041–42). According to St. Irenaeus, Basilides held that "the ruler of them is named Abrasaks, and that is why this (ruler) has the number 365 within it" (Layton, *The Gnostic Scriptures*, p. 425). Abraxas featured in Albrecht Dieterich's *Abraxas. Studien zur Religiongeschichte des späten Altertums (*Leipzig: B. G. Teubner, 1891). Jung closely studied this work early in 1913, and his copy is annotated. He also had a copy of Charles King's *The Gnostics and Their Remains* (London: Bell and Daldy, 1864), and there are marginal annotations next to a passage discussing the etymology of Abraxas on p. 37.
396. Tuesday. Jung saw six patients.
397. The first five paragraphs and the first sentence of the sixth paragraph were replaced in *LN* by the following: "I did as my soul advised, and formed in matter the thoughts that she gave me. She spoke often and at length to me about the wisdom that lies behind us. But one night she suddenly came to me with a sense of unease and anxiety and exclaimed: 'What am I seeing? What does the future harbor? Blazing fire?' " (*Scrutinies* {6}, pp. 505ff.).
398. The preceding sentence was replaced in *LN* by "how many lights burn?" (ibid.).
399. The preceding sentence was not reproduced in *LN*.
400. The remainder of this sentence was replaced in *LN* by "an immeasurable sea of embers" (ibid.).
401. The remainder of this paragraph was not reproduced in *LN*.
402. "To torment me?" was added here in *LN* (p. 506).

403. The painting *Systema Mundi Totius* has a legend at the bottom: "Abraxas dominus mundi" (Abraxas Master of the World).
404. The preceding sentence was not reproduced in *LN*.
405. *LN* instead has "He" (p. 506).
406. "Liar" was not reproduced in *LN*.
407. The following paragraph was replaced in *LN* by: " 'What is my word?' I answered. 'It is the stammering of a minor; it is my poverty and my incapacity, my inability to do otherwise. And you want to drag this before the ruler of this world?' " (ibid.).
408. Cf. Luke 23:46: "And when Jesus had cried with a loud voice, he said, Father, into thy hands I commend my spirit: and having said thus, he gave up the ghost."
409. Instead of the next sentence, *LN* has "But she looked straight into the distance and said, 'I see the surface of the earth and smoke sweeps over' " (p. 506).
410. "from the north" was added here in *LN* (ibid.).
411. "—people are going mad—" was added here in *LN* (ibid.).
412. *LN* has "you" and "your" in place of "I" and "my" in the remainder of this paragraph (ibid.). Here, the "I" sees the vision and describes it; in *LN*, the vision is seen by the soul.
413. "and foul-sounding" was added here in *LN* (ibid.).
414. The next four paragraphs were not reproduced in *LN*.
415. Cf. Matthew 27:46: "And about the ninth hour Jesus cried with a loud voice, saying, Eli, Eli, lama sabachthani? that is to say, My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?"
416. "With these words my soul vanished" was added here in *LN* (p. 507).
417. Sunday. This entry was not reproduced in *LN*. On January 27, 1916, there was a presentation to the Association for Analytical Psychology by Adolf Keller concerning Théodore Flournoy's "Une mystique moderne." Jung had two copies of this work, both of which were annotated. In the discussion, Toni Wolff noted, "In analysis one can also reach God through love and will, not by overpowering, as K. thinks." Jung replied, "In analysis we rather get prepared for it. If not, overpowering happens." Schneiter commented, "The unio mystica of the mystics is love," and Jung commented, "The experience of the devil is missing." Emma Jung commented, "The concept of God does precisely *not* match a known image or an imago," to which Jung replied, "That is already the case with the primitives (the God is not the father, but the Grandfather, etc.). This shows that it is not a revaluation of the father and that it is only concept by proxy that could be replaced by any other. God is everything that is xx and creates emotion." Further on in the discussion, Jung commented: "First God is felt traditionally, conventionally, then dynamically, then felt into humanity (as magical effect of the person). But this results in a God beyond good and evil. It leads to the devil (as war). It is

a primitive thought: everything alien is magical. Also medieval. Mlle V shows us that she experiences God as a subjective dynamis, and between men it is the personal. A God beyond good and evil questions the human relationship . . . a God beyond good and evil is not Christian either. The Christian is only an etiquette.—If she was to continue consequently, she would come between the poles. At the end she takes the view, according to which she turns into a Christ herself. This is already analytical. The Christians become christiani, not christoi" (*MAP*, pp. 99ff.). Jung's comments concerning a God beyond good and evil converge with the conception of Abraxas that he was elaborating in these entries.

418. Saturday. Jung saw five patients. This entry was replaced in *LN* by the following: "But I remained anxious and confused for many days. And my soul remained silent and was not to be seen. But one night a dark crowd knocked at my door, and I trembled with fear. Then my soul appeared and said in haste, 'They are here and will tear open your door.' / 'So that the wicked herd can break into my garden? Should I be plundered and thrown out onto the street? You make me into an ape and a child's plaything. When, Oh my God, shall I be saved from this Hell of fools? But I want to hack to pieces your cursed webs, go to Hell, you fools. What do you want with me?'/ But she interrupted me and said, 'What are you talking about? Let the dark ones speak.'/ I retorted, 'How can I trust you? You work for yourself, not for me. What good are you, if you can't even protect me from the devil's confusion?'/ 'Be quiet,' she replied, 'or else you'll disturb the work' " (p. 507).

419. An aromatic ointment.

420. Sunday. The first fourteen paragraphs were replaced in *LN* by the following: "And as she spoke these words, behold, ΦΙΛΗΜΩΝ came up to me, dressed in the white robe of a priest, and lay his hand on my shoulder. Then I said to the dark ones, 'So speak, you dead.' And immediately they cried in many voices," (p. 507). Concerning the relation of Philemon to the Sermones, Jung told Aniela Jaffé: "I grasped him [Philemon] so to speak in the Sermones that he uttered. In the 'Septem Sermones' there was only mention of him. The 'Sermones,' that was later, when Philemon lost his absolute autonomy" (*MP*, p. 25).

421. See *Book* 4, p. 207, where the dead Anabaptists led by Ezekiel head to Jerusalem to pray at the holy places.

422. The following six paragraphs were replaced in *LN* by "Then ΦΙΛΗΜΩΝ lifted his voice and taught them, saying (and this is the first sermon to the dead)" (p. 508). Jung's calligraphic and printed versions of the *Sermones* bear the subheading "The seven instructions of the dead. Written by Basilides in Alexandria, where the East touches the West. Translated from the original Greek text into the German language." Basilides was a Christian philosopher in Alexandria in the first part of the second century. Little is known about his life. His teachings present a cosmogonic myth. Only fragments of them have

survived, and none in his own hand. For the extant fragments and commentary, see Layton, *The Gnostic Scriptures*, pp. 417–44. According to Charles King, Basilides was by birth an Egyptian. Before his conversion to Christianity, he "followed the doctrines of Oriental Gnosis, and endeavoured . . . to combine the tenets of the Christian religion with the Gnostic philosophy. . . . For this purpose he chose expressions of his own invention, and ingenious symbols" (D. King, *The Gnostics and their Remains* [1864], pp. 33–34). According to Layton, the classical Gnostic myth has the following structure: "Act 1. The expansion of a solitary first principle (god) into a full nonphysical (spiritual) universe. Act II. Creation of the material universe, including stars, planets, earth, and hell. Act III. Creation of Adam, Eve, and their children. Act IV. Subsequent history of the human race" (Layton, *The Gnostic Scriptures*, p. 13). Thus in its broadest outlines, Jung's *Sermones* is presented in a form analogous to a Gnostic myth. Jung discusses Basilides in *Aion*. He credits the Gnostics for having found suitable symbolic expressions of the self and notes that Basilides and Valentinus "allowed themselves to be influenced in a large measure by natural inner experience. They therefore provide, like the alchemists, a veritable mine of information concerning all those symbols arising out of the repercussions of the Christian message. At the same time, their ideas compensate the aysmmetry of God postulated by the doctrine of the *privatio boni*, exactly like those well-known modern tendencies of the unconscious to produce symbols of totality for bridging the gap between consciousness and the unconscious" (*CW* 9, pt. 2, § 428). In 1915, he wrote a letter to a friend from his student days, Rudolf Lichtenhan, who had written a book, *Die Offenbarung im Gnosticismus* (1901). From Lichtenhan's reply, dated November 11, it appears that Jung had asked for information concerning the conception of different human characters in Gnosticism and their possible correlation with William James's distinction between tough- and tender-minded characters (*JA*). In *Memories*, Jung said: "Between 1918 and 1926 I had seriously studied the Gnostics, for they too had been confronted with the primal world of the unconscious. They had dealt with its contents and images, which were obviously contaminated with the world of drives" (p. 226). He was already reading Gnostic literature in the course of his preparatory reading for *Transformations and Symbols of the Libido*. While on military service on October 12, 1915, he was reading about Simon Magus and Basilides and was struck by the parallels with his own material. There has been an extensive body of commentary concerning the *Septem Sermones*. These studies provide some valuable points of discussion. However, these should be treated cautiously, because (with the exception of the revised edition of the first, and the second) they consider the *Sermones* without the benefit of *Liber Novus* and the *Black Books* and, not least, Philemon's commentaries, which together provide critical contextual clarification. Scholars have discussed Jung's relation to Gnosticism and the

historical Basilides, other possible sources and parallels for *Sermones*, and the relation of the *Sermones* to his later works. See especially Maillard, *Au coeur du Livre Rouge. Les Sept Sermones aux Morts. Aux sources de la pensé de C.G. Jung*, and Liz Greene, *Jung's Studies in Astrology: Prophecy, Magic, and the Cycles of Time* (London: Routledge, 2018). And see Ribi, *The Search for the Roots: C.G. Jung and the Tradition of Gnosis*; Robert Segal, *The Gnostic Jung* (Princeton: Princeton University Press, 1992); Gilles Quispel, "C.G. Jung und die Gnosis," *Eranos-Jahrbuch* 37 (1968), reprinted in Segal; E. M. Brenner, "Gnosticism and Psychology: Jung's Septem Sermones ad Mortuos," *Journal of Analtyical Psychology* 35 (1990); Judith Hubback, "VII Sermones ad mortuous," *Journal of Analytical Psychology* 11 (1966); James Heisig, "The VII Sermones: Play and Theory," *Spring: A Journal of Archetype and Culture* (1972); James Olney, *The Rhizome and the Flower: The Perennial Philosophy, Yeats and Jung (*Berkeley: University of California Press, 1980); and Stephen Hoeller, *The Gnostic Jung and the Seven Sermons to the Dead* (Wheaton, IL: Quest, 1982).

423. In *LN* this paragraph begins just with "Now hear:" (p. 508). On the significance of the *Sermones* that follow, Jung said to Aniela Jaffé: "These discussions with the dead were the prelude to what I wanted to tell the world. Their contents anticipate my later books. At the time and from then on I had a much clearer sense of the dead as the voice of the unanswered, the unresolved, and the unredeemed. And since the world around me presented me with no such questions or demands, as to how to resolve these matters, they came to me from the dead. But the Septem Sermones are only *one* case where the dead address the decisive questions to the living. This greatly astonished me, already at the time, and even more so today. One would have thought that the dead would have knowledge, that they would know more than we do. But evidently they know only as much as they knew at the point of death, and no more; hence the urge of the realm of the dead or of the dead to repeatedly encroach upon life in order to participate in the life of the living. It is thus very reasonable, for instance, that in China all important events occurring in a family had to be reported to the ancestral spirits. I often feel and have often experienced that the dead stand directly behind us, awaiting our answers and how we answer life" (*MP*, pp. 258–59). During Christ's descent into hell, he is said to have preached to the dead. Christ's descent into hell played a significant role in layer two of *Liber Novus*. See *LN*, p. 167, and my "Descensus ad Infernos: la saison en enfer de C.G. Jung," in Edith Alleart-Bertin, ed., *Danger et necessité de l'individuation* (Brussels: L'arbre soleil, 2016), pp. 27–76.

424. "but in itself" was added here in *LN* (p. 510). In *Psychological Types*, Jung described Tao as "the creative being, begetting as the father and bringing forth as the mother. It is the beginning and end of all beings" (*CW* 6, § 363). The relation of Jung's Pleroma to the Chinese Tao is discussed by Maillard,

Au coeur du Livre Rouge. Les Sept Sermons aux Morts. Aux sources de la pensé de C.G. Jung, p. 75. See also John Peck, "The *Visio Dorothei*: Desert Context, Imperial Setting, Later Alignments," pp. 179–80.

425. The preceding clause was not reproduced in *LN*.
426. The preceding two clauses were replaced in *LN* by "creation has no share in it" (p. 510).
427. *LN* instead has "We are, however, the Pleroma itself, for we are a part of the eternal and the endless" (ibid.).

C·G· JUNG

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SCHULSTEGLI BUCHBINDEREI ZÜRICH

(30.I.16.) Fortsetzung. Sermo ad mortuos.

Indem wir aber Teile des Pleroma sind, so ist das Pleroma auch in uns. Auch im kleinsten Punkt ist es unendlich und ewig, denn Kleinst und Groß sind Eigenschaften, die in ihm enthalten sind. Daher rede ich von der Creatur als einem Teile des Pleroma nur sinnbildlich, denn das Pleroma ist überall unendlich und ewig. Wir sind auch das Pleroma selber, daher sagte ich, daß wir nicht im Pleroma seien, sondern wir sind es auch selber. Sinnbildlich ist das Pleroma der kleinste Punkt in uns und das unendliche Weltgewölbe um uns.

//Warum sprichst Du dann überhaupt vom Pleroma, wenn es doch Alles und Nichts ist?//

Ich rede davon, um irgendwo zu beginnen und um Euch den Wahn zu nehmen, daß irgendwo außen oder innen

ein in letzter Linie Festes oder Bestimmtes sei. Alles sogenannte Feste oder Bestimmte ist nur verhältnismäßig. Und das dem Wandel Unterworfene ist fest und bestimmt. Der Wandel baut eben die Creatur, also ist nur das Einzige Feste und Bestimmte, denn es hat Eigenschaften, ja es ist Eigenschaft.

// Wie ist denn die Creatur entstanden?

Die Creaturen sind entstanden, nicht eben die Creatur, denn sie ist die Eigenschaft des Pleroma selber, so gut wie die Nichtschöpfung, der ewige Tod. Creatur ist immer und überall. Tod ist immer und überall. Das Pleroma hat Alles, Unterschiedenheit und Ununterschiedenheit.

Die Unterschiedenheit ist die Creatur. Sie ist unterschieden. Unterschiedenheit ist ihr Wesen. Darum unterscheidet sie sich. Darum unterscheidet der Mensch, denn sein Wesen ist Unterschiedenheit.

Darum unterscheidet er auch die Eigenschaften des Pleroma, die nicht sind, aber er unterscheidet sie aus seinem Wesen heraus.

Darum muss der Mensch von den Eigenschaften des Pleroma reden, die nicht sind. // Wer mutet es davon zu reden? Du sagtest doch selbst, es könne sich nicht über das Pleroma zu denken. //

Ich sagte euch das, um euch vom Sehne zu befreien, das man überhaupt über das Pleroma denken könne. Wenn wir die Eigenschaften des Pleroma unterscheiden, so reden wir aus unserer Unterschiedenheit und über unsere Unterschiedenheit und haben nichts gesagt über das Pleroma. Über unsere Unterschiedenheit aber zu reden, ist nothwendig, damit wir

uns genügend unterschieden können.

Unser Wesen ist Unterschiedenheit. Wenn wir diesem Wesen nicht getreu sind, so unterschieden wir uns ungenügend. Wir müssen darum Unterscheidungen der Eigenschaften machen.

((Warum, wesenhaftes, ich nicht zu unterschieden?))

Indem wir nicht unterschieden, kommen gerathen wir über unser Wesen hinaus, über die Creatur hinaus und fallen in die Ununterschiedenheit, die die andere Eigenschaft der Pleroma ist. Wir fallen in das Pleroma selber und gehen auf Creatur zu sein. Wir verfallen der Auflösung im Ewigen und Unendlichen. Dies ist der Tod der Creatur. Also sterben wir in Demmasse, indem wir nicht unterschieden. Darum geht der Sinn der Creatur auf Unterschiedenheit. Dies nennt man das principium individuationis. Dieses Princip ist das Wesen der Creatur. Ihr geht darum die Ununterschiedenheit und der Nichtunterschied eine grosse Gefahr für die Creatur ist.

Darum müssen wir die Eigenschaften der Pleroma unterschieden.

Die Grundeigenschaften sind die Gegensatzpaare.

~~Das~~ wichtigsten Gegensatzpaare sind ~~ist~~ das Wirksame und das Unwirksame, die Fülle und die Leere, das Lebendige und das Tote, das Vorschreitende und das Gehemmte, das Heiße und das Kalte, ~~das Wandelbare und~~ die Kraft und der ~~Raum~~ Stoff oder die Zeit und der Raum, die ~~Leute und die Tugend sind~~ Tugend, das Gute und das Böse, das Schöne und das Häßliche, das Licht und das Dunkle.

Die Gegensatzpaare und die Eigenschaften des Pleroma.

Unsere Eigenschaft ist die Unterschiedenheit. Da wir aber das Pleroma selber sind, so haben wir auch alle diese Eigenschaften in uns. Weil unser Wesen Unterschiedenheit ist, so haben wir die Eigenschaften des Pleroma im Namen und Zeichen der Unterschiedenheit.

Indem wir nach dem Guten aber schönen streben, so vergessen wir unseres Wesens, der Unterschiedenheit ist und wir fallen den Eigenschaften des Pleroma, ~~ob~~ als welche die Gegensatzpaare sind. Wir heraufbeschwören aus der Gute und Schöne zu erlangen, aber zugleich auch erfassen wir das Böse und Häßliche, denn sie sind im Pleroma eins mit dem Guten und Schönen. Wenn wir dasselbe aber thun im Namen und Zeichen unserer Wesens, nämlich der Unterschiedenheit, dann unterscheiden wir uns vom Guten und Schönen und deren auch vom Bösen und Häßlichen und wir fallen nicht aus Pleroma.

// Du sagtest, dass die Verschiedene und Gleiche auch Eigenschaften des Pleroma seien. Wie ist es, wenn wir nach Verschiedenheit im Namen der Unterschiedenheit streben? Sind wir dann nicht unserem Wesen getreu? und müssen wir dann auch der Gleichheit verfallen, wenn wir nach Verschiedenheit streben? //

Ihr sollt nicht vergessen, der das Pleroma keine Eigenschaften hat. Wir erschaffen sie bloß durch das Denken. Wenn ihr also nach Verschiedenheit oder Gleichheit strebt, so strebt ihr nach eueren Gedanken, ~~welche nicht im Pleroma~~ über die Eigenschaften des Pleroma, welche nicht sind. Indem ihr nach diesen Gedanken

zeugt, fallt ihr wiederum ins Pleroma und erreicht Vorzüglichkeit und Gleichheit zugleich. Nicht eure Gedanken sondern eure Wesen ist Unterschiedlichkeit. Darum habt ihr nicht eure Gleichgültigkeit, wo ihr sie denkt zu erstreben, sondern nach eurem Wesen. Und wenn ihr sollt und könnt ihr ohne Gedanken streben und wandeln andern ihr Namen und Zeichen eures Wesens.

Darum gibt es im Grunde nur ein Streben, nämlich der Streben nach dem Wesen. Auch wenn ihr dieses Streben leitet, so braucht ihr auch gar nichts über das Pleroma und seine Eigenschaften zu wissen und könnt doch zum richtigen Ziele kraft Eures Wesens. Da aber das Denken vom Wesen entfremdet, so muss ich auch das Wissen lehren, mit dem ihr eure Denken zu einem Raume halten könnt.

finis sermonis.

Gegenwart gegen vom Menschen gemacht. Sie wissen nicht, daß wenig gegenwärtig und sehr wirksam.

31.I.16.

Der Toten: Von Gott wollen wir hören. Wo ist Gott? Ist Gott tot?

Gott ist nicht tot, er ist so lebendig als nie zuvor.

Gott ist Creatur, denn er ist etwas Bestimmtes und darum vom Pleroma unterschieden.

Gott ist Eigenschaft des Pleroma und Alles was man von der Creatur sagt, gilt auch von ihm.

Er unterscheidet sich aber von der Creatur dadurch, dass er viel anderlicher und unbestimmbarer ~~ab~~ ist als die Creatur. Er ist dem Pleroma näher verwandt als die Creatur. Er ist auch das Pleroma, wie jener kleinste Punkt im ~~Ungeschaffenen~~ Geschaffenen und Ungeschaffenen das Pleroma selber ist.

Das Wesen der Creatur ist Unterschiedenheit, das Wesen Gottes aber ist die wirksame Fülle. Die ~~un~~wirksame Leere ist das Wesen des Teufels.

Gott und Teufel sind die ersten Verdeutlichungen des unvorstellbaren ~~Pleroma~~ Nichts, das wir Pleroma heißen.

Es ist gleichgültig, ob das Pleroma ist oder nicht ist, ~~es ist ebenso~~ denn das Pleroma hebt sich in allem selber auf. Nicht so die Creatur. Insofern Gott und Teufel Creaturen sind, so heben sie sich nicht auf, sondern bestehen gegeneinander als wirksame Gegensätze.

Wir brauchen keinen Beweis für ihr Sein, denn es genügt, dass wir immer wieder von Gott und Teufel reden müssen.

Sie sind beide Verdeutlichungen der nichtseienden Eigenschaften des Pleroma.

Auch wenn Beide nicht wären, so würde die Creatur aus ihrem Wesen der Unterschiedenheit heraus sie immer wieder aus dem Pleroma unterscheiden. Alles, was die Unterscheidung aus dem Pleroma herausnimmt und verdunkelt, ist Gegensatzpaar, daher zu Gott immer auch der Teufel gehört.

Diese Zusammengehörigkeit ist so innig und, wie ich erfahren habe, auch in unserem Leben so unauflösbar, wie das Pleroma selber. Daraus kommt daran, dass die Beiden noch ganz nahe am Pleroma stehen, in dem alle Gegensätze aufgehoben und eins sind.

Gott und Teufel sind unterschieden durch voll und leer, ~~Leben und To~~ Zeugung und Zerstörung. Das Wirkende ist Beiden gemeinsam. Das Wirkende verbindet sie. Darum steht das Wirkende über Beiden und ist ein Gott über Gott, denn

er vereinigt die Fülle und die Leere in ihrer Wirkung. Dies ist ein Gott von Macht nicht würdig. Wir nennen ihn den Abraxas. Er ist weder bestimmter als Gott und Teufel. Nun steht nichts entgegen, als das Unwirkliche. ~~Er ist der Un~~ Daher seine wirkende Natur sich frei entfaltet: Er ist ganz Wirkung, denn das Unwirkliche ist nicht und verwirklicht nicht.

Der Abraxas steht über Gott und Teufel. Er ist das unwahrscheinlich Wahrscheinliche, das unwirklich Wirkende. Hätte das Pleroma ein Wesen, so wäre der Abraxas sein Verdeutlichung.

Er ist zwar das Wirkende selbst, aber keine bestimmte Wirkung, sondern Wirkung überhaupt. Er ist unwirklich wirkend, weil er keine bestimmte Wirkung hat. Er ist aber Creator, da er vom Pleroma unterschieden ist. Gott hat eine bestimmte oder bestimmbare Wirkung, ebenso der Teufel, aber sie unendlich wirksamer sind, als der ~~un~~ unbestimmbare Abraxas.

Er ist Kraft, Dauer, Wandel.

Meine Seele, wenn Du Fürbitterin bist bei den Toten, mein Gott, wenn Du mich hörst, so ende die Qual, die ich der Menschen erdulde. Ich kann es nicht mehr tragen.

// Komme zu uns, zu grünen Wäldern, zu einsamen Bergen, zu kühlen Seen, zu Sonne und sternklarer Nacht, zu Wolken, Nebeln, zum Schweigen der ewigen Natur. Ferne seien die Menschen, keiner berühre den lauteren Krystall, der mit tausend Feuern leuchtet. Das Menschliche fiel von Dir. Du

ist näher zu den Sternen gerückt. Die Reiche des Kommenden öffnen sich. Lasse Ruhe einkehren, die Ruhe des Ewigen, denn alle Pfade führen, auch wo du verzweifelnd, in das Thal der Ruhe.

Lasse jedem seinem Schicksal. Du hältst nichts auf, du bewirkst nichts, du versäumst nichts. Du gehst zu Erde und Himmel. Du kennst das Geschrei der Menschen.

Du siehst das Feuer, es genügt. Lehre das Wenige und schweige danach. Du kennst deinen Weg. Wolle nicht mehr, sondern erfülle das Nothwendige. Du kannst, was du kannst, nicht mehr und nicht weniger.

1.II.16.

Also, meine Zuhörer, die Ihr in dunkeln Reihen den Wänden entlang steht, lasset uns weiter über Gott reden.

Der Abraxas ist der schwer erkennbare oberste Gott. Seine Macht ist die größte, denn der Mensch will sie nicht.

Vom Gott zieht er das numinosum bonum, vom Teufel das infinitum malum. Vom Abraxas aber das in allen Gegensätzen unbestimmte und unbestimmbare Leben, welches die Mutter des Guten und des Übels ist.

Das Leben scheint kleiner und bei weitem schwächer zu sein als das numinosum bonum, weshalb es auch schwer ist zu denken, daß der Abraxas an Macht sogar Gott übertrifft, der doch der strahlende Quell aller Lebenskraft selber ist. Der Abraxas ist ~~auch~~ Gott und auch zugleich der ewig tauchende Schlund

des Leeren, der Verkleinerer und Zerstückler, der Teufels. So ist seine Macht zwiefach. ~~D~~ Ihr seht in ihr nicht, denn in ~~ihrem~~ Euern Augen hebt sich der Gegenmänder gerichtete Sein Machtauf.

Was Gott spricht, ist Leben, wer der Teufel spricht, ist Tod, der Abraxas aber spricht das verehrungswürdige und verfluchte Wort, das Leben und Tod zugleich ist. Der Abraxas zeugt Wahrheit und Lüge, ~~in sich~~ Gutes und Böses, Licht und Finsternis im selben Wort und in derselben That.

Darum ist der Abraxas furchtbar. Er ist prächtig, wie der Löwe im Augenblick, wo er sein Opfer ~~nicht~~ niederschlägt, er ist so schön, wie die Sonne des Frühlings. Ja, er ist der große Pan selber und der kleine, er ist Priapos, er ist das grosse Monstrum der Unterwelt, ein schwarzer Polyp mit tausend Armen, beflügeltes Schlangengeringel, Raserei.

Er ist der Hermaphrodit des untersten Anfanges, er ist der Herr der Kröten und Frösche, die in den Sümpfen wohnen und aus Land steigen, die am Mittag und um Mitternacht im Chore singen.

Er ist ~~die Begattung~~ das Volle, das sich mit dem [illegible] einigt, er ist die heilige Begattung, er ist die Liebe und die Mord, er ist der Heilige und der Verräther. Er ist das hellste

Licht und die finstre Nacht des Wahnsinns.

Ihn sehen, heißt Blindheit.
Ihn erkennen, heißt Krankheit.
Ihn anbeten, heißt Tod.
Ihn fürchten, heißt Wildheit.
Ihm nicht widerstehen, heißt Erlösung.

Gott wohnt hinter der Sonne,
der Teufel hinter der Nacht.
Was Gott aus dem Licht gebiert,
frißt der Teufel in die Nacht.
Der Abraxas aber ist die Welt, das Werden und Vergehen selber.
Zu jeder Gabe Gottes stellt der Teufel seinen Fluch.
Alles, was ~~der~~ ein Gott erschafft,
zeugt ein That des Teufels.
Alles, was ~~der~~ ein mit Gott erschafft,
gibt dem Teufel Gewalt des Wirkens.
~~dem Gott~~ Das ist der furchtbare Abraxas.
Er ist die gewaltigste Creatur und in ihm erdrückt die Creatur sich selbst.
Er ist der geoffenbarte Widerspruch der Creatur gegen das Pleroma, der Entsetzen des Sohnes vor der Mutter, die Liebe der Mutter zum Sohne.
Er ist das Entzücken der Erde und die Grausamkeit des Himmels.
Der Mensch erstarrt vor seinem Antlitz, vor ihm giebt es nicht Frage und nicht Antwort.
Er ist das Leben der Creatur.
Er ist das Wirken der Unterschiedlichkeit.

Er ist die Liebe des Menschen.
Er ist die ~~Sprache~~ Rede des Menschen.
Er ist der Schein und der
Schatten des Menschen.
Er ist die täuschende Wirklichkeit.

2.II.16.

Zu Dir wende Dich im Gefängnis, muss ich reden:

Du bist unglaublich anmaassend. Du hast keinen Respect vor dem Menschen. Du bist frech und behauptest, es sei Liebe. Du steckst Alles ein und lässt keinen aufkommen, der sich nicht gewaltsam von Dir reisst. Du sind Dir wie wolkenweise die harmlosen, heimvollen Heuhaufen treiben. Du reissest zurück, was fliegen will. Du bist wie der Habicht, das junge Enten ausgebrütet hat. Du hörst nicht, was ich rufe. Du nimmst keine Vernunft. Du willst Dich wie Drunnklich mit mir einigen und behauptest es da immer. Du erbittest gegenwärtig und bist in mir verliebt.

Warum ist das so?

// Ich liebe Dich gar nicht so, wie Du meinst, denn Du dienst mir nicht. Du nimmst immer nur das Deine, während Du mich machen sollst. Nur mit mir zusammen kannst Du Dich entwickeln. //

Halt an! Ich bin kein Knecht, ich kann kein Knecht sein! Ich will Dich nicht beherrschen. Aber Du sollst auch mich nicht beherrschen. Warum kannst Du nicht mit mir zusammen leben und arbeiten?

// Ich möchte schon. Aber Du lässt mich nicht herankommen. //

Das ist eine Lüge. Wie selten ein Mensch habe ich Dich angenommen. Aber soll das ein ewiger Dienst sein? Muss ich ewig Knecht sein? Ich kämpfe für die Freiheit

und das Leben des Menschen. Es ist
ein Ding durch Äußeres und Innen
nicht durch Innres. Wenn er sich
vom Äußern befreit hat, verfällt er dem
Innern. ~~Nicht~~ Auch davon will ich ihn
befreien. Ja, ich muss sagen um meines
eigenen Lebens willen, Es wird sonst
unerträglich. Du wirst es ja. Es kann
Dich nicht Dein Interesse sein, den Menschen
einfach zu töten.

// Natürlich nicht. Wer spricht auch
vom Töten. Er soll ja mit uns leben.
Aber zum Teufel mit Dich Deinen. //

Warum erkläre Dich!

// Weil ich der höhere Wesen bin, denn
ich bin gütiger Natur. //

Du bist nicht nur gütiger Natur,
sondern auch chthonisch. Noch mehr
dich sogar. Du bist gütiger und
chthonischer als ich. Da bist darum
ewig meins mit Dir selber. Ja ich denke,
Du seist gar nicht eins, sondern zwei,
und Du hast Dich noch gar nicht gemerkt.
Der Mensch kann nicht eins sein, denn er
ist weniger chthonisch und weniger gütig als
Du. So hat er nicht Dasein als Du. Du bist
Dein Daemonisch.

// Du hast den Großen Gott //

Keineswegs. Du hast nur dunkelnde
Macht, darum willst Du immer herrschen,
wer sie wirklich hat, braucht nicht herrschen
zu wollen. Du traust Dich gegen Sie
Erkenntnis. Aber es ist nichts als recht
und billig, dass Du auch etwas vom Men-
schen annimmst, trotzdem Du über ihn hinaus-
reicht. Du bist eben doch kein Mensch.
Was Du nicht bist, hast Du wenigstens
anzuerkennen. Du kannst aus mir keine
Geschöpf machen, das Du ähnlich ist, so
wie ich darauf verzichte aus Dir einen
Menschen zu machen. Du musst auch als
Deine Seele anerkennen. Dann können
wir zusammen existieren. Trenne Dich doch

endlich einmal in Euch, damit
Ihr nur Wesen sondert und reinigt.
Objectivirt Euch, damit ein Jeglicher an seine Stelle komme.

Der Zwei aus einem Munde: Wir
trennen uns. Wir sind getrennt, wir
stoßen einander ab. Wir sind Zwillinge
ungleicher Art, chthonisch und
himmlisch. Qualvolles Einsein,
qualvolle Trennung! //

// Gut, der Mann endlich fühlt, was
Unerlösten mit nicht selber hilft. Ich
verstehe Euch. Werdet!

// Grausamer, Du gebärst uns
Deine Qual. //

Oh Mutter, das schwert mir Deine
Seele durchdringen. Ich sehe Dich Dich.
Du hältst die Schlange von Dir weg, die
Dir Dich Kind war.

O Schlange, du chthonisch Anfängliches, Du hässlich Thier, Deine
Erlösung bedürfen wir. Komm, Du Mutter
und winde Dich empor zu Deiner Qual.
Du bist ~~bist~~ unser Erlöser werden.
Das Kreuz harrt Deiner. Du sollst
erhöht werden auf dem Berge der
Qual und der Ostentation.

Gehet Beide zu Eurem Schicksal.
Nehmet Eure Qual auf Euch. O Mutter
bitte für Deinen Sohn.

O Schlange! sprich die Kunde zu
Deiner Mutter.

5.II.16.

Du hast mich, Unbekannter, zu Boden
geworfen, Du hast mich geschlagen, Du
hast mich gedemüthigt, Du setzest Unge-
rechtigkeit über mich. Meine Seele,
sprich, wer ist Er?

// Es ist der Abraxas. //

Was hat der Abraxas gegen mich?

// Du wolltest nicht gehorchen, Du widerstrebtest. Du sollst aber keine Demüthigung widerstreben. Du sollst die Ungerechtigkeit annehmen, denn der Abraxas will Dich ins Volk mischen wie einen Sauerteig ins Mehl. //

Es giebt eben ein Maass der Betrogenungsfähigkeit. Soll das immer so fortgehen?

// Es hat ja erst angefangen // Du peinst mich, heim Zeus. Wer sprach vom Hundewedeln?

// Ich, ich weiss es. //

Was sagst Du denn da? Damals klang es anders. Hundewedeln, Hundknurren u. s. w. Und jetzt soll ich's wohl wieder thun? Wie erklärst Du Dir den Widerspruch?

// Du wirst Du Dir wohl selber erklären. Billige Ausflucht! Verdammtes Hexengeschwätz, weil Du Doppelgesicht es nicht kannst, so will ich Dir zeigen, wie ich es kann:

Damals war es persönlich, jetzt ist es überpersönlich. Verstehst Du was davon? Wie es scheint nicht. Also, wie ist es, mit dem Menschenopfer? Verbrauchst ihn ja doch! Was hättest Du davon, wenn ich crepierte? Gestehe es, Du hängst ja doch an mir. Du Mutter, höre, ich bin Dein Gatte im Geiste. Du Schlange, höre, ich bin Dein Vater im Geiste. Ihr sollt mich achten und mich nie mehr als Hund behandeln. Die Qual soll Euch, die sie mir angethan habt, nicht

aus Rache, sondern aus ausgleichender Gerechtigkeit. Jeder habe seinen Theil. Mag mich der Abraxas zu Boden werfen, vor Euch stürzte ich nicht, sondern vor dem allmächtigen Abraxas. Er mag mich höhnen, ja zerreißen und zerschmettern. Dann fällt er auf Euch, denn durchschlüpfen mich nicht. Ich könnte bitter über Euch werden. Ihr seid machtlos. Was taugt Ihr mir noch? Ich merke vor Hunde wohl, vor dem Abraxas lernen, daß er mich nicht zerdrückt. Vielleicht schützen mich Menschen besser. Hänge Dich Schlange ans Kreuz. Mutter umfange Sie Stamm und so harrt für Sie 1000 Jahre, bis Euch Erlösung wird. Wahrlich, genug und übergenug der Qual des Menschen. Ihr sollt ~~es~~ kosten, Sie Todesschmerzen aus unerhörter Qual, Ihr, Sie ihr aus Ihrer Qual der Menschen gelebt habt. Maria war eine Menschenmutter, der Christus war ein Mensch. Es soll nicht mehr sein, daß der Mensch für Euch gequält wird, quält Euch selbst. Die Daemonen mögen die Christusqual und das Mysterium für die 1000 Jahre in ihr Reich hinübernehmen. Hört auf den Menschen ~~gegen sie~~ zu rufen, daß er ~~sich~~ wider sich selbst wüthe. Darum bestehe ich Euch und setze Euch gegeneinander, daß ihr Euch erkennen möget. Mutter betrachte Deinen Sohn, das schwarze Schlangenungethüm, das löwenmähnige. Sohn, sieh Deine Mutter an, sie ist Alles und Nichts. Strebe nach ihr und ~~zu~~ verzweifle an und in ihr. Wirfe Dich athemlos und hilflos ~~um~~ Du abgründige Schlange

leib, flackere Flamme und verbrenne ~~dar~~ des Nichts, das Dich mütterlich furchtbar umhüllt.
Aber kehre den Menschen zu seinen Hütten und grünen Einöden zurückkehren, zu seiner Einsamkeit unter den Vielen.
Ich beschwöre Dich, Du furchtbarer Abraxaswahnsinn, kehre Tatsam gegen das ewige Pleroma, lass ab vom Menschen. Er ist zerschwach und ein Diner Kraft unwürdiges Opfer. Hetze mich vor Dir, dem Löwen, wütende Hunde. Dein Jagdtrieb frommt Dir nicht.
O Mensch vergiss nicht Deiner göttlichen Waffe, Deines Witzes. Ein furchtbarer Lichtfackel ward Dir dem Schwachen, gegeben, damit Du auch Götter fähnen kamst.

Ich unterbreche, ihr Toten, meine Rede zu Euch unterbrechen. Was wollt Ihr fromm hören?
Toten: „Rede zu uns über Götter und Teufel!"
Gott ist das höchste Gut, das summum bonum, der Teufel das Gegenteil. Es giebt aber viele hohe Güter und viele schwere Übel. Und dazwischen giebt es zwei Gottteufel, der Eine ist das Brennende und der Andere das Wachsende. Das Brennende ist der Eros in Gestalt der Flamme. Sie leuchtet, indem sie verzehrt.
Das Wachsende ist der Baum des Lebens. Er grünt, indem er wachsend lebendigen Stoff häuft.
Der Eros flammt auf und stirbt dahin. Der Lebensbaum aber wächst

langsam und stetig durch unge-
messene Zeiten.
Gutes und Übles einigt sich
in der Flamme.
Gutes und Übles einigt sich im
Wachsthum des Baumes.
Lehm und Liebe stehen in ihrer
Göttlichkeit gegeneinander.

Unermeßlich ~~ist~~ wie das Meer der
Sterne ist die Zahl der Götter und Teufel.
Jeder Stern ist ein Gott und jeder Raum,
den ein Stern füllt, ist ein Teufel.
Das Leer-Volle der Ganzen ist
der Pleroma. Die Wirkung
des Ganzen ist der Abraxas. Nur
Unwirkliches steht ihm entgegen.
4 ist die Zahl der Hauptgötter,
denn 4 ist die Zahl der Ausmessungen
der Welt.

1 ist der Anfang, der Gott.
2 ist der Eros, denn er eint sich suchend.
3 ist der Baum des Lebens, denn er füllt
den Raum mit Körpern.
4 ist der Teufel, denn er öffnet alles Ge-
schlossene, er löst auf alles Geformte
und Körperliche, er ist der Zerstörer, in
dem Alles zu Nichts wird.

Die Dirne: „Du bist ein Heide, ein Poly-
theist!"
Wohl mir, daß es mir gegeben
ist, die Vielheit und Verschiedenartig-
keit der Götter zu erkennen.
Suche Euch, der ihr die Eine unver-
einbare Vielheit durch den Einen Gott
ersetzt!. Dadurch schafft ihr die
Qual der Zweifels um den Einen Gott,
Willen und die Verstümmelung der Creatur,
deren Wesen und Tracht Unterschiedlichkeit
ist. Wie seid Ihr Euerm Wesen treu, wenn

ihn das Vieh zum Einen machen wollte? Was ihr an den Göttern thut, ~~wird~~ geschieht auch euch. Ihr werdet alle gleichgemacht. Und so ist euer Wesen verstümmelt.

Um des Menschen willen herrscht Gleichheit, nicht ~~um Gotter~~ willen, denn der Götter sind viele, der Menschen aber wenige. Die Götter sind mächtig und ertragen ihre Mannigfaltigkeit, denn wie die Sterne stehen sie in ewiger Einsamkeit und in ungeheuren Entfernungen voneinander. Die Menschen sind ohnmächtig und ertragen ihre Mannigfaltigkeit nicht, denn sie wohnen nahe beisammen und bedürfen der Gemeinschaft, um ihre Besonderheit tragen zu können.

5.II.16.

Die Sohne: Um der Erlösung willen

Lehre aus unter! //

Um der Erlösung willen lehre ich euch das Verwerfliche, um dessentwillen ich verworfen ward.

Die Vielzahl der Götter entspricht der Vielzahl der ~~Götter~~ Menschen.

Unzählige Götter harren der Menschwerdung.

Unzählige Götter sind Menschen gewesen.

Der Mensch hat am Wesen der Götter teil. Er kommt von den Göttern und geht ~~zu den Göttern~~ zum Gotte.

So, wie es sich nicht lohnt, über das Pleroma nachzudenken, so lohnt es sich nicht, die Vielheit der Götter zu verehren. Am wenigsten lohnt es sich den ersten Gott, die wirksame Fülle und das summum bonum

zu verehren. Wir können durch unser Gebet nichts dazuthun und nichts davonnehmen, denn die wirksame Leere schluckt Alles in sich auf.

Meine Seele, die gestreckte Doppelheit, was ist es? Es stört mich jemand. Sprich, wer ist es?

// Gut Freund //

Oh, bist Du mein Feind? Wer bist Du? Woher kommst Du? Woher gestern sahst ich Dich: Sprich, was willst Du?

// Ich komme von ferne, ich komme vom Osten. Ich suche Deine Gastfreundschaft. //

Du bist mir Feind. Warum kommst Du zu mir?

// Ich bin Dir nicht Feind. Ich bin Dir Freund. //

Wer bist Du denn?

// Meine Haut ist dunkel und das Weiss meiner Augen glänzt. Ich bringe Dir das Herrliche. //

Was ist es?

// Enthaltung //.

Enthaltung! Wovon?

// Vom Menschen. //

Wie? Gemeinte Einsamkeit?

// Nein, Enthaltung vom Menschen, Enthaltung von Hass und Freude am Menschen.

Das ist herrliche Wahrheit!

// Du bedarfst ihrer. Sie gehört zum Eingelsein unter Vielen. Du hörst das Wort „Beurteilen"? Siehst Du nicht, dass es hinübergreift in das Leben und Wesen des Anderen? Du fällst

aus der Bahn und Du reissest ihn aus der Bahn.

Mit Leid aber keine Auflösung.

Auflösung mit dem Kosmos.

Stillgestelltes Wollen am Einzelnen Auflösungen schafft Entfremdung.

Mit Leid nicht misverstanden, darum wirkt es.

Nicht verthun wollen, sondern wirken lassen.

Ich komme zu Dir, Dein Wollen verbindet uns.

Ergebung und Enthaltung, kurze Rede und einfaches Thun.

Fern von Begehren kennt keine Furcht.

Fern von Liebe will das Ganze, befreit vom Irrthum.

Langsames Wachsthum erhält den Einzelnen und erzeugt ein Volk.//

Warum bist Du so dunkel wie Ackererde? Ich fürchte Dich. Wie ist so weh, was thatest Du mir an?

// Ich bin der Tod, der mit der Sonne auf~~geht~~ging. Ich komme mit leisem Schauer und langer Ruhe. Ich lege die Hülle der Bewahrung um Dich. In der Mitte des Lebens beginnt der Tod. ~~Ich legt~~ Ich lege Hülle um Hülle um Dich, wo Dein Wärme nie erlischt. //

Du bist bringst Trauer und Verzagtheit. Ich wollte zum Menschen.

// Als ein Verhüllter gehst Du zum Menschen. Dein Licht leuchtet der Nacht. Deine Sonnenaxe erlischt und Dein Stern beginnt. //

Du bist grausam

// Das Einfache ist grausam, ohne

es eilt sich im Vielfachen nicht. //

Ich verstehe Dich. Ich will einfach sein.

Die hellen Götter bilden die Himmelswelt. Sie ist vielfachend unendlich sich erweiternd und vergrößernd. Hoheitsvoll ist sie ~~sommerlich~~ geistig-sonnig.

Die dunklen Götter bilden die Erdenwelt. Sie sind einfach und unendlich sich verkleinernd und verzeinnderend. Ihr unterster Stern, nämlich der Mond, ist der Frau der Erde, kleiner und kälter als die Erde.

Es ist kein Unterschied in der Macht der himmlischen und der erdhaften Götter. Die Himmlischen vergrößern, die Erdhaften verkleinern. Unermenlich ist beiderlei Richtung.

Die Welt der Götter verdeutlicht sich in der Geistigkeit und in der Geschlechtlichkeit. Die Himmlischen erscheinen in der Geistigkeit, die Erdhaften in der Geschlechtlichkeit.

Geistigkeit ~~of~~ empfängt und erfasst. Sie ist weiblich und darum nennen wir sie die mater coelestis, die himmlische Mutter. Geschlechtlichkeit zeugt und erschafft. Sie ist männlich und darum nennen wir sie Phallus, den erdhaften Vater.

Die Geschlechtlichkeit des Mannes ist mehr erdhaft. Die Geschlechtlichkeit des Weibes ist mehr geistig.

Die Geistigkeit des Mannes ist mehr himmlisch, sie geht zum Größeren.

Die Geistigkeit des Weibes ist mehr erdhaft, sie geht zum Kleineren.

Teuflisch und lügnerisch ist die Geistigkeit des Mannes, sie zum Kleineren geht, ebenso die Geistigkeit des Weibes, die zum Größeren geht.

Jedes gehe zu seiner Stelle.

~~Leicht ist es den~~ Mann und Weib zum Teufel machen, wenn sie ihre geistigen Wege

nicht trennen, denn der Wesen der Creatur ist Unterschiedenheit.

Die Geschlechtlichkeit des Mannes geht zum Erdhaften.

Die Geschlechtlichkeit des Weibes geht zum Geistigen.

Mann und Weib werden ausmachen den zum Teufel, wenn sie ihre Geschlechtlichkeit nicht trennen.

Der Mann erkenne das ~~Untere~~ Kleinere, das Weib erkenne das Größere.

~~Die Menschen sind entweder im~~

Der Mensch unterscheide sich von der Geistigkeit und von der Geschlechtlichkeit. Er nenne die Geistigkeit Mutter und setze sie zwischen Himmel und Erde. Er nenne die Geschlechtlichkeit Phallus und setze ihn zwischen sich und die Erde, denn die Mutter und der Phallus sind übermenschliche Daemonen und Verdeutlichungen der Götterwelt. Sie sind uns näher als die Götter, weil sie unserem Wesen schon ~~sehr~~ nahe verwandt sind.

Die Mutter ist der Gral.

Der Phallus der Speer.

Wenn Ihr euch von Geschlechtlichkeit oder Geistigkeit nicht unterscheidet und nicht sie als Dinge an sich betrachtet, so verfallt Ihr ihnen als Eigenschaften des Pleroma. Geistigkeit und Geschlechtlichkeit sind nicht Eure Eigenschaften, nicht Dinge, die Ihr besitzt und umfasst, sondern sie besitzen und umfassen Euch, denn sie sind mächtige Daemonen, Erscheinungsformen der Götter und ~~X~~ Daemone Dinge die über Euch hinausreichen und an sich bestehen. Es hat Einer nicht eine Geistigkeit ~~für sich~~ oder eine Geschlechtlichkeit für sich, sondern er steht unter dem Gesetz der Geistigkeit und ~~X~~ Geschlechtlichkeit. Darum ent-

geht Keiner seinen Daemonen.

~~Ihr~~ Ihr sollt sie ansehen als Daemonen und als gemeinsame Sache und gemeinsame Gefahr, als gemeinsame Last, die das Leben Euch ~~of~~ aufgebürdet hat, so wie das Leben eine gemeinsame Sache und Gefahr ist, ebenso auch die Götter und zuvorderst der furchtbare Abraxas.

Der Mensch ist schwach, darum ist Gemeinschaft unerläßlich.

Wo walt die Gemeinschaft im Zeichen der Mutter, so ist ~~so~~ es sie im Zeichen des Phallus. Keine Gemeinschaft ist Leiden und Krankheit. Gemeinschaft im Jeghahm ist ~~Kampf~~ ~~mis~~ und Auflösung.

Der Grund Eures Wesens ist Unterschiedenheit. Sie führt zum Einzelsein. Einzelsein ist gegen Gemeinschaft. Aber um der Schwäche des Menschen willen gegenüber den Göttern und Daemonen und ihrem unüberwindlichen Gesetze ist Gemeinschaft nöthig.

Darum: Gemeinschaft, so viel als nöthig, nicht um der Menschen willen, sondern wegen der Götter.

Die Götter zwingen Euch zur Gemeinschaft. Soviel sie Euch zwingen, soviel ~~so~~ Gemeinschaft thut noth. Mehr ist von Übel.

In der Gemeinschaft: Jeder ordne sich dem Andern unter.

Im Einzelsein: Jeder ordne sich dem Andern über.

~~So ist Ausgleichung der Rechte geschaffen~~ In der Gemeinschaft: Enthaltung.

Im Einzelsein: Verschwendung.

Die Gemeinschaft ist Tiefe.
Das Einzelsein ist Höhe.

Das richtige Maass!
in Gemeinschaft: reinigt und erhält.
im Einzelsein: reinigt und fügt hinzu.

Denn ~~im Einzelsein~~ die Gemeinschaft gibt uns die Wärme, das Einzelsein aber das Licht.

In der Gemeinschaft gehen wir zur Herkunft, welche die Mutter ist.

Im Einzelsein gehen wir zur Zukunft, welche die zeugende Phaleus ist.

Der Daemon der Geschlechtlichkeit tritt in unserer Seele als eine Schlange.
Sie ist zur Hälfte Menschenseele und hat Gedankenwunsch.

Der Daemon der Geistigkeit senkt sich in unsere Seele herab als der weiße Vogel. Er ist zur Hälfte Menschenseele und hat Wunschgedanke.

Die Schlange ist eine erdhafte Seele, halb daemonisch, ein Geist und verwandt den Geistern der Toten. Sie ~~[illegible]~~ so schwärmt auch sie herum in den Dingen der Liebe und bewirkt, daß wir sie fürchten, oder daß sie unsere Begehrlichkeit reizen.
Die Schlange ist weiblichen Wesens und sucht immer die Gesellschaft der Toten, die verlorn an die Erde gebannt sind, welche sie den Weg hinüber nicht finden, ~~zu~~ nämlich ins Einzelsein.
Die Schlange ist eine Hexe und buhlt mit dem Teufel und den bösen Geistern, ein arger Tyrann und Quälgeist, immer zu ärgerer Gemeinschaft verführend.

Der weiße Vogel ist eine halb-
heimliche Seele des Menschen,
die weilt bei der Mutter und steigt
bisweilen herab.
Der Vogel ist männlich und ~~hat~~ wie-
kender Gedanke.

Er ist kenschaund einsam, ein Bote
der Mutter. Er fliegt hoch über der Erde.
~~und trägt empor und bringt herunter.~~
Er gebietet der Einsamkeit. Er bringt
Kunde von den Fernen, die vorange-
gangen und vollendet sind. Er trägt
unser Wort hinauf zur Mutter. Sie
thut Fürbitte, sie warnt, aber sie
hat keine Macht gegen die Götter. Sie
ist die Gefährtin der Sonne.

Die Schlange geht hinunter und
lähmt mit List den phallischen Gee-
mon oder stachelt ihn an. Sie trägt
empor die überschlauen Gedanken des
Erdhaften, die durch alle Löcher kriecht
und mit Begehrlichkeit und blinden
Wunsch überall ansaugt.

Die Schlange will es zwar nicht, aber
sie muss uns nützlich sein. Sie entflieht
unserm Griffe und zeigt uns so den Weg,
den wir aus Menschenwitz nicht fänden.

8.II.16.

Die Toten: // Nachdem Ihr uns von der
Welt der Götter, der Daemonen und
der Seelen belehrt hatt, lehre uns
über den Menschen. //

Der Mensch ist ein Thor, durch
das ihr aus der Hinterwelt der Götter
Daemonen und Seelen eintretet in
die Innenwelt, aus der größeren Welt
in die kleinere Welt. Klein und nichtig

ist der Mensch, ein Punkt, schon
hebt ihn im Rücken und wieder
reißt ihn ein unendlicher Raum, in
der kleinern oder innern Unendlichkeit.
In unermeßlicher Entfernung steht
ein Stern mit blauem Lichte am
Zenith. Dein ist der Eine Gott dieses
Einen, dein ist seine Welt, sein
Pleroma, seine Göttlichkeit.
In dieser Welt ist der Mensch
der Abraxas, der seine Welt gebiert
und verschlingt.

Dieser Stern ist der Gott, der
Ziel der Menschen. Dieses ist sein
Einer, führender Gott. Zu ihm geht
der Mensch zur Ruhe. Zu ihm geht
die lange Reise der Seele nach dem Tode.
In ihm erlöscht als Licht Alles, was
der Mensch aus der ~~to~~ größern Welt
zurückzieht.

Zu diesem Einen betet der Mensch.

Das Gebet nimmt das Licht des Sterns,
es schlägt eine Brücke über den Tod,
es beruhigt das Leben der kleinern Welt
und wandert das hoffnungslose Wandern
der größern Welt.

Wenn die größere Welt kalt wird,
leuchtet der Stern.

Nichts ist zwischen dem Menschen
und dem Einen Gott, sofern der Mensch
seine Augen vom flammenden Schau-
spiel des Abraxas abwenden kann.

Menschlein, Gott dort.
Schwachheit, Nichtigkeit hier, ewige
selige Schöpferkraft dort.
Hier ganz Dunkelheit und feuchte
Kühle, dort ganz Sonne.

Ite 17 II 16.

Bevor Herkules sich verbrannte, und unter die Götter versetzt wurde, wurde er das Kind der Omphale.

So geschahe es ihm.

So meine Mutter, Du der ein höhern Kreis stehest und mich umhüllst und mich vor den Göttern birgst, will ich wohl Dein Kind werden.

Du mögest meine Geburt annehmen.

Du mögest mich erneuern.

Ich bedarf eines neuen Schattens, denn ich erkannte den furchtbaren Abgrund und habe mich von ihm zurückgezogen.

Da kalt wachs und mein Stern entbrennte heller.

Doch, ich bedarf der Kindschaft, erhabene Mutter, sonst kann ich die Kinder- und Narrenhölle der Menschenwelt nicht ertragen.

Du gebärestest den ~~ent~~schrecklichen Gott an Dir, entlasse ihn, nimm mich an Sohnesstatt. Ich bin ein Mensch, ein Kind, das der Mutter bedarf.

Statt der Götter nimm den Menschensohn an und gewähre ihm Deine mütterliche Hilfe.

Mutter: Ich kann Dich nicht als Kind annehmen. Du reinigst Dich denn zuvor.

I. Was ist meine Unreinheit?

M.: Vermischung. Enthalte Dich des Leides und der Freude der Menschen. Verharre in Absonderung, bis die Entfaltung vollendet ist, und Du befreit bist von der Berührung der Menschen. Dann will ich Dich zum Kinde annehmen.

I. Ich danke Dir, Mutter. Es soll geschehen.

21.II.16.

Wie geht Dein Weg? Zwischen welchen Messern und Feuern? Wer ist der Fuhrende? Schatten spricht!

Ein Türke?
Woher der Fehrt? Bist Du ein Bekenner der Islam? Was kündest Du uns von Mohammed?
// Ich rede Dir von Vielweiberei, von der Houris und vom Paradiese. Darum sollst Du hören. //
So sprich und wende Dein Qual.
// Nicht von Qual rede ich, sondern von Freude. //
Verspotte mich, Du machst mich lachen. Ich bin aus der Menschheit tausendfältiger Wunde.
// Ich bringe Heilung. Weiber heilen die Wunde. Sie sind arzneikundig. //
Das ist mir neu. Ich hörte Weiber nicht mit Jammern.
// Sie wissen kranke Kinder zu pflegen. //
Bin ich ein krankes Kind?
// Nicht weit davon. Du sollst des Tu-Viele hinlegen und Dich pflegen lassen. //
Wer thut der Werk?
// Es geziemt ohne Dich. //
Fragwürdig. Wer wird es für mich thun?
// Deine Söhne und Töchter. Hast Du Raum und gönne Dir Ruhe. //
Wird der Wackhalter, wenn ich nicht stütze?
// Wenn er fällt, warum wolltest Du es dem halten? Es steht, wenn es Füße hat. Wenn es trotzdem fällt, so kann's nicht leben. Sterbendes soll sterben. //
Also soll ich es lassen? und mich der Vielweiberei ergeben? Du bist fatal, wirklich ein Türke. Du kannst es Allah überlassen, das Dir Haus Dir über den Kopf verfault.

// Der Fluch der Menschen ist angegeben. Der Honig ist ausgeleckt. Du kannst Dich zurückziehen. Beschaulichkeit thut noth. Die Bücher sollen geschrieben sein. //

Was ist mit der Vielweiberei, der Houris und dem Paradies?

// Viele Weiber und viele Bücher. Jedes Weib ist ein Buch, jedes Buch ein Weib. Die Houri ist ein Gedanke und der Gedanke eine Houri. Die Welt der Ideen ist das Paradies und das Paradies ist die Welt der Seelen. Muhammed lebt, das der Gläubige den Houris im Paradies entgegengenommen wird. Du kennst sagten Abulhakes. //

Es widerstreitet meinem Geschmack und meiner sittlichen Verantwortung, Dir Gedanken zu leihen.

// Nicht zu hoch. Du bist nicht weit davon entfernt. Wollen es die Weiber? Sie wollen auch sehr glückselig. Warum achtest Du ihren Weg nicht? Sie sind ebenso auch Menschen, deren Würde ~~es~~ angenommen sein will. //

Sie wissen aber nicht, was sie wollen.

// Sie wissen nur, was sie müssen. Natürlich will jeder Mensch sein Muss einem Anderen zuschieben und ihn dafür verantwortlich machen. Mann und Weib unterliegen Beide in ihrer Entdeckung des Chaos und des Lustes. //

Es ist unmöglich, das kann nie Wirklichkeit werden.

// Vieles kann noch wirklich werden, was Leute unmöglich erscheint. Die Thüren müssen offen bleiben. Der Noth hat das

letztes Wort. //

24 II 16.

Soll das der Beginn des Abstiegs sein in das Land der Kröten, in den Krankenkampf? Es stirbt Alles in mir. Ich fühle mich zersprengt und zerrissen.

// Du hast die Zerrissenheit noch nicht erlebt, Du wirst zerfetzt, in alle Winde verstreut. Ein jeder trägt ein Stück von Dir davon. Die Menschen halten Abend nicht mit Dir. //

Was bleibt übrig von mir?

// Nichts als Dein Schatten. //

Aber wo ist mein Ich?

// Nirgends. Du bist kein Ich mehr, sondern ein Wasserlauf, der sich über die Länder ergiesst. Er nicht alle Thäler und strömt nach der Tiefe, dem Meere zu. // Du sträubst Dich vergebens. //

Kann ich leben ohne Ich?

// Du bist das und der Thor zwischen zwei Unendlichkeiten, ein Durchgang der offen steht, eine Strasse, die begangen wird, man läuft über sie mit Füssen und spuckt darauf. //

Was ist mein Eigenes? Wo ist das, was ich bin?

// Nicht sichtbar. Du siehst es Dir. //

O Mutter, ~~bist Du da~~ hast Du mir diesen grausamen Dämonengeschenkt?

28. II. 16.

// Halten wird Du es, das Reich, das unsichtbare, in zagen Händen, in Kinderhänden.

Morgen senkte sich nieder in graue Finsternis der Erde, Laubzweige wandten sich hinauf in goldene Küsten.

Gestern wohnte in seinem Dasein. Menschenkinder im Schatten. Ihr Geräusch dringt von unten herauf.

Ein unhörbares Erbeben, eine tausend Meilen lange Entfärbung eilt durch Saft des Baumes. Er wird lange grünen.

Schweigen ist in seinem Wipfel.
Schweigen in seinen tiefen Wurzeln.

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12. IV. 16.

Unser Herr Jesus Christus! Dein Name sei gesegnet. Deine Werke währen lange, Schweres hast Du in der Menschheit wirken erduldet. Du hast Großes für uns gethan, Du machtest aus Vielen menschenähnliche Wesen. Du hast Dein Leben für die thierische Menschheit hingegeben, Dein Geist war mit uns durch unendliche lange Zeit. Geduldig hast Du Dein großes Werk gethan, und immer noch bleiben die Menschen auf Dich und immer noch erbitten sie Deine Hilfe und wollen die Gnade Gottes durch Dich empfangen. Du wirst nicht müde, den Menschen zu geben. Ich preise Deine göttliche Geduld.

Sind die Menschen nicht undankbar? Kennt ihre Begehrlichkeit keine Grenzen? Immer noch verlangen sie von Dir? Soviel haben sie empfangen und noch immer sind sie Bettler. Siehe, Herr Jesus Christus, sie lieben Dich nicht, sondern sie begehren Deiner nur hier, so wie sie auch nach des Nächsten Habe gieren. Sie lieben den ~~Nächsten~~ Nächsten nicht, aber sie begehren seines Gutes. Sowie langen sie auch von Dir nur haben an Deinem Habenden Dein Dasein gu-

kommen. ~~Würden~~ Dichten sie Dich wirklich ~~lieben~~, so würden sie endlich Dein Beispiel überzeugen. Du zeigtest durch Dein erhabenes Leben, daß ein jeder sein Leben auf sich zu nehmen hätte und so auch der Erlöser der Menschheit trüge, wie Du es thatest. Aber sie thun es nicht, sondern beten zu Dir und lassen Deinem Geist noch immer keine Ruhe und rufen ~~Dich~~ Dir noch immer zu: Dein Werk ist nicht vollendet! Zwei Jahrtausende lang ~~hat~~ dauerte Deines Geistes und Deines Lebenswerk. Solange waren nöthig. Und noch immer bleiben die Menschen kindisch und ergeben vor Undankbarkeit, denn noch immer können sie nicht sagen: Habe Dank, unser Herr Jesus Christus, für das Ziel, das Du uns gebracht hast. Wir haben es in uns aufgenommen, ihn eine Stätte gegeben in unserm Herzen und wir haben es gelernt, Dein Werk in uns aus uns selber fortzusetzen. Wir sind reif geworden, das ewige schwere Werk der Erlösung in uns selber weiterzuführen. Habe Dank, Dein Werk ist in uns aufgenommen, wir erfassten Deine erlösende Lehre, wir vollendeten ~~sie~~ in uns, was Du mit blutigen Mühen für uns begannest. Wir sind keine undankbaren Kinder mehr, welche nach dem Tode der Eltern begehren, anstatt selber für das eigene Leben zu arbeiten. Habe Dank, unser Herr Jesus Christus, wir werden mit Deinem Pfunde wuchern und erwachen in die Ewigkeit vergnügt und ewig hilfbos unsere Hände nach Dir ausstrecken und Dich mahnen, Dein Werk in uns zu vollenden. Wir wollen Dir dankbar sein und Deine Mühe aufnehmen und wollen Dir die Ruhe lassen. Wenn wir Dein Werk aufnehmen, kennst Du Dein Werk vollendet und Du legst die Hände in Deinen Schoos nach unsers langen Tages schwerer Last. Selig ist der Tote, der in Gottes Zucht,

von der Vollendung seines Werkes.

Habt ihr keine Liebe zu unserm Herrn Jesus Christus? Könnt ihr ihm nicht den Preis der Ruhe nachgehen, Arbeit geben? und sein Werk als euer Werk in euch selber weiterführen? Bedürft ihr wirklich noch immer seiner Hilfe und Fürsorge?

Nein, das ist nicht wahr.

Ich glaube, daß unser Herr Jesus Christus sein Werk vollendet hat, denn wir sein ganzes menschliches Leben und seine ganze Verbindung und seine ganze Geschichte, der hat sein Werk vollendet.

Ich glaube darum, daß unser Herr Jesus Christus die Menschen wirklich frei gemacht hat. Er hat sie so weit erlöst als Menschen sich von Göttern und Halbmenschen erlösen lassen. Nun aber wird die Zeit kommen, wo jeder Mensch ~~das~~ sein Werk der Erlösung fortzusetzen hat.

16.IV.16.

Siehst ihr ihn, den Liebhaber seiner Seele? er gieng in die Höhle der Menschen und liebte — seine Seele? nein, ein Weib. Und vergaß seine Seele darob? Nein, aber er legte sie in dies Weib. Wer dies der richtige Platz für seine Seele? Was ist richtig? Seine Liebe hieß ihn solch ein Thun. Und er that es. Mordete er damit eines andern Menschen Liebe? Vielleicht, vielleicht auch nicht. Liebe kann auch nicht sein. Liebe ist Erwählen, Leben aber ist dauern.

3.V.16.

Ein Traum sagte mir, daß ihr Hoffnlitt, du Elias, du Salome, ihr Alten, und du meine Mutterseele, du mich nicht vergessen kann. Du Mutterseele, sage, warum ich, da ich Dein Geliebter war, nun mehr als Dein angelichter Mann Dir erscheinen soll? Offenbar wurdest Du mich doch aufgeben. Das ist Deine Rettung, wenn Du zu Deinem Manne zurückkehrst und nicht mich anspricht, wie wenn ich Dein Mann wäre. Da nennst mich beim Namen einer meiner Freunde. Hast Du Jenen geheirathet? Und möchtest Du doch bei mir sein? Bei mir aber bist Du doch krank, wie Du siehst, Du kannst Dir nicht vorlügen, daß ich Dein Mann sei. Oder willst Du, o Mutterseele, mich angehören und mich jenem gleichmachen, also von seiner Art; einen Seelenfühl giebt?

Und was ist es mit Euch, Elias und Salome? Salome, du willst mich umarmen. Wohlan, es geschehe, auf Deine Verantwortung. Aber du Elias, du hörtest eine Stimme zur Nachtzeit, du Tiefe sprach zu Dir, du ahntest wohl, Dinge des Kommenden. Du warest wie Einer, der meiner Hülfe bedarf. Wohlan, ich will sie Dir gewähren. Du erbrauchst wie Einer, der an Alter, kaum noch sterblichen gebunden ist? Muß das sein? oder bist Du wider Deinen Willen gefangen? Es schien, als müßte es wohl so sein, als müßest Du an Alter verpflichtet sein, als bewahre dir alte Freund uneingeschränkte Macht und als meintest Du bloß, Du müßest Dich davon entfernen und lösen. Du mußt wohl dort bleiben und ich muß wohl bisweilen zu Dir zurück ~~und~~ um immer wieder ins Licht zu holen, Bruder, Du aus Urfeuer entzündet kamst. Aber sprich, Elias, Noth leidender und sage, wo Du zu helfen wäre!

E. Ich bin schwach geworden, ich bin arm,

ein zuviel meiner Macht genug ~~Dod~~ zu Dir,
mein Sohn. Du nahmest mir zuviel. Meine
Liebe gab Dir zuviel. So gewinnst Du zu
Ihm von mir. Lasse mir etwas von Deiner
Kraft und Macht. Harre und horche nach
Innen. Du wirst der Stimme Deiner Seele in
diesen Tagen begegnen. Sehnsucht zerreißt
nach Aussen.

J. Aber was hörtest Du? Was für eine
Stimme vernahmst Du?

E. Eine Stimme voll Verwirrung, eine
beängstigende Stimme, voll Warnung
und Unbegreiflichkeit.

J. Was sagte sie? Hörtest Du die Worte?

E. Undeutlich, ihn verwirrend war es.

J. Aber sprich doch, sage die Worte!

E. Zuerst war es vom Wasser, das etwas
schmückt, vielleicht ernährt, vielleicht die
Trauben, die zur Kelter gehen. Vielleicht
war es der in scharlachrothen Gewande,
der die Kelter tritt, aus der der Blutfluß ist.
Sodann war es ein Wort vom Golde,
das unter liegt, und das strahlt, wo es
berührt. Dann ein Wort vom Feuer, das
furchtbar brennt und das in dieser
Zeit emporflammen soll.

J. Was war es nach, sprich Elias! Kannst
Du achten, daß Du Dich täuschest
und Dein eine kranke Stimme zu Dir spricht?

E. Ihm will in Verwirrtes sprach und
Lästerliches.

J. Lästerliches? Was war es?

E. Vom Tode Gottes. Kann Gott sterben?

J. Aber es ward ein Neuer, nicht Einer,
Viele.

E. Viele? Du lästerst. Es giebt nur
einen Gott.

J. Ich bin erstaunt, Elias. Wirst Du
nicht, was mich begab? Wirst Du nicht
daß es unter den Welt ein neues Ge-
wand angezogen hat? Daß der Eine Gott

und die eine Seele von hinnen gegangen und ein Vielahn der Götter und Seelenkeimen wiederum in die Welt eingegangen ist?

Wahrhaftig ich wundere mich, ich wundere mich grenzenlos! Du wusstest das nicht? Du wusstest nichts vom Neuen, der kommt? Du wusst doch die Zukunft!

Solltest du an Euch nicht wissen, was ist? Merkwürdig, die Muttersee will nicht wissen was ist. Zeuget ihr am Ende, das, was ist?

Jetzt aber sprich, Elias!

Sel. Das ist, quält keine Lust - Lust kommt uns aus Neuem - denn Mutter Seele mögt eine andern Mann, ha ha! Sie liebt Abwechslung. ~~Da~~ Der Bräutigam ist ihr nicht lustig genug. Sie ist unbeleh-bar darin, drum denkt du sei sie verrückt. Wir lieben nur das Kommende, der giebt Lust. Elias denkt nicht aus Seiende, sondern aus Kommende, darum weiss er es.

J. Was weiss er? Er möge reden!

E. Ich sag's euch, die Worte. Das Bild, das ich sah, war blutigroth, feuerfarben, goldschimmernd. Die Stimme, die ich hörte, war wie fernes Donnern, wie der Brausen der Winde im Walde, wie ein Erdbeben. Es war nicht die Stimme meines alten Gottes. Es war ein heidnisches Stimmengebrause, ein Ruf, den meine Ohren kannten, den ich nie vernahm. Es klang verzückt, wie aus einem Walde an einem fernen Meeresküste, alle Stimmen der Wildnis waren drin. Es war barbarisch und schreckensvoll.

J. Aber mein guter Vater, du hörtest wohl was ich dachte. Wie wunderlich! Soll ich dir davon erzählen? Was meinst du, Salome? Was willst du, Elias?

E. Gib mir davon, damit ich es mitteile.

Sal. Kann mich meine Lust davon haben.

J. Also, ich sagte Euch, die Welt hat ein neues Gesicht, eine neue Hülle wird über sie gewoben. Merkwürdig, das

ihn der nicht weisstet!

Er wurden alle Götter neu. Der einzige Gott ist tot – ja wahrlich, er starb, er hielt zuviel Verschiedenes in sich, darum zerfiel er ins Vielerlei. So wurde die Welt über Nacht reich. Auch die Seele, die Einzige, verlor ihre machtvolle Einzigkeit, sie zerfiel auch ins Vielerlei. So wurden die Menschen über Nacht reich. Wie ist es möglich, den ihn des nicht wusstet! Wer gab es euch? Ach es ist zu viel!

Aus dem einzigen Gott wurden Zwei, wiederum ein Einziger und ein Vielfacher, einer dessen Leib aus vielen Göttern besteht. Der Einzige aber hat als Leib bloss einen Menschen und ist grösser als eine Sonne.

Die Seele aber wird zu den Sprossen ihrer Leiter, Nächstes, Nahes, Fernes, Ferneres, Fernstes. Zuerst ist sie mein eigenes Wesen, dann ist sie Schlange und Vogel, dann ist sie Mutter und Vater, dann noch weiter weg Salome und Elias. Nun ich kann kaum denken, den ich noch zu mir gehört, denn verabsolutiert ihn Scheinen, was sich in meiner Welt ereignet hat. Ich muss euch dann unter die Daemonen rechnen, nicht Daemonen des Menschen, sondern der Menschheit, darum sind ihr an Alters und eure Bestimmung gebunden, darum wirst ihr nichts von zukünftigen Leiden der Menschen. Aber eilt geht den ihr kommt, nehmet Theil an dem was ist. Denn der, was ist, ~~so~~ soll so sein, den ~~er~~ ihr dann hinwegnehmen kommt.

E. Dein Vielerlei gefällt mir nicht. Es ist nicht einfach zu denken.

Sal. Das Einfache ist lustig, man muss schon nicht denken.

J. Elias, Du brauchst es ja gar nicht zu

denken. Es ist nicht zum Denken. Es ist zum Anschauen. Es ist ein Gedankengemälde.
Salome, es ist wahr, daß das Einfache lustig ist; es ist langweilig nur in Wahrheit ergötzt Dich das Vielerlei.
Sal: Vater Elias, merkst Du, daß Sie manchmal etwas vor uns voraus haben? Er hat Recht, das Vielerlei ist schwer, ernst und lustiger. Jehovah ist gewiß Einheit, und immer dasselbe.

22.V.76.

Liebster Herr Jesu Christe, wir sind nicht rein. Uns klebt der Höllenschlamm an. Du sprachst: „Mein Gott, mein Gott, warum hast Du mich verlassen?" als Du in letzter Qual am Kreuze hingegangen. Gleichermaßen müssen wir sagen, denn wir sind nicht rein.

Bei Jedem stehen wir am Kreuze zwischen Verbrechern, von denen Einer zum Himmel steigt, der Andere aber zur Hölle fährt.

Ja, das war Deine Kreuzesqual, Herr Jesu Christe, ja an diesem Kreuze hingest Du, selber der Heiland der Welt und ihrer Unreinheit.

Ach, Du Sünder der Heiligen, selber zum Teufel Du Unreinheit der Welt. Und von selber, unrein, tragen sie hast du eigenen ~~Sohn~~ Reinheit.

Denn Einer trat in uns ein, ein Verhüllter, der Sohn der Erde und leidet unsere Qual mit seiner Unreinheit.

So groß war Dein Werk, Herr Jesu Christe, so herrlich Deine Erlösung,

ist Du uns lieber, daß wir es verschmähten die Unreinheit der Liebe auf genommen und doch die Reinheit, die Du gegeben, zutrugen.

Nun hat Du wahrlich der Erlösung gewonnen derer, die schlafen.

Dein

31.V.16. Warum das dunkle Teufelsbild diese Nacht mit seiner unerträglichen Hitze und Qual? Mutter Erde, Herrin der Weisheit, gib Antwort! Du nicht ihm Dank, dem Moloch des Abgrunds, der er bisher huldigt, oder soll es?

„Höre mich zu: Ich bin in großer Qual. Meine Seele des finsteren Schoßes bedrängt sich."

Das dachte ich doch! Es ist also Deine Qualnacht meine?

Ja, so ist es. Deinen sind Deine Träume schwer, denn Du fühlst die Qual der Tiefe, der Hütten der Götter.

Kann ich helfen? oder ist es überflüssig, daß mit einem Mensch zum Mittler der Götter erhebt? Ist es Überhebung oder soll Einer auch zum Heiland der Götter werden, nachdem die Menschen durch den göttlichen Heiland erlöst sind?

Es ist wahr, wir bedürfen der menschlichen Mutters und Vaters, denn der Mensch ist uns nicht nur Seele, sondern auch Gott, denn ihr, die Du hier Götter sind, sind Dir dort, wo Du Gott bist, Menschen, die Deine Hilfe erflehen. ~~Das~~ Du hast Deine Göttlichkeit schon hier aufzubauen, damit Du Dir den Weg zum Hinübergehen bereitest. Wir bedürfen wirklich Deiner Hilfe. Ich gab Dir den dunklen, schreckenden Traum, damit Dein Zurückkommen uns zuwende, durch uns den Göttern. Ich hier Qual von ihnen zu Dir dringe, damit Du Dich der leidenden

Götter erinnert."

Was hilft es Leiden? und wie kann ich helfen?

„Zuerst kommt es darauf an, Mensch, lass nicht von den Menschen, wende Dich mehr den Göttern zu, denn sie sind die Herrscher der Welt, in der du als Mensch lebst. Du kannst den Menschen in Wirklichkeit nur durch die Götter helfen, nicht unmittelbar. Die brennende Qual der Götter ist zu löschen. Menschen sorgen für sich selbst."

Aber wo fang ich an? Ich fühle ihre Qual, zugleich die meine und doch nicht die meine, wirklich und unwirklich zugleich.

„Darum heißt es, Ari wäre gestorben."

Doch wie? Mein Witz versagt. Du wurdest wirr.

„Dein Witz versagt ebenso, aber ohne Deines Menschenwitzes bedürfen wir."

Und ich der Götterwitzes. So sind wir also Brüder aufgelaufen und sitzen hilflos auf dem Sande –

„Nicht ganz so. Ich bin immer ein Rückanders als du. Du bist zu ungeduldig. Versöhnung bringt die Lösung, nicht rasche Entscheidung der einen Seite. Darum liebe ich es der Arbeit und der geduldigen Ausgleichung."

Woran liebe denn die Götter?

„Um Deinetwillen haben sie deine Qual gelernt, mit den Leidenden zu leiden."

Richtig so, genug haben sie den Menschen gequält, nun mögen sie es büßen.

„Aber wenn ich Qual auch Dich erreicht, was hast du denn gewonnen? Du kannst nicht Alles den Göttern überlassen, sonst jagen sie Dich in ihre Qual hinunter, wenn sie damit allein nicht fertig werden – dann immerhin bist du die Macht insofern der Mensch bist. Aber auch der Mensch besitzt durch seinen Witz eine wunderbare Macht über die Götter."

Ich anerkenne, dass die Qual der Götter

mich erreichte. Ich anerkenne daran und
dass ich mich den Göttern gebeugen habe. Was
ist ihr Begehr?

„Du sollst gehorsam."

„Gut, ich will, aber ich habe Angst
vor ihrem Verlangen, darum sage ich,
ich will, was ich kann. Ich will keinen
falls alle die Qual, die ich den Göttern kein
mehr wieder auf mich nehmen. Ich behalte
mir Bedingungen vor, wie man das thun
kann, demand gegenüber, der auf unsere
Hilfe angewiesen ist. Was sollen die Götter
ebenfalls anerkennen und danach ihr Be
gehren richten. Es gibt keinen unbedingten
Gehorsam mehr, denn der Mensch ist kein
Sklave mehr, sondern auch ein Gottes
Götter. Er verlangt Achtung, denn er
gehört an die Welt der Götter und ist ein
Geist, der die Götter nicht missen können.
Es gibt kein Zusammenfallen mehr vor den
Göttern. Also mögen sie ihren Wunsch
hören lassen. Ich werde ihn willig hören,
aber ich werde meinen Willen entsagen. Ver
gleichung sollst darum thun, damit jeder sein
Theil habe.

„Die Götter wollen, dass Du thust, von dem
Du weisst, dass Du es nicht willst.

Das dachte ich mir! Natürlich wollen
das die Götter. Aber thun die Götter auch, was
ich will? Ich will die Frucht meiner Ar
beit. Wo ist die Anerkennung, deren ich bedarf?
Wo ist der Verständniss der Menschen? Was
thun die Götter für mich? Sie wollen, dass ich
Ziele erfülle nun, wo aber bleibt die Er
fullung meines Zieles?

„Du bist ungläubig aufrührerisch
und trotzig. Bedenke, dass die Götter stark sind.

Ich weiss es. Aber sie mögen ihre Stärke
einmal für mich anwenden. Sie wollen doch
auch, dass ich meine Stärke für sie anwende.
Wo ist ihre Leistung? Ihre Qual? Der Mensch
bitt Vollenpein und damit werden die Götter
auch nicht zufrieden und bewahren unversöhnlich

in der Erinnerung meiner Seele – seltsam es geschehen, daß der Mensch sogar so verblendet war, daß anscheinlich glaubte, es gäbe gar keine Götter, oder nur einen Gott, der sein liebender Vater sei, sondern heute Einer, der mit den Göttern ringt und sie damit anerkennt, sogar für verwandt gilt. So haben sie sogar noch die Schwach für den, der sie anerkennt, bereitet, aus opferungslosen Beschwörungen, dem Blinden führen ist keine Kunst. Sie verderben sogar noch über Sklaven.

„Du willst also den Göttern nicht entgegenkommen?"

Ich glaube, es ist schon übergenug geschehen. Ich glaube viel mehr, eben darum sind die Götter unersättlich, weil sie zuviele Opfer empfangen. Mangel macht genügsam, nicht Überfluß. Sie mögen Mangel bei mir lernen. Wer steht für mich? Das ist die Frage, die ich zu stellen habe.

„Ja, willst Du wirklich nichts für die Götter thun?"

Auf keinen Fall will ich mich, was sie Gutes thun. Frage die Götter, was sie wollen, wenn ich deinem Vorschlag meinen.

„Sie meinen, es sei unerhört, daß du nicht gehorchen willst. Sie sandten den irdischen Göttern, wie Du bemerkt haben wirst."

Das soll mich nicht kümmern. Ich habe alles gethan, um die Götter zu versöhnen. Sie mögen das Übrige auch thun. Ich kann warten. Ich will morgen wieder mit Dir sprechen, um zu hören, was Eure Meinung ist. Ich will von Euch anerkannt sein. Ich kann nicht noch über mich verfügen, noch Geliebtem, sondern die Götter mögen mir sagen, was sie mir geben für meine Leitung ihnen gegenüber.

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1 Juni 1916.

Meine Seele, was sagen die Götter?

Es wurde mir bedeutet, Du sehest aus wie ein Teufelsaussatz. Ich will klar sehen. Sprich!

„Die Götter geben noch, Du hast den Zwang gebrochen, darum rächt der aus wie der Teufel, denn der hat mich dem Zwang der Götter entzogen. Er ist der Empörer gegen die ewigen Gesetze, ~~die~~ von denen es keine dem Teufel auch Ausnahmen giebt. Was nun verhalb etwas auch wollt. Dem dient der Teufel. Er hilft Dir zu Dir selber. Du denkst, der sei ein Irrweg. Der Irrweg jedoch Gottes ist nothwendig, denn wir sind und müssen berücksichtigt werden, sonst bist Du ihrer Gnade verfallen. Zum mindest sollst Du den Göttern opfern.

6. VI. 16.

Ich traf Dich im Garten, Geliebter. Die Sünde der Welt hat Deinem Angesicht Gleichheit gegeben.

Das Leiden der Welt hat Deine Gestalt aufgerichtet.

Du bist wahrlich ein König. Dein Purpur ist Blut, Dein Herzblut ist klarer von der ewigen Kälte der Pole, Deine Krone ist der so mengestirnte, den Du auf dem Haupte trägst.

Sprich zu mir, mein Herr und Geliebter!

X: O Simon Magus, der Du Dich in Philemon birgst, bist Du in meinem oder bin ich in Deinem Garten?

Ph.: Du bist, o Herr, in meinem Garten. Helena und ich sind Deine Diener. Du hast Wohnung bei uns gefunden, denn Philemon und Baucis ~~so~~ ist geworden was Simon und Helena war. So sind wir die Wirte der Götter. Wir gewährten Gastfreundschaft dem schreckbaren Gast. Und als Du hervortratest, so nahmen wir Dich auf. Unser Garten

ist es, der Dich umgiebt.

✱: Bin ich nicht Herr? Ist Dein Garten nicht mein Eigenthum? Ist nicht die Welt der Himmel und der Geister mein eigen?

Φ: Du hast Dir, o Herr, in der Welt der Menschen. Die Menschen sind gemacht zu sein nicht mehr der Diener und nicht mehr die Betrüger der Götter, sondern sie gewähren den Göttern Gastfreundschaft. Von Dir kam dem Bruder, o Herr, der schreckliche Wurm, den Du von Dir abthatest, als er Dir ~~auf dem Berge~~ in der Wüste klugen Rath gab mit verführerischer Stimme. Den Rath nahmest Du, den Wurm aber weintest Du von Dir. Er fand seine Stätte bei uns. Wo er aber ist, da wirst Du auch sein, denn er ist Dein unsterblicher Bruder. Als ich Simon war, rechte ich ihm gewaltsam mit der List der Magie und darum entnahm ich Dir. Nun da ich Ihm Wurm in meinem Garten Stätte gab, kommst Du zu mir.

✱: Fiel ich in Deine Gewalt durch Deiner List? Hast Du mich heimlich gefangen?

Φ: Erkenne, o Herr und Gebieter, den Du Deine Natur auch von der Schlange hast! Warest Du nicht an Stolzes höhe gleich der Schlange der Meere? Hast Du nicht Deinen Körper abgelegt wie die Schlange ihre Haut? Bist Du nicht von Deinem Aufstieg zur Hölle gefahren? Und siehst Du dort nicht Deinen Bruder, da in den Abgrund geschlossen ward?

✱: Es ist wahr. Der Lügst nicht. Doch weißt Du, was ich Dir bringe?

Φ: Das weiß ich nicht; ich weiß nur Eines, der werde Gastgeber der Wärme ist, auch seines Bruders bewahrt.

Was bringst Du mir, mein schöner Gastfreund? Klärlichkeit bracht mir der Wurm. Bringst Du mir Schönheit?

*: Ich bringe Dir die Schönheit des Leidens. Das ist, wenn der Durst, der ein Gastgeber des Wurmes ist.

18.VI.56. Ihr unterirdischen! Wie lange wählt Eure Herrschaft? Warum bedrängt Ihr? Ich weiß wohl. Ihr wollt mich. Ach, wer Euer Augenblicken glauben könnte! Meine Seele, wo geht der Weg?

„Der Weg geht immer über Dich hinaus, in geräumigem und lieblichem Schicksal."

Über mich hinaus! Was bedeutet meine Ohnmacht.

„Das bedeutet Deine Erfüllung."

Also wohl verdammt, immer Dasein und darüber hinaus zu sein, immer Gefahr und Unverständnis zu sein, immer Fremdheit und Wagnis! Ich der zu etwas

„Auf die Dauer nicht, aber für die Zeit. Allergilt nur für diese Zeit. Andere Zeiten folgen."

Muss Alles allem Dasein gemacht sein?

„Nein, Andere sollen so viel Ihnen möglich. Was denen nicht möglich, kannst Du ihnen."

Ist meine Art recht? Fehle ich in irgend einer Sache?

„Keineswegs. Du kannst Dir nur zu wenig. Du kannst Dir mehr trauen. Du kannst es."

Aber ich traue den Andern nicht.

„Ja, aber Dich traust Du den Andern nicht. Du kannst ihnen mehr getrauen als Dir. Denkst

3. VII. 16.

Mein Gott, welche Unruhe! welche Lähmung! Wenn ich das Unrechte, so lass es klar werden! Meine Seele, gute Jenni. Ist es Ermüdung? Ist es ein Zuviel? Aber es befällt mich plötzlich.

„Hörst, Du sollst nicht zu viel thun. Du sollst aufwachen, damit Du die Kraft hast, Allem zu begegnen. Wenn Du ohnmächtig bist, so kannst Du nicht standhalten. Gieb Äusserem so viel wie möglich auf. Lass dem Werk Zeit und Leben. Es muss durch sich wachsen."

Warum aber, wenn Du so sprichst, hatte ich den Traum an, dass ich Neues ahnen soll?

„Du verstehst falsch. Dort ist noch viel zu holen."

Du blickst an der Oberfläche, warum sagst Du nicht der Tiefe?

„Wie kann ich? Du hast keine Kraft."

Wo blieb sie?

„Sie blieb draussen, im Wünschen und Erwarten." Sie gehört nach innen, ganz Jenni, ins Schaffende.

Thut ich denn Unrecht?

Nicht Unrecht, aber zuviel. Beschränkung in jeder Hinsicht. Du kümmerst Dich zuviel um Andere. Lass Andere ihres Weges gehen. Suche nur Deinen Weg, aber nicht für Andere, sonst gibst Du zuviel aus. Die Last der Dunkens für Andere drückt Dich auf den Kopf. So viel hast Du nur für Dich zu thun. Ruhe Dich aus.

18. VII. 16.

Was ist es? wie steht es?

„Du bist ein Betrüger. Du weißt eigentlich, wo die Dinge gemeint sind. Nimm sie aber nicht so, sondern ihrer Scheinlichkeit nach. Dadurch tilgst Du Verwirrung."

Wie kann ich aber mich anders damit beziehen?

„Geduldsam, nicht ermüden, schweigen und den Augenblick als Augenblick nehmen."

Aber der wird von den Menschen und nicht gewünscht.

„Lass der Wünsche der Menschen. Nur das Deine. Du leidest genug Aufsorgung an Andere."

Warum fühle ich mich so übel an?

„Weil auch etwas Übles in Dir steckt, nämlich Rachsucht und Vorbeik, Zorn über die Dummheiten der Menschen, die sich Dein Freund nennen."

Ich muss immer der Teufel sein; ich sollen; auch heben.

„Aber nicht Du sollst es machen. Das ist Nachtgier. Das Übel soll aus Dir heraus. Du kannst nur wissen, was Andere wollen, also es weiß nichts und pass Dich nicht an Dinge an, die von denen Du weißt, dass es blosse Phantasiebilder sind, die morgen nicht mehr wahr sind. Du hast Buddha nicht gesehen. Also wirf die Rachsucht heraus, vertilge den Zorn, verharre in der Erwartung der kommenden Dinge, eine helle Flamme, die nicht verweht."

Bin ich denn wirklich der Teufel? Bin ich der Teufels dadurch, dass ich mich mein Lag je da Erscheinungen führte? Bin ich nicht gänzlich meines Wegs gegangen?

„Hat nicht das Christentum die ablehnsten Eigenschaften des Menschen herausgelockt? War darum auch der Christus der Teufel? Nun ja, er war auch des Teufels. Verkehrte angestört in Erwartung. Höre die hinkenden Stimme nicht, Dein Zorn und Dein Rachsucht sind zwiefaches Feuer, ein Kanonenkugel

14 Aug. 1916.

Mein Gott, ich weiß aus mir das Rechte –

„So, willst Du wirklich?"

Warum zweifelst Du? Warum hilfst Du nicht, meine Seele?

„Ich muss den richtigen Zusammenhang mit den Gewaltigen dieser Weltwahrheit. Was Dir Recht ist, ist Ihnen Unrecht. Gleiches Recht und Unrecht noch zweierlei Leiten."

So sage mir, welche furchtbare Last mir wieder aufgeladen wurde?

„Das war das Zuviel für Dich, das Zerreißen Dinge."

Täuschest Du mich?

Nein, wozu sollte ich? Ich messe mich Dir gleichen.

Lebe ich unrichtig? Ich will auf Dich hören. Ich will Recht und Unrecht richtig verstehen. Ich will hören, aber sprich zu mir.

So höre denn: Es ist Dir viel aufgeladen, noch viel von Dir erwartet – für Lebende und Tote. Innerhalb ist noch zu erfüllen. Widerstreben rächt. Gutes wächst aus Übel. Du träumtest Du wirst einst glücklich dann mit dem Freund Deiner Jugend, denn Dein Haus schenkst Du Deinem Bruder, und was sein Schicksal, das wartend vor Dir steht. Aber vergiß nicht, wie ganz anders er war und wie ganz anders er zu einem Schicksal kam. Alles, was er tat, vermeidest Du ja. Die Erinnerung ~~an ihn~~ drängt Dich nach vorne. Darum so sein, darum träumst Du von ihm, denn Du wurdest auf das Wunderwasser Deines Bruders heruntergedrückt werden, sonst genügt Dir auch das höchste Maass nicht. Das hast Du doch gesehen bei Jenen, die Allerwunderketten und die eben gerade darum nicht zufrieden waren.

Sei selber frugal, so lehrst Du Andere Frugalität – und Dankbarkeit für das Wenige. Dankbar ist man überhaupt nur für das Wenige, nie für das Viele.

Thue Gutes Dich, damit Du die Kraft hast, die Aufgabe zu lösen.

Bist Du mit mir?

„Ich bin ganz mit Dir."

16 VIII 76.

Warum ärgerst Du mich? Warum lässt Du mich nicht endlich zur Ruhe kommen, damit ich das nothwendige Werk thun kann? Wozu bis dem noch säumen? Sprich und lass mich nicht stets im Dunkeln über das, was Du willst. Du hast mich heute wieder geärgert und gehetzt. Du raubst mir die Freude und hast Lust am Quälen. Du willst wohl aber mich davontreiben und lädst so darum mich auf. Das wird nicht mehr so gehen. Ich will wissen und verstehen. Du musst doch auch Dein Theil tragen. Sprich. Ich will dich hören!

„Hast Du mir genügend Opfer gebracht, Hast Du mir Tiere geschlachtet oder Gänse?"

Du tittst wieder herrisch auf. Was gab Du Gewalt? Heraus, ich will es wissen.

„Du packst nicht auf. Es wird Dir heimlich genommen. Ich habe entwendet, als Du schliefst."

Was nahmst Du mir?

„Die Härte". Ich machte Dich weich und gütig. Daran wurde ich stark und frech. Denn Weichheit ist eine Hater. Hahe, ich muss Dich noch lehren, wie Du mich behandeln hast. Erfahren, das musst Du lernen."

Wann und wie war es?

„Jener köstlichen Nacht, die Du so wenig Spass machte — vorher kein Spass, nachher kein Spass. Sondern Sentimente. Das ist Futter für mich."

Du ruchloser Daemon, immer bereit, die Noth der Menschen auszunützen. Doch sag mir, wie kamst Du zu Sentimente fressen und damit meine Härte?

„Du bist nicht ruchlos und eigennützig genug. Schade, das ich Dir das Geheimniss anliefern muss. Du giebt nicht, um zu kaufen.

Nein, Du giebst um des Lohns willen, und nennst, Dankbarkeit wende es thun. Nie, das ist sentimental. Davon werden wir jetzt gewaltthätig."

Du Teufel, ich werde Dich noch auch wandschlagen.

„Thus, wenn Du kannst. Du nennst ja Dich und Dich unkenntlich. Sei zufrieden, wenn ich Dir meine Geschäftsgeheimnisse ausliefere."

Also gib mir meine Härte wieder, Hexenweib! Ich will nicht mehr sein narrsein, du verflochte Klausnerin.

„Was giebst Du dafür?"

Du nicht, nicht ein mal mein Blut. Nicht Lügen und Gauze, sondern mich selber. Besseres Königsgold giebt es nicht.

... „Fast zu viel. Du bist zu gütig — um des bischen Härte willen. Vielleicht hättest Du auch nur ein bischen stampfen müssen. Dann wär's schon dagewesen?

Du gehörst also auch jene Teufelsgeister, die um so fecher werden, je mehr sie erhalten. Wie allgemein menschlich Du bist! Du hast wohl das Fasten nöthig?

Ich bin ja! Ich weiss wieder einmal, dass das Nachchristenthum angebrochen ist, wo die Seelen aus Kloster gehen und Stricke umbinden und fasten, das Gott erbarme! Ja meine liebe, gemarterte Christenseele, ich merke, meine Tugenden hindern Dich am Seelenheil. Werde gut, das Christenthum hat Dich ganz zum Scheusal gemacht. Die Hexenprocesse hätten uns Dich schon lehren können. Verflochte Marsthei, diese Menschen, ihre Seelen hätten sie zörten sollen, darum braten sie ihr eigenes Fleisch und futtern damit ihre Seelenäuste.

Mein Gott, lass es nicht zu, dass mein Werk, mein Ziel von den Seelen gepressen wird.

21.IX.16

Es ist schwarz, ganz schwarz. Der Grund der Hölle ist ausgeschöpft. Darum komme ich zu Dir oder zu Euch, Ihr Unsichtbaren und opfere Euch Blut, damit Eure Stummheit sich löse und Ihr zu mir sprecht und mir sagt, was Ihr von mir verlangt, dass ich das Leben ertragen kann. Lasst mich also hören! Bist Du es meine Seele? So sprich!

„Es ist lange her, seit dem Du zu mir sprachst, zu lange. Hier liegt ein Grund Deines Leidens. Zu lange wartetest Du. Doch das ist nicht Alles: Was ist es mit dem alten Manne, den Du geschlagen hast? Er hatte wohl Recht? Wie?"

Ich gab ihm Recht, so viel ihm zukam. Recht ist auch auf meiner Seite. Doch was soll mit ihm?

„Was sagst Du von der Gerechtigkeit, glaubst Du das?"

Gewiss, aber auch das Andere, weil es auch wahr ist, so wahr wie Wahrheit sein kann.

„Wahrheit? Nun ja ein schönes altes Wort. Hast Du noch mehr davon?"

Höre auf zu spotten. Wenn ich Dich frage, so heisst das noch lange nicht, dass ich mich bedingungslos Dir ausliefere. Ich kenne Dich. Also was ist es mit der Gerechtigkeit?

„Sie liegt Dir am Herzen, wie?" Selbstverständlich. Was willst Du damit?

„Willst Du damit?"

Höre auf mit Quälerei. Du weisst genug. Ich will von Dir hören, wie ich mich wiedererheben kann. Ich kann so nicht leben. Gieb es her, was Du hältst.

„Lasse mir Zeit zum Zögern. Uhlt zu geschwind, langsam ist besser."

Du grauenhafter Teufel! Gieb mir mein Leben wieder.

Was willst Du von mir?

„Dein Herz."

Ach, sogar Dein Herz? Blut ist nicht genug?

„Nein, Arthur, der ganze Herz. Du brauchst kein Herz mehr. Ich nimm Dein Herz haben."

Ja nimm es, meinetwegen. Ich bin verzweifelt genug. Aber gib nur mein Leben dafür. Was wird mein Herz mit Deiner Seele! Wird Du dann vielleicht besser? Oder was ich mein Herz hassen lernen, weil Du es jetzt hast? „Aus dem Herzen kommen alle bösen Gedanken"; so wird auch der noch wahr. Bin ich denn meiner Gefühle Herr und Dieser los?

„Habe Geduld und passe auf, wie es sein wird, da Du Dein Herz zurückgegeben hast. Vielleicht werde ich gut daran?

Sodass sogar etwas Gutes von Dir kommt? Kann glaublich. Jedoch, ich will abwarten. Aber Du wirst, sagt wie wenig Hoffnung.

„Geduld. Es wird etwas Besonders geschehen. Dein Herz giebt uns Kraft."

25-IX-16.

Es geheim Lösung. Das Leben beginnt wieder ein. Ich bin froh und dankbar. Das muss ich Dir sagen. Aber liegt noch viel Schmerzliches, Hartes, Grausames in der Luft. Dunkle Schuld, Angstliches, Schweres und Drückendes. Wie viel kommt herein von diesem grausamen Kriege? Lastet der Blutgeruch auch auf meiner Luft? Muss ich Anteil daran haben?

sehnst Du mein Herz, meine Seele, sprich zu mir!

„Wieviel Lichter willst Du haben, drei oder sieben? Drei ist das Einzige und Bestimmende, sieben das Allgemeine und Umfassende."

Welche Frage! und welche Entscheidung! Schwer wahr sein: mein Sinn steht nach den 7 Lichtern.

„Also Sie sieben willst Du? Das rechte ich mir. Das geht ins Weite – Sieben Lichter."

Das brauche ich: Kühlung, frische Luft. Der erstickenden Schwüle ist genug. Zu viel Angst und zu wenig Freiheit zu Atmen. Gieb mir die 7 Lichter.

„Das erste Licht ~~ist~~ bedeutet das Pleroma.

Das zweite Licht bedeutet den Abgrund.

Das dritte Licht die Sonne.

Das vierte Licht den Mond.

Das fünfte Licht die Erde.

Das sechste Licht den Phallus.

Das siebente Licht den Stern."

Warum fehlten der Vogel, die himmlische Mutter und der Himmel?

„Sie sind allesamt eingeschlossen im Stern. Wie durch den Stern ~~sieht~~ Blickst, so schaust du durch sie hindurch. Sie sind die Brücken zum Stern. Sie bilden das Eine 7te Licht, das höchste, das schwebende, das mit rauschendem Flügelschlag emporsteigt, entsprossen aus der Umarmung des Lichtbaumes mit 6 Ästen und 1 Blüte, in der der Sterngott schlummern lag.

Die 6 Lichter sind einzeln und bilden die Vielheit, das eine Licht ist Eines und bildet die Einheit, es ist die Gipfel-

blüthe der Bäume, das heilige Ei, der Weltkeim, dem Flügel gegeben sind, damit es an seine Stätte gelangen kann. Aus dem Einen geht immer wieder der Viele hervor und aus den Vielen der Eine."

Doch sage mir, wer ist die Dreizahl, die ich verschmähte?

„Das sind 3 Frauen, Morgenröthe, Mittag und Nacht, das Weib – Dein Schicksal. Dem entgehst Du."

Zu Recht oder Unrecht?

„Zu Recht. Denn du verdientest es nicht, am Busen geschlagen, da Du an mir nicht erstickt bist. Du weißt Du, was das Weib für den Mann ist – ein Fallstrick und ein Himmelsleiter. Was das Weib sucht ist, das soll es zeigen und wird es auch zeigen. Zwischen Mann und Weib ist eine tiefe Kluft befestigt. Ich bin diese Kluft. Wer diese Kluft nicht nicht, ist nicht mehr entzweit. Wer mich hat nicht, der zurückbleibender Abgrund, der von keiner Seele mehr überbrückt ist. Trennung hervorkt Sehnsucht und aus Sehnsucht eint. Ferne lieben einander."

Heißt das wohl Einsamkeit, Freund, Kloster?

„Nein, es heißt Möglichkeit der Zusammenseins – nahe auf getrenntesten Bergen. Es heißt Freude. Denn allerheiligst erlöst du und mit Deiner Seele."

Wer bist Du? F

„Ich bin Deine Seele!" β +

Wie? und du sprichst so wahrhaft?

„Ich habe Dein Herz. Das macht es. Ich fühle mit Dir, bin mit Dir geeint."

Darum hast Du das Weib, die Gefährtin meiner selbst – meiner Seele, wie man sagt – die ich immer suchte? Ist ich unter

Menschen wühlen nur fort? Hast Du den Dämonen abgesagt? Bist Du ein Christ geworden, du heiliger, lieber Unglücklicher?

„Ich folge Dir nach, immer älter und jünger als Du."

Wirfst Du als Junge schon das Ende und das Wiederum-Andere?

„Nein, ich fühle der Wirre vor. Größere Wirre, Besseres, das ist. Ich nenne es Christenthum der Seele, die Enthaltsamkeit und Keuschheit der Seele, die Menschlichkeit des Menschen.

Alles ~~höchste~~ größte Leid und alle höchste Freude trage mit mir. Das Mischen und das Abgemessene allein gehört den Menschen, nicht umgekehrt, wie es der Teufel immer lehren wollen. Gieb mir Deine Treue, und ich helfe Dir. Du wirst, ich kann viel bewirken.

Ich gebe Dir Kraft und halte Störung fern von Dir fern. So ringst Du zum Weiten empor.

27.8.76.

Du hast ja unerträglich Schweres auf mich. Wie verkehrst Du, daß Du Dein Herz gab? Oder verlangst Du wirklich trotz Müdigkeit Hand für Hand Dein Leben?

„Weiteren hättest Du Alles überwinden sollen, um mit mir zu reden. Du hast es versäumt. Darum wird Du bestraft."

Warum aber steht mir soviel Ekel im Wege? Ich kann besonders den Ekel nicht überwinden.

„Weil ich ekelhaft bin. Du könntest doch den Menschen gegenüber einen Ekel überwinden, oder nicht ganz? Wenn falsch viel Ekel mir gegenüber. Hier kann der Ekel ganz überwunden sein, völlig, hörst Du. Wenn Du Ekel spürst, dann versucht Dich zu mir, denn darin bin ich näher. Wenn Kriechgruch und Tat

Fäulniss in der Luft ist, dann kommst Du zu mir kommst und selbst Du mit mir reden, sonst wird Alles nichts. Du hast Recht, der Dich jetzt zu mir kommt. Es ist gut, der Du mich hören willst. Es ist einfach so, der Du mich hörst. Wenn nicht die der Tauben, ich sitze ja doch an der Lebensquelle. Du kommst zu mir, sonst lebst Du nicht. Du lebst durch mich, durch den Ekel, den ich ausströme. Das Leben nährt sich von Leichen, sonst Dasein nicht. Du Du das. Wer den Ekel vor den Leichen fernhält übersieht, lebt nicht; die Welt wird ihm zur Leiche. Laß Alles andere liegen und komme zu mir."

Du sprichst wie ein Weib.

„Ich bin Dein Weib, das Dir Leben geben kann. Kein irdisches Weib vermocht auf die Dauer dasselbe. Du hast Du 7 Richter gewählt, darum empfängst Du Dein Leben von mir und nicht von einem Menschenweibe. Das ist ehrenhaft. Du wirst immer nur ihnen das Leben geben, ~~nur~~ so können es Dir nicht geben. Der kommt zu mir. Darum wenn ~~nicht~~ immer die Leere und der Ekel sich sammeln, komme zu mir."

So gieb mir mein Leben, gieb mir der Gedeihen wieder und die Kraft.

„Willst Du alle meine Bedingungen erfüllen?"

Ja, ich will.

„Also keine Briefe mehr an Frauen, kein Jammern. Sie können es Dir nicht geben. Das sollst ~~Du~~ Du langsam wissen. Du bist ihnen die Quelle des Lebens, bis sie eine eigene Quelle gefunden haben. Jammerbriefe sind Minnerlaubnisse. Du hast zu geben, aber von mir Alles zu empfangen. Die Menschenweiber sind immer eifersüchtig auf mich, indem sie sich mit Dinen

Leib verwechseln. Das ist ihre Teufelei, andersd. hätten sie Dich lieber machen. Du hast mich gefangen und zur Treue gezwungen. Ich bin Dein Weib, sonst Niemand."

Ich zweifle an Dir und traue er Dir nicht zu –

„Ich bin kein Menschenweib, sie können es nicht. Ihnen ist es nicht zuzutrauen, aber mir unerst Du vertrauen, der ihes gehört kann, schon mit Mal hast Dues erfahren. Warum glaubst Du es noch nicht?"

Manchmal schien es mir, als ob es die Andern auch könnten.

„Nur durch mich, wie durch sie allen. Sie sind leer und trocken, wie Sonne sie nicht die eigene Quelle haben und nur durch Dich leben. Liebe willst Du von ihnen? Du bekommst nur, wo Du nimmst. Geben können sie nicht.

Ich kann geben, sie nicht."

„So gib es mir. Ich will Deine Bedingung erfüllen.

„Es ist eine Bedingung: Du darfst Schwerze gehen. Nicht zu tiefe Bindung. Auch sie ist leer und lebt durch Dich. Sie kann Dir nicht geben, wenn Du hast. Du wahltest Dir Richter. Je mehr Du Dich bindest, desto armer wirst Du. Keine Briefe mehr, keine Zeit, die Du mir gehören sollst. Ich will Dir Kraft geben, wenn Du mit mir allein gehst. Ich will Andere von Dir weghalten, aber komme zu mir. Du wirst einsam sein mit mir. Viel schweigen und sich nicht binden. ~~Denn~~ Das Menschliche, das Du verlierst, das immer Liebe wie Steigen mir, der Du mich mir gehst. Sogar die Liebe wird nicht abreißen wollen. Nur wenig wagst aber kommst zu mir. Nur ich kann Dir Lösung geben. Du fandest den Weg zu mir. Also wird Dir auch der Rückweg gelingen. Du bleibst bei mir.

28.7.16.

„Ist nicht Alles sehr bedrohlich?

„Wenigstens etwas. Jetzt kommt ihm Sie Bewußtsein der Gefahr. Du mußt nachdenken, Freundchen."

„Herrscht denn so großer Dunkelheit über mich?

„Mehr als das, tiefes Mißtrauen, geheime Furcht. Du bist unheimlich geworden."

„Bezweifle mir merken. Doch sag mir: Warum grachst Du gestern so wegwerfend von der Schwarzen? Hat Du blos eifersüchtig oder hat es tiefere Gründe?

„Ja, es ist Eifersucht, weibliche Eifersucht. Glaubst Du, sie habe keinen Sinn? Es ist Selbsterhaltung. Darum muß ich die Schwarze unschädlich machen. Ich bin gegen sie, nicht weil sie etwas nicht gut ~~wo ich~~ wäre, sondern, weil ~~ich~~ sie mir zuviel wegnimmt."

„Ich fürchte, Du bist zu gierig. Du willst zuviel von mir.

„Ich will immer sehr viel von Dir. Die Frauen gehören zu meinen gefährlichsten Gegnern, denn sie sind von meiner Qualität. Darum kannst Du mich so leicht mit der Schwarzen verwechseln. Ich habe auch goldene Tiegenaugen und ein schwarzes Fell. Ich stelle mich zwischen sie und Dich.

„Die Weiße ist die ungefährlichere, denn sie ist mir ganz unähnlich und so wiedergeartet, daß Du dich dort gar nicht verlieren kannst. Du hütest blos zuviel an ihr. Früher war sie Dir gefährlich, jetzt nicht mehr. Sie ist blos erbittert gegen Dich, weil ich stärker bin als sie. Aber die Schwarze, sie ist unredlich klug. Ich begreife, daß Du sie liebst, aber ich möchte sie wegbekommen, ob es mir gelingt? Es geht nur durch Überwältigung, die ich nicht bewältigen kann. Aber ich werde immer gegen sie sein. Also pass auf. Nicht zuviel von mir weg!"

Ich erinnere mich daran, daß Du kein Mensch sondern eine Halbdämonin bist. Hoffentlich bessert Dich mein Herz, das ich Dir gab. Hoffentlich hat Du durch mein Herz ein Einsehen in menschliche Natur. Es braucht doch nicht immer nur Hölle

Teufel zwischen uns zugegeben. Gehe doch mit mir und hilf mir, den richtigen Weg durch die Welt zu finden. Ich habe nachdenkens auf dem Herzen. Du weißt, daß ich mich Begriffe stehe, nachdenkens in Angriff zu nehmen, Raum bisher dunkel war, der magische. Ist es wahrhaftig, daß Dich nichts thun oder sehr ernste Gegengründe nicht?

„Der Magische? Ja was willst Du dort?"

Ich will wissen, ob dort auch ein Weg ist, ob wir dort auch etwas nothwendiges und Nützliches gewinnen können?

„Nein! Ich kann nicht dagegen reden. Es gibt ernste Gründe dagegen. Willst Du selbst erfahren? Zu wem bekennst Du? Hast Du Muth genug dazu? Sicherheiten? Nicht ergründete Abgründe?"

Was dunkelt Dich? Was verwirrt? Das berührt ja Dein eigenstes Gebiet?

„Eben das ist mir Finsterniß. Ich weiß nichts, weiß nichts. Es kann nur durch den Menschen klar werden, dem Mehr es kommt

Vielleicht bringe ich etwas davon? Wer weiß? Ich kann nur das für Dich erfassen, was durchdrungen, überwacht wurde. Der Zweifel, aus dem ich die Verdunkelung habe, ist Dein Zweifel. Ich vermag zu erfassen, was Du hast. Aber Du nicht – Du hast Dich nicht – Du hast Dich nicht."

Merkwürdiges Wesen! Also Du hast nichts einzuwenden gegen meine Absicht?

„Nichts, wie schon gesagt. Wer ich Jemand Rath Alles wissen will!"

Nun scheint, Du weißt zurückhaltend. Was hast Du? Willst Du etwas nicht herausreden?

„Es ist so schwer, es vorzubringen!"

So strenge Dich an, ich thue es ja auch.

„Nun, versuchen wir! Was goldenen Vogel ist es etwas. Es ist nicht der weiße Vogel, sondern der goldene. Der hängt anders. Da wirkt ein guter Daemon, der goldene Vogel, ehe ich ihn Dir und unter wenem Gott. Er hängt Dir daran.

Schaue ihn im blauen Aether, nachdem Sterne fliegend. Er ist zugleich mein eigenes Ei, das Dich enthält. Fühlst Du mich. Dann frage!"

Erklärte mir mehr. Es wachsen in mir alles Geschöpfe."

"Der goldene Vogel ist keine Seele, er ist Dein ganzer Wesen. Die Menschen sind auch goldene Vögel, nicht Alle, andere sind Würmer und versenken in der Erde. Es höre Du und goldener Vogel."

Fahre weiter, ich forderte meinen Ekel. Lass es heraus, was Du gesehen hast.

"Der goldene Vogel sitzt auf dem Baume der 6 Lichter. Der Baum wächst aus dem Haupte des Abraxas, und Alles aus Abraxas der wächst aus dem Pleroma. Alles woraus der Baum wächst, blüht aus ihm aus als in Nichts verwandelt, als eine Gebärmutter der Kelchblüte, des goldenen Eivogels. Der Lichtbaum ist nur eine Pflanze

die nicht Individuum; Sie wächst aus dem Haupte des Abraxas, sein Gedanke in Gedanke unter unzähligen. Das Individuum ist eine blaue Pflanze ohne Blüten und Früchte, ein Durchgang zum Baume der 7 Lichter. Das Individuum ist die Vorstufe des Lichtbaumes. Leuchtend blühst aus ihm, Phanes selber, Agni, ein neues Feuer, ein goldener Vogel. Das kommt nach dem Individuum, nämlich wenn es weitervereinigt ist mit der Welt, dann blüht Sie Welt aus ihm ~~aus~~. Abraxas ist der Trieb, Individuum, verwoben ihm unterschieden, der Baum der 7 Lichter aber das Symbol der mit dem Abraxas geeinten Individuums. Daraus erwächst Phanes und fliegt davon, er, der goldene Vogel. Nachdem Abraxas einigt Du Dich durch mich. Zuerst geht Du mit dem Herz, dann lebst Du durch mich. Ich bin die Brücke zum Abraxas so wird der Lichtbaum in Dir und Du selber zum Licht=

Baum aus Phanes steigt aus Dir.
Darhat Du vorgeschent, aber nicht verstanden. Deshalb merkst Du Dich auch vom Abraxas trennen, um Individuum zu werden, dem Triebbetriebe zu entgehen. Jetzt kommt die Vereinigung mit dem Abraxas. Das geht durch mich. Das kannst Du nicht machen. Darum musst Du bei mir bleiben. Die Vereinigung mit dem phänomenalen Abraxas geht durch der Menschenweib, die mit dem göttlichen Ich aber geht durch mich, darum musst Du mir treu sein.

Zg. IX. 16. morgens

Du siehst, ich bin wieder hereingefallen. Doppelt, nicht einfach Dures und deinen Briefe schreiben!

Ja Bekla qu'warth! Ihr Menschen seid klügeln."

Und Du, Dich musste ich ja erziehen! Ursache ich nicht Deine verhältnismässigen Freiheit, der ich wieder hereingefallen bin?

„Ja, schon, ich wollte auch einmal einen guten Tag haben und genoss Deinen Ärger und Deine Sünden."

Was – Sünden?

„Nun, etwas entwertend ausgedrückt. Du entwertest mich durch, indem Du infolgeweiser Reaktionen wieder einmal an meiner Existenz zweifelst. Entweder Du jetzt kommst. Wenn Du nicht kommst, so verliere ich mich in die Dinge und Menschen und bin dann wieder schwer herauszubringen. Ich genieße alle Reaktionen und verliere mich ganz darin. Ich werde nur durch Dich meine Existenz erinnert. Ich habe eben etwas an Ernsthaftigkeit eingebüßt. Dieser Mangel muss eingeholt werden. Dazu musst Du helfen. Du musst bald wieder kommen, sagen sich, damit wir weiter miteinander kommen."

Abend.

Ich fühle den Kampf beginnt wieder. Stehe mir bei, Seele, Dämon. Es muss errungen sein, wer nachweisbar schlummert. Was muss aus Welt gehen.

„Es ist etwas anderes.“

Was ist es?

„Es ist kaum zu sagen. Es ist wie Frost, wie schwarzer Nebel, gespenthaft, ein Nebel auf ruhigen Flächen, eine grüne Nacht, dunkle Bäume. Wer seh' ich? Wer vermocht es zu nennen? Fast nicht auszusprechen — so weit, so stumm, so hauchartig — unleibsam — wo hast Du das her? so kühl und zaudrich — so meerhaft — was lärmt Du? was aufbrust Du? Wie kommst Du da? Unaussprechliches, Unergründliches, Ungeziemtes — wie schlangenquirlige, verschlungene, geknotete Bänder — wie Runen, schwer zu deutende Zeichen. Dann zischelt davon Einiges. Es ist der Schlaf — ich bin weich und willenlos, wie Flaum — seltsam. Sie Zeichen bildet sich formen Ψ, was es bedeutet? Ein ovales und ein anderes, getheilt die Länge nach — macht vier. Es verschwimmt — halte mich fest — ich muss aufsehen — Fäden festhalten, nicht wegblicken — jetzt ist es feurig — 2 Kreise OO in Augen, leere Feuerhöhlen. Jetzt — halte fest — es ist schwer, es glüht zwei Tropfen ⚫⚫ zwei Thränen aus glühendem Glas aus einer zweigeschossenen Sphäre herunterströmt — ein gelbes Licht ⚠ aufwärts brennend, ein Urtheil über dunkeln Sumpf — ein Grab ⊔, wer ruht darin? — es ist leer, geleert, Eure entstand daraus — wo geing er hin? Eine Tafel Y, was gehört sich? eines theilte, ich wird wir Eins zwei? Wers weiss — wie in Zwiespalt? nein: Eine Trennung? — Dunkel. Das Siehe — ein andres Zeichen, ein Kopf ♀, abgebrochen? woher herunterfallen? — ein Gitter ▦, eine Schlange ⊘, eine Gefängniss ▢, ein Hahn ⚥ — ich kann mich nicht aus — so Seltsames — das ist Fremdes. Du bereitest etwas auf, das nicht zu Dir gehört, fremdes Empfinden, unendlich Fremdes. Es ging etwas in Dich hinein, Widriges — ob gutem Stand — Ist Magie — fremde Zauber, heuerige Einsamkeit — fremde Besprechung zu Land? — Ha Falsches — was wollen Kunststücke — nichts Echtes, nichts vom Grunde — Gift, höllisches Gift aus grünen giftigen Bouteillen. Speie es aus, es ist Unreines, Unechtes, Ekliges, Betrug, Höllenzauber. Schwarzer Dich vor Magie — Teufelsbann geht in Dich hinein, Nichts mehr davon — Schlangenwürfe Dich Du Rattendreck, der Unterweltsgezeugel, der Hexenzauberspruch — verschwindet — Du bist erlöst, ausgespeit und ausgehängt. Jedes nahet sich, Alle sprechen auf Dich — erkannt — erkannt — fremder Dreck heraus und fort — Ruhe ist ein — Ruhe zu.

Der war fort. Nun aber merk es Dir, dort ist Betrug und Zaubergift. Lass Du Hand davon. Der Teufel hat ein Garn gelegt. Die schwarze ist gut. Dort ist gute Luft. Die grüne Kocht Gift und Finsteres.

Gut, dass er heraus ist. Nichts mehr davon! Ah, ich ahnen Finsternisse welche, glotzt Tumm, der Bang entging Euch. Wenn empörts zum Licht — wir wissen die Sterne schon über dem Nebel. Da bricht Geist. O Reinheit der Geist — schwöre den Abgrund der Gedanken. Entzünde ein reines weisses Licht am Thore der Obern. Magie — dein Magie ist Teufelsdruck — du bemeistert dich Daten, unreine Verwischung — Kettengeist — hüte Dich.

Der hast Du gut gemacht. Das also machst auch etwas trunken! Es was ein heimlich betäubendes Gift. Gut, dass ich es weiss. Bleibe hier mit meiner Seele. Hast Du noch etwas zu sagen?

Ja, es ist wichtig, dass Du weisst, dass Du Dich durch strenge Arbeit zu einigen hast, damit das Licht ganz rein und weiss wird. Bruder ist er in geistigen Nebel ausgeglitzelt. Morgen geht die Arbeit.

2. X. 16.

Ich komme, um Dich zu hören! Willst Du zu mir sprechen? oder sollich Anderes thun, wozu ich kommen soll?

„Immer wenn Du kommst zu Anderm, gehe zu Anderm. Hast Du wirklich Kommen zum Andern? Wenn es wenn du etwas ahnen, und Du verstehst nicht ganz.

Das ist richtig, darum kam ich.

„Höre: Du wirst nicht klug werden, bevor Du nicht Allerseitigkeiten hast. Du musst noch Vieles verstehen, was Dich dunkel ist. Verstehst Du den goldenen Vogel? Nein, noch lange nicht. Es ist schwierig. Strebst er nicht auf wie ein Licht, wie die Sonne? Erhebt er sich nicht zum Zenith? In welcher Dunkelheit stehst Du?

Ja, der Frage ist auch. Ich stehe in tiefen Finsternissen. Doch was erhebt sich der goldene Vogel? Ich ahne lange träume ich von Tenes und vom Tage über uns, aber es ist, als ob wir in einer tiefen Schlucht stünden, und fern über uns eine schmale Spalte Tages. Wann wird das Licht kommen? Warum sind wir immer auf der Schattenseite der Welt?

Ja, dort steht ihr, auf der Schattenseite. Ich sah ahnend das Licht von ferne und sehe es noch, aber es ist ferne.

Warum ist es so ferne? That ich nicht Alles, was ich konnte, um es herzubringen? Was muss ich noch thun? Sage mir!

„Ich glaube Du sollst beten."

Zu wem?

„Zu Deinem Gott, der er die das Licht schenke, was kann es nicht herbeikommen, es bedarf der Blicke der Gottes. Du darfst kein Mittel unversucht lassen. Wo nichts hilft, hilft Gebet. Der Gebet hilft Deinem Gotte. Er hat Dir Kraft, er hebe es nicht, ich kann es nur von Weitem sehen, Arme Dich. Ohne Du sieht es nicht."

Ich will es thun.

6. XI. 16. Erwachte nicht, wie Du sieht. Ich träume. Hast Du mir Kraft weggenommen?

Ja, ich hatte sie nöthig.

Wozu? Ich muss die tiefern Dinge heraus erbeiten. Die Wissenschaft hat Euch. Noch etwas ausgegraben werden, was verschüttet lag mit Alten.

Also hat ich nicht Ursacht zu träumen?

„Nein, keine Rede davon. So kann es aufwenden, was Du zu wissen brauchst, denn wachst schwereres zu verstehen."

Willst Du mir davon reden?

„Versuche, ich mir Kraft, dann kann ich vielleicht etwas herausbringen.

Es ist vergoldeter Vogel, der nur sichtbar, der Bewunderung Ei, der sich entfalten soll. Die Luft wird es ausbrüten, die Luft, die jetzt stinkt, die weiten Weltraum, die überall sind, die von Wunden und Fieber, von Osten und Westen. Doch noch ist das Ei nicht geworden, aber der Baum wächst; doch sind die Lichter dem Ei gefährlich, weil sie feindlich sind. Die gefährlichen Feinde des grossen Lichts sind die kleinen Lichter. Daraus ist zu merken. Für die kleinen Lichtern gehört die Wissenschaft. Sie sind nöthig, aber sollen zurückgehalten sein, damit das Ei das Licht leuchten kann. Die Wissenschaft entspricht dem klaren Licht der Sonne, die Kunst dem Licht des Mondes. Beide stehen dem Ei Licht zunächst, nur sehen nicht."

Warum hattest Du an?

„Es ist Unruhe. Es fehlt hier etwas, Anderes, etwas ganz anderes. Etwas von den Tatsachen, den Geistern."

Was ist es mit ihnen?

„Ich kann nicht verstehen, was sie sagen, das Flüchtige. Was Alles stirbt! Warum kommt

ihr nicht zur Ruhe gelangen? Habt
ihr noch nicht genug gemordet? Was wollt
ihr noch? Ihr habt so da! Was sagt ihr?
Habt ihr Hunger und Durst? Ich mag
euch nichts. Wer kommt ihr? Wollt ihr
auch zum Lichte? Gebt etwas? Was
haltet ihr die Hände hoch? Hell ihr
wieder? Für ihr Butter? Du, alter Mann,
was schaust du so traurig? Hat man
dir die Wahrheit nicht anerkannt? Du
junges Weib, fandest du keine Liebe?
Was wollt ihr noch? Wirklichkeit
wurde zu Schatten, und selber seid
ihr Schatten. Was ängstigen euch eure
Sehnsüchte? Gilt doch das, was ihr nicht
lebtet, das Feuer, das noch in euch glimmt,
dem Lebenden zurück, damit er es noch
erfüllen kann. Ihr könnt es ja nicht mehr.
Zu spät – ihr habt zu verachten. Lebt
euer Feuer her, der Lebende hat es nötig.
Warum wollt ihr so gierig, so habsüchtig daran
festhalten? Gebt es los, dem lebt wenigstens
das Feuer noch, die ihr zu Schatten wurdet.
Warum wollt ihr dieses Feuer nicht opfern?
Ihr wollt es, damit ohne das Hell entbrennen
kann. Wie kann die Lampe leuchten, wenn
ihr das Öl mit euch nehmt?

Was, sagt ihr? Ihr wollt gehört sein?
Was wollt ihr denn? Sprecht!

Elias: Ich komme als Sprecher. Es traurig ist
es, vom Leben verloren zu sein. Seht meine
Augen sind blind geworden von
Thränen. Wir wollen Mitleid.

„Wozu Mitleid? Der Lebende stirbt,
wenn ihr leben wollt. Ihr sind Schatten, opfert
euch und laßt das Rest des Feuers, der euch
blieb, dem Lebenden. Er will ein neues Feuer
entzünden und Licht euer Feuers."

Elias: Was kommt wollt Ihr, wenn fehlt uns
alle Wärme. Hast uns den Rest von Feuer. Wir
will Dir auch es geben, wenn Du uns das wenige
an Wärme lässt. Sollen denn die Toten ganz
aussterben? Wir können doch Weisheit geben
und Wahrheit, was die Lebenden nicht wissen.
„Warhast Du denn zu sagen?"

Ich weiß nicht, was Du willst.

„Wir müssen etwas vom Himmelsleben wissen, vielleicht vom Lehm jenseits des Todes. Zusammen zwingt bedrängen uns. Hier stimmt wir an ein Hindernis. Wirst Du da Rath?

E. Ich will mich bemühen. Salome, siehst Du einen Weg?

Sal. Meine Augen sind geschlossen. Sie waren einmal offen und sah das Licht, die grüne Flamme, deren der lebende bedarf. Aber sie erlosch. Tu grauer Gram wälzte sich auf sie und erstickte sie. Man sollte sie ausgraben.

El. Ich habe keine Kräfte zu Ihm.

Sal. Führe mich an die Stelle, wo unser Haus entstand, ehe du aufflucht geboren wurde. Schreibe nicht, aber ich fühle die Wärme, die an jener Stelle haftet, wo die Flamme entloderte. Ich will mit meinen Händen jene Stelle aufgraben.

Sind wir jene Stelle, Vater?

El. Ja. Hier sind wir.

Sal. Hier hast Du einen Stein. Siehst Du das alte geheimnisvolle Zeichen darauf, den Lichtbaum und darüber den Leuchtenden? Meine Hände fühlten es. Es ist die richtige Stelle. Jemand soll zu mir treten. Schwarz, dämonisches Vogelschlangenweib. Der Lebendige ist nicht durch Dich von mir getrennt.

J. Bruder, wie kalt Deine Hände sind! Wie trocken Deine Augen, wie grau verschlossen Dein Herz! Küsse mich.

J. Ach, Salome! Dich küssen, welch ein Schmerz!

Sal. Drum heut ist mein Lied.

J. Wie lichtenhaft kalt du bist! Wie vergangen! Wie schattenhaft! Ich kann Dich nicht umarmen, du bist wie ein kühler Hauch. Meine Arme greifen ins Leere und frösteln. Kälte durchdringt mich. Was hast Du das Feuer. Da

Sal. Es erlosch. Jene da unten ist noch ein wenig anglühend. Stehe aus der grossen Steine weg, damit ich hinabsteigen kann.

? Ach, diese Steine sind so leicht und so unbeweglich schwer. Wer vermöchte sie nicht zu heben oder wer vermöchte sie zu heben? Zu wenig und zu viel! Und das sollen uns zum Feuer führen?

Sel. Bruder, sehe es.

J. Hier ist ein Block, unendlich schwer und dennoch nichts. Hier warf ich ihn Dir zu Füßen. Im Winter — und ein Dritter. Ja hier ihres Vaters. Hast Du doch Recht?

Sel. Was ist es jetzt?

J. Bei Gott ein Leichnam! Hatt — ob Gott — das bin ich selbst. Ich, ein Toter, der die Flamme unter sich begrub? Weintest Du über meinen Tod, Salome? Wie starb ich? Wer tötete mich? Vergoß jemand mein Blut? Mein Bruder, Selbst, wie kam es, daß Du starbst? Daß Du die Flamme unter Dir begrubst? Tötete Dich der Gram? Haben Dich der Alte Dich Dein Weg? Ach, schreckliche Stunde! Schlüge selbst Du den Toten!

Ha, Dein Werk, Salome, verflucht! Du zwangst mich, vom Baume der Geburt herunterzusteigen, Du lagst in den Zweigen, im Eiland Thanes, der leuchtende, und Du bezauberst mich, aus meiner Geburt herunterzusteigen, — und Du begrubst mich selbst. Ich stürmte Berge auf mich und ich verschwand. Allein, was ich auf der Erde, als der leuchtende sich erhob. Da, seine Seele zwang hinaufzu, und hier uns die Nacht.

Ich will den Tag. Salome, verflucht, Deine Thränen töteten mich, meine Seele, warum zwangst Du sie zu töten nicht? Was soll nun geschehen?

„Steige auf den Baum und blicke nach oben, vielleicht wachsen Dir Flügel oder die Feuer fallen vom Himmel und steigt auf Dich herunter, als

ein goldener Vogel."

? Ach – was soll ich? Werde ich je das Licht erreichen? Ist es nicht besser, ich bleibe der Erde treu? und lasse den goldenen Vogel der Luft und dem weiten Himmel?

„Als Mensch stirbst Du, zuerst das Eine und dann alles Andere. Ja, Du wirst zum Erdwurm. Phanes ist Dir entstiegen. Er ist geworden. Erleuchtet über Dir. Alles ist vollendet. Einer Wurm, der Leuchtende Mensch. Du wurdest der Wurm, und er der Leuchtende, der emporstieg. Dir wird die Arbeit des Wurmes, der gelassene Länge gräbt und mächtig zu Fall bringt. Denn aus diesem Wurme wurde er, der Leuchtende.

9.X.16. Es ist wahrlich Alles klar. Hilf mir, das Licht zu finden. Ist Phanes das Licht und Höchste?

„Ja, er ist das Letzte und Höchste, was nach ihm kommt ist Entfaltung, Erhaltung und Untergang."

Sieht Du die Entfaltung voraus?

„Hingang und Entfaltung. Es ist ja weit weg. Lange Unerhörtes kann zwischen Jetzt und Dann liegen – Kriege, Nöthe aller Art, Elend, unendlich viel Verirrung – Erwachsenes Hin und Her. Man möchte verzagen ob der Menschheit. So kläglich und klein ein Anfang ist, so schön und groß ist er – später verwischt sich der Unterschied zwischen Erde und Leuchte und nur reine Gluth. Du und die Deinen können noch die reine Flamme sehen. Später trübt sie der Rauch, wenn sie sich ausbrütet. Vorauszusehen und vorauszuwissen ist wäre wünschenswerth für den Anfang. Im Dunkel der Nachtwinne mögen die Anfänge behütet sein."

Aber man möchte gerne einen Blick wenigstens vorauswerfen, um die Frucht zu erblicken, die der Baum tragen wird, den man gepflanzt hat.

„Tempel in Einöden? Geheime Gesellschaften? Ceremonien? Riten? ~~Bunte~~ Bunte Gewänder? Goldene Götterbilder schrecklichen Anschens? Nichts davon – vom Geist der Liebe Gekennzeichnete vom Feuer Gebannte erkennen sich und sprechen geheime Sprache an geborgenem Orte. Kleine Zeichen des Sieges, hingestellt da und dort, verborgene Feuer in Herzen und Gedanken." – Wo die Welt erbebt, wird es wärmer. Das Echte ist selten und

unerkannt. Ihr es wirkt aus den Wenigen auf die Vielen, die es nicht erkennen."

Bin ich auf dem rechten Wege zu diesem Ziele?

„Ja, aber du traust es dir nicht zu. Die Menschen warten auf die erlösende Kunde. Du sollttest mehr Verantwortung fühlen, aber um der Wenigen

~~10.X.16~~

20.X.16. Ich muss mich von dir neigen, du Licht des Ostens! Wahrlich allerorts ist die Welt entzündet, allerorts steht alles in Feuer, allerorts schlägt die Flamme des Wahnsinns empor.

Gieb uns die starre Ruhe der Seele, das vor nicht vor Wut und Entsetzen aufschreien.

Lass uns kalt werden, damit das innere Licht uns erleuchte und erwärme.

Gieb uns die heilige Betrachtung und den Frieden der Überwindung, damit unser Herz ruhig werde und sich abwende vom feuerigen Wahne der Bosheit und Rache.

Gieb uns das Schweigen, den Frieden, hallend wie Schatten der kommenden Ewigkeit.

Meine Seele, ich bedarf eines Wortes von Dir.

„Wie leuchtest du? Berechte Dich nicht eben ein abimmendes Licht? Was war das für ein Goldregen?"

Wovon sprichst Du, meine Seele? Was sahest du ein Licht?

„Ich sah es um Dich, das goldene Leuchten umflor Dich soeben. Noch sah ich Solches — doch — ich erinnere mich — ich sah Ähnliches von Ferne am [illegible] Himmel. Kam es zu Dir? Es kam nicht zu mir, nicht von unserer Seite. Es muss von Ferne gekommen sein. Was es Phenes?"

Wie sprichst Du merkwürdig! Wusst du darüber keinen Bescheid?

„Solches betrifft uns nicht. Du bist dem goldenen Vogel näher als ich. Ich bin dem Schatten, aber nicht dem Licht.

Ich bin Dir wohl ein schwarzer Schatten, der Sonnenleuchtet Du wohl. Ach, dieser goldene Schimmer, wie ein Sonnennebel, was stern than — wie war es doch? Noch nie sah ich derartiges!"

„Du machst Dich wohl über mich lustig? Weißt Du, daß mich tiefster Schmerz traf. Ich rede nicht mehr laut von Schmerzen, aber Dir sage ich es, vielleicht spart Du Dein Deine übeln Scherze."

„Ich scherze nicht, was denkst Du! Mir ist ernst. Noch nie sah ich solches! Was geschah mit Dir? Das Gold leuchtete aus Dir!"

Krank vor Schmerz, erstarrt aus Ihm — und Der spricht von leuchtenden Gold?

„Ich kann mir nicht helfen — ich sah es, es war ein Sonnennebel, es waren still leuchtende Sonnengoldfäden um Dich — ein göttlich-schimmerndes Licht. Legst Du wohl Dich Dein auf die Brücke von Crystall, setzest Du wohl Deinen Fuß auf die Sonnengoldfliessen? Ach mein Sterblicher, sage mir, wer erleuchtete Dich? Aus welchen Tiefen welcher Himmel fielen die goldenen Lichtwellen auf Dich?"

Ich fürchte Dich, meine Seele, Du Ärgste und teuflichste aller Versuchungen, was sprichst Du? Verlocke mich nicht zum Wahnsinn der Heiligkeit, zur Blöden und ungerechten Überhebung. Spiele nicht mit mir, an dessen Einsamkeit sich ein Himmel weite gebreitet hat. Ich flehe Dich an, lüge und betrüge nicht.

„Ich lüge und betrüge nicht. Ich sehe es, was Du nicht siehst. Warum willst Du Dich immer wieder verirren? Dein Weg geht nicht zu den Menschen hinunter, sondern ich führe Dich in den schwingenden, klingenden Goldhimmel und Sonnen

nahe der höchsten Entzückung. Es scheint, als obhalb der Sehnende erlöst sei. Schweige, trage, warte, wolle nicht. Suche die Einsame. Sprich mit mir, aber schweige vor Menschen, es sei denn, daß Du der Welt der Lehre sprichst. Amen."

24.X.16.

Meine Seele, Du führst mich zu immer höheren und schrecklicheren Einsamkeiten. Schon wollte ich im Thale bei den Menschen bleiben. Warum Kraft ich nicht? Ist es wirklich Übermaß Empfindlichkeit, die mich von den Menschen abstößt? Woraus ist es?

„Was? Empfindlichkeit? Andere sind empfindlicher als Du. Einsamkeit? Natürlich bist Du einsam, natürlich mußt Du es sein. Das wollen auch die Menschen so, nicht nur wir. Was willst Du, wenn Du nicht mißverstanden würdest!"

Ach, dieses schwarze Grab Alles Menschlichen!

„Warum weinst Du? Menschen sind sterblich. Nicht rettete Dein Freund Gilgamesh vom Verluste seines Bruders. Darum bersten die Seele. Wenn Jeder stählte, wie Du! Was willst Du noch? Die Zeit der Wahrheit ist zu Ende."

Meine Seele, wirst auch Du mir entschwinden?

„Sei konnicht, so lange Du lebst, bin ich da, denn bin ich auch auf. Drüben Hinüberlebender bin ich nicht. Dieses gehört zu dem, den Du Phanes nennst."

Kann ich mich nicht zu jenen andern Leuten wenden? Darf ich mich von Dir abwenden?

„Du wirst den Zusammenhang mit mir nicht verlieren. Aber ich glaube, Du sollstest versuchen, mit Jenen auf der Mittelstufe zu reden. Vielleicht kann er Dir Dinge sagen, die ich nicht erreiche. Es wird nicht Phanes sein, sondern der, der in der Flamme wohnt.

6 XI. 16.

Warum dieses Bes vorbift? Mir scheint's
vorwiegend! Und das Alles ist angenommen? Das gehört
doch Alles zu Deiner Hölle, meine Seele. Nun ich habe Dir
ein grosses Opfer gebracht. Ich habe Dich innig erkennt
geliebt. Ich bin ertrunken in Dir. Was gibst Du dafür?
„Nichts. Nichts! Was bist Du mir? Ernstnehmen,
Trottel!"
Das schmutzige Thier! Du hast Recht –
Ich bin der Narr.

24 XII 16.

In dieser Nacht ward uns der Herr
geboren, so war es. Unbewusst anders
geworden – ja, es ist anders geworden. Die
neuen Tage sind angebrochen. Das Feuer brach
aus der alten Erde. Ihre Eingeweide empörten
sich. Sie trugen die Last des Greises nicht länger.
Der Sohn des Feuers machte sich auf und er-
reichte das Licht und das Licht erblichte.
Eine neue Sonne löst sich aus dem Flammenmeer
der Liebe der Urmutter, eine Drache kroch
empor und spie die neue Sonne aus. ~~Das~~
Er ertrug das Licht in sich nicht länger. So
ward Alles, wie es werden wurde.
O Abgründe weisester Narrheit!

O Himmelsberge natürlicher Weisheit!
Du höhersteigendes Licht, reisse uns nicht
empor! Du zuckender Flammengrund, zieh
uns nicht hinunter!
Du Eisen der Innersten, der Reinen
und Festen, schmelze nicht!
Steiget empor und sinket herunter,
ihr Feuerwolken und Rauchschleier des
göttlichen Schauspiels.
Einst schmolz ich, einst brannte ich,
nun ward ich fest.

Was reinkst Du an mir, Bastard, Seelen-
Skeleton? Ich sprach zu den Göttern. Willst
Du zu Menschen sprechen?
Gönne mir das Wort. Du bist nicht
allein. Du hast Menschen um Dich. Mach
sie zu Menschen.
Was willst Du damit? Gelüstet
es Dich nach Menschenpfuhl?
Nein, nach Menschenliebe. Meine
Seele suchte Liebe.

Ich bin Deine Seele.

„Nein, nicht Dein Ich, sondern Dein Du".

Wer Du? Meinst Du meinen Schatten? Das, was immer hinter, unter, über und neben mir ist? Was ich mir gesellt habe? Das ich ~~mir~~ Deine Seele? Das möchte leben?

„Das ist meine Seele, mein Höheres, mein Geeintes. Darum meine Brücke zu Dir, Deine Brücke zu mir. Das lebt von höllisch-himmlischem Feuer. Was macht Menschen zu Menschen, Ich zu Ich, Seele zu Seele. Was hält mich fern und nah, ehem in richtiger Entfernung von Dir und in richtiger Nähe zu Dir. Darum riss ich an Dir, als Du zu den Göttern sprachst. Du schautest mir zu lange nach den ewigen Feuern und Dunkelheiten. Darum schickte ich Dir Angst. Angst heisst: Du Seele verlangst. Tröstet Dich. Du hast mich gehört. Friede sei mit Dir. Dem Menschen widerfuhr ein Heil. Die Götter rasen. Nicht Tugend, nicht Glaube, nicht Weisheit, sondern Wachsthum.

Kein Gebot, sondern eine junge Knospe.

„Sprich weiter, noch bist Du nicht zu hoch. Ich will Alles hören!"

„Du Elender, was quälst Du mich? Ich will das Meinige behalten."

Wärest Dein Mensch, so wäre das Deinige mir heilig und ich streckte meine Hand nicht danach aus. Aber Du stiehlst Du göttliches Ungeheuer. Gieb Alles heraus, was dem Menschen gehört. Sprich, ich lasse Dich nicht los.

„Du sollst mir Reines."

Ich soll Dir Reines? Woher kommt Dir solch Anspruch? Du hast gestohlen. Gieb es heraus.

Ich gab Dir wohl. Warum willst Du mir nicht Reines?

Das gebot geraubtes Gut. Kommt nicht dem Menschen auch Göttlichkeit zu? Er wird das Leise behaupten. Nicht Euch Daemonen will er gleichen. Aber sein niederes Menschliches ist den Göttern ebenbürtig. Es wird nicht geleugnet. Es wird gefordert.

„Du willst den Menschen vergötten?"

Nicht den Menschen, sondern den wenigen Kern der Menschen. Ihm gebührt Gottesdienst. Genug gab ich Euch. Mehr will ich Euch noch geben, soviel Euch gebührt. Aber mir gebührt die menschliche Freiheit. Du sollst Du mir geben. Das gebührt dem Menschen. Ihr Götter wollt Sklaven. Der Mensch aber will sich selbst Gesetz sein. Das muss sein. Das wird gemacht.

26.XII.16.

Warum aber kann sich Folgen der freien That? Warum sich Zerrissenheit? Dieses Leiden?

„Liebst Du immer?"

Nein.

„Wo liebst Du denn nicht?"

Ich weiss, wohin Du zielst. Werkwerdg. Was ist zu thun?

Innerhalb der Grenzen bleiben.

7.I.17.

Was war das in der Nacht von 2–3?

„Kommst Du endlich? Warum fragtest Du nicht bald? Wurde ich Dich heute Nacht noch einmal rufen? Warum hast Du Deinen Widersachern nachgelaufen? Du ungetreuer Knecht!"

Eben wollte ich kein Knecht sein. Ich will euch das Recht meiner Widersprüche haben. Aber jetzt bin ich und habe meine Widersprüche überwunden, so gut wie möglich.

„Aber Du widersprichst noch. Warum? Rechne

Du wieder voll Ungeduld, du Herr! Du sollst
immer sofort Du unternehmen. Werde Dir es!"

Sag mir jetzt, was war es? Welches
Feuer brannte, welche Qual war es?

Das Schlangenfeuer. Das Indische
verdampfe kocht, bis zerbricht. Es soll schreien,
damit Du es nicht überhörst."

Was will es sagen?

Es will von den grünen Dingen sagen,
von den weiten Lehrmeinungen, darum kam
die Nacht auch hier vom Osten. Es will
zu Dir. Es will zu Dir reden. Höre.

Mein Herr des Westens! Ich rede zu Dir.
Nebelhaft ist Deine Luft. Lasst nicht Heim
zu Osten wird klarer Tag, während der
Westen ins rötliche Dämmerglühen.
Zu Osten hebt sich eine neue Sonne. Blick
nach Osten. Höre nach Osten. Eine Stimme
kommt von dort. Zuckendes Feuer schwebt
dort, jetzt bei Euch. Was treiben wir?
Wir fasten es. Wir bildeten Schlangenfeuer

Pflanzenhaftes. Unbestimmt Gewölbe zum
hohe Bogen. Hebt Unreines darunter.
Ist etwas darin geborgen? Leere Luft
ist darunter. Wir haben kein Dach, Ihr
habt neue Dächer. Darum mache ich Dein
Dach. Ich will bei Dir wohnen, ich der
Geduldige, Schweigsame. Ich bilde Seltsames
mit langsamer Hand, ich füllte
die Gewölbe mit seltenen Tierrath. Nicht
Dein Obdach? C

Gewiss, du sollst erhaben. Aber
Deiner Rede Sinn ist Dunkel, du Sohn
des Ostens, Rede deutlicher! Bist Du
ein Blutsinker?

Nein, ich bin kein Schatten, ich
bin lebendig.

Wer Du bist kein Schatten?

Nein, ich lebe in Deinem Unteren (Seelchen)
ein uralter Bruder, mir zu vergessen.
Höre mich zu. Du hast nicht zu thun, als mich
zu gehören:
Ich glaube was Du erhebst, der
meine Leiden trägt. Ich glaube, der Dich Hand

Leidenschaft, wessen wir bedürfen. Ich gebe Dir meine Leidenschaft. Ich bin ein Feuer gebrannt wie rotheer Thon, ich bin fest wie Stein. Meine Natur ist die der Erde, des jüngst rotten Felsens. Jahrhunderte ändern daran nichts. Noch bin ich derselbe wie vor Alters. Meine Weisheit bedarf keiner Erneuerung, keiner Veränderung. Mein Auge spricht unbeirrbares Geheimnis, mein Mund schweigt vor dem Fremden. Ich lehre mich nicht, ich bin. Ich füge mich selber kurz in langsamen Wachsthum.(

Willst Du Dich mir geben? Soll ich von Dir nehmen und mich beifügen?

). Du kannst mich nicht nehmen, ich wurzle in der Erde. Aber ~~der~~ Du kannst bei mir bleiben und über meiner Form Dich bilden, Du veränderliche körperlose Flamme.

Du erfüllst mich mit Qualmen, mit ewiger Langeweile.

Das muss so sein. Du lebst zu schnell. Lang soll Dein Leben sein, sonst lebst Du nicht, sonst wird nichts wirklich, weil Du Flamme es immer wieder verbrennt. Stein brennt nicht. Du bist mit gleicher Lust und bald verbrannt. Du bist Stein. Werde schwer. Ich bin der Geist der Schwere, Dein Bruder. Schweres bleibt, Leichtes verfliegt. Du darfst schwer sein, sonst kennt Dich keine Spur. Zeige Widerstand gegen Alles, er Dich entzündet, sonst merkt die Flamme der Zerstörung Dich nicht. Alles brennt, die Erde brennt nicht. Du unterliegst Deiner Veränderung. Keine Entwicklung, sondern Verzehr in der Erde. Darum durch Prometheus an den Felsen gebunden, weil er Steinen nicht Gemeinkeit. Es wurde selbst von räuberischer Flamme, darum wurde er an die Erde gebunden. Es ist ihm feindlich gewor. Binde Dich an die Erde, werde Stein.(

Was giebst Du mir als Zugabe der tiefen Traurigkeit?

) Die Freude der Erde.(

Ich seh den Schmerz der Erde.

Warum bist Du traurig? Die Erde hat auch ihre Freude. Du bist ungeduldig, wie jede Flamme.

17.I.17.

Was ist es, das mich mit Angst und Entsetzen füllt? welches Verbrechen ist in der Luft? Was fällt von hohen Bergen herunter? Welche Last will uns erdrücken, ersticken? Welche Schatten von was für Dingen fallen auf uns? Sprich, meine Seele!

„Helfet den Göttern, opfert den Göttern; der Wurm kroch zum Himmel empor, er fängt an die Sterne zu bedecken, mit Feuerzungen frißt er den Dom der sieben blauen Himmel, mit Blut zeichnet er seinen Weg, die Knochen der himmlischen streut er über Feld."

Wovon sprichst Du?

„Öffne Deine Ohren, lass meine Worte hinein: man frißt auch Dich. Das Feuer leckt an Dir empor. Schnell den Stein, kriech in den Stein und warte im Lagerhause, bis der Feuerschwell vorüber; schwer fällt von den Bergen, weil der Feuerrauch hoch über den Wolken herunterfällt. Darum fällt der Schnee. Schreckt Dich längst Feuerwurmes Flammenzeringel fährt über die Erde und den Himmel. Halte den Atem an, das Du Dich nicht zu sehr nicht atmest, halt an Dich und opfere den Göttern. Die Menschen fangen an zu rasen. Der Gott kommt. Bereite Dich ihn zu empfangen; aber berg Dich im Stein, er ist ganz blank, ganz furchtbares Feuer.

Wo quälst Du Dich jetzt mit lästerlichen Menschengedanken? Öffne Deine Augen weit, spitze Ohren auf und sieh und höre, wie ein Gott kommt! Starrste Andacht ist nötig, sonst verbrennst Du. Höre mich, höre mich, der Gott kommt. Noch dieses eine Mal, halte Dich, schwige, schaue nach innen, nach innen höre, das der Gott Dich

nicht in Flammen verzehre."

Was sagst Du nach?

„Nichts mehr, genug."

4.II.17 Was hast Du für eine schlechte Gesellschaft um Dich? Was für lumpiges Gesindel? Es ist Dir Ernst? Warum liebst Du mich nicht? Warum immer weglaufen?

„Du gibst mir zuwenig. Ich muss vor fremden Frauen betteln gehen."

Was hast Du für mich? Gib es her.

„Gib mir zuvor Liebe."

Ich soll Dich zärtlichen caressieren? Es ist kein Panther. Ein harmloses Vieh. Warum brüllst Du Dich in solche Rätsel? Warum diese Qual bereiten?

„Du bist nicht Qual genug, Du Ekel, lässt es mich."

Wo kann ich Qual sein? Ich bin es doch genug, oder nicht? Warum bin ich so unruhig?

„Nicht genug bei Dir. Du solltest einsamer sein können. Dann wäre meine Gesellschaft besser."

Du bist ungeschickt, ekelig. Ich bin verflucht mit Dir.

„Du bist grob. Man spricht nicht so mit Damen."

Ich zum Teufel, Du alte Kokette. Kannst Du nicht ganz werden? Du gehörst wirklich zum zweideutigen Gesindel. Ein Rosamarzipkleid – dressiert Dich, Fetzwahr. Du willst attractiv erscheinen. Verhaßt Du Dich? Geschickes, lass sehen!

„Ich habe nächtliches Weib verfolgt, derweilen ich in schlechter Gesellschaft allein war."

Was ist es? ein Roman? ein wissenschaftliches Aufsatz? Bekenntnis?

„Nichts davon. Ein Nothschrei der Weiblichkeit – eine Empfindsamkeit, wird Dies nennen."

Gieb, zuvor lass mich hören.

„Lies es und lass es auf Dich wirken."

„Ich bin allein – gottverlassen allein – am Abgrund der Einsamkeit – ein Meer ohne Nichts um mich – ein gefrorenes

eiskalter Nichts. Blauschwarze Nebelhimmel hangen drüber hin. Ein graphitfarbener Ocean mit entsetzten Schrecknissen. Eine Sonne ging von mir und leuchtet meinen dafernen Menschheit. Sie feiern den Morgen, ich bewine die Nacht. Mein Gatte zog über ferne Meere, der Gemahl, der mich nie umarmte – eine Gottesbraut im leeren Bette des eiskalten Nichts. Ich sende einen Schrei empor, der wie ein scharfer Stahl die Wolken durchschneidet. Aber Sämtlichen und Verwunter hört mich niemand. Du Glotzaugen der Meerungeheuer schemnach mir und sehen – Nichts.

Meine Thränenthräne deaken des Meer nicht zu – ein Tropfen in ihrem Oceanen.

Darum kam ich aus Gerade der Welt und will mich zu denen gesellen, die keinen Gatten haben, die liebeleer am Unversenkbaren nicht sättigen, die die Reuen Abfälle vom Tische des Reichthumes aufsesen und sich sättigen an ~~dem~~ verhüllten Almosen.

Ich bin allein – die Götter weinen auf hohen Bahren, über Erden und Wonne.

Mein Chaos wehklagt. Mein Herz liebt nicht und wird nicht geliebt. Die Menschendämonen bestehlen mich und leben aus meiner Freude und meinem Lächeln.

Ich bin beraubt und verarmt, verlassen. Wer ist es, der mich bestahl? Wer ist es? Die Götter? Wer nahm mir meine Sonne? Wer verhinderte die Fruchtbarkeit meines Leibes?

Ich stehe in leeren Lüften, ich jammere und mein Gatte leuchtet über dem Menschengeschlechte.

Verflucht sind ihr, ihr Menschen, ihr stehlet der Feen. Unhäufet Sonnensäcke über ~~an~~ euren Häusern, ihr füllet eure Lüfte mit Sonnenglanz.

Warum sollen die Menschen leben? Und ich soll darben.

Ich flehte zu den Göttern, daß sie die Menschen verderben möchten mit dem Feuer, das sie von meinem Himmel stahlen.

Dabei übergeleuchtet zur Rotte der Diebe, der Empörer, die heimlich das Feuer raubten. Möge mein Fluch euch treffen, ihr Überlister und Seelenquäler.

Du bist voll Rache und Hass. Ich sagte dir: Darin ist du tot der Menschenquälerei. Nun wisse, was Gottverlassenheit heißt. Was klagst Du jetzt?

„Ich habe kein Haus, wo ich wohl wohne, mein Gott ist von mir gegangen. Habe ich nicht den Menschen meine Gaben? Danken sie mir nicht dafür! Jetzt berauben sie mich, die Undankbaren, die Schamlosen.

Sie liessen mir Klagen und Thränen und freuen sich des geraubten Gutes.

Erröte, ihr Stehler vor mir. Es gehört mir, der Feuer, das obeuern Hauptes bremst, geborgtes, gestohlenes Glanzkleid glänzt, denn mir gehört, ein Hochgutsangebinde meines Gatten, – ich auch verlies mich – seine Goldene Barke stieg auf den blauen Pfade Palästina des Meeresgrundes, wo unser Fest bereitet war, ein Fest der Götter und Daemonen.

Wo wandert er, der Treulose?

Schon leuchtet über den Sandwüsten und wogenden Wellen, aber der traurigen und elenden Hütten der sterblichen Menschentiere.

Was wissen sie von meinem Leid, was wissen sie von meinem Schmerze?

Man möcht grämen ob Deines Jammers, Mitbedauere, daß Du Dir verloren vorkommst, seitdem der Gott den Menschen aufging – Zulange hielt Du ihn zurück. Du bist Ahnen-Dämon, was willst Du Den Götter lieben? Gewöhne Dich Liebe zu mir. Du mußt ja doch mit mir leben, nicht mit dem Gotte. Ich bin Dein Dämon, dem Du zugehörst. Was willst Du schließlich, sprich mit Göttern auffahren? Komme mit mir. Schlecht geht es Dir nun, wenn Du nach der Sonne blinzelst. Du hast auf meiner Straße zu gehen. Gott verlassen mögen sich zu Menschen wenden.

19.11.17. Was sagst Du? Und nun?

„Komme herauf, Alter, laß Freude wieder auf der Erde walten, gib Freude den Irdischen.

Wen ruft Du?

„Den Walten, den Geist der Erde."

Den Bruder des Teufels?

„Was fällt Dir ein? Er ist der Ahnen der Erde. Niemand spendet Freude dürftiger als er. Er ist der Hermaphrodit, der das Getrennte zur Freude einigt. Er macht euch stark und froh auf der Erde. Er erhält das Leben und das Glück der Menschen. Wie könnt ihr wachsen ohne ihn? Ihr armen Narren! Ihr wirst euch den Göttern zu dienen, am wenigsten euch selber."

Was lehrst Du, Du ausgelassene Fleidin!

„Einig, Erde, so sind ihr ganz [illegible] und ihr lebt. Freude gehört zum Leben der Erde. Was wißt ihr von Freude? Ein Gottesdienst der Freude, aber ihr haltet Trauerumzüge."

Ich rufe dich Phanes, Knechtender aus Allen Voranleuchtender, Frauenverbrüder

strick uns Rath in der Finsterniss der Erde.
Gib uns das Licht, damit wir auf dem
Pfade der Wahrheit bleiben.

Ich komme, mein Licht ist mit
Dir. Dein Pfad führt gerade. Dein Fuss
ist nicht. Das Verhängniss ist beseitigt.
Sicher ist der Weg. Unwissenheit ist von dir
genommen. Du Herr des Lichtes ist
geboren, er hat sich emporgehoben,
weisse Rosse gehen ihm voran. Blumen
sind unter seinen Füssen entsprossen. Die
Klugheit der Erde und die Güte des segnenden
Lichtes haben den Pfad zur Freude
bereitet. Lege die Sorge ab. Du Herr
ist erschienen. Du Sterblicher mögest
sich freuen. Die Seele gab sich selbst dem
Bösen. Der Böse ist von Liebe gelähmt.
Sein eines Auge ist geblendet. Nicht
funkelt er für den Glanz des Lichtes.
Er wurde klein und ward umschlungen.
Du bist nicht, freue Dich der geheiligten
Bahn."

20 II 17

Ich rufe Niemand, Du Phanes, Oberes,
Du Seele, Unteres, Bote des weltumfassenden
Abraxas, zürnet mir nicht; ich bin ein
Sandkorn in euern gestirnten Himmeln.
Oberes und Unteres sind mächtiger als ich.
Ich unterwerfe mich, indem ich mich selbst
halte.

Redet; wer immer er sei, sein Stimme
soll gehört sein.

Seele: „ich komme. ich habe ein Wort
zu sagen. ich bin arm. ich bitte Dich um
Kraft."

Was verlangst Du?

„Ich verlange Deine Bereitwilligkeit, Dein Ohr."

Du magst es haben.

„Denke an meine Noth. Ich wohne in dunkeln Höhlen, in finstern Löchern. Kälte umschauert mich."

So komme heraus. Wärme Dich an der Wärme meines Körpers.

„Ich liebe Deine Liebe zum Weibe."

Was? Du willst mich demüthigen, meine Schmerze ausbeuten? Willst Du Dein Liebe oder willst Du mich zum Weibe zwingen?"

„Ich will Dich zum Weibe zwingen."

Was gewinnt Du daran? Ist meine Vernichtung Dir Gewinn?

„Du wirst nicht vernichtet. Du gewinnst."

Du redest Billiges. Du hilfst mir Doch nicht, Unmögliches zu tragen.

„Doch, ich helfe Dir. Es wird Alles gut werden."

Wer soll Dir glauben? Du lachst der Schmerzen der Sterblichen. Ich lerne Dich kennen.

„Du versprichst Doch, die Stimme zu hören. Du hast auch meine Stimme zu hören."

Phanes: Aus Nothwendigkeit führt mein Licht. Aus Deiner Noth leuchtet mein Stern. Meine Quelle fließt aus der Fülle Deines Lebens. Alles Angelebte ist mir Schatten und Armuth. Geliebtes nährt meine Kraft. Höre auf die Botin. //

Und ich? Ich will es auch.

2 III 17. Es war Alles richtig so.

Doch nun, nun sprach mich von Früher. Dass greift mich an. Und ich bin unruhig. Ich muss mich Dir reden, meine Seele, von Früher. Willst Du zu mir sprechen?

Ja, von Lebenden. Von Lebenden ist zu sagen: Es giebt zu viele. Es sind mir zu viele. Ich wünsche Beschränkung.

Ich möchte Dich bei der Arbeit sehen. Einschränkung ist nöthig, sonst vollendest Du nicht, was Du solltest. Denke daran."

Darauf will ich thun. Aber von Gestern?

„Nichts von Gestern."

8 III 17.

Was geht vor in Deiner Schwäche?

„Das Licht muss gestaffelt werden. Du hast es geschaffen aus dem Urstoff, der Du empfangen hast. Es muss noch gesagt sein Sprache! So hat es sich mir als Stoff dargestellt. Hell wird es nur, wenn es nach oben gezogen wird. Es muss nach heraufgezogen werden, was Kabiren heraufbringen. Es muss durch Dunkel gehen, durch die obersten Lichter, Wissenschaft und Kunst. Alle Kräfte müssen sich zu dem Werk zusammenfinden.

Dabei nicht der Einzige, der es thun muss. Wir müssen Menschen thun, Menschen, Phanes, ein gütiger Gott der Schönheit und des Lichts ~~aus~~ und der Freude werde.

Du musst heller hören und sehen. Du musst Stein auf Stein legen. Du musst Abgründe überbrücken, Wege durch wegloses legen, Sümpfe zudecken. Aus dem Schlamm muss der Weizen wachsen.

Die Helligkeit ist angezündet, das Feuer muss gehalten werden.

Arbeit muss geleistet werden, Arbeit, strenge Arbeit, Arbeit auf das Eine Ziel, Phanes den leuchtenden.

Darauf musst Du Dich einschränken. Anderes abschneiden, Angefangenes vollenden.

Du träumst zu viel. Die Träume sind zu lieb, sagte ich Dir

Der Stoff türmte sich zur Berge. Alles Andere ist Flucht, Ausweichen vor dem Berge. Er ist gewaltigen. Kein Zurück mehr! Ordne diesem Ziel Alles unter, sonst zerreißen Dich die Türme des Stoffes. Was willst Du? Du willst Dein Werk vollenden? Leben geht weiter. Die Vollendung kommt gewiß."

30.III.17. Ich unterwerfe mich meinem Worte.

Spricht:

„Es ist am Anfang aller Dinge — ein geheimes Unterirdisches — Geburtswehen des Kommenden — der Untergang der Gegenwärtigen — schaue aus nach der fernen Insel, nach dem Felsen, der Dich birgt und das Kind.

Seligkeit — Blumendüfte — eine Frühlingssonnenglühen — eine Liebesnacht — eine Hochzeit der Seelen —

auch die Schlange wird licht — die Ä emporgezogen — ein Licht leitet sich aus — hörst du die Glocke? — die alte Glocke schlug an — ein Ruf geht übers Land.

Hast Du Geld bei Dir? Leg es weg — deine Hand berühre Himmlisches.

Hast Du Wasser gefunden? Trink es zum Zeichen der Geburt.

Ist Feuer angefacht? Wirf Holz herein, damit es lodere.

Bist Du mühselig? Erquicke dich — die Ruhezeit bricht an."

Wer bist Du, der Du so Dunkles Worte sprichst? ~~Sohn~~

„Ich bin Phanes, Dein Licht. Schärfe das Schwert, damit es zerhaue. Zünde die Fackel an, damit die Dunkelheit erhellt werde."

Was sollen mir diese dunkeln Worte? Soll ich sie wieder voll ich hören?

u. Du sollst ruhen, damit es zu Dir komme.

19.IV.17. Ich habe geruht. Ich habe getan, was mir möglich war, was ich sah. Ich habe nichts gefühlt. Wer vermag, ein Zeugnis zu wollen?

17.VI.17. Nimm Licht, damit es mich dem Feuer übergibt? Warum hast Du mich gestern, was Du im Traume mir ankündigtest?
Gib mir Licht!

S.: Es soll werden vom Feuer? Ja, denn ist das Feuer — vom Norden her — aus der Kälte. Das, was kommt — blaurote Wolken — rotes Feuer darin — Alles spitzt sich zu — Trennendes wird verborgen — Allgemeines offenbar — die Bücher sind zu lesen.

J. Welche Bücher? Ich erinnere mich — im Traume war die Rede von geheimer Schrift. Was ist es? Was soll es mit dem Feuer?

S. Das Buch vom Feuer — es kommt — es hängt über Dir — unter den Sternen, von den Sternen herunter — nahe — versetzt Dich beim Intellekt — höre nach oben. Ich will Dir Worte geben: blau und grün — blaue Wolken — grüne Wasser und Feuer darinnen. Wie ist es schwer, es loszubrechen. Hilf mir beten —

J. Ich habe für Dich gebetet zum inneren Gott, zum Leuchtenden, damit er eine Fackel voran trage. Siehst Du, hast Du Licht?

S. Ich sehe: Dreithürmig ist der Schloss — drei goldene Türme voll Morgenglanz — rot sind die Tore — weiss die Torsäulen. Menschen gehen aus und ein — im mittleren Turme in hoher weisser Halle sitzt der Richter, der Heilige in Betrachtung. Um ihn flimmert Feuer, auf Feuerwolken steht das Schloss in blauen Himmeln —

Pk: Was siehst Du und staunst? Gehe ans Werk. Öffne die Verborgene.

S. Ich kann nicht — welche Kraft hält mich? Ist es Erde oder bist Du es, Mensch? Lass mich los, sonst fluche ich Dir.

J. Möge Dich Friede halten. Gehe nach dem, dessen Du bedarfst. Niemand soll Zwang leiden. Aber sprich, wer kennst Du?

S. Ich kenne der Zerstörer 3 Thore — Macht, Glanz, Ruhm. Glanz ist der Höchste, strahlendes Feuer. Willst Du durch dieses Thor?

J. Ich will nicht, ich will, was sein muss. Ich bin blind und taub.

S. Gut, Verbrennst Dich vor dem Feuer. Muss ich durch Glanz eingehen?

J. Wenn er der Weg ist, ja.

S. So höre — eine goldene Schlange entrückt der Weg, eine schillernde Schlange entrückt Dich einen schwarzen Graben — ein finsteres Thor hinter dem Glanz — ein rothes leuchtet im Dunkeln der Hintergrunds — Das ist der Böse. Ich erkenne es. Der Schatz gut daran, sein Weg nicht zu gehen. Soll ich ihn gehen? Sammlung der Bösen auch aufnehmen — zu rother Höhle — Blutschlangen an den Wänden — ein weisses Thor — im langen Gang aufwärts in weite Stellung unzählige Thore — hinauf auf die Dächer auf einen Treppen — ohne ist weitweite Licht — ich blicke aus wie ein Feuer auf Bergesgipfe — ich glimme durch Unendlichkeiten — Kannst Du mich noch sehen — ein Funke leuchtet — selbst ein Stern in Unendlichkeiten verloren — Doch halt ein Faden — viele Fäden von Stern zu Stern gespannen — auf schwindelnder Brücke — unendlich lang — erst er zweite, der erste Stern — eine Welt auch.

J. Was thust Du in Deinen Unendlichkeiten?

S. Ich forsche nach dem Ursprung des Feuers. Da weise hatte es erzeugen, von den Sternen. Darum ging ich zu den Sternen. Sie sind voll Feuer.

J. Doch wie kam das Feuer zur Erde?

S. Es glitt herunter und herauf. Wie? Es wurde den Sternen entzogen. Wer entzog es? Wessen Hand zog es herunter und herauf, das Sternfeuer? Warst Du es selbst? Ja wahrlich — Du warst es selber — ich kannte Dich nicht, Du bist ja schwarzer Weise.

Warum suchte ich hinter und über Dir? Warum
ging ich ins Auge der Bösen? Warum
zu den Sternen? Du jagtest der Feuer
heran. Du jagtest in Dich und
erblickte aus Dir aus und erfüllt die
Luft über Dir, weit und breit. Ich
nun ja Dir – bei Dir will ich bleiben,
warum jag mich der Böse weg?
Ja Du glaubtest nicht an mich, darum
gingst Du in die Ferne. Warum gingst
Du in die Ferne? Weil ich Dir mehr glaubte
als mir selber. In meinem Selbst dann
ging der Leuchtende auf. Bei mir ist die
Quelle des ewigen Feuers. Komme zu mir
und wohne in mir und habe das Feuer und
den ewigen Glanz. Mein Selbst hat die
höchste Weisheit, das heimliche Feuer, mein
Selbst wohnt im Thore des Glanzes.
Mein Selbst zieht das Sternenfeuer an sich.

28.10.17. Fehlt mir etwas? Ich bin nicht ganz bei mir. Sprich, was ist es?

„Ich bin krank, geistkrank, Du siehst es. Während
Du Paradies an Dich nahst. Darum bin ich krank.
Ich stehe Du Dich zu mir?"
Ich weiß Dich, an Dir mich. Ich weiß nicht,
ob Dir zu trauen ist. Den Dämonen traut man
nie.
„Ach Narrin! Du könntest mir doch nachgerade
trauen. Was tangen that ich doch alles für
Dich."
Ja, aber bisweilen täuschest Du.
„Aber immer gewichtiger Dir zum schicksalichen
Verhalten."
Ja, weil ich durch meinen Wirr ahlunbhil
die wahrige Auffassung kam.
„Ich bin Dir aber gut gesinnt."
Oftes aber, was mir abeint, nicht. Wie könntest
Du mich damit täuschen?
„Du erinnerst Dich ja an keinen einzigen Fall
mehr."
Doch, ich merke Dich ja in gewissem Denkfall.
Ah – richtig.
„Dein Gedächtnis ist kurz. Darum traue
ich Dir nicht. Aber Du kannst mein Vertrauen zurückerwerben, wenn Du gute Arbeit thust."

und nur wenig, was du dann erlebst –
„Vieles erlebe ich – Unglaubliches –"
sagte er, damit Ruhe wird.
„Schreck der grüne Wasser und Wolken –
schwarze Wolke – Der macht mich toll, das
ist schlimmer als der Feuer. Der Feuer ist
nur verwandter als Sie vielleicht –
Aber du mußt mir mehr Kraft geben. Erge-
nügt nicht."
Kommen sie im Gottesnamen.
„Ja, es ist schwer für Dich, aber für mich
auch. Solange wir am Werk gehen!
Dreimal fünf Türme umgrenzen Burg.
Dreimal sechs Tore sind in den Mauern.
Dreimal sieben hohe Paläste sind in der
Burg. Unten fließt der grüne Strom,
oben ist die Dunkelwolke, darüber das
Feuer, das ewige, das Dunkelwolke verjagt. Im
Berg sind Höhlen, dort liegt das Gelbgo-
stapelt, erstarrtes Feuer. Wo sind die
Menschen? Die Burg ist leer. Zog
sie fort. Ich sehe Philemon im goldenen
Hause des Glanzes allein. Wo ist
Baucis? Stark sie, wenn sie lebt, schreie
Dich Baucis – Sie steht hinter dem Weiser, der
Hand berührt seinen Strom. Sie sind allein.
Wo sind die Menschen? Wer wohnt in den
Palästen? Niemand, Alles ist bereit.
Kommt niemand? Rufe Dich Phi-
lemon! Ich Deine Stimme ist schwach.
Auch ich habe keine Stimme, welche Men-
schen hören könnten. Sehen denn die
Menschen die Burg nicht. Aber die
Wolke, die sie versteckt? Ja, es ist die,
sie verhüllt das Feuer. Welche Trauer,
diese schwarze Wolke! Woher kam sie,
ein Rauch unterhalb des Feuers! Wie
merkwürdig! Bist Du nun Franziscus,
ein Eremit, Philemon? Trauert Du,
daß Dein Feuer verhüllt ist? Ein grünes
Wasser umströmt Deine Burg. Es ist
eine Brücke? Es ist keine Brücke da,
o Philemon. Wie können die Menschen herüber
kommen? Du Pontifex sollst keine
Brücke bauen, eine breite Brücke aus
seltenen und kostbaren Steinen. Warum

trauerst Du? Warum verhüllst Du Dich
Feuern Wolken? Trauerst Du über Deine
Einsamkeit? Du bist nicht allein, ich bin
mit Dir. Baue Du Brücke, ich komme
mit Dir –"

Aber, warum kamest ~~Du um nicht von~~
~~her~~?

"Weil ich zu Dir wollte. Ich merkte aber
mit Philemon gehen. Er ist früher oben als
Du. Warte nicht. Morgen über Philem
mon erreiche ich Dich.

25.VII.17.

Was nützt Du?

S. Ich stehe am Thore des Glenzer und schaue, wer
kommt. Links oben ist ein schwarzer kleiner
Vogel. Rechts unten eine weiße Schlange. Ein
Gerippe steht in der Mitte. Das Gerippe eines Thieres,
eines Elephanten wohl. Weißt Du Dich an
Ameisenhaufen vorgehst. Fühlest Du Dich an
Deinem Körper? Wohl nicht. Es geschah vor
langem. Hast Du je die weiße Schlange gesehen?
Ach ja, Du sahest sie beim Schlangenkampf
ein Mysterium. Kennst Du schwarze Vogel? Er ist
neu. Was will er hier? Was sagt Du, schwarze
Vogel? Hör, er spricht:

„Ich bin Einer, dessen Ferne kommt, kein Rabe, kein
Unglücksvogel, sondern ein Habicht – ein schwarzer Habicht,
von Osten, aus leeren Gebirgen, wohin ~~ein~~ Eis
und Schnee und kalte Stürme über die nackten Felsen
laufen, ein Hungerland, hochoben, eine Heimath
des Räubers und der Unheimlichkeit."

J.: Aber wer bringt Dich, was willst Du hier?

1. Schweig, lass mich mit dem reden. Er versteht
Deine Sprache nicht.

J. Vogel: Hast Du das „Grüne" gesehen? Siehst Du den
schwarzen Stein"? Hörtest Du das „Feuerlachen"?
"Hast Du zu Pneumaviktis" gesprochen?

V. Nichts von Alledem. Schwarz auf grauen
Felsen, ich nistete im Flugsand an einer unheimlichen
Stelle, ich sah die Wüstensel und von Ferne
einmal Menschen. Ich weiß nicht wovon Du
sprichst.

S. Dann bist Du der Rechte nicht, auf den ich
warte. Hebe Dich weg, leerer Phantom.

zu J. Jetzt. Woher kommst Du?

Sch. Ich komme von unten aus der grossen Höhle,
in der ich fast zehn Jahre wohnte. Vor lauter Fin-
sterniß kam ich weiß gewordenen und blind. Meine
Augen haben Fünf bekommen, und ich habe meinen
Schwanz abgemagert, nicht aus Hunger, sondern es

Selbstbetrachtung. Ich lebte von Feuer und trank flüssige Erde. Warum bin ich fest geworden wie Marmor und kalt wie Eis.

S. Das ist Dein Rechte, der Schlangenkönig, der Vater allerschlangenhaften, Erdentsprossenen. Sage mir Schlangessohn Du Sohn Grüne?

Schl. Ich rasche, an Dich gekettet, wie ein Gespenst, in dem kein Warm war. Ich sah es, weil ich blind war. Ein sehender sieht es nicht.

S. Fährst Du den schwarzen Vogel?

Schl. Ich kenne ihn wohl, ich lag auf ihm, wohl auch 100 Jahre. Er mied 1000 Jahre, seitdem das letzte Opferfeuer auf ihm brannte. Noch ist er warm Sowa.

S. Hörtest Du das Feuerlachen?

Schl. Tag um Tag scholl es herauf aus dem Mund der Feuerquelle. Noch ist das unter Lachen nicht erschöpft.

S. Sprachst Du zu Atmaviktu?

Er war mein Gefährte während ~~der~~ vieler tausend Jahre. Erst war er mein alter Mann, dann starb er und wurde zu einem Bären, dann starb auch dieser und wurde zu einem Frosch. Auch dieser starb, und wurde zu einem schwarzen Molch, auch dieser starb, da ~~wurde~~ ging Atmaviktu in mich ein und hob mich empor zur Schwelle des Glanzes. Ich bin nun ~~der~~ Atmaviktu, der Alte. Er irrte vorüber und ward ein Mensch, während er doch eine Erdschlange ist.

L. Wer war der schwarze Vogel?

Schl. Das war der Geist ~~der~~ und der Irrthum des Atmaviktu. Er irrt noch immer und ist mir noch immer nicht in den Rachen geflogen. Wenn er mir nahekommt, verschlucke ich ihn, damit ich vollkommen werde und meine steinerne Schwere und Unbeweglichkeit mir schwinde. Mir fehlt Dir, Atmaviktus Seele. Wenn ich sie besitze, gehe ich ein ins Thor des Glanzes, ich lege mich über die Schlucht, ich bin die Brücke, der lebendige Bogen, der ins Menschenland hinüberführt ~~zum~~ eine vom Menschenland in die goldene Burg.

L. Meine Seele, was soll dein Zwiegespräch bedeuten?

S. Schweige, noch ist es nicht vollendet.

Gespr.: Sage mir, wer ist Atmaviktu, dem ich hier als Schlange vor mir sehe?

Schl. Atmaviktu ist ein Kobold, ein Schlangenbeschwörer, ein Schlangenbeter. Weiß ich, wer ich bin?

S. Das sollst Du wissen, Du blinder Wurm.

Schl. Mein Name ist mein Wesen. Atmaviktu heiß ich seit meiner Geburt, wenn mir statt gefunden

hat. Vielleicht war ich immer und werde immer sein.
Wie oft bin ich geworden, wer ich bin.

S. Versuche Dich nicht. Siehe, hier fing ich die Deine Vogel. Ich gebiete Dir, wenn Du mir verzeichnest, mir zu sagen, wer Du bist.

Ichl. Hier gebiete ich, der Vergeist, der mir immer entflatterte.

(Sie schnappt nach dem Vogel und klappt die Kiefer zusammen mit einem Knall, so wie wenn zwei Steine aufeinander geschlagen würden.)

Ichl. Endlich — Das war die rechte Nahrung. Meine Augen öffnen sich, mein Blut strömt, Gehirnlicht wird auf, mein steinernes Herz ist gelöst. Ich bin lebendig geworden.

S. Vergiß Dein Versprechen nicht!

Ichl. Atmaviktu? Ich bin der Kern desselben. Desselben ist kein Mensch. Das war Atmaviktus Irrthum. Das war meine Verbannung und meine viel dauernd jährige Finsterniß.

S. Das also ist Atmaviktu!
Was aber ist das grüne Gewand?

Ichl. Das ist der Mantel Atmaviktus, das er als Mensch ablegte, als er starb und ein Thier wurde.

S. Doch was ist das Gewand?

Ichl. Sein Menschsein.

S. Ach —
Doch sage mir, Wurm, was ist das schwarze Stein auf dem Da liegt?

Ichl. Das ist der Tod.

S. Der Tod? Wie ist das zu verstehen?

Ichl. Der Tod des Atmaviktu, als er ein Mensch wurde. Auf die 10000 Jahre sind es seitdem, und seitdem erlischt das Feuer der Atmaviktu auf ihm, seine Atmaviktu war Mensch geworden, und der Tode brennt kein Lebfeuer mehr.
Siehst Du, daß die Schwelle des Glanzes ein schwarzer Stein ist? Der Glanzüber ihm ist Sonnenentbrannte Lebfacer.

S. Ach — der Tod!
Doch sage mir, was ist das Feuerlachen?

Ichl. Das Urfeuer lacht, denn Atmaviktu war ein Mensch ~~geworden~~, ein Bär, ein Fischotter und scheinbar gar ein Moloch geworden und hat in allen diesen Gestalten

seiner Selbstvergessenheit.

S. Ach – spottete der Urfeuer seiner?

Schl. Es spottete seiner Verkleidungen.

S. Sage mir, warum wurde Atmavikta ein Mensch?

Schl. Es war nicht zu vermeiden. Er war krank vor Sehnsucht nach dem Menschen. Sein Kopfschmerz war ihr, weil er nicht daran konnte, was er that. Darum wurde er zur Strafe zum Menschen. Er verharrte aber in diesem Zustand, und das war sein Irrthum, denn Niemand kann zu seinem eigenen Zweck werden. Das erkannte er und starb, starb heut er ging in den Wald und wurde ein Bär. Wodurch wurden die Menschen unwohlhabend und fingen an zu pflügen und bauen und hinauf zu klettern Bäume. Und indem sie sich ausbreiteten und ihre Macht verachteten, zerstörten sie Wälder aus. Da starb Atmavikta zum dritten Mal und zog sich als Fischotter ins Wasser zurück. Und abermals brüteten sich die Menschen aus und bauten Schiffe

und kamen zu seinen Gestaden. Da stach Atmavikta zum vierten Male und wurde ein schwarzer Molch und zog sich in unterirdische Zwängen zurück. Die Menschen aber eroberten die ganze Erde und überflutheten mit ihrer Macht Alles. In der Finsterniss aber fand Atmavikta sein eigenes Selbst zurück, nämlich nicht weiss, selbstleuchtende Schlange, die sich von Feuer nährt und die auch den letzten Irrthum Atmaviktas verschlungen hat.

S. Aber nun? Was wird Du thun, nachdem Du auch Deinen letzten Irrthum verschlungen hast?

Schl. Schaue!

S. Die Schlange bäumt sich, sie öffnet den Thorbogen Glanzes. Ach – dieser Glanz, er ist zu hell – wo ist die Schlange? Wer tritt aus dem Glanz wer steht auf der Schwelle in grünem Gewande? Es ist der Liebende – es ist Philemon, eine Flamme über dem Tode

ein neuer Lobfeuer. Philemon ist kein Mensch, er ist fürwahr der Selbst.

28.IV.17. Die vergangene Ewigkeit, meine Seele, — und das Drückende weich schwer — das Gerippe des vorweltlichen Elephanten. Damit ist eine quälende Unklarheit geblieben. Frage du Weise, was das Gerippe bedeutet.

S.: Wie selbst fragen?

S.: Nun, das ist doch einfach. Du fragst ihn gewesen.

S.: Wird es gehen? Antwortet er wohl? Es ist gewissermaßen Stein neither verschlossen. Das Thor ist geschlossen. Wohlan es sei, ich klopfe an: Weise Philemon spricht, oder meine Schlange, wie du? Was bedeutet das Gerippe? Das Thor öffnet sich — die Schlange, wie mag sie, ich erschrecke schwarzen Schwelle. Spricht Schlange — verdeutest du mir das Gerippe?

Schl. Die abgenagten Knochen? Nun, der aus vom der Vorzeit übrig blieb, was nicht von den Menschen verzehrt werden konnte. Was Gewesen blieb übrig, das Gestern hinwand dahin, das Heute aber bleibt zurück.

S. Warum hebt er vor dem Thore, wie wenn er mir den Weg zu Philemon versperren wollte?

Schl. Das weit Vergangene steht als Hindernis zwischen Dir und Philemon.

S. Das ist das weit Vergangene?

Schl. Die ~~Zeit~~ Geschichte der Menschen und Götter, notwendige Irrthümer, die mich leiten und jetzt noch den Blick verdecken. Eine alte Hacke, zum Feldbau dienlich, nicht ein Pflug, das Sarbdrinch rasch wendet. Da ausruht, ein altes Werkzeug, gut damals, heute ersetzt durch Besseres.

S. Die wenig brauchen wir alte Werkzeug? Welcher ist das alte Werkzeug.

Schl. Denn schreibt Dein Mensch, was Dir sagt?

S. Er ~~soll~~ es doch schreiben damit er es hört und versteht.

Schl. Ist Dies der einzige Weg? Kann es nicht schauen?

S. Wenn es ihm gegeben ist.

Schl. Er soll es doch versuchen.

S. (zu mir): Willst Du es versuchen?

(zur Schl.) Wäre das der sichere, bessere Weg?

Schl. Das wäre er. Nicht Alles kann gesprochen werden. Es soll im Schauen ruhen. Ein besserer Weg, als der alte.

S. Aber wenn es nicht gelingt?

Schl. Was wagst? es konnte nicht gelingen? Gleichviel, diesen Weg ist zu versuchen.

29.IV.17.

Ich schreibe nichts.

S. Du schreibst nichts, aber du schaudert, du betrachtetest, du führtest Dich selbst nach innen.

S. Kann es jetzt gelingen? Sehe und frage!

S. Ich will versuchen — aber voll Zweifel. Bleibe nur mit mir — helf mir — sonst kann es nicht gelingen.

S. Ich will treulich Möglichstes tun.

S. So öffne, Schlange, nochmals das Thor — ah, sie kommt — nochmals erfülle meine Bitte und deute mir das Gerippe.

Schl. Er sah nichts — verhüllt, warum glaubte er, Ass oben und schauen das Gleiche wären. Man schaut oben zu sehen. Er hat geschaut und nichts gesehen, ich sprach ja nur von schauen, nicht vom sehen.

So höret nun vom Gerippe: Es ist ein altes Überbleibsel

Denn sie tut nichts anzuhaben vermochte. Die Schlange und der schwarze Vogel sind seine Brüder. Die weiße Schlange ist die untere Wahrheit, Verständigkeit und Weisheit, aus dem alte Wissenschaft und Philosophie gemacht oder – gemacht ist. Der rote Vogel ist der obere Fortschritt – der Glaubensbau über die Dinge der Wirklichkeit ~~und~~ Frau und Kinder. Das Kauchingerüst der Elephantiasis ist mitten inne als der Überrest eines vordem Gewaltigen, das aber noch bestand als der Mensch anfing, Mensch zu werden, als Atmaviktis Heilung und Zerstörung begannen. Die Knochen haben diese ganze Zeit überdauert als ein Rest von dem, was vordem war, denn damals war Atmaviktis noch nicht Mensch, dem noch heute die Menschheit Bonnen, von dem leicht wird. Also – daneben, der Elephant ist ein Mammuth, der ehrwürdiger als ein Zeichen und Symbol für das Ursprüngliche, der war, als Atmaviktis sich noch nicht entwickelte, Mensch zu sein.

S. Aber wann ist es Hindernis?

Ich: Der Vergangene ist immer ein Hindernis für das Kommende. Es muss zuvor ganz weggeräumt werden, was die Zeit nicht zerstören vermochte, das wissen sie Künstlich zerstören – und dazu braucht ihr die Mittel, welche die Menschen immer gebraucht haben, um vom Vergangenen zum Zukünftigen zu kommen – nämlich Abtötung, Lösung vom Alten, Zerstörung der Knochen, – es ist wohl schade um das Alte – aber das Neue kann nur über das völlige Aufgelöstsein des Alten.

Der Mensch kann nur mit natürlichen Mitteln über das Alte natürlich hinauskommen und dadurch zu einer neuen Natürlichkeit gelangen. Dazu gehört Übung, was man Askese nennt. Durch die Askese gegen das Alte ganz unwirksam, denn das Alte ist natürlich. Das Neue übernatürlich und kraftlos, d. h. es scheint zwar, dass das Neue sich durch, aber dann unwirksam erweisen, statt das ihr es selber schafft zu neuer Freude.

Gestern wollte dein Mensch einfach die Erlöschung und hat versäumt, mit vorherzuüben. Erhat sich zurückziehen, sonst kam er nicht weiterhin. Immer wieder wird ihm die Knochenelephantiasis fallen. Er hat das Gebiet zu schnell zum Gehalt von deinen Knochen. Das hat ihn vermocht, ein bestimmtes Konfektionsgerüst und zwar ein Studium, das ihm den inneren Fortschritt verwehrte. Er hätte sich sonst verloren. Bei diesem Alten zu bleiben, das was, als Atmaviktis noch nicht Mensch geworden, ~~zum~~ gut rathsam und nötig war, sonst kann er gar nie aufgeglättet werden. Die Knochen und die letzten Reste, die nicht mehr die Tat, sondern bloss die unnatürliche Übung bezeugen kann – hat ihn jetzt genug gehört?

S. Wir wollen es bedenken.

15.V.17.

Es ist Unreinigkeit in der Luft. Warum sind Zögern und Unentschlossenheit?

Warum nimmst Du Dir nicht Dein Recht? Du sollst handeln wie Du willst.

Schwill kein Unrecht thun.

„Hinchviel, ob Recht oder Unrecht. Es muss geschehen, was geschehen muss."

Schwis ebenrichtig immer, was sich will.

„Dann forchenach?

Darum komme ich ja. Ich möchte Dich hören ob bei Dir die Erklärung gefunden ist, die mir abhanden. Was geht bei Dir vor?

„Es geht viel vor. Es ist schwierig zusammen zu setzen.

Was siehst Du?

„Ich sehe die Steine von Mauern, die noch gethürmt werden müssen — Bausteine — lebendige. Aber Niemand baut. Wo sind die Steine liegen? Wo bist Du Atmaviktu, Alter, und du Ptolemaus, Weiser? Was thut Ihr?

Phil. Wir haben nur vereinigt. Atmaviktu, der bin ich. Ich war ein alter Zauberer, als Atmaviktu mir fehlte. Nun bin ich jung geworden ohne Trank der Unsterbl. Mein Haupt strebt ins Sonnenfeuer. Die Flamme bläht aus mir, seitdem ich mich aus diesem Menschen gelöst habe. Ich war in ihm, als Atmaviktu nach Thor war, als er schlange wurde, erhob sich mich und zog mich in meine Burg und ich hielt im Mahl mich der weisen Schlange und ich aß sie selber und sie gab mir ewige Jugend und als Feuer leuchtet ich hinab zu meinem Kampfe. Ich habe diesen Menschen überwachsen. Er war mir Kordes Glanzes. Er gehört zur Erde. Ich bin Feuer, aus dem Menschen geworden, kein Mensch, sondern Flamme. Ich habe diesen Menschen durchschritten, überschritten. Ich bin der Liebende. Dieser Mensch war mein Gefäß. Ich bin der Dienende des Leuchtenden — Dieser Mensch gehört der Erde — möge ihm Heil widerfahren! Er war mein Gefäß. Er ist Erde. Ich trage sein Thun hinüber. Ich nehme sein Geheimnis auf, ich trage es zum Leuchtenden.

S. „Aber was soll diesem Menschen geschehen und mir, wenn Du Dich aus ihm gelöst hast?

Phil. Er ist Erde, er wird Lehm. Er hat Alles erfüllt, Er hat Alles gesehen, er hat Alles erfüllt. Er hat Feuerbrüder. Er ist erfüllt. Er wird ihm Friede gewähren. Er ist geboren, indem ich mich von ihm löste. Er bleibt in sich und umhüllt seine Welt. Nicht bedarf er der Nahrung.

Sein Leben empfing er aus dem Gotte, es kehrt dahin zurück. Ich hoffe es hinüber. Heil dem, der in sich selbst seinen Raum, er ist erfüllt. Das Emporziehende hat sich von ihm gelöst. Der goldene Vogel trägt die Schwingen. Nicht zieht es diesen Menschen nach Unten und nicht nach oben. Er ist Erde – er schwebt in Mitten. Er nennt die Sonne, ich den Gott. Sein Schatten ward Feuer. Er begnügt sich und kürzt die Erde. Sein Stern leuchtet ferne. Sein Stern ist mein Bruder, ein fernen Gott, den ich nicht kenne. Dieser Mensch war im Gefäß, ~~er~~ mein Vorder Eingangs und Aufstieges.

Ich bin nicht seine Seele und nicht sein Gott, sein Inneres ist mir fremd, ein fremder Sternsame, der in diese Welt fiel. Ich durchwandle ihn. Ich unbegeboren als ich alt war und erreiche meine jugend im Alter, und am Ende bin ich mich im Mutterleibe der Götter auf, wenn dieser Mensch stirbt. Dieser Menschheit ein Sternsamen – woher kam er? Er fiel aus ungeheurem Bereich, ist Erde und wird gehört er nicht zur Erde. Er ist fremd. Darum wird sich der Mensch mit dem Gesetz der Erde beugen. Er wandelt den Horoskop, aber sein Stern vermählt sich ihm nie. Er ist kein Kind der Sonne, sondern ihr Bruder. Er jagt im Sonnenkleid an und verhüllt sein blaues fernes Licht in Sonnenfarben. In seiner Hülle versteckt, aus seiner Hülle bin ich geboren.

Ihm leuchtet sein ferner Stern. Ich bin ihm Flamme.

20.V.17.

Du sprachst von etwas „Großem", Mächtigem. Was wollen diese Andeutungen?

S. Du sollst auf mich hören. Denn ich kann es machen, wenn du bereitest, nicht Menschen. Sie wollen für sich selbst sorgen. Ich muss Dir noch Vieles geben aus meinem schwangeren Leibe.

Du sollst der Schwarzen nicht gehen. Sie muss erschaffen. Sie darf sich nicht nehmen lassen. Wirf sie auf den Weg.

Ich will es thun.

S. Halte Dich daran. Und nun höre: Wer

opfert, empfängst.

Ich sah Nachtsterne des Glanzes, ich sah das Leuchtende, ich sah den Liebenden sitzen im ewigen Feuer, im Brande der Wonne.

Ich schaute das Goldene, vielfach Gehaut, das, das sich aus farbigen Steinen und grünem Edelstein türmt.

J. Ich ahnte, daß Du ~~sah~~ etwas erschaut hast. Du wirst, ich sah es nicht. Lehre flicht Dich zu uns, möge mir auch helfen von Dir zu kommen.

J. Was möchtest Du wissen?

J. Ich möchte von Philemon, dem Ratsherrn wissen. Wer er ist, und was er war ist. Ich möchte von Leuchtenden wissen, dem ich Phanes nenne. Bringe Dich vor den Erhabenen, der im Feuer sitzt und höre seine Worte.

S. (zu Ph.) Erhabener, Du im Goldhaus sitzest, in der Glut der ewigen Wonne, höre diese Bitte und lehre uns von Dir und Deinem Gotte.

Phil. Dieser Mensch möchte wissen, wer ich bin. Sagt ich nicht, wer ich war und wer ich bin? Ich sagte nicht, wer ich sein werde. Ich werde Phanes sein. ~~Ich~~ In seinem Glanz bin ich wieder auf, wenn dieser Mensch stirbt. Ich sterbe nicht, ich bin ewiger Phanes, kein Mensch, sondern ewige Gottesflamme. Ich war ist höher als Erde, ich war unterirdisch, ich wachs empor, ich durchwuchs diesen Menschen. Ich überstieg ihn. Ich bin sein Werk, sein Geheimnis. Er ist nicht ich. Er geht zur Erde.

Phanes ist der ewige Feuer, das zum Licht, der unsichtbar ~~geworden ist~~ und allem sichtbar wird, der ewig Daseiende.

X Ich bin Chidher, im Alter zur Jugend eingehend. Wenn mein Werk vollendet ist, bin ich Keim des Anfangs werden.

Dieser Mensch ist mein Werk, das ich aus Sternsamen bildete. Ja, er fiel herab aus Ungewissem und gab Anlass zur Gestalt.

Er belehrte mich, ich bildete ihn. Er kündete die Erde und ich die Sonne.

Als Schwächer begegnete ich dem Starken und wurde Mensch. Mein Name war Jakobus. Als solcher trat ich ihm entgegen. Er lähmte mich. Ja der Mensch lähmte mich und wandelte mich in eine Drachenschlange. Heil geschah mir, denn ich erkannte meinen Irrthum und das Feuer aus der Schlange blutete und wurde Philemon. Mein Gestalt ist schön. Vordem war mein Gestalt.

Ich bin Herr.

Dieser Mensch diente den Gegensätzen in Selbstentäußerung. Er erlöste die Gegensätze dienend. Dafür wird ihm die Herrschaft, der Glanz, der das Mittlere ist. Vorenthält dieser Dienst? Nur der, der ihn dienend erhöht. Er ist Herr bei sich selbst.

Hast Du Dein Warte wohl gehört?

So stige mit mir auf das Dach meines Hauses.

Blicke umher, was siehst Du?

S. Ich sehe den Himmel umhüllt von Feuer und Rauch, als ob ich ihn brenne. Ich sehe Verwüstung und Zerstörung. In der Mitte des Himmels ist frei — eine Pflanze blüht dort aus Feuer und Wolke und vielfältigem edlem Gestein. Was ist es, das ich sehe?

Ph. Das, was Du siehst, ist das Aufblühen ins Obere, das Emporsteigen. Aus dem Rauche der Verwüstung und verlorenen Gutes, auf dem Feuer der Opferung wächst die Blüthe der Mittleren. Siehst Du die köstliche Pflanze, welche die Blüthe trägt?

S. Ich sehe sie steigt über uns empor.

Ph. ~~Ich bin~~ Sie ~~a~~ Das zwei Wurzeln wächst sie. Siehst Du die Wurzeln?

S. Nein, wo sind sie?

Ph. Ich bin die eine Wurzel und der der andere. Das dachtest Du wohl nicht

darum sahst du es nicht. Wer bist denn
du? So öffne die Augen zum zweiten
mal, du Blinde.

Ich war Elias, du Salome.

Auch du warest im Irrthum. Du bist
der Irrthum; ich bin Wahrheit. Du bist
ewig meine Tochter.

Der Mensch war mein Irrthum,
du warest der Irrthum des Menschen.
Der Mensch lähmte mich zu einem Theile. Du
lähmtest ihn zu einem Theile.

Als der Mensch sich aus dir erhärtete,
erlöste ich mich aus ihm. Ich wurde Feuer,
das ich war im Anfang. Er wurde Erde, die
er war im Anfang.

Er trägt im Herzen die schwarze
Gedankenschlange, den Steinsamen, der
Geist ist wie zerknirschtes Eisen, siebenfach
gegeißelt im Feuer und durchkältet von unermeßlichem
Kalten.

S. Doch was bin ich? Was wird aus mir?

Ph. Dein Mensch wird Erde. Er war mein
Irrthum. Ich war Feuer, denn ich war
seine Wahrheit. Du warst sein Irrthum,
darum er mein Feuer war. Nun da er
Erde geworden ist, wirst du zu Feuer.
Du bist meine Tochter im Anfang.

Wir sind geeint in der Fülle Pleroma, in
der ewigen nichtbrennenden Mutter, die deine
Mutter ist und meine.

Du bist meine Mutter, meine Schwester,
meine Gattin. Aus dir erzeugte ich
einen Menschen, und ich wurde zu
meinem Sohne und zu meines Sohnes
Sohn. Und darum war er nichtiges Irrthum.

Nicht aus Zwang schuf ich ihn aus mir, sondern
aus Fremdem, das mich befiel. Ein
Steinsamen fiel in die Tiefe.

Woher kam er? Nicht kam er aus mir.
Aus unserer Mutter fiel eine Tropfen
flüssigen Eisens zwischen unsere Umarmung. Unsere Mutter weint flüssiges
Feuer, fließt sie in dir zusammen.

21.V.17.

Ach, meine Seele, ich hörte von Irrthum. Du warest mein Irrthum. Ja Du warest meine Theilnahme an den Gegensätzen, an Gut und Böse. Ich that Gutes als Gutes, Böses als Böses. Ich hätte thun sollen, was zu thun war, aber ich that Gutes als Gutes und Böses als Böses.

S. So thatest Du. Ich wusste nicht, daß es Irrthum war, bis ich Vogel und Schlange von mir abstreifte und die Gestalt des Weibes annahm. So sah ich, was Irrthum war vorher. Ich bin kein Mensch. Was bin ich denn? O Philoman, was bin ich?

Phil. Du bist mein Stoff, mein Raum, Du bist mein Rechts und Links, mein Ja und Nein. Durch Dich führt mein Weg. Der Mensch ist Dein Sohn, und ich bin meines Sohnes Sohn.

S. Mein Erhabener, wo bleibe ich, wenn Du in Dich verleuchtender gehst?

Ph. Du bist die Umhüllerin der Menschen, Du bist ihre Mutter und Schweg, Rath und Bürge.

BOOK 6

January 30, 1916–May 21, 1917

[1] (30. I. 16.)[1] Continuation. Sermo ad mortuos.

Yet because we are parts of the Pleroma, the Pleroma is also in us. Even in the smallest point the Pleroma is endless and eternal,[2] since small and great are qualities that are contained in it.[3] Only figuratively, therefore, do I speak of creation as part of the Pleroma, because the Pleroma is everywhere endless and eternal.[4] We are also the Pleroma itself; hence I say that we are not in the Pleroma, but we are it.[5] Figuratively, the Pleroma is the smallest point in us[6] and the boundless firmament about us.

"But why then do you[7] speak of the Pleroma at all, if it is everything and nothing?"

I speak about it in order to begin somewhere, and also to free you from the delusion that somewhere without or within [1/2] there is something fixed or in some way certain.[8] Every so-called fixed and certain thing is only relative. That alone is fixed and certain that is subject to change. Creation, however, is subject to change; therefore it alone is fixed and determined because it has qualities: indeed, it is quality itself.

[9]"How did the creation come into being?"

Creatures came into being, but not the creation since it is the very quality of the Pleroma, as much as noncreation, eternal death.

The creation is ever-present, and so is death. The Pleroma has everything, differentiation and nondifferentiation.

Differentiation is the creature. It is differentiated. Differentiation is its essence, and therefore it differentiates. [2/3]

Therefore man differentiates, since his essence is differentiation.

Therefore he also differentiates the qualities of the Pleroma that do not exist, but he differentiates them on account of his own essence. ~~xx~~

Therefore he must speak of those qualities of the Pleroma that do not exist.

[10]"What use is there in speaking about it at all? Did you yourself not say that it is not worth thinking about the Pleroma?"

I mentioned that to free you from the delusion that we are able to think about the Pleroma. When we distinguish the qualities of the Pleroma, we are speaking from the ground of our own differentiated state and about our own differentiation, but have effectively said nothing about the Pleroma. Yet we need to speak about our own differentiation, so that we [3/4] may sufficiently differentiate ourselves.

Our very nature is differentiation.[11] If we are not true to this nature we do not differentiate ourselves enough. We must therefore make distinctions between qualities.

[12]"Why, what harm is there in not differentiating oneself?"

If we do not differentiate, we move beyond our essence, beyond creation, and we fall into nondifferentiation, which is the other quality of the Pleroma. We fall into the Pleroma itself and cease to be created beings. We lapse into dissolution in eternity and endlesssness. This is the death of the creature. Therefore we die to the same extent that we do not differentiate. Hence the creature's essence strives [4/5] toward differentiation.[13] This is called the principium individuationis. This principle is the essence of the creature. From this you can see why nondifferentiation and nondistinction pose a great danger to the creature.

We must, therefore, distinguish the qualities of the Pleroma. These elementary qualities[14] are pairs of opposites.

The most important pairs of opposites are[15] the effective and the ineffective, the fullness and the emptiness, the living and the dead, the different and the same,[16] hot and cold, ~~change and~~ force and ~~space~~ matter or time and space, ~~the sin virtue and the virtue sin~~, good and evil, the beautiful and the ugly, the one and the many.[17] [5/6]

The pairs of opposites are the qualities of the Pleroma.[18]

Our quality is differentiation.[19] But as we are the Pleroma itself, we also have all these qualities in us. Since our nature is grounded in differentiation, we have these qualities in the name and under the sign of differentiation.[20] When we strive for the good or the beautiful, we forget our essence, which is differentiation, and we fall subject to the spell of the qualities of the Pleroma, ~~xx~~ which are the pairs of opposites. We endeavor to attain the good and the beautiful, yet at the same time we also seize the evil and the ugly, since in the Pleroma these are one with the good and the beautiful. But if we do the same in the name and under the sign [6/7] of our essence,[21] which is differentiation, we differentiate ourselves from the good and the beautiful, and hence from the evil and ugly. And thus we do not fall under the spell of the Pleroma.[22]

[23]"You said that difference and sameness are also qualities of the Pleroma. What is it like if we strive for distinctiveness in the name of differentiation?[24] Are we, in so doing, not true to our own nature? And must we nonetheless fall into sameness when we strive for distinctiveness?"

You must not forget that the Pleroma has no qualities. We create these through thinking. If, therefore, you strive for distinctiveness or sameness,[25] you pursue your thoughts ~~which are not in the Pleroma~~ about the qualities of the Pleroma, which do not exist.[26] Inasmuch as you run after [7/8] these thoughts, you fall again into the Pleroma, and attain distinctiveness and sameness at the same time. Not your thinking, but your essence, is differentiation. Therefore you must not strive for what you conceive as distinctiveness, but for your own <u>essence</u>. You should and can strive only for this without

damage and for everything else in the name and the sign of your essence.[27]

At bottom, therefore, there is only one striving, namely the striving for the essence in you. If you had this striving, you would not need to know anything about the ~~qualities~~ Pleroma and its qualities, and yet you would attain the right goal by virtue of your own essence. Since, however, thought alienates us from our essence, I must teach you that knowledge with which you can bridle your thoughts.[28]

finis sermonis. [8/9]

Pairs of man-made opposites. The closer to m[an], the less artificial and the more effective.[29]

31. I. 16.[30]

[31]The dead: We want to know about God~~?~~ Where is God? Is God dead?

[32]"God is not dead. He is as alive as ever.

God is creation, for he is something definite, and therefore differentiated from the Pleroma.

God is a quality of the Pleroma, and everything I have said about creation also applies to him.

But he is distinct from creation in that he is much more indefinite and indeterminable than the creation. He is more closely related to the Pleroma than to creation.[33] Moreover, he is the Pleroma itself, just as each smallest point in ~~xx~~ the created and uncreated is the Pleroma itself. [9/10]

Whereas the essence of the creation is differentiation, the essence of God is effective fullness.[34] Effective emptiness is the essence of the devil.

God and devil are the first manifestations of the unimaginable nothingness which we call the Pleroma.

It makes no difference whether the Pleroma exists or not, ~~but it is in~~ since it cancels itself out completely. Not so creation. Insofar as

God and the devil are created beings, they do not cancel each other out, but stand one against the other as effective opposites.

We need no proof of their existence, since it is enough that we have to keep speaking about God and the devil.

They are both manifestations of the non-existent qualities of the Pleroma.[35] [10/11] Even if both were not, creation would forever distinguish them anew out of the Pleroma on account of their distinct essences. Everything that differentiation takes out of the Pleroma is a pair of opposites, therefore the devil always belongs to God.[36]

This inseparability is most intimate and, as you know from experience, as indissoluble in your life as the Pleroma itself, since both stand very close to the Pleroma in which all opposites are canceled out and united.

Fullness and emptiness, ~~life and de~~ generation and destruction, are what distinguish God and the devil. Effectiveness is common to both. Effectiveness joins them. Effectiveness, therefore, stands above both, and is a God above God, since [11/12] it unites fullness and emptiness through its effectuality. This is a God you knew nothing about.[37] We call him[38] Abraxas. He is even more indefinite than God and the devil.[39] Nothing stands opposed to him but the ineffective;[40] ~~He is the unc~~ hence his effective nature unfolds itself freely. He is complete effect, since the unreal neither exists nor resists.

Abraxas stands above God[41] and devil. He is improbable probability, that which takes unreal effect. If the Pleroma had an essence, Abraxas would be its manifestation.

He is the effectual itself, not any particular effect, but effect in general. He takes unreal effect, because he has no definite effect. He is also creation, since he is distinct from the Pleroma. God[42] has a definite [12/13] or determinable effect, and so does the devil. Therefore they appear to us more effective than the indefinite Abraxas.

He is force, duration, change.[43]

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[44]My soul, if you are the intercessor for the dead, my God, if you hear me, end this torment that I endure from men. I can't bear it anymore.

"Come to us, to the green forests, the lonely mountains, the cold lakes, the sun and starlit night, to the clouds, the mists, the silence of eternal nature. May men be remote from you, no one touches the pure crystal that shines in a thousand fires. The human has fallen from you. You [13/14] have come closer to the stars. The kingdom of what is to come will open. Let silence enter, the silence of eternity, since all paths, even the most winding, lead to the valley of silence. Leave everyone to his fate. You don't impede anything, you don't improve anything, you don't miss anything. You go to earth and Heaven. You leave the clamor of men.

"You saw the fire, it is enough. Teach what is yours and then be quiet. You found your way. Do not ask for more, but fulfil what is necessary. You can do what you are able to, no more and no less.["]

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1 II 16.[45]

So, my listeners, you who are standing in dark rows along the walls [14/15], let's speak further about God.[46]

Abraxas is the highest[47] God who is difficult to grasp. His power is greatest, because man does not see it.

From God[48] he draws the summum bonum;[49] from the devil the infimum malum, but from Abraxas life, altogether indefinite and indeterminable, the mother of good and evil.[50]

Life seems to be smaller and by far weaker than the summum bonum; therefore it is also hard to conceive that Abraxas's power transcends even God's,[51] who is the radiant source of all vital force. Abraxas is ~~also~~ God,[52] and at the same time the eternally sucking

gorge [15/16] of emptiness, of the diminisher and dismemberer, the devil. Thus the power of Abraxas is twofold; but you do not see it, because in ~~its~~ your eyes the warring opposites of this power are ~~xx~~ canceled out.

What the God[53] speaks is life, what the devil speaks is death, but Abraxas speaks that hallowed and accursed word that is at once life and death. Abraxas produces truth and lying, ~~in the same~~ good and evil, light and darkness, in the same word and in the same act.

Therefore Abraxas is terrible. He is as splendid as the lion in the instant he strikes ~~not~~ [16/17] down his victim, he is as beautiful as the sun in spring. Yes, he is the great Pan himself and panisk, he is Priapos, he is the great monster of the underworld, a thousand-armed black polyp, a coiled knot of winged serpents, frenzy.

He is the hermaphrodite of the earliest beginning, he is the lord of toads and frogs, which live in the swamps and go up on the land, whose chorus ascends at noon and at midnight.

He is the ~~begetting~~ fullness that seeks union with emptiness, he is holy begetting, he is love and its murder, he is the saint and his betrayer. He is the brightest [17/18] light and the darkest night of madness.

To look upon him, is blindness.

To recognize him is sickness.

To worship him is death.

To fear him is wisdom.

Not to resist him is redemption.

God dwells behind the sun, the devil behind the night.

What God brings forth out of the light, the devil sucks into the night.

But Abraxas is the world, its becoming and its passing.

Upon every gift that comes from God[54] the devil lays his curse.

Everything that you request from God[55] [18/19] produces a deed from the devil.

Everything that you create with God[56] gives effective power to the devil. ~~Because God~~

That is terrible Abraxas.

He is the mightiest created being and in him creation is afraid of itself.

He is the manifest opposition of creation to the Pleroma,[57] he is the son's horror of the mother, the mother's love for the son.

He is the delight of the earth and the cruelty of the heavens.

At his sight man's face congeals, before him there is no question and no reply.

He is the life of creation.

He is the effect of differentiation. [19/20]

He is the love of man.

He is the speech of man.

He is the appearance and the shadow of man.

He is deceptive reality.[58]

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2. II. 16.[59]

I must speak to you, my soul in prison:

You are unbelievably presumptuous. You do not have any respect for men. You are insolent and insist that this is love. You pocket everything and allow no one to develop who does not break away from you violently. They are valuable to you as long as they commit harmless and harmful stupidities. You pull back what wants to fly. You are like the chicken that has hatched ducklings. You don't listen to what I say. You are unreasonable. You don't come to humane terms with me [20/21], though you always claim that you do. You work against me and you are in love with me.

Why is that so?

"I am not in love with you the way you think, since you do not serve me. You always look for what is yours, while you should search for me. Only with me can you develop."

Hold on! I am not a serf, I cannot be a serf! I don't want to dominate you. But neither should you dominate me. Why can't you live and work together with me?

"I would like to, but you won't let me get close to you."

That's a lie. Rarely has a man accepted you as I have. But does this have to be an eternal service? Must I be a servant forever? I fight for the freedom [21/22] and the life of man. He is sufficiently unfree through outer but even more through inner circumstances. Once he has freed himself from the external side, he falls into the internal. I also want to free him from that. I even have to for the sake of my own life. It becomes unbearable. You know that. It cannot be in your interest simply to kill the man.

"Of course not. Who speaks of killing. He needs to live with me. But for that reason he must serve me."

Why? Make yourself plain?!

"Because I am the higher being since my nature is spiritual."

Your nature is not only spiritual but also chthonic. Even more than mine is. You are more spiritual and chthonic than I, and so you are always at odds with yourself. I even think [22/23] that you are not one, but two, and that you haven't realized it yet. Man can rather be one, since he is less chthonic and less spiritual than you. Therefore he has a greater claim to dominion than you do. You are merely daemonic.

"You are a megalomaniac."

Not at all. It only seems that you have power, thus you want to command all the time. He who has the power needs no will to rule. You are reluctant to acknowledge this. But it is only fair that you accept something from man, even when you exceed him. In the end you are not a man. But at least you must acknowledge what you aren't. You can't make me into a creature that is like you; just as I relinquish making you into a man. You need to accept me as your soul. Then we can coexist. Separate yourself [23/24] into two at long last, so that you sunder your being and unite. Objectify yourselves, so that each of you finds their place.

Both in <u>one</u> voice: "We separate. We are separated, we reject each other. We are twins of disparate kind, chthonic and heavenly. Tormenting unity, tormenting separation!"

"Good that you finally feel what it means to be at odds with oneself. I understand you. Become!

"Cruel one, you gave us your torment."

Oh, mother, the sword must pierce your soul. I see your tears. You hold the serpent at a distance, though it had been like a child to you. [24/25]

Serpent, you chthonic origin, most despicable beast, we need your wisdom. Let mother go, and twist high into your suffering. You ~~are~~ must become the savior. The cross awaits you. You must be lifted up on the mountain of torment and exposure.

Both of you, go to your fate. Accept your torment. Oh, mother, pray for your son.

Oh, serpent! Recite the runes to your mother.

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3. II. 16.[60]

Unknown one, you have thrown me to the floor, shattered me, humiliated me, subjected me to injustice. Speak, my soul, who is He? [25/26]

"He is Abraxas."

What does Abraxas have against me?

"You didn't want to obey, you resisted. But you should not resist any humiliation. You should accept the injustice, since Abraxas wants to knead you into ~~xx~~ people like yeast into flour."

But there is a limit to what one can endure. Will it go on like this forever?

"It has only just begun."

You make me rejoice, by Jove. Who spoke of canine wagging?

"I, I know."

What are you saying now? It sounded different then. Canine wagging, canine snarling [26/27] etc. And now you want me to do it again? How do you explain this contradiction?

"You must find an explanation for yourself."

Cheap excuse! Damned witch stuff. But as you, ghostly double, can't do it, I will demonstrate to you that I can:

Back then it was personal, now it is transpersonal. Do you grasp it at all? Apparently not. So what is it about the human wit? Indeed you are wanting! What good would it do you if I perished? Admit it, you have a thing for me. You, mother, listen, I am your husband in spirit. You, serpent, listen, I am your father in spirit. You should respect me and never again treat me like a dog. The torture you have put me to shall come back on you, not [27/28] as vengeance but poetic justice. Each one has his share. Even if Abraxas threw me to the floor, I would not prostrate myself before you, but before mighty Abraxas. He might mock me, even tear me into pieces and shatter me. Then it will be put on you because you left me defenseless. I could turn bitter toward you. You are powerless. What use do you have for me? I will learn canine wagging before Abraxas, so he won't squash me. Perhaps men protect me better. Crucify yourself, serpent. Mother, embrace the trunk; and that way abide for the 1,000 years until your redemption. Verily, enough and more than enough of the torment of men. You shall taste ~~it~~ the desire for death arising from unbelievable excruciation, you, who have lived from this [28/29] torment of men. Maria was a mother of man, Christ was a man. No longer should man be rent by you, rend yourself. The daimons might take the torture of Christ and its mystery across to their kingdom for the 1,000 years. Stop provoking human frenzy ~~xx~~, so that man ~~xx~~ rages against himself. That is why I separate you and put you opposite one another so that you will recognize each other. Mother look at your son, the black serpent monstrosity with the lion's mane.[61] Son, look at your mother, she is all and nothing. Strive toward her and ~~xx~~ despair of her and in her. Coil, full of rage and helplessly, you abysmal slithering body [29/30], flicker, flame, and sear the nothingness that engulfs you maternally so horribly. But let man return to his huts and green deserts, to his solitude among the many.

I swear to you, you hideous madness of Abraxas, turn your paws against the eternal Pleroma, let go of man. He is too puny and an unworthy sacrifice to your power. We are whining dogs before you, the lion. This hunting hound is of no use to you.

Oh man, don't forget your divine weapon, your wit. You, the weakling, were given a dread venomous sting with which you could also lame Gods.

_____ [30/31]

You dead ones, I had to interrupt my address to you. What else do you want to hear [?][62]

The dead: "Tell us about Gods and devils!"

[63]God[64] is the highest good, the summum bonum,[65] the devil the opposite. But there are many high good things and many great evils. Among these are two devil Gods; one is the Burning One, the other the Growing One. The burning one is Eros, in the form of a flame. It shines by consuming.

The growing one is the tree of life.[66] It greens by heaping up growing living matter.

Eros flames up and dies. But the tree of life grows [31/32] with slow and constant increase through measureless periods of time.

Good and evil unite in the flame.

Good and evil unite in the growth of the tree.

In their divinity life and love stand opposed.

The number of Gods and devils is as innumerable as the host of stars. Each star is a God, and each space that a star fills is a devil. But the empty fullness of the whole is the Pleroma. Abraxas is the effect of the whole. Only the ineffective opposes him.

4 is the number of the principal Gods, as 4 is the number of the world's measurements. [32/33]

1 is the beginning, the God.[67]

2 is Eros, for he spreads himself out in brightness.

3 is the Tree of Life, for it fills space with bodies.

4 is the devil, for he opens all that is closed, he dissolves everything formed and physical; he is the destroyer in whom everything becomes nothing.

The dead: "You are a pagan, a polytheist!"[68]

Happy am I who can recognize the multiplicity and diversity of the Gods.

But woe unto you, who replace this incompatible multiplicity with a single God! In so doing you produce the torment of doubt for the sake of the one God and the mutilation of the creation whose nature and aim is differentiation. How can you be true to your own nature when [33/34] you try to turn the many into one? What you do unto the Gods is done likewise unto you. You all become equal. And thus your nature is maimed.

Equality prevails not for the sake of God, but only for the sake of man. For the Gods are many, while men are few. The Gods are mighty and endure their manifoldness. Like the stars they abide in eternal solitude, separated by vast distances. Men are weak and do not bear their manifoldness, therefore they dwell together closely and need communion, so that they can bear their singularity.

5. II. 16.[69]

The dead: [“]For redemption’s sake [34/35] continue to teach us!”[70]

For redemption’s sake I teach you the reprehensible, for whose sake I was rejected.

The multiplicity of the Gods corresponds to the multiplicity of ~~Gods~~ men.

Numberless Gods await the human state.

Numberless Gods have been men.

Man shares in the nature of the Gods. He comes from the Gods and goes unto ~~the Gods~~ the God.

Thus, just as it is no use to reflect upon the Pleroma, it is not worthwhile to worship the multiplicity of the Gods. Least of all does it serve to worship the first God, the effective fullness, and the summum bonum. [35/36] By our prayer we can add nothing to it, and take nothing from it; because effective emptiness gulps down everything.

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[71]My soul, you separated doubleness, what is it? Someone is disturbing me. Speak: Who is it?

"A good friend."

Oh, are you an enemy? Who are you? Where do you come from? I sensed you already yesterday:[72] Speak, what do you want?

[73]"I come from afar. I come from the east.[74] I seek your hospitality.[75]

You are hostile to me. Why do you come to me? [36/37]

"I am not hostile to you. I am a stranger to you."

So who are you?[76]

"My skin is dark and the white of my eyes shines.[77] I bring you the Eastern way.

What is that?

"Abstinence."

Abstinence! From what?

"From man."

What? Enhanced solitude?

"[78]No, abstinence from man, abstinence from human joy and suffering."

That is Eastern wisdom![79]

"~~xx~~ You need it. It belongs to being one among the many. You hear the word: attachment? Don't you see that it reaches over into the life and essence of the other? You fall [37/38] from the path and you draw the other from the path.

Compassion, but no attachment.

[80]Compassion with the cosmos.

A will toward the individual held in check.

Attachment leads to alienation.

Compassion remains misunderstood, therefore it works.

[81]Not wanting to understand, but letting it work.

I come to you, since the primordial binds us together.

Surrender and abstinence, little talk and simple action.

Far from longing, know no fear.

Far from love, love the whole, free from fallacy.[82]

Slow growth saves the individual and creates a people." [38/39]

[83]Why are you as dark as the earth of the fields? I'm afraid of you; such pain, what have you done to me?

"I am the death[84] that rose ~~xx~~ with the sun. I come with quiet pain and long peace. I lay the cover of protection on you. In the midst of life begins death.[85] ~~He lay~~ I lay cover upon cover on you so that your warmth will never cease."

You bring grief and despair. I wanted to be among men.

"You will go to men as one veiled. Your light shines at night. Your solar nature departs from you and your star[86] begins."

You are cruel.

"The simple is cruel, since [39/40] it does not unite with the manifold."

I understand you. I want to be simple.[87]

The bright Gods form the heavenly world. It is manifold and extends and increases infinitely. The ~~sun~~ spiritual sun is the supreme lord of the world.[88]

The dark Gods form the earthly world. They are simple and they lessen and diminish themselves infinitely. Their nethermost lord, namely the devil, is the moon spirit, satellite of the earth, smaller and colder than the earth.

There is no difference between the might of the heavenly and earthly Gods. The heavenly Gods magnify, the earthly Gods diminish. Both directions are immeasurable.[89]

[90]The world of the Gods is made manifest [40/41] in spirituality and in sexuality. The heavenly ones appear in spirituality, the earthly in sexuality.[91] Spirituality conceives and embraces. It is womanlike and therefore we call it mater coelestis, the heavenly mother.[92]

Sexuality engenders and creates. It is manlike, and therefore we call it phallus,[93] the earthly father.[94]

The sexuality of man is more earthly. The sexuality of woman is more spiritual.

The spirituality of man is more heavenly, it moves toward the greater.

The spirituality of woman is more earthly, it moves toward the smaller.

Mendacious and devilish is the spirituality of man that moves toward the smaller, as is the spirituality of woman that moves toward the greater. Each shall go to its own place.

~~It is easy~~ Man and woman become devils ~~become~~ to each other if they do not separate their spiritual ways, [41/42] for the essence of creation is differentiation.

The sexuality of man goes toward the earthly.

The sexuality of woman goes toward the spiritual.

Man and woman become devils to each other if they do not distinguish their sexuality.

Man shall know the ~~lower~~ smaller, woman the greater.

~~Men are either~~ Man shall differentiate himself both from spirituality and sexuality. He shall call spirituality mother, and set her between Heaven and earth. He shall call sexuality Phallus, and set him between himself and earth. For the mother and the Phallus are superhuman daimons [42/43] that reveal the world of the Gods. They affect us more than the Gods since they are ~~very~~ closely akin to our essence.

[95]The mother is the grail.

The phallus is the spear.

If you do not differentiate yourselves from sexuality or from spirituality, and do not regard them as things-in-themselves, you are delivered over to them as qualities of the Pleroma. Spirituality and sexuality are not your qualities, not things you possess and encompass. Rather, they possess and encompass you, since they are powerful daimons, manifestations of the Gods, and hence reach beyond you, existing in themselves. No man has a spirituality ~~unto~~

~~himself~~ or a sexuality unto himself. Instead, he stands under the law of spirituality and of sexuality. Therefore [43/44] no one escapes these daimons.

~~I~~ You shall look upon them as daimons, and as a common task and danger, a common burden that life has laid upon you. Thus life, too, is for you a common task and danger, as are the Gods, and first and foremost terrible Abraxas.

Man is weak, and community is therefore indispensable.[96]

If your community is not under the sign of the mother, it is under the sign of the Phallus. Absence of community is suffering and sickness. Community in everything is ~~prison~~ dismemberment and dissolution.

The essence of your being is differentiation. It leads to singleness.[97] Singleness is opposed to community. [44/45] But because of man's weakness with regard to the Gods and daimons and their invincible law, community is necessary.

Therefore: community, as much as possible, not for man's sake, but because of the Gods.

The Gods drive you to community. Insofar as the Gods impose community upon you, it is necessary; more is bad.

In the community: every man shall submit to others.[98]

In singleness: every man shall place himself above the other.[99]

~~Thus justice has been balanced~~. In community: abstention.

In singleness: extravagance.[100] [45/46]

Community is depth.

Singleness is height.

Right measure~~.~~

in community: purifies and preserves.

in singleness: purifies and increases.

Because ~~in singleness~~ the community gives us warmth, singleness gives us light.[101]

[102]In community we go to the source, which is the mother.

In singleness we go to the future, which is the engendering phallus.

The daimon of sexuality approaches our soul as a serpent. She is half human soul and is called thought-desire. [46/47]

The daimon of spirituality descends into our soul as the white bird. He is half human soul and is called desire-thought.

The serpent is an earthly soul, half daimonic, a spirit, and akin to the spirits of the dead. Thus too, like ~~xx~~ these she swarms around in the things of earth, making us fear them or else having them arouse our craving. The serpent has a female nature, forever seeking the company of those dead who are spellbound by the earth, and who did not find a way across to singleness.

The serpent is a whore. She courts the devil and evil spirits; she is a mischievous tyrant and gadfly, forever inveigling the most evil company. [47/48] The white bird is a half-heavenly soul of man. He abides with the mother, descending from time to time.

The bird is masculine, and ~~has~~ is effective thought.

He is chaste and solitary, a messenger of the mother. He flies high above the earth. ~~and lifts up and brings down~~ He commands singleness. He brings knowledge from the distant ones, who have departed before and attained perfection. He bears our word up to the mother, who intercedes, who warns, but who is powerless against the Gods. She is a vessel of the sun.

The serpent descends and cunningly lames the phallic daimon, or else goads him on. She bears up [48/49] the too-crafty thoughts of the earthly, those thoughts that creep through every hole and cleave to all things with craving and blind desire.

Although the serpent does not want to, she must be of use to us. She flees our grasp, thus showing us the way, which our human wits could not find.[103]

8. II. 16.[104]

The dead: "Now that you have taught us about the world of the Gods, the daimons, and the souls, teach us about men."[105]

Man is a gateway, through which you pass from the outer world of Gods, daimons, and souls into the inner world, out of the greater

into the smaller world. Small and inane [49/50] is man, a point, already he is behind you, and once again you find yourselves in endless space, in the smaller or inner infinity. At immeasurable distance a star stands radiating blue light in the zenith. This is the one God of this one man, this is his world, his Pleroma, his divinity. In this world, man is Abraxas, the creator and destroyer of his own world.

This star is the God, the goal of man.[106] This is his one guiding God. In him man goes to his rest. Toward him goes the long journey of the soul after death. In him everything that man withdraws from the ~~w~~ greater world [50/51] shines resplendently.

To this one God man shall pray.

Prayer increases the light of the star, it throws a bridge across death, it prepares the life of the smaller world, and assuages the hopeless desires of the greater.

When the greater world turns cold, the star shines.

Nothing stands between man and his one God, so long as man can turn away his eyes from the flaming spectacle of Abraxas.

Man here, God there.

Weakness, nothingness here, eternally blessed creative power there.

Here nothing but darkness and clammy cold, there total sun.[107] [51/52]

~~16~~ 17 II 16.[108]

[109]Before Hercules incinerated himself and was placed among the Gods, he became the child of Omphale.[110]

That is what happened to him.

[111]So, my mother, you who stand in the higher circle and shroud me and protect me from the Gods: I want to become your child.

May you accept my birth.

May you renew me.

I need a new shadow, since I have recognized the terrible Abraxas and have drawn myself back from him.

The cold grew and my star blazed brighter.

Yes, I do need the bond of childhood,[112] sublime mother, otherwise I cannot endure the childish and foolish hell of the human world.

You gave birth to the ~~xx~~ terrible God, release him, accept me [52/53] as your son. I am a man, a child that needs his mother.[113]

Take the human son instead of the God and grant him your maternal help.[114]

[115]Mother: I cannot take you as a child, unless you cleanse yourself first.

I.[116] What is my impurity?

[117]M.: Commingling. Abstain from human suffering and joy. Remain secluded until abstinence is complete, and you are freed from the touch of man. Then I will accept you as my child.

I thank you, mother. So be it.[118]

21. II. 16.[119]

What is the nature of this path? Between what waters and fires? Who is the traveler? Speak, shadow! [53/54]

A Turk?

Whence the journey? Do you profess Islam? What you are announcing Mohammed for?

"I speak of polygamy, houris, and Paradise. That is what you shall hear about."

Speak and end this torment.

"I do not speak of torment, but of joy."

Pardon me, you make me laugh. I bleed from the thousandfold wounds of men.

"I bring healing. Women heal the wounds. They know about medicines."[120]

[121]That is news to me. I usually heard them only whine.

"They know how to treat sick children." [54/55]

Am I a sick child?

"Not far from it. You should put down the too-many and let yourself be fostered."

Who does the work?

"It will thrive without you."

Questionable. Who will do it for me?

"Your sons and daughters. Let them have space and give yourself a rest."

Will the work hold up, if I don't support it?

"If it falls, why do you want to keep it? It will stand, if it has feet. If it nevertheless falls, it is not meant to live. What is about to die shall die."

So I should leave it? And surrender to polygamy? You are fatal, a real Turk. You can leave it to Allah, whether your house rots over your head. [55/56]

"The human drive has been attracted. The honey has been set out. You can hole up. Contemplation is necessary. The books shall be written."

What about polygamy, houris, and paradise?

"Many women amount to many books. Each woman is a book, each book a woman. The houri is a thought and the thought is a houri. The world of ideas is paradise and paradise is the world of ideas. Mohammed teaches that the houris admit the believer into paradise. The Teutons said as much."[122]

To live your thoughts goes against my taste [56/57] and my moral responsibility.

"Not too high. You are not far away from that. Do women want that? They also want their fate. Why don't you respect their way? They are also people whose dignity needs to be accepted."

But they never know what they want.

"They know only what they must do. Of course every man would like to pass his obligation to another and make them responsible. Both man and woman, in their respective ways, are governed by the law of Eros and the spirit."

This is impossible and can never become reality.

"Many things can become real, which seem impossible today. The doors must remain open. Necessity has the [57/58] final say."

24. II. 16.[123]

Should that be the beginning of the descent into the land of the toads, into the frog swamp? Everything in me is dying. I feel scattered and fragmented.[124]

"You have not yet experienced the fragmentation. You will be blown apart, scattered to the winds. Everyone carries away a piece of you. Men are preparing for the Last Supper with you."

What then will remain of me?

"Nothing but your shadow."

[125]But where is my I?

"Nowhere. No longer are you an I, but a river that pours forth over the lands. It seeks [58/59] every valley and streams toward the depths,[126] toward the sea." You're bristling at nothing."

Can I live without an I?

"You are the fool and the door between two eternities, an open passage, a street walked upon; one walks on it with shoes and spits on it."

[127]Where is what is mine? Where is what I'm doing?

"Not visible. You steal it for yourself."

Oh, mother, ~~are you the~~ have you sent this cruel daimon?

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28. II. 16[128]

You will hold the realm, the invisible, in trembling hands, in the hands of a child.[129] [59/60] It lowers its roots into the dismal abysses of the earth and sends up branches covered in leaves into the golden air.

Animals live in its branches. Men camp in its shade. Their murmuring arises from below.

A disgraceful error,[130] a thousand-mile-long disappointment is the juice of the tree. It will stay green for a long time.

Silence abides in its crown.

Silence in its deep roots.[131]

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12. IV. 16.

[132]Our Lord Jesus Christ![133] Blessed be your name.[134] Your work lasts long, you endured hardship for the sake of mankind. You did the greatest thing for us, out of animals you made quasi-human beings. You gave your life for beastly [60/61] mankind, your spirit was with us through an endlessly long time. You have done your great work patiently, and men still look to you and still ask you for help and want to receive the mercy of God through you.[135] You do not tire of giving to men. I praise your divine patience.

Are not men ungrateful? Does their craving know no limits? Do they still make demands on you? They have received so much yet still they are beggars.

Behold, Lord Jesus Christ,[136] they do not love you,[137] but they long for you with greed, for they also crave their neighbor's possessions. They do not love their neighbor, but they want what is his good.[138] Thus they also demand from you and have not taken your sublime life as a role model. [61/62] ~~xx~~ If they really loved you ~~xx~~, they would finally pay heed to your example. Your awe-inspiring life shows how everyone would have to take their own life into their own hands[139] and thus also carry the life of mankind as you did.[140] But they don't do it, instead they pray to you and still don't let your spirit rest and call upon you: Your work is not completed yet! The work of your spirit and your life has lasted ~~xx~~ for two millennia. It was necessary for such a long time. And men are still childish and forget gratitude, since they still cannot say: Thanks be to you, our Lord Jesus Christ, for the salvation you have brought us. We have

taken it unto ourselves, given it a place in our hearts, and we have learned to carry on your work in ourselves on our own. We have grown mature[141] in continuing the blood-heavy [62/63] work of redemption in us. Thanks to you, we have embraced your work, we grasped your redemptive teaching, we completed ~~xx~~ in ourselves what you had begun for us with bloody struggle. We are not ungrateful children anymore who desire their parents' possessions;[142] instead of working for their own lives. Thanks to you, our Lord Jesus Christ,[143] we will make the most of your talent and will not bury it in the earth and forever stretch out our hands helplessly and urge you to complete your work in us.[144] We want to be grateful to you and take your burden upon ourselves and want to give you rest. When we take up your work, your work will be completed and you will lay your hands in your lap after a long day's hard burden. Blessed is the dead one,[145] who rests in his God, [63/64] from the completion of his work.

[146]Don't you have any love for our Lord Jesus Christ? Can't you give him the price of peace after his completed work? And continue his work as your work in yourselves? Do you really still need his help and care?

No, that is not true.

I believe that our Lord Jesus Christ has completed his work,[147] since the one who has given his life, his entire truth, and his entire soul, has completed his work.

[148]Therefore I believe that our Lord Jesus Christ has indeed improved mankind. He has redeemed it up to point where men let themselves be redeemed from Gods and Godmen. Now the time [64/65] will come when each man ~~xx~~ has to continue his work of redemption.

16. IV. 16.[149]

Did you see him, the lover of his soul?, he walked into the valleys of men and loved—his soul? No, a woman. And he forgot his soul over that? No, but he put it into this woman. Was this the right place

for his soul? What is right? His love told him to do such. And he did it. Did he murder the love of another man that way? Maybe, maybe not. Love can also not be. Love is sometimes, but life is lasting. [65/66]

3. V. 16.[150]

[151]A dream told me that you were suffering, you Elijah, you Salome, you elders, and you, my maternal soul that cannot forget me. You, maternal soul, tell me why should I, who had been your lover, appear to you now as your unbeloved man? Apparently you must give up on me. It will be your salvation to return to your husband and not to address me as if I were your husband. You call me by the name of one of my friends. Did you marry that one? And yet you would like to be with me? But, you see, when you are with me you are ill; you cannot lie to yourself that I am your husband. Or would you, oh maternal soul, like to rebirth me and make me equal to him, thus to be of his kind; one that renders his feelings? And what about you, Elijah and Salome? [66/67]

Salome, you would like to embrace me. Now then, so be it, you take responsibility. But you, Elijah, heard a voice in the watches of night, the depths spoke to you, probably secret matters, things of what is to come. You were like someone who needs my help. Now then, I will grant it to you. You seem like someone bound to things immemorial, scarcely believable. Must it be that way? Or have you been caught against your will? That's how it seemed it had to be, that you were sworn to ancient ways, that the old reason retained boundless powers and you believed you could go free simply by distancing yourself. Likely you must stay and I must return to you ~~and~~ in order to fetch that light again and again which only you can ignite at the primordial fire. But speak, suffering Elijah, and tell me how one might help you!

E. I have become weak, I am poor, [67/68] an excess of my power has gone to you, my son. You took too much from me. My love gave you too much. Thus you went too far away from me.[152]

Lend me a bit of your strength and power. Wait and listen within. You will need the voice of the depths during these days. Don't go too far outside.

I. But what did you hear? What voice did you hear?

E. A voice full of confusion, a frightening voice full of warning and obscurity.

I. What did it say? Did you hear the words?

E. Indistinctly, it was confusing.

I. So speak at last, tell me the words![153]

E. First it was about a knife cutting something or perhaps harvesting, perhaps the grapes that go to the wine press. Perhaps the one wearing the red robe treads the winepress from which the blood flows.[154] Thereupon it was about gold [68/69] that lies below, and that kills whoever touches it. Then a word of fire that burns terribly and that should flare up in our time.

[155]I. What else, speak Elijah! Why did you think that you were erring and that a sick voice spoke to you?

E. Precisely because it spoke confused and blasphemous things.

I. Blasphemous? What was it?

E. About the death of God. Can God die?[156]

I. But there was a new one, not one, many.

E. Many? You are blasphemous. There is only one God.

I. I am astonished, Elijah. Do you not know what happened? Do you not know that the world has put on a new garb? That the one God [69/70][157] and the one soul have gone away and in turn a multitude of Gods and soul daimons have moved back into the world?

Truly, I am surprised; I am extremely surprised! How could you not have known? Know you nothing of the new that has come to pass? Yet you know the future![158] Or perhaps at the end you should not know what is? Remarkable, the maternal soul does not <u>want</u> to know what is. Do you ultimately deny what is? Speak now, Elijah!

Sal. What is, gives no pleasure. Pleasure comes only from the new. Your maternal soul[159] would also like a new husband—ha ha! She loves change. Her bourgeois man[160] is not pleasurable enough

for her. In that respect she is unteachable and therefore you believe she is mad. We love only what is coming, that gives pleasure.[161] Elijah does not think about what is, only about what is to come, therefore he knows it.

I. What does he know? He should say. [70/71]

E. I have already uttered the words. The image that I saw was crimson, fiery colored, a gleaming gold. The voice that I heard was like distant thunder, like the wind roaring in the forest, like an earthquake. It was not the voice of my old[162] God. It was a thunderous pagan roar, a call my ancestors knew but which I have never heard. It sounded prehistoric, as if from a forest on a distant coast; it rang with all the voices of the wilderness. It was full of horror yet harmonic.

I. My good father,[163] surely you heard what I thought. How wonderful! Shall I tell you about it?[164] What do you think, Salome? What do you want, Elijah?

E. Give me of it, so that I can live it, too.

Sal. Let me have my pleasure with it.

I. After all, I told you that the world has acquired a new face, a new cover was thrown over it. How odd [71/72] that you didn't know!

Old Gods have become new. The sole[165] God is dead—yes, truly, he died, he kept too many different things inside of him, thus he disintegrated into a multitude.[166] Thus the world became rich overnight. Even the soul, the unique one, lost her powerful singleness, she also disintegrated into a multitude.[167] Therefore men became rich overnight. How is it possible that you didn't know this! What else? Ah, it is so much![168]

The sole God became two, again a single one and a multiple one,[169] whose body consists of many Gods. But the single one's body is only a man and is bigger than the sun.[170]

[171]But the soul became the steps of its ladder, closest, nearest, near, far, further, furthest. First she is my [72/73] own being, then she is a serpent and a bird, then she is mother and father, then even

further away Salome and Elijah. But I can hardly think that you still belong to me, or else you should know what happened in my world. I therefore have to reckon you among the daimons, not daimons of men, but of mankind; that is why you are bound to the age-old and existing, why you don't know anything about the contemporary being of man. But it is good that you came. Take part in what exists. Because what exists should be in a way that you can take part in it.

E. [172]I do not like this multiplicity. It is not easy to think it.

Sal. The simple alone is pleasurable. One need not think about it.

I. Elijah, you need not contemplate [73/74] it at all. It is not to be thought. It is to be viewed. It is an imaginary painting.[173] Salome, it is not true that only the simple is pleasurable; over time it is even boring and in truth the multiple captivates you.

Sal. Father Elijah, do you realize that men are ahead of us? He is right, the many is more beautiful, richer, and more pleasurable. Jehovah is twofold unity, and always the same.[174]

22. V. 16.[175]

Dear Lord Jesus Christ, we are not pure. The mud of hell sticks to us.

You said: ["]My God my God, why have you forsaken me," when you hung on the cross in the final torment. Likewise we lose heart because we are not pure.[176] [74/75]

Each of us is on the cross between two criminals, one ascending to Heaven, the other descending into hell.[177]

Yes, that was your torment of the cross, Lord Jesus Christ, yes, you hung on that cross, you yourself the suffering of the world and its impurity.

Oh, you, the greatest of all sufferers, yourself pure, you carried the impurity of the world. And we ourselves, impure, are carrying the burden of our own ~~xx~~ purity.

Because one stepped into us, a veiled one, the son of the earth, and eased our torment with his impurity.

So great was your work, Lord Jesus Christ, so glorious your redemption [75/76] that you left us, that we were able to take up the impurity of the earth and yet carry the purity that you gave us.

Now you verily have become the first one of those who sleep.

Amen.[178]

31. V. 16.[179]

[180]What is it about this dark devilish image in this night with its unbearable heat and torment? My soul, mother of wisdom, answer me! You can see him, the newt of the abyss, as he writhes red hot. What does it mean?

"Listen to me: I am in great torment. This son of the dark womb besieges me."

I thought so! It is thus your torment, not mine?[181]

["]Yes, it is. Therefore your dreams [76/77] are difficult, since you feel the torment of the depths, the suffering of the Gods."

Can I help? Or is it superfluous that a man elevates himself to being a mediator of the Gods? Is it presumption or should a man become a redeemer of the Gods, after men are saved through the divine savior?[182]

[183]"It is true, we need the human mediator and rescuer, because man is not only soul to us, but also God. Since these, who are Gods to you here, are men craving for your help there, where you are God. ~~The~~You must already build your divinity here and now in order to prepare the way to the crossing over. We really need your help. I gave you the dark and horrible dream so your face would turn toward us, and through me to the Gods. I let their torment reach you so that you would remember the suffering [77/78] Gods."

What is their suffering? And how can I help?

"You do too much for men, rather let go of men and turn toward the Gods since they are the masters of the world, where you as a man live. In effect you can help men only through the Gods, not directly. The burning torments of the Gods needs to be alleviated. Men look after themselves."

So tell me, where do I begin? I feel their torment and mine at the same time, and yet it is not mine, both real and unreal.

"That is it; and this is where separation should occur."

But how? My wits fail me. You must know how.

"Your wits fail quickly, but we[184] need precisely your human wits."

And I the wits of the Gods, and thus we both run aground and sit [78/79] helplessly on the sand.[185]

"Not entirely so. I am always a bit different from you.[186] You are too impatient. Comparison provides a solution, not one side taking a quick decision. Thus it requires work and patient equalization."[187]

What do the Gods suffer from?

"Well, you have left them with your torment, and since then they have suffered."

Rightly so, they have tormented men enough, now they should get a taste of it.

"But if the torment also reaches you, what have you gained then? You cannot leave everything to the Gods or else they will draw you into their torment, if they cannot cope with it anymore on their own.[188] After all, they possess the power to do so, in so far as you are a man.[189] But men too possess a wondrous power over the Gods through their wits."

I recognize that the torment of the Gods [79/80] reached me. Therefore I also recognize that I must yield to the Gods. What is their desire?

"They want obedience."

All right, I will, but I fear their desire, therefore I say: I want to do what I can. On no account will I take back onto myself all the torment that I had to leave to the Gods.[190] I reserve conditions for myself,[191] as you can do in relation to someone who depends upon your help. The Gods should recognize this and direct their desire accordingly. There is no longer any unconditional obedience, since man is no longer a slave, but also a God of the Gods.[192] He demands respect, since he belongs to the world of the Gods[193] and

he is a limb that even the Gods cannot do without. Falling to pieces before the Gods is no more. So let their wish be heard. I shall willingly hear it out, [80/81] but I shall also speak my will.[194] The confrontation will sort things out, each having their fitting portion.

"The Gods want you to do for their sake what you know you do not want to do.["]

I thought so! Of course that is what the Gods want. But do the Gods also do what I want? I want the fruits of my labor.[195] Where is the acknowledgement that I need? Where is the appreciation of men? What do the Gods do for me? They want their goals to be fulfilled, but what about mine?

"You are unbelievably defiant and rebellious. Consider the fact that the Gods are strong."

[196]I know. But for once they ought to use their strength for me. They also want me to place mine in their service. What is their payment in kind? Their torment? Man suffered agony and the Gods were still not satisfied, but remained insatiable [81/82] in their devising of new torments—they allowed man to become so blinded that he believed that there were no Gods at all, or that there was only one God who was a loving father, so that today someone who struggles with the Gods is even thought to be crazy. They have thus prepared this shame too for those who recognize them, out of boundless greed for power, since leading the blind is easy. They will corrupt even their slaves.

"You do not want to meet the Gods halfway?"[197]

I believe that has already gone on more than enough. I rather think[198] that the Gods are insatiable, because they have received too many sacrifices.[199] Dearth makes for satisfaction, not abundance. May they learn dearth from me.[200] Who [82/83] does something for me? That is the question that I must pose.

[201]Do you really want to do anything for the Gods?

In no case will I take upon myself what the Gods would have to do. Ask the Gods what they want, what they think of this suggestion.

[202]"They think that it's unheard of that you don't want to obey. That is why they sent their messenger before, as you will have realized."

That bothers me not a whit. I have done everything to placate the Gods. May they do their share now.[203] I can wait.[204]I shall speak to you tomorrow again to hear what your opinion is. I want to be acknowledged by you. I'll have no one telling me at leisure what to do, but the Gods may inform me what they'll give me for my efforts on their behalf.

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1 June 1916.[205]

[206]Well, my soul, what say the Gods? [83/84]

It was indicated that I looked like a devil. I want to see clearly. Speak!

"The Gods give in. You have broken the compulsion, therefore you look like the devil as he got around the edicts of the Gods.[207] He is the rebel against the eternal law, to which, thanks to the devil, there are also exceptions.[208] Thus one does not necessarily have to. The devil is helpful in this respect. He helps you to come to yourself. You think that this is a detour.[209] The detour via the Gods is necessary, since they are and need to be taken into consideration, otherwise you will fall prey to their law. At least you should sacrifice to the Gods.["][210]

6. VI. 16.[211]

I met you in the garden, beloved. The sins of the world have conferred beauty upon your countenance.

The suffering of the world has straightened your shape. [84/85]

You are truly a king. Your crimson is blood, your ermine is snow from the eternal cold of the poles, your crown is the heavenly body

of the sun, which you bear on your head.

Speak to me, my master and beloved![212]

X:[213] Oh Simon Magus,[214] who hides in Philemon,[215] are you in my garden or am I in yours?

~~Ph~~ Φ: You are, Oh master, in my garden. Helena and I are your servants.[216] You can find accommodation with us, because ΦΙΛΗΜΩΝ and Baucis have become what Simon and Helena were.[217] We are the hosts of the Gods. We granted hospitality to the terrible worm. And since you came forward, we took you in. It is our garden [85/86] that surrounds you.[218]

X: Am I not the master?[219] Is this garden not mine? Is not the world of the heavens and of the spirits my own?

Φ: You are, Oh master, here in the world of men. Men have changed. They are no longer the servants[220] and no longer the swindlers of the Gods,[221] but they grant hospitality to the Gods. Your brother came before you, Oh master, the terrible worm, whom you dismissed, when he gave you clever counsel ~~on the mountain~~ in the desert with a tempting voice.[222] You took the counsel, but dismissed the worm.[223] He found a place with us. But where he is, you will be also, since he is your immortal brother.[224] When I was Simon, I sought to escape him [86/87] with the ploy of magic and thus I escaped you. Now that I gave the worm a place in my garden, you come to me.

X: Did I fall for the power of your trick? Have you secretly caught me?[225]

Φ: Recognize, Oh master and beloved, that your nature is also of the serpent![226] Were you not raised on the tree like the serpent of Moses?[227] Have you laid aside your body, like the serpent its skin? Did you not go to Hell before your ascent? And did you not see your brother there, who was shut away in the abyss?

X: It is true. You are not lying. Even so, do you know what I bring you?

Φ: This I know not. I know only one thing, that whoever hosts the worm also needs his brother. [87/88]

What do you bring me, my beautiful guest?[228] The worm brought me ugliness. Do you bring me beauty?

X: I bring you the beauty of suffering. That is what is needed by whoever hosts the worm.[229]

18. VI. 16[230]

Ɨ You subterranean![231] How long does your rule last? What do you need? I know very well that you want me. Oh, who could believe your incredible things! My soul, where does the way go?

"The way always goes beyond you, in mental and bodily fate."

Beyond me! That means my powerlessness.

"That means your fulfilment."

Thus truly always doomed to be always outside [88/89] and far-out, always danger and misunderstanding, always error and hazard. Is that to be endured?

"Not in the long run, but for now. Everything is valid only for now. There will be other times."

Must everything be done solely through me?

"No, others should do as much as possible. You can do what is not possible for them."

Have I got the right attitude? Am I failing in anything?

"Not at all. You trust yourself too little. You must trust yourself more. You can do it."

But I don't trust others!

"Yes, you don't trust others concerning yourself. You can rely on them more than you realize." [89/90]

3.VII.16[232]

My God, what uncertainty! What paralysis! If I err, let it become clear! My soul, speak to me. Is it fatigue? Is it too much? It overcame me suddenly.

"Listen, you shouldn't do too much. You should rest more, so that you have the force to meet everything. If you are weak, you can't

stand firm. Relinquish outer things as much as possible. Give life and time to the work. It must ripen by itself."

Why are you saying this, did the dream[233] indicate that I had to learn something new?

"You're mistaken. There is still much to be fetched from there."

"You remain on the surface, why don't you utter what is deeper? [90/91]

"How can I? You have no strength."

Where did it remain?

"It remained outside, in wishing and expecting. "It belongs inside, completely inside, in creating."

Did I do wrong?

"Not a wrong, but too much—you need limitation in every respect. You concern yourself too much about others. Let others go their own way. Seek only your way, but not for others, otherwise you expend too much. The burden of thinking for others gives you a headache. What you yourself must attend to is more than enough. Rest yourself.["] [91/92]

18. VII. 16.[234]

What is it? How is everything?

"You are a swindler. You really know what things mean. But you don't handle them as if you do, you take them at face value. Through this you sow confusion."

How can I behave differently?

"Let go, do not reply, be silent and accept the moment as a moment."

But this too men will not want.

"Put aside the wants of others. Act on yours. You adapt enough to others."

Why do I feel so bad?

"Because something bad still remains in you, namely the thirst for revenge and malice, anger at the stupidity of the men who call themselves your friends."

I always have to be the devil; they [92/93] should as well.

"But it's not you who should do that. That is lust for power. The evil shall leave you. You can never know what others want, so expect nothing and do not adapt yourself to things ~~xx~~ which you know are just whims of fantasy, which will no longer be true tomorrow. You have forgotten the Buddha again.[235] So discard the thirst for revenge, destroy the anger, persist in the expectation of the things to come: a bright flame not blown out by the wind."

I am truly the devil? Am I the devil because ~~xx~~ my way led me to the daimons? Have I not gone my own way in good faith?

"Didn't Christianity draw out the worst qualities in men? Was Christ therefore of the devil? Indeed, he too was of the devil." Persist undisturbed in expectation. Do not disturb the holy flame. Your anger and your thirst for revenge are earthly fire, a theft of the heavenly.["][236] [93/94]

14 Aug. 1916.[237]

My God, I want from myself what is right.

"Do you really want it?"

Why do you doubt? My soul, why do you not help?

"I must preserve the right connection with the powerful of this world." What is all right with you has been wrong for them. Equally right and wrong on both sides."

So tell me, what terrible burden will be loaded on me again?

"That was what was too little for you, which was too much for others."

Do you deceive me?

["]No, why should I? I must flourish with you.["]

Do I proceed wrongly? I will listen to you. I want to allocate right and wrong correctly. I'll listen, but speak to me.

"So listen then: much is loaded on you and much is still expected from you, for the living [94/95] and the dead. Strange things are yet to be fulfilled. Do not resist. Good grows out of evil. You dreamed that you were travelling in that happy land with the friend of your youth, the one who early on had a bad fate. He was like a brother to

you, and it was often his fate that stood warningly before you.[238] But do not forget how utterly different he was and how he came to his fate completely differently. You avoided everything that he did. Recalling him upsets you to this day. That must be so, therefore you dream of him, since you must be pressed down to the absolute minimum of your requirements, otherwise you will not be satisfied by the highest measure. You have seen this in those who have had everything from you and yet because of this they were not satisfied. If you yourself are frugal, you teach others frugality—and thankfulness for the meagre. Above all, one is thankful only for the meagre, never for the abundant.

Do it for yourself, so that you have the strength to solve the task. [”] [95/96]

Are you with me?

“I am completely with you.”

16. VIII 16.[239]

Why do you anger me? Why don’t you let me finally come to rest, so that I can do the necessary work? Why is this still going on? Speak, and don’t always leave me in the dark about what you want. Today you have annoyed and harassed me again. You rob me of joy and take pleasure in torment. You yourself want to escape torment and so you load it onto me. This can’t go on. I want to know and understand. You must also bear your part. Speak! I will listen to you!

“Have you brought me enough sacrifices? Have you killed goats and geese for me?”

You are lording it over me again. What has empowered you? Out with it, I want to know. [96/97]

“You did not pay attention. It was secretly taken from you. I stole it while you slept.”

What did you take from me?

“Hardness.” I made you soft and kind. This made me strong and brazen, since softness is a vice. Ha ha, I must still teach you how you should treat me. You must learn how to pay attention.”

When and where was this?

"On that exquisite night that gave you so little fun—none before and none after. Just sentiments. That is fodder for us."

You wicked daimon, always ready to exploit human need. Yet tell me, how could you feed on sentiments, and with it, my hardness?

"You are not wicked and selfish enough. What a shame, that I must surrender the secret to you. You do not give to buy. [97/98] Fool, you give for the sake of giving, and think that thankfulness will do it. Never, that is sentimental. As a consequence we will become fat and violent."

You devil, I will yet beat you against the wall.

"Do it, if you can. You must still get on with me. Be thankful that I surrender my trade secrets."

So give me back my hardness. Out with it. I will no longer be your fool, you ~~xx~~ cursed hanger-on.

"What will you give for it?"

You see, once again my blood. Not goats and geese, but myself. There is no better ransom.

"Almost too much. You are too kind—for the sake of that little hardness. Perhaps you should also only stamp a bit. Then it would have been here immediately." [98/99]

So you belong to that species that becomes more brazen the more it receives. How commonly human you are! It seems you are in need of fasting? Certainly! Once more I forgot that post-Christianity has begun: when souls enter the cloister and tie cords and fast. God have mercy! Yes, my dear fattened Christian soul, I realize that my virtues hinder you from the cure of the soul. Become good, Christianity has fully made you into a monster. The witch trials could already have taught us that. Damned foolishness of these people: they should have roasted their souls, instead they grilled their own flesh and with this they fed the paunch of their souls.[240]

My God, let it not come to pass that my work, my goal, is devoured by souls. [99/100].

21. IX. 16[241]

It is black, utterly black. The ground of suffering is not exhausted. Therefore I come to you or to you other invisibles, and sacrifice blood for you, to loosen your tongue and make you speak to me and tell me what you demand from me, so that I can bear life. Let me hear! Is it you, my soul? Speak then!

"It has been a long time since you spoke to me, too long. Here lies one ground for your suffering. You waited too long. Yet that's not all: what is it with the old man, whom you slaughtered? Perhaps he was right? How?"[242]

I agreed with him, as much as he was entitled. Rightness is on my side too. But what about him?

"What he said about sexuality, do you believe it?" [100/101]

Certainly, but also the other,[243] since it is also true, as true as truth can be.

"Truth? Now that is a beautiful old word. Is there more where that came from?"

Stop mocking. If I ask you, it doesn't mean that I unconditionally surrender myself to you. So what is with sexuality?

"For you it is close to the heart."

Naturally. What do you want with it?

"You want with it?"

Stop this torture. You know better. I want to hear from you how I can raise myself again. I can't live this way. Give what you've got.

"Time out. Not so fast. Slower is better."

You gruesome devil! Give me my life back. [101/102]

What do you want from me?

"Your heart."

So, even the heart? Isn't blood enough?

"No, your heart, your whole heart. You no longer need a heart. I must have your heart."

So take it, for all I care. I am desperate enough. But give me my life in exchange. What will happen to my heart with you? My heart with this soul! So maybe then you'll be better? Or will I learn to hate my heart because you now have it? "For out of the heart proceed all

evil thoughts."[244] So even that will become true. Am I then master of my feelings and free of them? [102/103]

"Be patient and watch, as it will come to pass that you have given me your heart. Perhaps I will then become good."

So that even something good will come from you? Hardly believable. However, I will wait. But as you know, with little hope.

"Patience. Some resolution will come about. Your heart gives me strength."

25. IX. 16.[245]

There was a solution. Life returned. I am happy and thankful. I must tell you this. But there is still much pain, hardness, and cruelty in the air. Dark guilt, anxiety, heaviness and oppression. How much comes in from this terrible war?[246] Does the stench of blood also weigh on my air? Must I have my share in this? [103/104]

I gave you my heart, my soul, speak to me!

"How many lights do you want to have, three or seven? Three is the heartfelt and modest, seven the general and encompassing."

What a question! And what a decision! I must be honest: my mind goes for the seven lights.[247]

"So you want the seven? That's what I thought. That has broad scope—cold lights."

That's what I need: cooling, fresh air. Enough suffocating sultriness. Too much anxiety and too little breathing room. Give me the 7 lights.

"The first light designates the Pleroma.[248]

The second light designates Abraxas.[249]

The third light, the sun.[250] [104/105]

The fourth light, the moon.[251]

The fifth light, the earth.[252]

The sixth light, the phallus.[253]

The seventh light, the star."[254]

Why are the bird, the heavenly mother, and heaven missing?[255]

They are all enclosed in the star. When you ~~xx~~ look toward the star, you will look through them. They are the bridges to the star. They make up the single 7th light, the highest, the floating, which rises with roaring flapping of wings, released from the embrace of the tree of light with 6 branches and 1 blossom, in which the star God lay slumbering.

The 6 lights are singular and form the multiplicity. The one light is one and forms the unity, it is the blossoming crown [105/106] of the tree, the holy egg, the seed of the world endowed with wings so it can reach its place. The one gives rise to the many again and again, and the many entails the one."

Yet tell me, what is the threefold that I spurned?

That is 3 wives: daybreak, midday and night, woman—your fate. You escape them."

Rightly or wrongly?

"Rightly. Since you do not deserve to be suffocated by women, as you were not suffocated by me. You see in me what woman is for man—a snare and a ladder to heaven.[256] What woman is otherwise, she will show and it will be shown. A deep chasm is fixed between man and [106/107] woman. I am this chasm. He who does not see this chasm is estranged from himself. He who has me sees the abyss that lies between, that cannot be spanned by any soul. Separation brings about longing, and only longing unites. Those who are distant love one another."[257]

Does that mean solitude, estrangement, cloisters?

"No, it means the possibility of being together—closeness on remotest peaks.[258] It means joy. Since you suffer all suffering for and with your soul."

Who are you?

"I am your soul."

How? And do you speak the truth?

"I have your heart. That's how. I feel with you, I am united with you."

Then are you the woman, the companion of my self—my soul, as one says—whom I have always searched for?[259] Whom I have never

found among [107/108] human women? Have you begged off the daimons? Have you become a Christian, you heathen monster?

"I follow after you, always older and younger than you."

As someone young do you already sense the end and what is turned round again?

"No, I sound out what is further. Greatly vastness of what exists. I call it the Christianity of the soul, the abstinence and chastity of the soul, the humanity of men.

I carry with me all the ~~highest~~ greatest suffering and all the highest joy. The measurable and the measured alone belong to men, not the reverse, as the devils always want to teach you. Give me your fidelity and I will help you. You know that I can bring about much. [108/109] I give you power and keep disturbances far from you. That way you will rise up to what is further.["]

27. IX. 16.[260]

You heap up unbearable heaviness on me. Is this payment for my giving my heart to you? Or do you demand that I consecrate evening after evening to you, despite weariness?

"You should have overcome everything yesterday to speak to me. You neglected it. Consequently you will be punished."

But why does so much disgust stand in the way for me? Occasionally I can't overcome the disgust.

"Because I am disgusting. Faced with men you could still overcome disgust, or not completely? In any case much more than when faced with me. Listen: here disgust must be overcome completely and entirely. If you feel disgust, then you must come to me, since I am close to you there. If corpse rot and [109/110] foulness taint the air, then I am there. You can and should speak to me about this, otherwise everything will get twisted. You are right to come to me now. It is good that you want to listen to me. Very simply, you must hear me. What use is doubt to you? After all, I sit right at the source of life. You must come to me, otherwise you won't live. You live through me, through the disgust that I exude. Don't you know that life feeds on corpses? Take heed. Whoever fails

to overcome revulsion toward the grub of corpses does not live. The world will become a corpse for him. Rather let everything else lie and come to me."

You speak like a woman.

"I am your woman, who can give you life. In the long run no earthly woman is capable of the same. You selected the 7 lights, receive [110/111] therefore your life from me and not from an earthly woman. This is painful, but true. You'll always give life only to them, ~~xx~~ they can't give it to you. Only I can do that. Therefore, every time ~~not~~ the emptiness and disgust seize you, come to me."

So give me my life, give me back abundance and strength.

"Will you fulfil all my conditions?"

Yes, I will.

"So no more letters to women, no moaning.[261] They can't give it you. You should have known this for a long time. You are the source of life to them, until they have found their own source. Moaning letters are misfires. You must give, but must receive only from me. Human women are always jealous of me, in that they confuse themselves with your [111/112] soul. That is their devilry, from which they suffer and make you suffer. You have caught me and forced me to be faithful. I am your woman, no one else is."

I doubt you and have no confidence in you.

"I'm no human woman; they can't. You can't rely on them, but you must trust that I'm able. You have already experienced that many times. Why do you still not believe?"

Sometimes it seems to me as if others too were able.

"Only through me, never through themselves. They are empty and dry, in so far as they do not have their own wellsprings and live only through you. Do you want love from them? You will receive only what you take. They cannot give. [112/113] I can give, they can't."

"So give it to me. I will fulfil your conditions.

"There is one more condition: let the black one go.[262] No excessively deep relation. She is also empty and lives through you. She can't give to you what you need. You chose the 7 lights. The more you bind yourself, the weaker you become. No more letters, no

time which you ought to give to me.~~"~~ I will give you strength, if you go only with me. I will keep others away from you, but come to me. You must be lonely with me. Much silence, and do not bind yourself. ~~Which~~ Take the human aspects that you need. Much will be against your going with me. Even the quill will not want to write. But come to me unswervingly. Only I can give you the solution. You found the way to me. So the payment will also come to you. But stay with me. ["] [113/114]

28. IX. 16.[263]

Isn't everything very threatening?

"Less than ever. Now comes just the evocation of the danger. You must see to your friends."

Does so great a darkness rule over me?

"More than that: deep mistrust and secret fear. You have become uncanny."

I will note this. Yet tell me: why did you speak to me so disdainfully about the black one yesterday? Are you just jealous or does it have some deeper reasons?

"Yes, it is jealousy, womanly jealousy. Do you think that it has no significance? It is self-preservation. Consequently I must malign the black one. I am against her not because she is somewhat not good ~~xx~~, but because ~~xx~~ she takes too much away from me."

I'm afraid that you are too greedy. You want too much from me.

"I always want a great deal from you. Women are my most dangerous [114/115] opponents, since they have my qualities. That's why you can confuse me so easily with the black one. I also have golden goat eyes and a black coat. I place myself between her and you. The white one[264] is less dangerous to you, since she is completely unlike me and of such an adverse nature that you can't at all lose yourself there. You just suffer too much from her. She was dangerous before, but no longer. She is just embittered against you because I am stronger than her.[265] But the black one is dishonestly clever. I understand that you love her, but I would like to get rid of

her. It's unclear whether I will succeed. There are human matters which I cannot master. But I will always be against her. So pay attention. Not too far away from me!"

I recall that you are not a human but a half-daimon. Hopefully, my heart, which I gave you, will improve you. Hopefully my heart has given you an insight into human nature. It doesn't always need to be like hell and the [115/116] devil between us. But live with me and help me to find the right way through the world. I still have something on my heart. You know that I have it in mind to tackle something which until now was dark to me: the magical. Is it altogether right that I do this, or do I fail to see the counter-arguments?

"The magical? What do you want there?"

I want to know if we can also win something necessary and useful there.

"Be careful! I can't gainsay this. But there are reasons against it. Where should it lead? To new knowledge? Don't you have enough of that? Certainties? Are there any greater than what you already have?"

But surely you must know a great deal about it? Doesn't it cover your very area?

"Precisely that is dark to me. I don't know how I work. It can become only clear through men, since nature recognizes [116/117] herself only through men. Perhaps I will learn something from it? Who knows? I can grasp for you only what you already have but don't know. The beyond from which I bring knowledge to you ~~xx~~ is your beyond. I am able to grasp what you have. But you aren't. That's why you need me."

Remarkable being! So you have nothing to object to my intention?

"Nothing, as has already been said. You men still want to know everything!"

It seems to me you are holding back. What do you have? Is there something you don't want to reveal?

"It is so difficult to grapple with!"

So make an effort, just as I do.

"Now let's give it a try. It is something from the golden bird. Not the white bird,[266] but the golden one. That's different. The white bird is a good daimon, but the golden one is above you and under your God. It flies ahead of you. [117/118] I see it in the blue ether, flying toward the star. It is something that is part of you. And at the same time it's its own egg, containing you. Are you with me? Then ask!"

"Tell me more. It gives me a bad feeling."

"The golden bird is no soul; it is your entire nature. Men are also golden birds as well; not all; some are worms and rot in the earth. But many are also golden birds."

Continue, ~~xx~~ I fear my revulsion. Tell me what you have grasped.

"The golden bird sits on the tree of the 6 lights. The tree grows from the head of Abraxas, ~~and everything from~~ but Abraxas grows from the Pleroma. Everything from which the tree grows blossoms from it as a light. It is transformed, as a womb of the topmost blossom, the golden egg-bird. The tree of light is first a plant, [118/119] which is called an individual; this grows out of the head of Abraxas, his thought, one thought among countless others. The individual is a mere plant without flowers and fruits, a passageway to the tree of 7 lights. The individual is a precursor of the tree of light. The lucent blossoms from it, Phanes himself, Agni, a new fire, a golden bird.[267] This comes after the individual, namely when he has been reunited with the world, the world blossoms from him. ~~from~~ Abraxas is the drive, whereas the individual is what is distinct from him, but the tree of the 7 lights is the symbol of the individual united with Abraxas. This is where Phanes appears and he, the golden bird, flies ahead.

You unite yourself with Abraxas through me. First you give me your heart, and then you live through me. I am the bridge to Abraxas. Thus the tree of light arises in you and you become the tree of light [119/120] and Phanes arises from you. You have anticipated, but not understood this. At the time you had to separate from Abraxas to become individual, opposed to the drive. Now you become one with Abraxas. This happens through me. You cannot do

this. Therefore you must remain with me. Unification with the physical Abraxas occurs through the human woman, but that with the spiritual Abr. occurs through me; that is why you must be with me."[268]

29. IX.16 Morning.[269]

You see, I slipped up again. Twice, not easy. This damned letter writing!

"Yes, deplorable! You men are weaklings."

And you, I had to lock you up! Don't I owe it to your relative freedom that I [120/121] slipped up again?

"Yes, I too for once also wanted to have a good day and enjoyed your annoyance and your sins."

What—sins?

"Now, somewhat depreciatingly expressed: but you also devalue me, in that you once again ~~xx~~ doubt my existence due to my inconsistency. It is good that you came just now. If you don't come, I lose myself in things and men and once again it is difficult to get me out of it. I savor all emotions and completely lose myself in them. Only ~~xx~~ through you am I reminded of my existence. However I have forfeited some seriousness. I must make up for this defect. You must help me do this. You must come again soon, tomorrow morning, so that we can continue to do our work. [121/122].

Evening:

I feel the conflict beginning again. Stay with me, soul, daimon. What still slumbers unreleased must be gained. Let us go to work.

"It is something else."

What is it?

"It can barely be uttered. It is still far, hazy like mist, ghostly—mist on a dark expanse, a verdant night, dark forests. What do I see? Who can name it? Almost inexpressible—so wide, so thin, so breath-like—how strange—where did you get that from? So chilly and northerly—so maritime—what did you make out? What did you

learn? How did it come to you? Inexpressible, unascertainable, fearsome things—like tangles of serpents, intertwined, knotted ropes[270]—like runes, barely readable signs. You deciphered a little of it. Where is the key—they are white and mist-like, like breath—peculiar. A sign lets itself be grasped what does it mean? An upper one and a lower one, divided lengthwise, makes four. It blurs—hold me firmly—I must get closer again—patience—hold firm, don't look away—now it is fiery, 2 circles like eyes, empty sockets of fire. Now—hold firm—it is difficult, it seems like two drops , two tears of glowing glass dripped from a fiery upper sphere—a yellow light burning upward, a will-o'-the-wisp over dark marshes—a grave , who rests in it? It is empty, emptied; one rose up from it, where did he go? A fork ; what does it fork? [122/123] What preceded the division? Was it a sin—no, a conflict? No: a separation?—Darkness. Yet look—another sign, a head , severed? From where has it fallen? A grill , a loop , a prison , a cock ,—I'm at a loss—so strange—this is unfamiliar. You picked up on something that does not belong to you, strange infernal stuff, infinitely distant. Something entered into you, adversely—yesterday evening—magic—the strange charms—out swiftly—I found strange bewitchment—falsity—magical tricks—not genuine, not from the ground—poison—hellishly crafty poison from green poisonous flasks. Spit it out, it's impure, fake, disgusting, a swindle, hellish sorcery. I warned you about magic. Devilish stuff gets into you. No more of it, I implore you, you filthy rat, you underworld tangle, you witches' spell—be gone, you are found out, nailed and hung up. Everyone looks at you, everyone spits at you—found out—found out—off and away, foreign filth—the air is pure—shut the doors.

That's better off gone. But now you should realize that what is there is deception and the poison of magic. Hands off. The devil has laid a trap. The black one is good. There is good air there. The green one prepared poison and darkness. [123/124] Good that that is out.

No more of it! You sly newt of darkness, staring stupidly, the prey escapes you. Now upward toward the light—we must see the stars above the mist—the mist spawns poison. Oh, purest air—close the chasm of stench. Ignite a pure white light on the throne of the Above. Magic—this magic is the devil's filth—you soil yourself with it—impure mixing—cold poison—protect yourself."[271]

You have done well. This made me tipsy! It was a secretly numbing poison. It's good that I know this. Stay with me, my soul. Don't you still have something to say?

["]Yes, it's necessary that you know that you must purify yourself through hard work so that the light becomes completely pure and white. It is almost extinguished in poisonous fog. Tomorrow, you get to work." [124/125]

2. X. 16.[272]

I have come to listen to you! Will you speak to me? Or should I do something else that I'm in the mood for?

"Whenever you have the mood for something else, do it. Are you really in the mood for something else? Now, it was somewhat difficult for you, and you didn't know what to do."

That's right and that's why I came.

"So listen: you won't make sense of it until you have examined everything. You must still understand a great deal that ~~xx~~ is obscure to you. Did you understand that from the golden bird? No, far from it. It is difficult. Does it not rise like a light, like the sun? Does it not raise itself up to the zenith? What kind of darkness are you standing in?"

I wonder about that too. I stand in deep obscurities. Where does the golden bird ascend? For a long time now I have dreamt of fire and of the day overhead, but it's as if we are standing in a deep ravine, and far above us is a narrow cleft of day. When will the light come? Why are we always on the shadow-side ~~of everyone~~ of the world?

"Yes, you stand there, on the shadow-side. But I saw the light from afar and still see it, though it is far off."

Why so remote? Didn't I do everything I could to bring it about? What must I still do?, Tell me! [125/126]

"I believe that you should pray."

To whom? ∓

"To your God, that he bring you the light, otherwise it can't come along. It needs the bridge of prayer. You ought to leave no means untried. Where nothing helps, prayer helps. Prayer helps your God. He has the light, I don't have it.[273] I can see only from the distance, through you. But you don't see it."

I'll do that.

6. X. 16[274]

As you see, I am not working. I dream. Have you taken my strength away?

["]Yes, I needed it.["]

Why? I have to work out the deeper things. Science take time. What has been buried for ages must still be dug up.

So I didn't do wrong to dream?

"No, far from it. What you need to know can become ripe that way, since there are still difficult things to understand."

Will you talk this over with me?

"Try, lend me strength, then perhaps I can bring something out. [126/127]

It is the golden bird, the new light, the winged egg, that should unfold. The air will hatch it, the air that everyone breathes, the wide winds of the world which are everywhere, from north and south, from east and west. The egg has not yet developed, but the tree grows; yet the 6 lights are dangerous for the 7th, because they are hostile. The most dangerous enemies of the large lights are the small lights. One must note that. Science belongs to the small lights. They are necessary, but should be restrained so that seventh light can shine. Science corresponds to the clear light of the sun, art corresponds to the light of the moon. Both stand beside the seventh light, but are not the same."[275]

Why do you stop?

"It's dark. Something else, something completely other is there. Something of the dead, the spirits."

What is it with them?

"I can't understand what this riffraff are saying. You all die! Why couldn't [127/128] you find peace? Haven't you still not sinned enough? What~~xx~~ do you still want? You just stand there! What do you say? Are you hungry or thirsty? I don't like you. What can you do? Do you also want to approach the light? Is there something going on? Why do you hold up your hands? Do you have nothing? Are you beggars? You, old man,[276] why do you look so sorrowful? Has your truth not been recognized? You, young woman,[277] did you find no love? What do you still want? Reality became your shade, and you are shades yourself. What use to you is your longing? But give back to the living one what you did not live, the fire that still glows in you, so that he can still fulfil it. You can no longer do it. Too late—you must do without. Hand over your fire, the living one has need of it. Why do you want to hold onto it so greedily, so avariciously? Give it away, then at least the fire still lives, as you have turned into shades. Why won't you sacrifice your fire? [128/129] You should, so that the light can flare up above. How can the lamps burn if you take the oil with you?[278]

What do you say? You want to be heard? Then what do you want? Speak![″]

Elijah: I come as a spokesman. It is too sad to be abandoned by the living. Salome weeps, her eyes have become blind from tears.[279] We want sympathy.

"Why sympathy? The living one[280] dies, if you want to live. You are shades, sacrifice yourselves and leave the remains of the fire which remains with you to the living one. He will ignite a new fire, and needs your fire."

Elijah: We can't do without it, otherwise we lack all warmth. Leave us the remains of the fire. We'll give you something else, if you leave us a little warmth. Should the dead then completely die

out? We can still give you wisdom and teach a great deal that the living don't know.

"What then have you to say?"

[E.] I don't know what you want. [129/130]

"We must know something about crossing over, perhaps of life after death. Oppressive doubts plague us. Here we hit an obstacle. Any advice?["]

E. I will reflect on this. Salome, do you see a way?

Sal. My eyes are closed. They were once open and I saw the light, the great flame that the living need. But it died out. Too great a grief rolled over it and snuffed it out. One should excavate it.

El. I have no strength for this.

Sal. Lead me to the place where our house once stood, before the cursed God was born.[281] I can't see, but I feel the warmth that remains at the spot where the flame once burnt. I will dig up that place with my hands. Father, are we at the spot?

El. Yes, we're here.

Sal. Here you have a stone. Do you see [130/131] the old mysterious sign on it, the tree of light, with the shining one above? My hands feel it. It's the right spot. The living ought to come to me. Be gone, daimonic serpent bird woman. You should not come between me and the living.

Brother, how cold your hands are![282] How dry your eyes, how closed in grief is your heart. Kiss me.

I. Oh Salome! To kiss you—what pain!

Sal. Your suffering is my suffering.

I. How cold as a corpse you are! How bygone! How shade-like! I can't embrace you. You are like a chilly breath. My arms clasp empty space, and shivering cold penetrates me. Where~~xx~~ is the fire you have? ~~It~~

Sal. It went out. There are still a few embers deep under there. Lift the large stones away for me so that I can descend. [131/132]

I. These stones are so light and yet so immovably heavy. Who couldn't lift them, or who could? Too few and too many! And this should lead us to the fire?

Sal. Brother, do it.

I. Here is a block—infinitely heavy, and a nothing. Here I throw it at your feet. A second, and a third. Indeed, it's warmer here. Maybe you're right?

Sal. What is it now?

I. By God, a corpse! Stop—oh God—it is I myself. I, a dead man, who buried the flame under himself? Did you weep over my death, Salome? How did I die? Who killed me? Did someone murderously shed my blood? My brother, self, how did it come about that you died? That you buried the flame under you? Did grief kill you? Did age [132/133] spirit you off? Dreadful hour! I myself lie among the dead!

So that was your work, Salome, heinous one! You forced me to climb down from the tree of life, where I lay in the branches, in the egg, Phanes himself, the luminous one, and you bewitched me, to climb down from my birth and I buried myself there. I piled hills upon me and I vanished. I was alone on the earth, as the luminous one rose up. His soul crossed over and left us the night.

I want the day. Salome, cursed one, your tears killed me. My soul, why didn't you strangle the dead? What must happen now?

"Rise on the tree and look up; perhaps you will grow wings or the fire will fall from heaven and climb down to you as [133/134] a golden bird."

I. But what should I do? Will I ever reach the light? Wouldn't it be better if I remained true to the earth? And left the golden bird to the air and the wide heavens?

"You die as a man, first as the one and then as the other. You become an earthworm. Phanes is risen from you. He has evolved. He shines over you. Everything is accomplished. He was a worm. You were the luminous man. You became the worm and he became the luminous one who rose up. Your work became that of the worm that digs secret passages and brings down the mighty. Since he, the luminous one, developed out of this worm.["]

9. X. 16[283]

Everything is still unclear. Help me find the light. Is Phanes the ultimate and the highest?

"Yes, he is the ultimate and highest. What comes after him is development, preservation, and decline." [134/135]

Do you foresee the development?

"Only vaguely at best. It is too far away. There is so much unheard of with things barely sayable in between—wars, plights of every kind. Much, infinitely much confusion—tediously back and forth. One would like to despair of humanity. Just as a beginning is so mean and paltry, it becomes so beautiful and great—later the fire commingled with the earth and soiled its pure glow. You and yours can still see the pure flame. When the flame spreads out, the smoke veils it. To see ahead and to know in advance ~~is~~ would be murderous for the beginning. May beginnings be protected in the darkness of not-knowing.

But one would much like at least to cast a glimpse forward, to behold the fruits that the tree that one has planted will bear.

"Temples in deserts? Secret societies? Ceremonies? Rituals? ~~xx~~ Colorful robes? Golden images of Gods of terrible aspect? None of them—those branded by the spirit of love, burnt by the fire recognize each other and speak the same language in hidden places. Small indications of the spirit placed here and there, hidden fire in hearts and minds.~~"~~ What the world recognizes turns to water. The genuine is rare and [135/136] unrecognized. But it works from the few to the many, who do not recognize it."

Am I on the right way to this goal?

"Yes, but you trust yourself to do it. Men wait for the redeeming news. You should impart more of it, but only to the few."

~~16. X. 16.~~

20. X. 16.[284]

I must bow down before you, you light of the East! Truly, the world is inflamed everywhere, everywhere everything stands in the

fire, everywhere the flame of madness whips up.

Grant us the obdurate peace of the soul, so that we don't cry out in rage and horror.

Let us become cold, so that the inner light illumines and warms us.

Grant us holy contemplation and the peace of the overcoming, so that our heart grows calm and turns away from the fiery delusion of malice and revenge.

Give us the silence of the ~~s~~ looming shadows of coming eternity. [136/137].

My soul, I need a word from you.

"How do you shine? Weren't you covered just now by a shimmering light? What was that golden glow?"

What are you speaking about, my soul? Where did you see a light?

"I ~~see~~ saw it around you, the golden shimmering flowing just now around you. Never have I have seen the like—yet—I now recall—I saw something similar in the distance in the northern sky. Did it come to you? It didn't come through me, not from our side. It must have come from ahead. Was it Phanes?"

How strangely you speak! Don't you know anything about this?

"Such matters don't concern us. You are closer to the golden bird than I am. I'm your shadow, but not your light. [137/138]. It seems I'm a dark shadow to you, but that's why you shine. But this golden shimmer, like a solar nebula, like star dew—how was it? I never saw the like!"

"Are you actually making fun of me? Don't you know that the deepest pain struck me? I no longer yammer about pain, but I am reporting it to you, so that maybe you'll spare me your bad joke.

"What are you thinking? I'm not joking! I am serious. Never have I seen such like! What happened to you? The gold shone from you!"

Sick with pain, petrified from suffering—and you speak of shining gold?

"I can't help myself—I saw it, it was a solar nebula, it wove quietly shining sun-gold threads [138/139] around you—a divine shimmering light. Didn't you place your hand on the crystal bridge,

didn't you set your foot on the sun gold tiles? Oh my mortal one, tell me, who illumined you? From what depths of what sky did the golden nebula of light fall on you?"

You frighten me, my soul, you worst and most diabolical of all temptresses. What are you saying? Don't seduce me into the madness of holiness, into stupid and unjust arrogance~~,~~. Don't play with me, around whose solitude a heavenly vastness has spread. I implore you, don't lie or deceive.

"I don't lie or deceive. I saw what you didn't see. Why do you always want to get lost again? Your way does not go down to men, but I see you in swinging, sonorous gold skies and sun [139/140] clouds of the holy rapture. It seems as if what was bound will soon be released. Be silent, bear up, wait, want for nothing. Seek out the solitary. Speak with me, but be silent before men, unless you speak the word of the teaching. Amen."

24. X. 16.[285]

My soul, you lead me to ever higher and more dreadful solitudes. I wanted to stay in the valley with men. Why was I prevented? Is it really just my sensitivity that pushes me from men? Or what is it?

"What? Sensitivity? Others are more sensitive than you. Solitude? Of course you are solitary, and of course you must be. Men also want this, not only us. What would you be, if you weren't misunderstood!"

Oh this black grave of all that is human! [140/141]

"What are you whining about? Men are mortal. Nothing saved your friend Gilgamesh from losing his brother.[286] That is the law of the earth. If everyone thought just like you! What do you still want? The time of power is at an end."

My soul, will ~~xx~~ you too vanish?

"How can I? As long as you live, I am there, then I dissolve myself. I'm not your crossing-over. That belongs to him whom you call ~~xx~~ Phanes."

Can I not turn toward that other side? May I turn away from you?

"You must not lose the connection with me. But I believe that you should try to speak with the one on the side of the light. Perhaps he can tell you things that I don't get. It will not be Phanes, but the one who lives in the flame.["] [141/142]

6. XII. 16.[287]

Why this bath of poison? I'm disgusted at myself! And is everything to be accepted? But all that belongs to your hell, my soul. I have brought you a great sacrifice; today I have lived you through and through. I'm sick of you. What is your recompense?

"Nothing, fool! Who suffers from me? Nerds, dope!"

You dirty animal! You are right. I am the fool.

24. XII. 16[288]

Our Lord was born to us on this night. So it was. And it has become different—yes, it has become different. The new days have dawned. The fire broke out of the old earth. Its innards were affronted. The son of the fire went away and reached the light and the light went pale. They could no longer carry the burden of the good. A new sun broke away from the flaming body of the primordial mother. A dragon crept up and spat out the new sun. It could no longer endure the light in it.[289] Thus everything was as it should be.

Oh abyss of wisest folly! [142/143]

Oh heaven's mountain of foolish wisdom! You light that climbs higher, don't snatch us up,! You fluttering blazing ground, do not draw us down!

You iron of the innermost, of the primordial and firm, do not melt!

Rise up and sink below, you fire clouds and smoking marl of the divine drama.

I melted once, I burned once. I have now become solid.

Bastard, soul daimon, why are you tugging at me? I spoke to the Gods. Will you speak of men?

["]Permit me a word. You are not alone. You have men around you. Turn them into men.["]

What do you want? Do you crave human fodder?

["]No, the love of men. My soul wants love.["] [143/144]

I am your soul.

"No, not your I, but your you."

My you? Do you mean my shadow? Which is always behind, under, over and close to me? That which I can never grasp? That is ~~my~~ your soul? That wants to love?

"That is my soul, my higher one, my united one. That is my bridge to you and your bridge to me. It lives from the hellish and heavenly fire. It makes ~~men~~ man into ~~men~~ man, I into I, soul into soul. It holds me near and far, at precisely the right distance from you and at the right nearness to you. That's why I tugged at you when you spoke to the Gods. You looked at me for too long after the eternal fires and darknesses. That's why I sent you [144/145] anxiety. Anxiety means: the soul demands. Console yourself. You have heeded me. Peace be with you. A remedy befell men. The Gods rage. Not virtue, not belief, not wisdom, but growth.

No commandment, but a young bud."

"Say more, you haven't finished. I want to hear everything!"[290]

"Wretch, why torment me? I want to keep what is mine."

If you were a man, what is yours would be sacred to me, and I wouldn't stretch my hand toward it. But you steal, you divine monster. Return everything that belongs to men. Speak, I don't let you go.

"You should serve me."

I should serve you? What are the grounds for that claim? You have stolen. Give it back.

["]I gave you so much. Why won't you serve me?["] [145/146]

You gave stolen goods. Doesn't Godliness also belong to man? He will claim what is his own. He won't resemble you daimons, but

his inner humanity is equal to the Gods. It will not serve. It will demand.

"You want to deify man?"

Not man, but man's primordial kernel. That deserves worship. I gave you enough. I want to give you some more, as much as you deserve. But I deserve human freedom. You should give it to me. Man deserves it. You Gods want slaves. But man wants to be a law himself.[291] This must be. This will be accomplished. [146/147].

26. XII. 16.[292]

But why these consequences of the free act? Why this inner conflict? This suffering?

"Do you always suffer?"

No.

"Then where don't you suffer?"

I know where you're aiming. Remarkable. What can be done?

["]Abide within limits.["]

7. I. ~~16.~~ 17.[293]

What was it in the night of 2–3 I.[294]

"Do you finally come? Why didn't you ask sooner? Must I admonish you yet again tonight? Why did you follow your resistances? You unfaithful servant!"

I didn't want to be a servant. I also want to have the right of my resistances. But now I'm here and have overcome my resistances, as much as possible.

"But you still resist. Why? Are [147/148] you again full of disbelief, you fool! You should always immediately circumvent it. Take note!"

Tell me now, what was it? What fire burned, what anguish was it?

"The serpent fire. The earthly was cooked until it screamed. It should scream, so that you don't ignore it."

What will it say?

It will tell of the greatest things, of the further mysteries. Thus one from the East also came this night. It's you he wants. He wants to speak to you. Listen.

[295]"Man of the West! I speak to you. Your air is nebulous. Let light in. There is a clear day to the East, while the west glows in ruddy twilight. A new sun rises in the east. Look eastward. Listen eastward. A voice comes from there. A fluttering fire smoldered there, now it's with you. What did we do? We grasped it. We made serpent-like [148/149] plantlike forms. You built vaults and high arches. Is there something under them? Do you keep something safe there? Empty air, that's what. We have no roof while you have only roofs. That's why I seek your roof. I want to live with you: I, the patient taciturn one. I make strange things with a slow hand, I fill the vaults with rare decoration. Do you give me shelter?"

Certainly, you shall have it. But the meaning of your speech is dark, you son of the East. Speak more clearly! Are you a drinker of blood?

["]No, I'm no shade, I'm living.["]

How are you not a shade?

["]No, I live in your below, earthly, an ancient brother, never before seen. Listen to me. You need do nothing but listen:

I believe that it is you who carries the new light. I believe that your hand [149/150] made what we need. I give you my allegiance. I was burnt in the fire like red clay, I am as solid as stone. My nature is of the earth, of the solid red rocks. The centuries do not alter me. I am still the same ~~xx~~ as of old. My wisdom needs no renewal, no alteration. My eye speaks unwavering mystery, my mouth remains silent before the stranger. I do not teach myself, I am. I add to myself in slow growth."

Will you give yourself to me? Should I take from you and add to myself?

"You can't take me, I am rooted in the earth. But ~~xx~~ you can stay with me and shape yourself over my form, you changing bodiless flame."

You fill me with yawns, with eternal boredom. [150/151]

[“]That must be so. Otherwise you live too quickly: your time should be long, or else you don’t live. Otherwise nothing will be real, as the flame will always continue to burn it. Stone doesn’t burn. You are a flammable spirit and are soon burnt out. You lack stone. Become heavy. I am the spirit of gravity, your brother.[296] Gravity remains, lightness evaporates. You should be heavy, otherwise you leave no mark. Show resistance against everything which ignites you, so that the flame of destruction will not notice you. Everything burns,[297] but the earth burns not. You must remain for a long time. Protect yourself from alteration. No development, rather roots in the earth. That’s why Prometheus was chained to the rocks, because he couldn’t stop stealing.[298] He himself became a predatory flame, that’s why he was bound to the earth. Do it voluntarily first. Bind yourself to the earth, become stone.”

What do you give me as a gift in return for the deep sadness?

“The joy of the earth.”

I saw the pain of the earth. [151/152]

“Why are you sad? The earth also has its joy. You are impatient, like any flame.[”]

17. 1. 17.[299]

What is it that fills me with anxiety and horror? What death rattle is in the air? What is falling down from high mountains? What load will crush and smother us? What shadows of what things fall on us? Speak, my soul!

“Help the Gods, sacrifice to the Gods; the worm crawled up to heaven, it starts to cover the stars. It eats the dome of the sevenfold blue heaven with a tongue of fire. It plots its way with blood, it strews the bones of the heavenly ones over fields.

What are you talking about?

“Open your ears, let my words in: you too are being devoured. The fire is licking you. Quick [152/153]—to the stone; crawl into the stone and wait in the narrow enclosure until the torrent of fire is past. Snow falls from the mountains, because the wind of fire bowls

down high over the clouds. Hence the snowfall.[300] I told you long ago. Worms of fire, rings of flames travel over earth and sky. Hold your breath, so that you don't breathe in poisonous smoke. Contain yourself and sacrifice to the Gods. Men begin to rave. The God comes. Prepare yourself to receive him; but hide yourself in stone for he is total radiance, totally frightful fire.

Why torment yourself now with silly human thoughts? Open your eyes wide, prick up your ears, look and see how a God arrives. The firmest devotion is essential, otherwise you will burn. Listen to me, listen to me, the God comes. Just this once, hold yourself, be silent, look within, listen within, so that the God [153/154] doesn't consume you in flames."

What else?

"Nothing further, enough."

4 II 17.[301]

What awful company you keep? What shabby riff-raff! You can't be serious? Why don't you love me? Why do you always run away?

"You give me too little. I must beg at strange doors."

What do you have for me? Give it to me.

"Give me love first."

I shall caress your puppy? It is no panther. A harmless creature. Why do you cover yourself in such riddles? Why this banal fuss?

"You aren't banal enough. You should leave it to me."[302]

Where can I be banal? I'm already banal enough. No? Why am I so restless?

"Not enough by yourself. You should be able to be more solitary. Then my company would be better." [154/155]

You're like a eunuch, revolting. I'm cursed with you.

"You're coarse. One doesn't speak in such a manner with ladies."

Go to hell, you old cocotte. Can you not become whole? You truly belong to the off-color riff-raff. A pink morning dress—that ~~xx~~ truly sets you off. Do you want to look attractive? What have you got there? Something written—show it! ~~?~~

"I did it at night, while I was stranded in bad company."

What's this? A novel? A scientific essay? Confessions?

"None of these. A womanly outcry—you would call it sentimentality."

Show me, but first let me hear it.

"Read it and let it work on you."

"// I am alone—god-forsakenly alone—in an abyss of solitude—a sea of nothingness around me—a frozen [155/156] ice-cold nothingness. Black and blue misty skies hang over it. A graphite colored ocean with stiffened horrors. A sun left me and now lights far-off mankind. They celebrate the morning, I mourn the night. My husband left over distant seas, the spouse who never embraced me—a bride of God in the empty bed of the ice-cold night. I send up a cry that cuts through the clouds like a keen spear. But no one hears me above and below. The goggle eyes of the sea monster look toward me and see—nothing.

The streams of my tears don't cover the sea—a drop in many oceans.

That's why I come to the shores of the world and will join those who have no spouse, who satisfy themselves lovelessly from the insignificant, who pick up the costly leavings from the tables of the rich and feed on ~~xx~~ well-meant [156/157] alms.

I am alone—the Gods stroll on high paths over the earth and moon.

My bosom wails. My heart does not love and will not be loved. The human daimons stole from me and live from my joy and my smiles.

I am robbed and impoverished, abandoned. Was it you who stole from me? Was it the Gods? Who took my sun from me? Who prevented the flourishing of my life?

I remain in empty space, I moan and my spouse shines over the human race.

May you be cursed, you men, you stole the fire. You piled up sun torches ~~xx~~ above your houses, you filled your air with solar radiance. [157/158]

Why should men live? And I go hungry.

I pleaded to the Gods, for them to ruin men with the fire which they stole from my heaven.

You have gone over to the horde of the thieves, the rebels who secretly stole the fire. May my curse strike you, you dupers and soul tormentors."

You are full of revenge and hate. But I say to you, gone are the days of human torment. Know now what being abandoned by God means. What is your complaint now?

"I have no house to ~~xx~~ live in. My God has left me. Didn't I give my gift to men? Didn't they thank me for it? Now they robbed me, those ungrateful and shameless ones. [158/159]

They left me laments and tears and delight themselves with plunder.

You should know that you stole it from me. The fire that burns over your heads belongs to me. Borrowed, stolen radiance—radiant light which belongs to me, a ~~xx~~ wedding gift of my husband. Oh, but he too left me. His golden barque rose on ~~xx~~ the blue ~~xx~~ palaces of the sea bed, where our celebration was laid out, a celebration of the Gods and daimons.

Where does he wander, the faithless one?

Oh, his light shines over the desert sands and spindly forests, over the sad and wretched hovels of the mortal human animal.

What do they know of my love? What do they know of my pain? ["] [159/160]

Your lamentation makes me want to yawn. I regret that you feel so forlorn, since the God appeared to men. You held him back too long. You are just a daimon, why do you want to love Gods? Get used to your love for me. For you must live with me and not with the God. I am your daimon, to whom you belong. Why do you want to stage pastoral plays with Gods? Come with me. Bad things will happen to you only if you blink at the sun. You have to take my path. The godforsaken may turn to men.

19. II. 17[303]

And now? What do you say?

"Come up, old man, let joy reign again on earth. Give joy to the earthly ones."

Whom do you summon?

"The ancient one, the spirit of the earth." [160/161]

The brother of the devil?

"What are you thinking of? He is the Abraxas of the earth.[304] No one bestows joy on the earthly ones as he does. He is the hermaphrodite, who for joy unites what is separated.[305] He makes you strong and happy on earth. He preserves the life and happiness of men. How could you grow without him? You poor fools! If you don't know how to serve the Gods, at least serve yourselves."

What are you teaching, you wild pagan!

"Unify yourselves, and thus become whole! And then you live. Joy belongs to the life of the earth. What do you know about joy? A hymn to joy, but you keep a procession of sorrow."

I invoke you, Phanes, shining one, who shines before us all, distant wanderer, [161/162] grant us counsel in the darkness of the earth. Give us light, so that we remain on the path of truth.

[306]"I come, my light is with you. Your path leads straight. Your feet do not err. Disaster is warded off. The way is secure. Disunity is removed from you. The Lord of light is born. He lifted himself up and white steeds go before him. Flowers spring up from beneath his feet. The sagacity of the earth and the goodness of the blessing light have prepared the path to joy for you. Lay worry aside. The Lord has come. Mortals may be happy. The soul gave herself to the evil one. The evil one is lamed by love. One of his eyes is blinded. Henceforth he doesn't drink the radiance of the light.[307] [162/163]. He embraced and was embraced. You are secure. Enjoy the leveled way."[308]

20. II. 17.[309]

I invoke no one; you, Phanes, the one above, you, soul, the one below, messenger of the world-embracing Abraxas, do not be angry

with me. I am a grain of sand in your starry heaven. The Above and Below are more powerful than I. I submit myself, containing myself.

Speak! Whoever it may be, his voice should be heard.

Soul: "I come. I have a word to say. I am poor. I need your strength."

What do you want?

"I want your willingness, your ear."

You may have it. [163/164]

"Think of my misery. I live in dark hollows, in gloomy caves. I shiver with cold."

So come out. Warm yourself on the warmth of my body.

"I need your love for women."

What? Do you want to humiliate me and cause me new pain? Do you want this love or do you want to drive me to women?

"I want to drive you to women."

What do you gain from this? Is my destruction a benefit for you?

"You won't be destroyed. You'll benefit."

You talk cheaply. You don't help me to bear what is impossible.

"Nonetheless I am helping you. Everything will turn out well."

Who's going to believe you? You laugh at the pain of mortals. I've gotten to know you. [164/165]

"But you promised to listen to the voice. You must also listen to my voice."

Phanes: "My light streams from necessity. My star shines from your misery. My springs flow from the fullness of your life. Everything unlived is shadow and poverty for me. What has been lived nourishes my strength. Heed the emissary."[310]

And I? I too want it.

2. III. 17.[311]

Everything was as it should be.

But now someone recently spoke about spirits. That hit me. And I am restless. I must speak to you, my soul, about spirits. Will you speak to me?

["]Yes, about the living. There is this to say about the living: there are too many. There are too many for me. I'd like some restriction. [165/166] I would like to have you at work. Restriction is necessary, otherwise you will not finish what you must. Think it over."

I'll do it. But what about spirits?

"Nothing about spirits."

8. III. 17.[312]

What's going on in this darkness?

"Light must be created. You must create it out of raw matter that you've received. It must still be uttered.[313] Words! The light has shown itself only as matter. It will only become luminous when it has been lifted on high. What the Cabiri[314] carried up must still be pulled up. It must pass through your highest light, through the highest lights: science and art.[315] All powers must combine for this work. [166/167]

You are not the only one who must do this. Many must do the same, so that Phanes becomes a kind God of beauty, light, ~~xx~~ and joy.

You must see and hear more brightly. You must lay stone upon stone. You must bridge abysses, lay a way through the wayless and cover quagmires. Wheat must grow from the mud.

The brightness must be lit up, the fire must be kindled.

Work must be accomplished, work, the most strenuous work, work toward the one goal, Phanes, the shining one. Therefore you must limit yourself. Cut off others. Complete what has commenced.

You dream too much. I tell you that dreams are over. [167/168]

Matter piles up into a mountain. Everything else is flight, avoidance of the mountain. It is to be scaled. No turning back! Arrange everything else under this goal, otherwise the titans of

matter will destroy you. What do you want? Do you want your work to be completed? Life goes to one side. Completion comes first."

30. III. 17.[316]

I submit myself to your words. Speak!

[317]"It is at the beginning of all things—a secret subterraneanness—birth pangs of what is to come—the decline of the contemporary—look toward the firm island, toward the rocks that salvage you and the child.

Brightness—the fragrance of flowers—an unparalleled spring time—a night of love—a wedding of the souls—

The serpent also became light—she is pulled aloft—her light spreads [168/169] out—do you hear the bell? The first bell strikes—a call goes out over the land.

Have you money on you? Put it away—your hand touches the heavenly.

Have you found water? Drink it as a sign of the birth.

Is the fire kindled? Cast wood into it to make it blaze.

Are you weary? Revive yourself—the time of rest begins."

Who are you, that you utter such dark words? ~~I a~~

"I am Phanes, your light. Sharpen the sword so that it slashes. Light the torch so that the darkness grows luminous."

What am I supposed to do with your dark words? Should I act or listen? [169/170]

"You should stay quiet, so that it comes to you.["]

10. IV. 17.[318]

I have rested. I have done what I could, what I saw. I have practiced. Was that magic, a wish to force things?

17. VI.[IV.] 17.[319]

My soul, what is it with the fire above me? What do you have to communicate to me, as you announced to me in a dream?[320]

Give me light!

S.: Should it come from fire? Yes, the fire is above—from the north—from the cold. That, what comes—blue black clouds—red fire glow—everything escalates—what is separated will be hidden—what is general will be revealed—the books are to be read.

I. Which books? I recall—in the dream there was talk of secret script.[321] What is it? What about the fire?

S. The book from the fire—it comes—it hangs over you—under the stars, down from under from the stars—nearby—why do you stick with the intellect—listen [170/171] above. I will give you words: blue and green—blue clouds—green waters and fire above. How difficult it is to break it away. Help me, pray—

I. I prayed for you to the inner God, to the shining one,[322] so that he can carry forth a torch. Do you see, do you have light?

S. I see: the castle has three towers—three golden towers full of the glow of morning—the gates are red—white columns—men go and in out—in the middle tower, in the high white hall, the lover, the holy one sits in contemplation. Fire streams from him, the castle rests on the fire clouds in blue skies[323]—

Ph: What, you stand and wonder? Get to work. Reveal what is hidden.

S. I can't—what power holds me back? Is it the earth, or is it you, man? Let me go, or else I will curse you.

I. May you have freedom. Follow your needs. No one should suffer coercion. But tell me, what can you make out? [171/172]

S. I make out the law of the 3 gates: power, splendor, and glory. Splendor is the highest, radiant fire. Do you want to go through this gate?

I. I don't want to, I want what must be. I'm deaf and blind.

S. Good. That protects you from the fire. Must I pass through splendor?

I. If it's your way, yes.

S. So listen—a golden serpent is the way, a shimmering serpent bridge over a black grave—a dark gate behind splendor—a red light in the darkness of the background—that is evil. I make it out. You

did well in not taking this way. Should I take it? So may the eye of evil take me—to a red cave—serpents of blood on the walls[324]—a white gate—a long passage upward in wide halls, countless gates—up onto [172/173] the roof on narrow steps—above is a worldwide prospect—I blossom like a fire on a mountain top—I glow through eternities—can you still see me—a distant light—itself a star lost in infinities—but, behold a thread—many threads spun from star to star—on a dizzying bridge—infinitely long—it is reached, the first star—also a world.

I. What do you do in these infinities?

S. I search for the source of fire. The wise one had it from above, from the stars. Therefore I went to the stars. They are full of fire.

I. Yet how did the fire reach earth?

S. It glided up and down. How? It was taken from the stars. Who took it? Whose hand drew it up and down, the astral fire? Was it you? Yes, truly, it was you—I didn't know you, you yourself are the wise one. [173/174] Why did I search behind and above you? Why did I go into the eye of evil? Why to the stars? You drew the fire close. You drew it into yourself and it blossomed from you and filled the air above you, far and wide. I must come to you—I want to stay near you. Why did evil draw me away?

I. You didn't believe in me, therefore you went astray. Why did you go astray? Because I believed more in you than in myself. Therefore the radiant one[325] rose in my self. The source of the eternal fire is with me. Come to me and live in me and love the fire and the eternal splendor. My self has the highest wisdom, the hottest fire. My self lives in the gate of splendor. My self draws the fire of the star to it.

18. IV. 17.[326]

Is something still missing? I am not completely myself. Speak, what is it? [174/175] "I am ill, mentally ill. You saw it. I did not find the connection to you. That's why I am ill. How do you stand toward me?"

I doubt you, as you doubt me. I do not know whether you are to be trusted. One never trusts daimons.

"So that's why! Yet you could trust me. I did good for you on the whole."

Yes, but sometimes you deceived me.

"But it was always to your advantage."

Yes, because I finally saw things straight with my own wits.

"But I'm well disposed toward you."

But often not, it seems to me. How then could you deceive me?

"You don't recall a single instance."

But that is why I had needed to lock you up.

"Correct."

You have a short memory. That's why I don't trust you. But you can win my trust if you do good work [175/176] and tell me what it is you experience."

"I experience a great deal. Unbelievable things."

Render it, so there can be peace.

"I saw the green water and the blue-black cloud. That made me crazy; it's worse than the fire. The fire is more akin to me than this earthliness. But you must give me more strength. It's not enough."

So take it, for God's sake.

"Yes, it is hard for you, but for me too. So let's get back to work!

Thrice five towers surround the castle. Thrice six gates are in the walls. Thrice seven great halls are in the castle. The green stream flows below. The dark cloud is above, over it the fire, the eternal one that you drew. There are caves in the mountain, there lies the stacked gold, the solidified fire. Where are the men? The castle is empty. Perhaps they left. I see Philemon in the golden house of splendor—alone. Where is [176/177] Baucis?[327] Did she die, no, she lives, I am Baucis. She stands behind the wise one, her hand touches his throne. They are alone. Where are the men? Who lives in the palaces? No one. Everything is ready. Does no one come? Call now, Philemon! Your voice is weak. And ~~xx~~ I have no voice that human ears could hear. Do men not see the castle? Is the cloud covering it? Yes, it is, it hides the fire. What grief, this black cloud!

Where did it come from—smoke below the fire! How strange! Are you a mourner, a hermit, Philemon? Do you grieve that your fire is hidden? Green water flows around your castle. Where is a bridge? There is no bridge there, Oh Philemon. How can people get across? You, pontiff, should build a bridge, a wide bridge from rare and precious stones. Why [177/178] do you grieve? Why do you hide the fire with the cloud? Do you grieve because of your solitude? You are not alone, I am with you. Build the bridge, I accompany you."

But why didn't you come earlier?

"I wanted to come to you, but I had to go with Philemon. He is higher above than you. I didn't know this. I reach you only by way of Philemon.["]

25. IV. 17.[328]

What do you see?

S. I stand at the gate of splendor and watch for who comes. Above to the left is a small black bird. Below to the right is a white serpent. There is a skeleton in the middle, the skeleton of an animal, probably of an elephant. Where is its flesh? The ants have eaten it. Did you feel this in your body? Probably not. It happened a long time ago. Have you ever seen the white serpent? Yes, you saw it in the fight of the serpents in the Mysterium.[329] But the black bird? It's new. What is it called? What do you say, black bird? Listen, it speaks: [178/179]

"I am one who comes from afar, no raven, no bird of ill omen, but a bird of the night, a black earth bird from the East, from empty mountains, where sand ~~xx~~ lies and snow and cold gales blow over the bare earth. A land of hunger, high above, a habitat of magic and the uncanny."

I.: But what do you bring, what do you want here?

S. Hush, let me speak with him. He doesn't understand your tongue.

To the bird: Have you seen the "green one"? Did you see the "black stone"? Did you hear the "laughter of fire"? Have you spoken

to "Atmaviktu"?[330]

B. No to all of this. I sat on the gray rocks, I nestled in the drifting sand at this place protected from the wind, I saw the wild donkeys and far off once a man. I don't know what you are talking about.

S. Then you are not the right one I've been waiting for. Lift yourself away, empty phantom. (to the serpent:) Where do you come from?

Serp: I come from below, from the great cave, in which I lived for many thousands of years. I became white and blind from sheer darkness. My young have got feet, and I gnawed my tail, not from hunger but in [179/180] self-contemplation.[331] I lived from fire and drank liquid earth. Therefore I have become as solid as white marble and as cold as ice.

S. This is the right one, the king of the serpents, the father of everything serpent-like, sprouted from the earth. Tell me, serpent, did you see the "green one?"

Serp: Yes, I saw it, nailed to the rocks, like a garment with no one in it. I saw it because I was blind. One who sees cannot see it.

S. Did you see the "black stone"?

Serp. I know it well, I lay on it, probably close to 100 years. 10,000 years have passed since the last sacrificial fire was burned out. Yet it is still warm.

S. Did you hear the "laughter of fire"?

Serp. It boomed out day after day from the mouth of the source of fire. The deeper laughter is still not yet exhausted.

S. Did you speak to "Atmaviktu"?

[Serp.] He was my companion for ~~xx~~ many thousands of years. First he was an old man, then he died and became a bear. That too died and became a fish otter. This also died, and became a black newt. This also died, then Atmaviktu ~~became~~ entered into me and immediately raised me to [180/181] the threshold of splendor. I myself am ~~the~~ Atmaviktu, the ancient. Formerly he erred and became a man, while he is actually an earth serpent.

S. Who was the black bird?

Serp. That was the spirit ~~of~~ and the error of Atmaviktu. He is still erring and hasn't flown into my throat yet. When he comes near me, I swallow him, so that I become full and my stony heaviness and immobility dwindle. I lack Atmaviktu's soul. If I possess it, I will enter into the gate of splendor. I will lay myself over the gorge. I am the bridge, the living arch that leads over to the land of men and from the land of men into the golden castle.

I. My soul, what does this dialogue mean?

Be quiet, it still hasn't finished.

To the serpent. Tell me, who is Atmaviktu, whom I see before me here as a serpent?

Serp. Atmaviktu is a kobold, a conjuror of serpents, and is himself a serpent. Do I know who I am?

S. You should know, you blind worm.

Serp. My name is my essence. I have been called Atmaviktu since my birth, if it has ever taken [181/182] place. Perhaps I always was and always will be. How should I know who I am?

S. Don't hide. Look, here I've caught your bird. I'll give it to you if you promise to tell me who you are.

Serp. Hand it over, the erring spirit that always escaped.

(He snapped at the bird and shut its beak with a sound ~~xx~~ like two stones coming together.)

Serp. Finally—that was the right nourishment. My eyes open, my blood streams. I stretch out straight, my stony flesh is set free. I have come to life.

S. Don't forget your promise!

Serp. Atmaviktu? I am the kernel of the self. The self is no man.[332] That was Atmaviktu's error. That was my banishment and my darkness for many thousands of years.

S. So that is Atmaviktu!

But what is the green robe?

Serp. That's Atmaviktu's cloak, which he took off as a man when he died and became an animal. [182/183]

S. Yet what is the robe?

Serp. His humanity.

S. Ah -

~~xx~~ Yet tell me, wise one, what is the black stone on which you lie?

Serp. That is death. ~~?~~

S. Death? What does that mean?

Serp. The death of Atmaviktu, when he was a man. It has been 10,000 years since then, and the fire of Atmaviktu has been extinct on the stone, because Atmaviktu became a man, and one no longer burnt fires of praise to death.

Do you see that the threshold of splendor is a black stone? The splendor above it is the newly kindled fire of praise.

S. Death!

Yet tell me, what is the laughter of fire?

Serp. The primordial fire laughs, because Atmaviktu was a man ~~became~~, a bear, an otter, and finally even became a newt and forgot his ~~s~~ self in all these forms. [183/184]

S. Did the primordial fire mock him?

Serp. It mocked his garments.

S. Tell me, why did Atmaviktu become a man?

Serp. It was unavoidable. He became sick from longing for man. His head hurt, because he could not think what he did. Therefore he became ~~a~~ man for the sake of healing. He remained in this state, and that was his error, since no one can become their own mantle. He realized this and died, in that he went into the forest and became a bear. Through this men became more human and began to build castles and left the forests to the bears. As they spread and increased their power, they cleared out the woods. Then Atmaviktu died for the third time and drew himself back as an otter into the water. Once more men spread themselves and built ships [184/185] and headed to new shores. Then Atmaviktu died for the fourth time and became a black newt and drew himself back into the waters under the earth. But men conquered the whole earth and flooded everything with their might. However in the darkness Atmaviktu found his own self again, namely, myself, the white, self-illuminating serpent, which feeds on fire and has also swallowed the last error of Atmaviktu.

S. But now? What will you do after you have swallowed our own last error?

Serp. Look!

S. The serpent writhed upward and opened the gate of splendor. Oh, this splendor—it is too bright—where is the serpent? Who steps forth from the splendor, who stands on the threshold of the splendor in green garment? It is the lover—it is Philemon, a flame above death, [185/186], a new fire of praise. Philemon is not a man, he is truly the self.

28. IV. 17.[333]

You forgot one thing, my soul—and this weighs heavily on me—the skeleton of the prehistoric elephant. An unbearable obscurity remains here. Ask the wise one what the skeleton means.

S. How should I put the question?

I. Now that's simple. You just ask him directly.

S. Will it work? Will he answer? Quite a long time has elapsed since then. The gate is closed. So be it, I knock: wise Philemon, or you, white serpent, speak! What does the skeleton mean? The door opens—the serpent curls up on the black threshold. Speak, serpent—how do you explain the skeleton to me?

Serp. The gnawed bones? Now that which remains from prehistoric times is what couldn't be consumed by the ants. The outline remained, what decomposed disappears, but what was solid ~~xx~~ remained.

S. Why does it remain in front of the gate, as if it means to block my way to Philemon?

Serp. The primordial past is an obstruction between you and Philemon.

S. What is the primordial past?

Serp. The ~~xx~~ history of men and Gods, necessary errors that once lived and still obscure the view. An old hoe, useful for cultivation, not a plough that quickly turns the soil. An old instrument, you understand, once good, but now replaced by something better.

S. Why do we need old instruments? What is the old tool.

Serp. Why does this man write down what you say? [186/187]

S. He must write it, so that he has it and understands.

Serp. Is this the only way? Can't he look?

S. If he is in a position to.

Serp. He should try.

S. ~~xx~~ (to me): Will you try?

(to the Serp.) would that be the newer, better way?

Serp. It would be. Not everything can be said. He should practice his seeing. It is a better way than the old one.

I. But what if it's not successful?

Serp. What's he saying? That it might not succeed? Nonetheless, this is the way to go.

29 IV. 17.[334]

I looked at nothing.

S. You didn't <u>see</u> anything, but you looked, you contemplated, you led yourself to the inner.

I. Can it work out now? Go and ask!

S. I'll try—I myself am full of doubt. But stay with me—help me—otherwise it will not succeed.

I. I'll do what I can.

S. So open the gate once more, serpent—it comes—fulfill our request once more and interpret the skeleton for us.

Serp. He saw nothing—naturally, why did he believe that looking and seeing would be the same? One looks without seeing. He had looked and seen nothing; I spoke only of looking, not of seeing. So listen now about the skeleton. It is an old remnant [187/188] that time is not able to wear down. The serpent and the black bird are its brother. The white serpent is the lower truth, understanding and wisdom, from which all science and philosophy have developed—or, been made. The black bird is the upper error—superstition concerning the things of reality, ~~and~~ within and without. The skeleton of the elephant is in the middle as the remains of something which once was powerful, which existed even when man

began to be man, when Atmaviktu's error and healing began. The bones have survived this whole time as a remnant of what formerly was, since at that time Atmaviktu was still not a man, since men still did not build castles, but lived wild. So, you see that the elephant is a mammoth that has come down as a sign and symbol for the primordial, when Atmaviktu still hadn't yet imagined being a man.

S. Why is this an obstacle?

Serp. What is past is always an obstacle for what is to come. It must first be completely cleared away. What time could not destroy must be artificially destroyed. For this you need the means that mankind has always needed to arrive at the future from the past: namely severing, separating from the old, destruction of the bones. It is truly an injury of the old, but the new live only through completely wearing out the old. Only with unnatural means can man get out of what was natural of old and hence [188/189] arrive at a new naturalness. Exercises, that one calls ασκησις [askesis] belong to this.[335] Otherwise man is completely defenseless against the old, since the old is natural, while the new is unnatural and weak, that is it seems so to you, but the new yet prevails, and then you must suffer it instead of happily creating it yourself.

Yesterday, this fellow over there simply wanted enlightenment without practicing it first. He has to practice, otherwise he won't get anywhere. He'll always stumble over those elephant bones. More than 20 years ago, he had a dream about these bones. This enabled him to get hold of a definite career and a course of study that refused him inner advancement.[336] Otherwise he would have been lost. To remain with the ancient, which existed when Atmaviktu ~~was~~ had not yet become a man is advisable and even necessary, or else it will never be exhausted. The bones are the last remains that time can no longer eliminate, but only unnatural exercises can. Have you now heard enough?

S. We'll contemplate it.

14. V. 17.[337]

There is dissension in the air. Why this hesitation and indecision?

["]Why do you not claim your rights? You should act as you like. ["] [189/190]

I don't want to commit a wrong.

"All the same, whether right or wrong. Whatever will be, will be."

But I always never know what I want.

"Then investigate."

That's why I'm here. I would like to listen to you, to find from you the explanation that I lack above. What's happening with you?

"A lot is happening. Difficult things need to be put together."

"I see the ~~xx~~ stones of walls which still must be piled up—blocks—hewn. But no one is building. Who left the stones lying? Where are you, Atmaviktu, ancient one, and you, Philemon, wise one? What did you do?

Phil. We united ourselves. Atmaviktu, that is I. I was an old magician, when I lacked Atmaviktu. I have grown young from the drink of wisdom. My head shines in golden fire.[338] The flame blossoms from me, since I have released myself from this man. I was in him when Atmaviktu was still an animal, when he was a serpent,[339] I rose up and moved into my [190/191] castle and had a meal with the white serpent and I ate it myself and she gave me eternal youth and as fire she kindles her light over my head. I have outgrown this man. For me, he was a gate of splendor. He belongs to the earth. I am fire, begotten from man, not as man, but flame. I have passed through this man, I have surpassed him. I am the lover. This man was my vessel. I am the servant of the luminous one—this man belongs to the earth—may he be well! He was my vessel. He is earth. I bore his action further. I accepted what he lived, I took it to the luminous one.

S. "But what will happen to this man and to me, if you have released yourself from him?"

Phil. He is earth, he will live. He has fulfilled everything. He has seen everything, he has come close to the eternal fire. He is fulfilled. Peace will be granted him. He is released, ~~in that~~ since I have released myself from him. He remains in himself and covers his

world. It is not wanting in nourishment. [191/192] He received his life from the God, it turns back there. I carry it further. Hail to him who can sink into himself; he is fulfilled. The uplifting force has released itself from him. The golden bird spread out its wings. It draws this man neither toward the below nor toward the above. He is earth—he floats in the middle. He sees the sun, I see the God. His shadow became fire. He is content and kisses the earth. His star shines from afar. His star is my brother, a distant God, whom I don't serve. This man was my vessel, ~~a~~ my gate of entrance and ascent.

I am not his soul and am not his God. His interior is foreign to me, a foreign star seed, which fell into this world. Through him I grew. I was born when I was old and reach my youth in old age,[340] and finally dissolve myself in the maternal body of God, when this man dies. This man is a star seed—where did he come from? He fell from the indeterminate. He is earth but yet does not belong to the earth. He is [192/193] foreign. Therefore man will never incline to the law of the earth. He changes Abraxas, but his star never mixes itself with it. He is no child of the sun, but its brother. He put on a sun dress and covered his distant blue light in solar colors. I was hidden in his mantle and I am released from his mantle.

His distant star illuminates him. To him I am a flame.[341]

20. V. 17.[342]

You spoke of ~~something~~ "great," powerful. What does this indicate?

S. "You should listen to me, since I, rather than men, can bring about what you need. They ought to take care of themselves. I must still give you much from my pregnant body. You should not give to the black one. She must create. She is not allowed to let herself be taken. Indicate the way to her."

I'll do that.

S.["]Stick to it. And now listen: He [193/194] who sacrifices, receives.

I saw through the gate of splendor, I saw the luminous one, I saw the loving one seated in eternal fire, in the blaze of the warmth.

I looked at the golden one, built many times, the one erected from colored stones and green gemstones."

I. I suspected that you ~~xx~~ had looked at something. But you know that I didn't see it. Life flows to you from me; may life also come to me from you.

S. What would you like to know?

I. I'd like to know about Philemon, the riddlesome. Who he is, and what he is to me.[343] I'd like to know about the luminous one, whom~~x~~ I call Phanes. Bring this before the sublime one who sits in the fire and listen to his words.

S. (to Ph). Sublime one, you who sit in the fire, in the glow of eternal bliss, listen to this request and teach us about you and your God. [194/195]

Phil. This man would like to know who I am. Did I not tell him who I was and who I am? I did not say who I will be. I will be Phanes. I will dissolve myself in his splendor when this man dies. I do not die, I am already Phanes, not a man but a flame of God. I was more earthy than earth. I was subterranean, I grew upward, I grew through this man. I overcame him. I am his work, what he has lived. He is not I. He belongs to earth.

Phanes is the eternal fire, the encompassing blaze, that ~~has~~ will become invisible and visible, the eternal dawning.

I am Khidr,[344] entering youth in old age. When my work is complete, I will have become the seed of the beginning.

This man is my work, which I have built from star seed. Yes, he plunged from the indeterminate and supplied the occasion for form. [195/196]

He formed me, I formed him. He kissed the earth, and I, the sun.

As Atmaviktu, I committed the error and became man. My name was Izdubar. As such, I opposed him. He lamed me. Yes, the man lamed me and turned me into a serpent dragon. I became healed, as I recognized my error and the fire ate the serpent. And so Philemon

developed. My form is his appearance. Before that, my appearance was form.

I am the master.[345]

This man shall serve the opposites in renunciation. He shall humbly suffer the opposites. Therefore the mastery, the splendor, which is the mediator, comes to him. Who can bear this service? Only he who suffers it serving. He is his own master.

Have you truly listened to these words? So rise with me to the roof of my house. [196/197].

Look around, what do you see?

S. I see the sky surrounded by fire and smoke as if the earth were burning.[346] I see destruction and extermination. The middle of the sky is vacant—a flower blooms there from fire, gold and a variety of precious stones.[347] What is it that I see?

Ph. That which you see is the ~~xx~~ blooming into the above, the rising up. From the smoke of destruction and lost goods, from the fire of sacrifice, the flower of mediation grows. Do you see the precious plant, ~~?~~ which carries the flower?

S. I see it rise up above us.

Ph. ~~I am the~~ It grows from two roots. Do you see the roots?

S. No, where are they?

Ph. I am the one root and you are the other. You certainly didn't think this [197/198], that's why you didn't see it. Who are you then? So open your eyes for the second time, you blind one.

I was Elijah, you were Salome. You were also in error. You are the error; I am the truth. You are eternally my daughter.

Man was my error, you were the error of man. Man lamed me for ~~x~~my salvation. You lamed me for his salvation.

When this man released himself from you, I released myself from him. I became fire, which I was from the beginning. He became earth, which he was from the beginning.

He carries the black world serpent in his heart, the star seed, which is as hard as wrought iron, seven times annealed in extreme heat and chilled through indescribable cold.

S. Yet what was I? What will become of me?

Ph. This man became earth. He was my [198/199] error. I became fire, since I was his truth. You were his error, while he was my fire. Now that he has become earth, you will become fire. You are my daughter from the beginning. We are united in the ~~fullness~~ Pleroma, in the eternal non-existent mother, which is your mother and mine.

You are my mother, my sister, my wife. I produced this man from you, and I will become my son and my son's son. And that was Atmaviktu's error.

However, I did not beget him from myself, but from the strangeness that befell me. A star seed fell into procreation.

Where did he come from? He didn't come from me. This drop of liquid iron fell between our embrace from our mother. Our mother cried liquid fire when I ~~xx~~ found her in you. [199/200]

21. V. 17.[348]

My soul, I heard of errors. You were my error. Yes, you were my participation in the opposites, in good and evil. I did good as good, evil as evil. I should have done what was to be done, but I did good as good and evil as evil.

S. So you did. I didn't know that it was an error before I sloughed off bird and serpent off from me and took the form of a woman. So I see what error was previously. I am not a human being. What am I then? Oh Philemon, what am I?

Phil. You are my matter, my space, you are my right and left, my yes and no. My eternal way leads through you. Man is your son, and I am the son of my son.

S. My sublime one, where do I stay if you take the path of the luminous one?

Ph. You are the mantle of man, you are mother and misstep to him, counsel and deception.

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1. Sunday.
2. *LN* has "endless, eternal, and whole" (p. 510).

3. "It is nothingness that is whole and continuous throughout" was added here in *LN* (ibid.).
4. Instead of the preceding clause, *LN* has "because, actually, the Pleroma is nowhere divided, since it is nothingness" (ibid.).
5. The preceding clause was not reproduced in *LN*.
6. *LN* has added here "merely assumed, not existing" (p. 510).
7. *LN* has "we speak" (ibid.).
8. *LN* has "from the outset" (ibid.).
9. "Thus we ask:" was added here (p. 511).
10. "You say" was added here in *LN* (ibid.).
11. The term used here is "*Unterschiedenheit*." Cf. *Psychological Types* (*CW* 6, § 705, "Differentiation" [*Differenzierung*]).
12. "You ask" was added here in *LN* (p. 511).
13. "and struggles against primeval, perilous sameness" was added here in *LN* (p. 512).
14. *LN* instead has "qualities" (ibid.).
15. The beginning of this sentence was replaced in *LN* by "such as" (ibid.).
16. "light and darkness" was added here in *LN* (ibid.).
17. "etc." was added here in *LN* (ibid.).
18. "that do not exist, because they cancel themselves out" was added here in *LN* (p. 513).
19. The preceding sentence was not reproduced in *LN*.
20. The following was added here in *LN:* "First: these qualities are differentiated and separate in us; therefore they do not cancel each other out, but are effective. Thus we are the victims of the pairs of opposites. The Pleroma is rent within us. / Second: these qualities belong to the Pleroma, and we must possess and live them only in the name and under the sign of differentiation. We must differentiate ourselves from these qualities. They cancel each other out in the Pleroma, but not in us. Distinction from them saves us" (p. 513).
21. Instead of the preceding clause, *LN* has "But if we remain true to our essence" (ibid.).
22. "namely into nothingness and dissolution" was added here in *LN* (ibid.). The notion of life and nature being constituted by opposites and polarities featured centrally in Schelling's *Naturphilosophie*. The notion that psychic conflict took the form of a conflict of opposites and that healing represented their resolution featured prominently in Jung's later work. See *Psychological Types* (*CW* 6, chapter 5) and *Mysterium Coniunctionis* (*CW* 14).
23. "You object:" was added here in *LN* (p. 513).
24. "in the name of differentiation" was not reproduced in *LN*.
25. "or any qualities whatsoever" was added in *LN* (p. 513).
26. The preceding clause was replaced in *LN* by "you pursue thoughts that flow to you out of the Pleroma: thoughts, namely, concerning the non-existing qualities of the Pleroma" (p. 514).

27. The preceding sentence was not reproduced in *LN*.
28. The remainder of this entry was replaced in *LN* by "The dead faded away grumbling and moaning and their cries died away in the distance" (p. 514).
29. This sentence appears to have been added later in pencil. In *LN*, Jung's "I" turns to Philemon to explain his teaching in this sermon, which he does (pp. 514–15).
30. Monday. Jung saw six patients.
31. The following was added here in *LN*: "That night ΦΙΛΗΜΩΝ stood beside me and the dead drew near and lined the walls and cried out:" (p. 515). For Nietzsche's discussion of the death of God, see *The Gay Science*, sections 108 and 125, and *Thus Spoke Zarathustra*, section 4, "Retired from Service" (pp. 271ff.). For Jung's discussion of this, see "Psychology and Religion" (*CW* 11, §§ 142ff.). Jung wrote: "When Nietzsche said: 'God is dead,' he expressed a truth which is valid for the greater part of Europe" (ibid., § 145). He added, "However, it would be more correct to say: 'He has discarded our image, and where will we find him again?' " He goes on to discuss the motif of the death and disappearance of God in connection with Christ's crucifixion and resurrection.
32. The following was added here in *LN*: "But ΦΙΛΗΜΩΝ rose and said (and this is the second sermon to the dead):" (p. 516).
33. The preceding sentence was replaced in *LN* by the following: "But he is distinct from creation in that he is much more indefinite and indeterminable. He is less differentiated than creation, since the ground of his essence is effective fullness. Only insofar as he is definite and differentiated is he creation, and as such he is the manifestation of the effective fullness of the Pleroma. Everything that we do not differentiate falls into the Pleroma and is cancelled out by its opposite. If, therefore, we do not differentiate God, effective fullness is canceled out for us" (ibid.).
34. The preceding sentence was not reproduced in *LN*.
35. The preceding sentence was not reproduced in *LN*.
36. Cf. "Attempt at a Psychological Interpretation of the Dogma of the Trinity," *CW* 11, §§ 284ff.
37. "because mankind forgot him" was added here in *LN* (p. 517).
38. "by his name" was added here in *LN* (ibid.).
39. "To distinguish him from God, we call God *HELIOS* or sun" was added here in *LN* (ibid.). Jung discussed solar mythologies in *Transformations and Symbols of the Libido*; see *CW* B, §§ 177ff., and his talk on Opicinus de Canistris at the Eranos conference in Ascona in 1943 (Riccardo Bernardini, Gian Piero Quagliano, and Augusto Romano, eds., C.G. Jung, *The Solar Myths and Opicinus de Canistris: Notes of the Seminar given in Eranos in 1943* [Einsiedeln: Daimon, 2015]).
40. "Abraxas is effect" was added here in *LN* (p. 517).
41. *LN* instead has "sun" (ibid.).

42. *LN* instead has "the sun" (ibid.).
43. "The dead now raised a great tumult, for they were Christians" was added here in *LN* (p. 518). For Philemon's commentary on this sermon, see *LN*, pp. 518–20.
44. The remainder of this entry was not reproduced in *LN*.
45. Tuesday. Jung saw seven patients.
46. Instead of this sentence, *LN* reads: "The following night, the dead approached like fog from a swamp and exclaimed, 'Tell us more about the highest God.' And ΦΙΛΗΜΩΝ stepped forward and began to speak (and this is the third sermon to the dead):" (p. 520).
47. This word was not reproduced in *LN*.
48. *LN* instead has "the sun" (p. 520).
49. Aristotle defined happiness as the supreme good (*summum bonum*). In his *Summa Theologica*, Thomas Aquinas identified this with God. Jung saw the doctrine of the *summum bonum* as the source of the concept of the *privatio boni*, which in his view had led to the denial of the reality of evil. See *Aion*, *CW* 9, pt. 2, §§ 80, 94. Hence it is counterbalanced here with the *infimum malum*.
50. In his later writings, Jung argued that the Christian God-image was one-sided in that it left out the factor of evil. Through studying the historical transformations of God-images, he attempted to correct this (especially in *Aion* and *Answer to Job*). In his note on how *Answer to Job* came to be written, he wrote that in *Aion* he had "criticized the idea of the *privatio boni* as not agreeing with the psychological findings. Psychological experience shows us that whatever we call 'good' is balanced by an equally substantial 'bad' or 'evil.' If 'evil' is non-existent, then whatever there is must be 'good.' Dogmatically, neither 'good' nor 'evil' can be derived from Man, since the 'Evil One' existed before Man as one of the 'Sons of God.' The idea of the privatio boni began to play a role in the Church only after Mani. Before this heresy, Clement of Rome taught that God rules the world with a right and a left hand, the right being Christ, the left being Satan. Clement's view is clearly *monotheistic*, as it unites the opposites in one God. Later Christianity, however, is dualistic, inasmuch as it splits off one half of the opposites, personified in Satan. . . . If Christianity claims to be a monotheism, it becomes unavoidable to assume the opposites as being contained in God" (1956, *CW* 11, §§ 357–58).
51. *LN* instead has "the sun's" (p. 520).
52. *LN* instead has "the sun" (ibid.).
53. *LN* instead has "the Sun God" (ibid.).
54. *LN* instead has "the Sun God" (p. 521).
55. *LN* instead has "from the Sun God" (ibid.).
56. *LN* instead has "Sun God" (ibid.).
57. "and its nothingness" was added here in *LN* (p. 522).

58. "Now the dead howled and raged, for they were incomplete" was added here in *LN* (ibid.). In 1942, Jung noted: "the concept of an all-encompassing God must necessarily include his opposite. The coincidence of course must not be too radical, otherwise God would cancel himself out. The principle of the coincidence of opposites must therefore be completed by its opposite in order to attain full paradoxicality and hence psychological validity" ("The Spirit Mercurius," *CW* 13, § 256). For Philemon's commentary on this sermon, see *LN*, pp. 522–23.
59. Wednesday. Jung saw five patients. This entry was not reproduced in *LN*.
60. Thursday. Jung attended a dinner for the Club. The first part of this entry, up to the solid line, was not reproduced in *LN*.
61. Cf. John 19:26–27: "Seeing his mother and the disciple whom he loved standing near her, Jesus said to his mother, 'Woman, this is your son.' Then to the disciple he said, 'This is your mother.' And from that hour the disciple took her into his home."
62. The preceding clause and sentence were replaced in *LN* by "The following night, the dead came running sooner, filling the place with their mutterings, and said:" (p. 523).
63. "And ΦΙΛΗΜΩΝ appeared and began to speak (and this is the fourth sermon to the dead):" was added here in *LN*.
64. *LN* instead has "The Sun God" (p. 524).
65. The preceding clause was not reproduced in *LN*.
66. In 1954, Jung wrote an extended study of the archetype of the tree: "The Philosophical Tree," *CW* 13.
67. *LN* instead has "Sun God" (p. 525).
68. The preceding sentence was not reproduced in *LN*.
69. Saturday. Jung saw four patients.
70. The preceding sentence was not reproduced in *LN*.
71. The next section of this entry was placed later in *LN* (pp. 537–38). The first two paragraphs were not reproduced, and the figure was introduced in the following way: "a dark form with golden eyes approached me from the shadows of the night."
72. The preceding clause was replaced in *LN* by "I have never seen you before!" (p. 537).
73. "The dark one" was added here in *LN* (ibid.).
74. "and follow the shining fire that precedes me, ΦΙΛΗΜΩΝ" was added here in *LN* (ibid.).
75. The preceding sentence and the next paragraph were not reproduced in *LN*.
76. The preceding sentence was not reproduced in *LN*.
77. *LN* instead has "and my eyes shine golden" (p. 537). The next sentence and the next five paragraphs were not reproduced in *LN*.
78. *LN* has "I bring abstinence" (p. 537).

79. The preceding sentence and the next paragraph were replaced in *LN* by "Compassion leads to alienation" (ibid.). The Buddha first appeared in a circle of flames in a fantasy of December 22, 1913, in *Book* 2 (p. 186). The reference appears to be to the Buddhist doctrine of non-attachment (cf. the *Dhammapada*).
80. The next two paragraphs were replaced in *LN* by "pity for the world and a will held in check toward the other" (p. 537).
81. The next three paragraphs were not reproduced in *LN*.
82. The preceding clause and the next paragraph were not reproduced in *LN*.
83. "I looked at him fearfully and said," was added here in *LN* (p. 537).
84. Instead of this clause, *LN* has "You may call me death" (p. 538).
85. There is a well-known Gregorian chant that begins, "Media vita in morte sumus" (In the midst of life we are in death).
86. *LN* instead has "stellar nature" (p. 538).
87. The preceding sentence was replaced in *LN* by: "With these words the mysterious dark one vanished. But ΦΙΛΗΜΩΝ regarded me with a serious and questioning look. 'Did you take a proper look at him, my son?' he said. 'You will be hearing from him. But come now, so that I can fulfill what the dark one prophesied for you.' / As he spoke these words, he touched my eyes and opened my gaze and showed me the immeasurable mystery. And I looked for a long time until I could grasp it: but what did I see? I saw the night, I saw the dark earth, and above this the sky stood gleaming in the brilliance of countless stars. And I saw that the sky had the form of a woman and sevenfold was her mantle of stars and it completely covered her" (p. 538). *LN* then continues with the entry from February 17 (see below, p. 228).
88. *LN* instead has "the Sun God" (p. 526).
89. The following was added here in *LN*, followed by Philemon's commentary to the fourth sermon (pp. 526–28): "Here the dead interrupted ΦΙΛΗΜΩΝ's speech with angry laughter and mocking shouts, and as they withdrew, their discord, mockery, and laughter faded into the distance."
90. The following was added here in *LN*: "When the following night came, the dead approached noisily, pushing and shoving; they were scoffing and exclaimed, 'Teach us, fool, about the church and holy communion.' / But ΦΙΛΗΜΩΝ stepped before them, and began to speak: (and this is the fifth sermon to the dead):" (p. 528)
91. In the 1925 seminar, Jung said: "Sexuality and spirituality are pairs of opposites that need each other." (*Introduction to Analytical Psychology*, p. 30).
92. See the entry of January 16, 1916, above, *Book* 5, pp. 269ff.
93. *LN* substitutes "Phallos" for "Phallus" in the remainder of this entry (pp. 528ff.).
94. In *Transformations and Symbols of the Libido*, Jung noted: "The phallus is the creature that moves without limbs, sees without eyes, and knows the

future; and as the symbolic representative of ubiquitous creative power it claims immortality" (*CW* B, § 209). He goes on to discuss phallic Gods.

95. The next two paragraphs were not reproduced in *LN*.
96. In October 1916, Jung gave two presentations to the Psychological Club concerning the relation of individuation to collectivity "Adaptation" and "Individuation and Collectivity" (*CW* 18). See introduction, p. 54. This theme dominated the discussions in the Club in that year.
97. In *LN* the previous two sentences were replaced by "Differentiation leads to singleness" (p. 530).
98. "so that the community be maintained, for you need it" was added here in *LN* (ibid.).
99. "so that every man may come to himself and avoid slavery" was added here in *LN* (ibid.).
100. In place of this paragraph and the above paragraph, *LN* has: "Abstention shall hold good in community, extravagance in singleness" (ibid.).
101. The following was added here in *LN:* "When ΦΙΛΗΜΩΝ had finished, the dead remained silent and did not move, but looked at ΦΙΛΗΜΩΝ with expectation. But when ΦΙΛΗΜΩΝ saw that the dead remained silent and waited, he continued (and this is the sixth sermon to the dead):" (ibid.).
102. The following two paragraphs were not reproduced in *LN*.
103. Following this sermon in *LN*, Philemon enters into an exchange with the dead (pp. 531–33) and then one on "the following night" with Jung's "I" (pp. 533–34).
104. Tuesday. Jung saw five patients. The following was added here in *LN*: "Another day passed and the seventh night fell. / And the dead came again, this time with pitiful gestures and said:"; it replaced "The dead:" (p. 534).
105. *LN* instead has "And the dead came again, this time with pitiful gestures and said, 'We forgot to mention one thing, that we would like you to teach us about men' And ΦΙΛΗΜΩΝ stepped before me, and began to speak (and this is the seventh sermon to the dead):" (ibid.).
106. Cf. Jung's painting of a star, *The Art of C.G. Jung*, cat. 62, p. 138. In 1950 he reproduced this anonymously in "Concerning Mandala Symbolism," noting, "The picture shows the self as a star out of chaos. . . . This picture is significant in that it sets the structure of the self as a principle of order against chaos" (*CW* 9, pt. 1, § 683).
107. The following was added here in *LN*: "But when ΦΙΛΗΜΩΝ had finished, the dead remained silent. Heaviness fell from them, and they ascended like smoke above the shepherd's fire, who watches over his flock by night" (p. 535). For Philemon's commentary on this sermon, see *LN*, pp. 535–36. On February 29, 1919, Jung wrote a letter to Joan Corrie and commented on the *Sermones*, with particular reference to the last one: "The primordial creator of the world, the blind creative libido, becomes transformed in man through individuation & out of this process which is like pregnancy, arises a divine

child, a reborn God, no more (longer) dispersed into the millions of creatures, but being one & this individual, and at the same time all individuals, the same in you as in me. Dr. L[ong] has a little book: VII sermones ad mortuous. There you find the description of the Creator dispersed into his creatures, & in the last sermon you find the beginning of individuation, out of which, the divine child arises. . . . The child is a new God, actually born in many individuals, but they don't know it. He is a 'spiritual' God. A spirit in many people, yet one and the same everywhere. Keep to your time and you will experience His qualities" (copied in Constance Long's diary, *CLM*, pp. 21–22).

108. Thursday. On February 11 Jung presented "On the dream." He had readied it in 1914 for the Berne Medical Congress, which had been postponed due to the outbreak of the war (*Collected Papers on Analytical Psychology*). From this point onward, the meetings of the Association for Analytical Psychology were held on the premises of the Psychological Club. In the discussion, Jung noted that collectivity and individuation formed an antithesis. There were times when the moral emphasis was on the individual, and others in which it was on the collective. He discussed how Angelus Silesius and Nietzsche failed to resolve these problems. He also noted: "War teaches us: Willing does not avail—should see what becomes. We are completely subjugated under the power of becoming" (*MAP*, p. 105).
109. The first two paragraphs of this entry were not reproduced in *LN*.
110. As punishment for slaying Iphitus, on the order of the Delphic oracle, Hercules is sold by Hermes as a slave to Omphale, the queen of Lydia.
111. In *LN*, this sequence follows on directly from the passage cited in footnote 87 above (p. 223) and is linked in the following way: "And when I had beheld it, ΦΙΛΗΜΩΝ said:". The next three paragraphs are presented in Philemon's voice: " 'Mother, you who stand in the higher circle, nameless one, who shrouds me and him and protects me and him from the Gods: he wants to become your child. / May you accept his birth. / May you renew him. I separate myself from him' " (p. 538). The third-person pronoun is substituted for the first-person pronoun in the remainder of this entry.
112. The remainder of this paragraph was not reproduced in *LN*.
113. Instead of this paragraph, *LN* has "You gave birth to the godly serpent, you released it from the pangs of birth; take this man as your son, he needs the mother" (p. 539).
114. This sentence was not reproduced in *LN*.
115. In *LN* the voice is not identified as the mother but is introduced in the following way: "A voice came from afar and was like a falling star:" (p. 539)
116. *LN* instead has "ΦΙΛΗΜΩΝ said:" (ibid.).
117. In *LN*, the following paragraph was presented as follows: "But the voice said, 'It is the commingling: he should abstain from human suffering and joy.

He shall remain secluded until abstinence is complete and he is freed from the commingling with men. Then shall he be taken as a child' " (ibid.).

118. The preceding sentence was replaced in *LN* by "In this moment my vision ended. And ΦΙΛΗΜΩΝ went away and I was alone. And I remained apart as I had been told" (ibid.).
119. Monday. Jung saw seven patients. The first six paragraphs and the first line of the seventh paragraph in this entry were replaced in *LN* by "But in the fourth night I saw a strange form, a man wearing a long coat and a turban; his eyes shone cleverly and kindly like a wise doctor's. He approached me and said, 'I speak to you of joy.' But I answered, 'You want to speak to me of joy?' " (ibid.).
120. The preceding sentence was replaced in *LN* by "Women taught me this art. They know how to heal sick children. Do your wounds burn you? Healing is at hand. Give ear to good counsel and do not be incensed" (ibid.).
121. The remainder of this entry was replaced in *LN* by "I retorted, 'What do you want? To tempt me? Mock me?'/ 'What are you thinking?' he interrupted. 'I bring you the bliss of paradise, the healing fire, the love of women' " (ibid.)
122. Cf. the Koran, 56:12–39. In Norse mythology, the Valkyries escort the brave who are slain in battle to Valhalla and tend them there.
123. Thursday. Jung saw one patient.
124. In place of the preceding paragraph, *LN* has the following: " 'Are you thinking,' I asked, 'of the descent into the frog swamp? The dissolution in the many, the scattering, the dismembering?'/ But as I spoke, the old man turned into ΦΙΛΗΜΩΝ, and I saw that he was the magician who was tempting me. But ΦΙΛΗΜΩΝ continued:" (p. 540).
125. This paragraph and the first two sentences of the following paragraph were replaced in *LN* by "You will be a river that pours forth over the lands" (ibid.).
126. The remainder of this paragraph and the next two paragraphs were not reproduced in *LN*.
127. The remainder of this entry was replaced in *LN* by "I asked, full of grief, 'But where will my uniqueness remain?'/ 'You will steal it from yourself,' ΦΙΛΗΜΩΝ replied" (p. 540).
128. Monday. Jung saw six patients. February 26 was the inaugural meeting of the Psychological Club. Jung appears also to have held a reading of the first act of Ernst Barlach's (1870–1938) play *The Dead Day* (*Der Tote Tag)* [Berlin: Paul Cassirer, 1912]). In *Psychological Types*, Jung cited Barlach's *The Dead Day* as an example of the literary use of the contents of the unconscious (*CW* 6, § 426n.). Barlach illustrated his play with twenty-seven lithographs. Jung owned a copy of the illustrated Cassirer edition.
129. The preceding sentence was replaced in *LN* by "You will hold the invisible realm in trembling hands" (ibid.).
130. The preceding clause was not reproduced in *LN*.

131. The following was inserted here in *LN*: "When night fell, ΦΙΛΗΜΩΝ approached me in an earth-colored robe, holding a silver fish: 'Look, my son,' he said, 'I was fishing and caught this fish; I bring it to you, so that you may be comforted.' And as I looked at him astonished and questioningly, I saw that a shade stood in darkness at the door, bearing a robe of grandeur. His face was pale and blood had flowed into the furrows of his brow. But ΦΙΛΗΜΩΝ knelt down, touched the earth, and said to the shade:" (p. 541).
132. Wednesday. Jung saw six patients. In *LN*, these passages were followed by Jung's commentary on what he had now learned from Philemon about remaining true to love (pp. 540–41).
133. *LN* instead has "My master and my brother" (ibid.).
134. The next two sentences and the first clause of the third sentence were replaced in *LN* by "You did the greatest thing for us: out of animals you made men, you gave your life for men to enable their healing" (ibid.).
135. The preceding sentence was replaced in *LN* by "And men still look to you and still ask you to take pity on them and beg for the mercy of God and the forgiveness of their sins through you" (ibid.).
136. *LN* instead has "my master and brother" (p. 542).
137. *LN* instead has "me" (ibid.).
138. Instead of this word, *LN* simply has "his" (ibid.). The next two sentences were replaced in *LN* by the following: "If they were faithful to their love, they would not be greedy. But whoever gives, attracts desire. Should they not learn love? Fidelity to love? Freely willed devotion? But they demand and desire and beg from you and have learned no lesson from your awe-inspiring life. They have imitated it, but they have not lived their own lives as you have lived yours" (ibid.).
139. The remainder of this sentence was replaced in *LN* by "faithful to their own essence and their own love" (ibid.).
140. The next three sentences were replaced in *LN* by the following: "Have you not forgiven the adulteress? Did you not sit with whores and tax-collectors? Did you not break the command of the Sabbath? You lived your own life, but men fail to do so; instead they pray to you and make demands on you and forever remind you that your work is incomplete. Yet your work would be completed if men managed to live their own lives without imitation" (ibid.).
141. The remainder of this sentence was replaced in *LN* by "in continuing the work of redemption in us" (ibid.).
142. The remainder of this sentence was not reproduced in *LN*.
143. *LN* instead has "our master" (p. 542).
144. The following two sentences were replaced in *LN* by "We want to take your troubles and your work upon ourselves so that your work may be completed and so that you may lay your weary tired hands in your lap, like the worker after a long day's hard burden" (pp. 542–43).

145. The remainder of this sentence was replaced in *LN* by "who rests from the completion of his work" (p. 543).
146. The following two paragraphs were replaced in *LN* by "I wanted people to address you in this way. But they have no love for you, my master and brother. They begrudge you the price of peace. They leave your work incomplete, eternally needing your pity and your care" (ibid.).
147. The preceding clause was replaced in *LN* by " 'But, my master and my brother, I believe you have completed your work, since the one who has given his life, his entire truth, all his love, his entire soul, has completed his work. / When ΦΙΛΗΜΩΝ had finished, I looked up and saw that the place where the shade had stood was empty. I turned to ΦΙΛΗΜΩΝ and said, 'My father, you spoke of men. I am a man. Forgive me!' / But ΦΙΛΗΜΩΝ dissolved into the darkness and I decided to do what was required of me. I accepted all the joy and every torment of my nature and remained true to my love, to suffer what comes to everyone in their own way. And I stood alone and was afraid" (ibid.). This was followed by an enigmatic speech of Philemon's concerning the relation of the service of the God and murder (pp. 543–44). These passages first occurred in "Dreams" after entries for the middle of July 1917, introduced by the statement: "Fragments of the next book:," indicated that he intended to recopy them into what became the third book of *Liber Novus*, *Scrutinies* (p. 18).
148. The remainder of this entry was replaced in *LN* by "What one individual can do for men, you have done and accomplished and fulfilled. The time has come when each must do his own work of redemption. Mankind has grown older and a new month has begun" (p. 543). The reference is to the astrological conception of the Platonic month, or aeon, of Pisces, which is based on the precession of the equinoxes. Each Platonic month consists of one zodiacal sign and lasts approximately 2,300 years. Jung discussed the symbolism attached to this in *Aion* (*CW* 6), chapter 6. See Greene, *Jung's Studies in Astrology*, and Alice Howell, *Jungian Synchronicity in Astrological Signs and Ages* (Wheaton, IL: Quest Books, 1990), pp. 125ff.
149. Sunday. On May 21, Jung was on holiday with Hans Schmid in Brissago in Ticino. This entry was not reproduced in *LN*.
150. Wednesday. Jung saw five patients.
151. The first three paragraphs of this entry were replaced in *LN* by the following: "And soon afterward I saw Elijah and Salome in a dream. Elijah appeared concerned and alarmed. Therefore, when in the following night that light was extinguished and every living sound fell still, I called Elijah and Salome so that they would answer my questions. Elijah came forward and said:" (p. 544).
152. In *LN* the remainder of this paragraph was replaced by "I heard strange and incomprehensible things and the peace of my depths became disturbed" (ibid.).

153. The preceding sentence was not reproduced in *LN*.
154. Cf. Isaiah 63:2–6 and *LN*, pp. 355–56.
155. The following two paragraphs were replaced in *LN* by "And then there was a blasphemous word, that I would rather not utter" (p. 545).
156. The preceding sentence was replaced in *LN* by "There is only one God and God cannot die" (p. 545). See above, p. 212, n. 31. The following two paragraphs were not reproduced in *LN*.
157. The remainder of this paragraph was replaced by "and that in turn many Gods and many daimons have come to man?" (p. 545).
158. In *LN* the remainder of this paragraph was replaced by "You have foresight! Or maybe you should not know what is? Do you ultimately deny what is?" (ibid.).
159. *LN* instead has "your soul" (p. 546).
160. *LN* instead has "you" (ibid.).
161. In *LN* the preceding sentence was replaced by "We love only what is coming, not what is. Only the new gives us pleasure" (ibid.).
162. This word was not reproduced in *LN*.
163. *LN* instead has "old man" (p. 546).
164. The remainder of this paragraph and the next two paragraphs were not reproduced in *LN*.
165. *LN* instead has "The one" (p. 546).
166. The preceding sentence was replaced in *LN* by "He disintegrated into many, and" (ibid.).
167. The preceding sentence was replaced in *LN* by "And something also happened to the individual soul—who would care to describe it!" (ibid.).
168. The preceding line was not reproduced in *LN*.
169. Instead of this clause, *LN* has "a multiple one" (p. 546).
170. Instead of this clause, *LN* has "brighter and stronger than the sun" (ibid.).
171. Instead of the following paragraph, *LN* has: "What shall I tell you about the soul? Haven't you noticed that she has become multiple? She has become the closest, nearest, near, far, further, furthest and yet she is one, as before. First she divided herself into a serpent and a bird, then into a father and mother, and then into Elijah and Salome—How are you, my good fellow? Does it disturb you? Yes, you must be realizing that you are already very far removed from me, so that I can hardly reckon you as being part of my soul; since if you belonged to my soul, you would have to know what is happening. Therefore I must separate you and Salome from my soul and place you among the daimons. You are connected to what is primordially old and always exists, therefore you also know nothing of the being of men but simply of the past and future. / 'Nevertheless it is good that you came to my call. Take part in that which is. For what is ought to be such that you can take part in it' " (pp. 546–47).
172. *LN* instead has "But Elijah sullenly replied," (p. 547).

173. *LN* instead has "painting" (p. 547).
174. In *LN* the dialogue continues in the following way: "But Salome turned to Elijah and said, 'Father, it seems to me that men have outstripped us. He is right: the many is more pleasurable. The one is too simple and always the same.' / Elijah seemed saddened and said, 'What about the one in this case? Does the one still exist if it stands next to the many?' / I answered, 'That is your old and ingrained mistake, that the one excludes the many. But there are many individual things. The multiplicity of individual things is the one multiple God from whose body many Gods arise, but the uniqueness of the one thing is the other God, whose body is a man but whose spirit is as large as the world.' / But Elijah shook his head and said, 'That is new, my son. Is the new good? What was, is good; and what was, will be. Is that not the truth? Has there ever been anything new? And was what you call new, ever good? Everything remains the same if you give it a new name. There is nothing new, there can be nothing new; how could I then look ahead? I look at the past and therein I see the future, as in a mirror. And I see that nothing new happens, everything is but mere recurrence of what has been since time immemorial. What is your being? An appearance, a darting light; tomorrow it is no longer true. It is gone; it is as if it never was. Come, Salome, let us go. One is mistaken in the world of men.' / But Salome looked back and whispered to me while leaving, 'Being and multiplicity appeal to me, even if it is not new and not eternally true.' / Thus they disappeared into the dark night and I returned to the burden signified by my existence. And I sought to do everything correctly that seemed to me to be a task and to take every way that seemed to me to be necessary for myself. But my dreams became difficult and laden with anxiety, and I did not know why" (p. 546). This continuation may have been written on a separate piece of paper; or it may have been added in the autumn of 1917, when Jung composed the manuscript of *Scrutinies* (evidently the case with the last paragraph here). In *Memories*, Jung stated: "The figures of the unconscious are uninformed too, and need man, or contact with consciousness, in order to attain to 'knowledge.' When I began working with the unconscious, I found myself much involved with the figures of Salome and Elijah. Then they receded, but after about two years they reappeared. To my enormous astonishment, they were completely unchanged; they spoke and acted as if nothing had happened in the meanwhile. In actuality the most incredible things had taken place in my life. I had, as it were, to begin from the beginning again, to tell them all about what had been going on, and explain things to them. At the time I had been greatly surprised by this situation. Only later did I understand what had happened: in the interval the two had sunk back into unconscious and into themselves—I might equally put, into timelessness. They remained out of contact with the I and the I's changing circumstances, and therefore were ignorant of what had happened in the world of

consciousness" (p. 337). This appears to refer to the conversation with these figures in this entry of *Book* 6.

175. Monday. Jung saw seven patients. This entry was not reproduced in *LN*.
176. Matthew 27:46: "And about the ninth hour Jesus cried with a loud voice, saying, Eli, Eli, lama sabachthani? that is to say, My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?"
177. Luke 23:39–43: "And one of the malefactors which were hanged railed on him, saying, If thou be Christ, save thyself and us. / But the other answering rebuked him, saying, Dost not thou fear God, seeing thou art in the same condemnation? / And we indeed justly; for we receive the due reward of our deeds: but this man hath done nothing amiss. / And he said unto Jesus, Lord, remember me when thou comest into thy kingdom. / And Jesus said unto him, Verily I say unto thee, Today shalt thou be with me in paradise."
178. On May 24, Jung attended a celebration at the Psychological Club.
179. Wednesday. Jung saw seven patients.
180. The first paragraph of this entry was not reproduced in *LN*. The following paragraph is introduced by "One night my soul suddenly came to me, as if worried, and said:" (p. 548).
181. The preceding paragraph was not reproduced in *LN*.
182. That is, Christ.
183. In *LN* the next three paragraphs were replaced by the following: " 'You speak the truth,' my soul replied, 'the Gods need a human mediator and rescuer. With this man paves the way to crossing over and to divinity. I gave you a frightening dream so that your face would turn to the Gods. I let their torment reach you so that you would remember the suffering Gods. You do too much for men since they are the masters of your world. You can in effect help men only through the Gods, not directly. Alleviate the burning torment of the Gods' " (p. 548).
184. *LN* instead has "the Gods" (p. 549).
185. Instead of this sentence, *LN* has "and thus we run aground" (ibid.).
186. The preceding sentence was not reproduced in *LN*.
187. The last clause was not reproduced in *LN*.
188. The preceding clause was not reproduced in *LN*.
189. The preceding clause was not reproduced in *LN*.
190. The following was added here in *LN*: "Not even Christ took torment away from his followers, but rather he heaped it on" (p. 549). Cf. Deuteronomy 10:17: "For the LORD your God *is* God of gods."
191. The rest of this sentence was not reproduced in *LN*.
192. The preceding two clauses were replaced in *LN* by "since man has stopped being a slave to the Gods. He has dignity before the Gods" (p. 549).
193. The preceding part of this sentence was not reproduced in *LN*.
194. The preceding sentence was not reproduced in *LN*.
195. The next two sentences were not reproduced in *LN*.

196. The following two sentences were replaced in *LN* by " 'I know,' I replied, 'but no longer is there any unconditional obedience. When will they use their strength for me?' " (p. 550).
197. *LN* instead has " 'obey the Gods?' my soul cried, astonished" (ibid.).
198. The preceding clause was not reproduced in *LN*.
199. "the altars of blinded humanity are streaming with blood" was added here in *LN* (p. 550).
200. *LN* instead has "from men" (ibid.).
201. The following paragraph and the next sentence were not reproduced in *LN*.
202. The following paragraph was replaced in *LN* by the following: "Then my soul divided herself. As a bird she swooped up to the higher Gods and as a serpent she crawled down to the lower Gods. Soon afterward, she returned and said, troubled, 'The Gods are outraged that you do not want to be obedient' " (p. 550).
203. "Tell them." was added here in *LN* (ibid.).
204. The remainder of this entry was replaced in *LN* by the following: "I will let no one tell me what to do. The Gods may devise a service in return. You can go. I will call you tomorrow so that you can tell me what the Gods have decided" (ibid.)
205. Thursday. Jung saw six patients.
206. In *LN* the first two paragraphs of this entry were replaced by the following: "As my soul departed, I saw that she was shocked and worried, since she belonged to the race of the Gods and daimons and forever sought to convert me to their kind, as my humanity would like to convince me that I belong to the clan and must serve it. When I was asleep, my soul came again and in a dream cunningly painted me as a horned devil to terrify me and make me afraid of myself. In the following night, however, I called my soul and said to her, 'Your trick was recognized. It is to no avail. You do not frighten me. Now speak and convey your message!' " (p. 551).
207. The preceding sentence was replaced in *LN* by "therefore I painted you as a devil, since he is the only one among the Gods who bows to no compulsion" (ibid.).
208. The preceding clause was replaced in *LN* by "to which, thanks to his deed, there are also exceptions." (ibid.).
209. The previous two lines were not reproduced in *LN*.
210. The previous line was not reproduced here in *LN*, and the following was added: "Here the soul drew near to my ear and whispered, 'The Gods are even happy to turn a blind eye from time to time, since basically they know very well that it would be bad for life if there were no exception to eternal law. Hence their tolerance of the devil.' / She then raised her voice and cried loudly, 'The Gods have mercy upon you and have accepted your sacrifice!' / And so the devil helped me to cleanse myself from commingling in bondage,

and the pain of one-sidedness pierced my heart and the wound of being torn apart scorched me" (p. 551).

211. Tuesday. Jung saw seven patients. On June 3, he gave a presentation to the Association for Analytical Psychology on "Historical Contributions on the Question of Types." From the discussion in the minutes, it appears that he presented materials on scholasticism that later appeared in the first chapter of *Psychological Types*. The following was added here in *LN*: "It was noon on a hot summer's day and I was taking a stroll in my garden; when I reached the shade of the high trees, I met ΦΙΛΗΜΩΝ strolling in the fragrant grass. But when I sought to approach him, a blue shade came from the other side, and when ΦΙΛΗΜΩΝ saw him, he said:" (pp. 551–52).
212. The preceding sentence was replaced in *LN* by "Welcome to the garden, my master, my beloved, my brother!" (p. 552).
213. In *LN* the figure is identified only as "the shade" (pp. 552ff.).
214. Simon Magus (first century) was a magician. In the Acts of the Apostles (8:9–24), after becoming a Christian, he wishes to purchase the power of transmitting the Holy Spirit from Peter and Paul (Jung saw this account as a caricature). Further accounts of him are found in the apocryphal Acts of Peter, and in writings of the Church fathers. He has been seen as one of the founders of Gnosticism, and in the second century a Simonian sect arose. He is said to have always traveled with a woman who was the reincarnation of Helen of Troy, whom he found in a brothel in Tyre. Jung cited this as an example of the anima figure ("Soul and earth," 1927 [*CW* 10, § 75]). On Simon Magus, see Gilles Quispel, *Gnosis als Weltreligion*, Zürich (Zürich: Origo Verlag, 1951), pp. 51–70, and G. R. S. Mead, *Simon Magus: An Essay on the Founder of Simonianism Based on the Ancient Sources with a Reevaluation of His Philosophy and Teachings* (London: Theosophical Publishing House, 1892).
215. The preceding two clauses were replaced in *LN* by "Oh Simon Magus or whatever your name may be" (p. 552).
216. The preceding sentence was replaced in *LN* by "Helena, or whatever you choose to call her, and I are your servants" (ibid.).
217. *LN* instead has "Simon and Helena have become ΦΙΛΗΜΩΝ and Baucis" (p. 552).
218. In *Memories*, Jung commented: "In such dream wandering one frequently encounters an old man who is accompanied by a young girl, and examples of such couples are to be found in many mythic tales. Thus, according to Gnostic tradition, Simon Magus went about with a young girl whom he had picked up in a brothel. Her name was Helen, and she was regarded as the reincarnation of the Trojan Helen. Klingsor and Kundry, Lao-tzu and the dancing girl, likewise belong in this category" (p. 206).
219. The preceding sentence was not reproduced in *LN*.
220. *LN* instead has "the slaves" (p. 552).

221. "and no longer mourn in your name" was added here in *LN* (ibid.).
222. This refers to the temptation of Christ in the Wilderness by Satan (Luke 4:1–13, Matthew 4:1–11). Satan told Christ to make bread out of stones, to satiate his hunger; to jump from the pinnacle of the temple, and have the angels bear him up; to worship Satan, and receive the kingdoms of the world—all of which he refused to do.
223. The preceding two clauses were replaced in *LN* by "The terrible worm came before you, whom you recognize as your brother insofar as you are of divine nature, and as your father insofar as you are of human nature" (p. 553).
224. The last clause was not reproduced in *LN*.
225. "Were not deception and lies always your manner?" was added here in *LN* (p. 553).
226. Jung commented on the serpent as an allegory of Christ in *Aion*, *CW* 9, pt. 2, §§ 369, 385, 390.
227. *LN* instead has simply "the serpent" (p. 553).
228. The remainder of this paragraph was replaced in *LN* by "Lamentation and abomination were the gift of the worm. What will you give us?" (ibid.).
229. The text of *LN* ends here.
230. Sunday. The previous evening, Emma Jung presented "On guilt" to the Association for Analytical Psychology. She commented on guilt in Christianity, noting, "The guilt of knowledge is only one-sided. Its necessary counterpart is sexuality. Both powers lead man beyond himself into the fruitful error of knowledge and action. From there conditions arise which load up new obligations—and from which we shy away—which we perceive as guilt. Intellectuality and sensuality are the two daimons, which lead man beyond himself, but also into a wider life" (*MAP*, pp. 130–31).
231. That is, the soul.
232. Monday. Jung saw seven patients.
233. It is unclear which dream is referred to here.
234. Tuesday. On July 14, Conrad Schneiter presented "On the Symbol" to the Association for Analytical Psychology. In the discussion, Jung commented, "Godlikeness is a belated condition and can only develop once man as someone different aspires to Godlikeness—equates himself with nature. Deification plays an important role in the Mysteries, it is done intentionally. According to the ancient belief deification happened after death. Yet in the teachings of the Mysteries it can be reached already in one's life-time." To this Hans Trüb asked, "What is the difference between the mysteries and abnormal mental states?" Jung replied, "These are particular strong feelings, which are not general (= normal). E.g. Schopenhauer: The world is my representation. Nietzsche's overman: the world comes from his will. His highest principle is his own will. It is not that explicit in the case of patients in analysis, rather symptomatically implied. The Godlikeness can be made intentionally or one can be seized by it ['being chased by God']."

235. The Buddha appeared in a circle of flames in a fantasy of December 22, 1913, in *Book* 2, p. 186. In a dialogue on February 5, 1916, the soul informed the "I" that he needed abstention from suffering and joy in men; the "I" described this as Eastern wisdom. The reference appears to be to the Buddhist doctrine of nonattachment (see above, *Book* 6, p. 221).
236. From July 23 to July 25, Jung was on holiday in Bellinzona and Brissago in Ticino.
237. Monday.
238. Unidentified.
239. Wednesday.
240. Jung is referring to the witch trials that took place in Europe from the end of the fifteenth century. The classic account of how to detect and punish witches is to be found in the *Malleus Maleficarum*, published by the Dominican inquisitors Jacob Sprenger and Heinrich Kramer in 1489. In his seminars on Nietzsche's *Zarathustra*, Jung referred several times to the witch trials and the *Malleus Maleficarum* (October 17, 1934, vol. 1, p. 170; January 23, 1935, vol. 1, p. 332; and June 22, 1938, vol. 2, p. 1318). In 1952 he wrote to Gerd Rosen, "Taken in the spirit of the age, the *Malleus Maleficarum* is not so gruesome. It was an instrument whereby it was supposed that one of those great psychic epidemics could be stamped out. For that age it represented a work of enlightenment which was, admittedly, prosecuted with very drastic measures. The psychology of the witch-hunting epidemic has never been worked out properly. . . . It can only be understood in the total context of the religious problem of the time and in particular in the context of the German psyche under medieval conditions" (*Letters* 2, pp. 68–69).
241. Thursday. In mid-September, Jung visited Neuchâtel, Moudon, Morat, and La Chaux-de-Fonds.
242. A possible reference to Freud. At this time, Jung was working on the manuscript of *The Psychology of the Unconscious Processes* (the preface is dated December 1916). In this, he presented an account of a case interpreted on the one hand by Freud's sexual theory and, on the other, by Alfred Adler's power theory. Concerning the former, Jung wrote: "*The theory of sexuality although one-sided is absolutely right up to a certain point. It would, therefore, be just as false to repudiate it as to accept it as universally valid*" (*Collected Papers on Analytical Psychology*, pp. 380–81). After presenting an account of the case along Adlerian lines, he noted, concerning the contrasting accounts: "Whoever has the power of the I most at heart rebels against the former conception, whilst he who cares most about love, will never be able to be reconciled to the latter" (ibid., p. 391). Thus Jung presented here a relativistic conception of truth, linked to his notion of the "personal equation"—on this topic, see *Jung and the Making of Modern Psychology*, section one.
243. Following the previous note, a possible reference to Adler's power theory.

244. Matthew 15:19: "For out of the heart proceed evil thoughts."
245. Monday. Jung saw five patients.
246. At this time the battle of the Somme, which had commenced at the beginning of July 1916, was raging.
247. The following depiction of the seven lights represents a further elaboration of the cosmology of the *Septem Sermones*. Compare also with the *Systema Mundi Totius* (appendix, p. 131) and Jung's sketch for this (*Book* 5, p. 273).
248. See *Book* 5, pp. 285ff.
249. See above, pp. 213ff.
250. See above, pp. 212ff.
251. See above, p. 223.
252. See above, ibid.
253. See above, p. 224.
254. See above, p. 227.
255. See above, pp. 224 and 226.
256. Cf. Jean Paul, "Good women must always bear and hold the ladder to heaven, on which men ascend into the heavenly blue and sunset." *Blumen-, Frucht- und Dornenstücke oder Ehestand, Tod und Hochzeit des Armenadvokaten F. St. Siebenkäs*, in Jean Paul, *Sämtliche Werke*, ed. Norbert Miller (Munich: Carl Hanser Verlag, 1959–), vol. 1/2, p. 98. Jung had a copy of Jean Paul's *Titan* (1803), a novel. Genesis 28:12 recounts Jacob's dream: "And he dreamed, and behold a ladder set up on the earth, and the top of it reached to heaven: and behold the angels of God ascending and descending on it."
257. In 1925 Jung discussed the role of the anima and animus in relationships in his paper "Marriage as a Psychological Relationship" (*CW* 17, §§ 324ff.). On the background to this, see Martin Liebscher, "Eros und Distanz bei Platon, Weininger und Nietzsche," in *The Racehorse of Genius: Literary and Cultural Comparison*, ed. Martin Liebscher, B. Schofield, and G. Weiss-Sussex (Munich: Iudicium, 2009).
258. Cf. Hölderlin's "Patmos": "Near is / And difficult to grasp, the God. / But where danger threatens / That which saves from it also grows. / In gloomy places dwell / The eagles, and fearless over / The chasm walk the sons of the Alps / On bridges lightly built. / Therefore, since round about / Are heaped the summits of Time / And the most loved live near, growing faint / On mountains most separate, / Give us innocent water, / O pinions give us, with minds most faithful / To cross over and to return" (*Friedrich Hölderlin: Poems and Fragments*, trans. Michael Hamburger [London: Anvil Press Poetry, 2004], p. 567). In 1912, Jung commented on this in *Transformations and Symbols of the Libido*, *CW* B, §§ 660ff. See also my *C.G. Jung: A Biography in Books*, pp. 12ff.
259. In 1921, Jung noted, "For a man, a woman is best fitted to be the real bearer of his soul-image, because of the feminine quality of his soul"

(*Psychological Types*, *CW* 6, § 809).

260. Wednesday. Jung saw three patients.
261. At this time, Jung was corresponding with Maria Moltzer and Toni Wolff.
262. It is likely that Toni Wolff is being referred to here.
263. Thursday. Jung saw one patient.
264. Maria Moltzer, in all likelihood. Years later, Toni Wolff, referring to a dream in which Moltzer appeared, noted, "Am I like M. M.—or is she C.'s anima—inhuman?" (August 20, 1950, *Diary O*, p. 78).
265. On Moltzer's response to Jung, see introduction, pp. 63ff.
266. On the white bird, see above, *Book* 6, p. 226.
267. In the Orphic theogony, Aither and Chaos are born from Chaos. Chronos makes an egg in Aither. The egg splits into two, and Phanes, the first of the Gods, appears. W. K. C. Guthrie writes, "He is imagined as marvelously beautiful, a figure of shining light, with golden wings on his shoulders, four eyes, and the heads of various animals. He is of both sexes, since he is to create the race of the gods unaided" (*Orpheus and Greek Religion: A Study of the Orphic Movement* [London: Methuen, 1935], p. 80). In *Transformations and Symbols of the Libido*, while discussing mythological conceptions of creative force, Jung drew attention to the "Orphic figure of Phanes, the 'Shining One,' the first-born, the 'Father of Eros.' In Orphic terms, Phanes also denotes Priapos, a god of love, androgynous, and equal to the Theban Dionysus Lysios. The Orphic meaning of Phanes is the same as that of the Indian Kâma, the God of love, which is also a cosmogonic principle" (*CW* B, § 223). Jung also noted here that "Agni, the fire, was worshipped as a golden-winged bird" (§ 295). The attributes of Phanes here match the classical depictions, and he is described as the brilliant one, a God of beauty and light. Jung's copy of Isaac Cory's *Ancient Fragments of the Phoenician, Chaldean, Egyptian, Tryian, Carthaginian, Indian, Persian, and Other Writers; With an Introductory Dissertation; And an Inquiry into the Philosophy and Trinity of the Ancients*, has underlinings in the section containing the Orphic theogony, and a slip of paper and mark by the following statement: "They imagine as the god a conceiving and conceived egg, or a white garment, or a cloud, because Phanes springs forth from these" (London: William Pickering, 1832, p. 310). Jung titled his first mandala sketch, dated August 2, 1917, "ΦΑΝΗΣ" [Phanes] (*LN*, appendix A). In April 1919 he painted a portrait of Phanes in *LN* (Image 113; see appendix, p. 141). In his inscription to the image, he described Phanes as "image of the divine child. . . . I called him ΦΑΝΗΣ [Phanes], because he is the newly appearing God" (p. 358). Jung also painted two portraits of Phanes, giving one to Emma Jung and one to Toni Wolff (*The Art of C. G. Jung*, cats. 50, 51, pp. 122–23). Phanes also figures in two further paintings (Ibid., cats. 52, 53, pp. 124–25). In cat. 53, the background figures on the left and right respectively are Ka and Philemon.

268. On February 29, 1916. Toni Wolff noted, "Sexuality = Collective general feelings = in the unconscious. Abraxas head, lion, as danger: cosmic thoughts. More conventional: general collective and cosmic intellectual thoughts.—unconscious Abraxas tail and serpent, sexuality as danger (dream 26 II 1916)" (*Diary* L, p. 178).
269. Friday. Jung saw six patients.
270. Cf. Jung's subsequent painting in *Liber Novus*, Image 71.
271. On the theme of magic, see above, *Book* 4, January 22 and 23, pp. 220ff. In *Liber Novus*, Jung commented in regard to the first entry, "From the flooding darkness the son of the earth had brought, my soul gave me ancient things that pointed to the future. She gave me three things: The misery of war, the darkness of magic, and the gift of religion" (pp. 375–76). These entries are followed by the seeking of instruction into magic through Philemon on January 27. In his commentary on this entry in *LN*, Jung noted, "We need magic to be able to receive or invoke the messenger and the communication of the incomprehensible" (pp. 403–4). In the calligraphic volume, he wrote a marginal note at the top of the chapter: "The Way of the Cross": "25 Febr. 1923. The transformation of black into white magic" (p. 388).
272. Monday. Jung saw five patients.
273. See above, February 8, 1916, p. 227.
274. Wednesday. Jung saw six patients.
275. This description corresponds to the placement of the figures for science and art in the *Systema Mundi Totius*: at top center is a seven-branched column with three small lights on each side, flanked by two winged forms: on the right, a winged serpent, art; on the left, a winged mouse, science. To the far right is the figure of Deus Sol, and to the far left is the figure of Dea Luna. In 1955, Jung wrote, "Sprouting from him [Abraxas]we see the tree of life, labeled *vita* ('life') while its upper counterpart is a light-tree in the form of a seven-branched candelabra labeled *ignis* ('fire') and Eros ('love'). Its light points to the spiritual world of the divine child. Art and science also belong to this spiritual realm, the first represented as a winged serpent and the second as a winged mouse (as hole-digging activity!)" (appendix, p. 130).
276. Identified below as Elijah.
277. Identified below as Salome.
278. Cf. Matthew 25:1–13: "At that time the kingdom of heaven will be like ten virgins who took their lamps and went out to meet the bridegroom. Five of them were foolish and five were wise. The foolish ones took their lamps but did not take any oil with them. The wise ones, however, took oil in jars along with their lamps."
279. On December 25, 1913 (*Book* 2, p. 196), Salome's sight was restored.
280. That is, Jung's "I."
281. Abraxas. See *Book* 5, p. 266.

282. On December 22, Salome had identified herself as his sister, and their mother as Mary (*Book* 2, p. 189).
283. Monday. Jung saw five patients.
284. Friday. Jung saw seven patients.
285. Tuesday. Jung saw eight patients. On October 22, he wrote to Fanny Bowditch Katz that he was due to enter military service at the end of the week, returning only at the beginning of December. He ended his letter by saying, "Without, everything looks discordant; only within does it coalesce into unity. Who looks outside, dreams; who looks inside, awakens" (*Letters* 1, p. 33).
286. In The *Epic of Gilgamesh*, Gilgamesh is distraught over the death of Enkidu. Here, Jung refers directly to the epic rather than to "his" figure of Izdubar (see *Book* 3, p. 120, n. 91).
287. Jung was not well and canceled five sessions.
288. Sunday.
289. In a subsequent painting in the calligraphic volume of *LN*, Atmavictu, the dragon, swallows the sun (Image 117; see appendix, p. 143).
290. Although this sentence is in quotes, the context indicates that it is Jung's "I" speaking.
291. On becoming one's own law, cf. Nietzsche's *Thus Spoke Zarathustra*, part one, "On the Way of the Creator."
292. Tuesday.
293. Sunday.
294. In "Dreams" Jung wrote the following entry concerning the events of this night: "3. 1. 17. / Night of 2/3. 1. / Terrible. Didn't sleep until 2.30. Terrible anxiety feeling of fire within. Eerie. I in Küsnacht, family in Schaffhausen. My wife didn't sleep the entire night. The children also slept badly. Agathli saw a ghost. The same night was just as bad and eerie for Mrs Keller. / Dream toward morning. Something explodes in the air, out of which a white gull or snow goose appears. It disappears. I held 3 feathers in my hand—indistinct things happened. Finally my children discovered a white feather on my head that I keep as a visible sign, as proof of the wonder. / In Lib. nov. serpent image III incent." [stimulus to snake image III in Liber Novus]" (p. 1). This appears to refer to Image 54 in the calligraphic volume. The reference is to Tina Keller. For her recollections of her work with Jung and Toni Wolff during this period, see Wendy Swan, ed., *The Memoir of Tina Keller-Jenny: A Lifelong Confrontation with the Psychology of C.G. Jung*, with a foreword by Sonu Shamdasani (New Orleans: Spring Journal Books, 2011).
295. The previous statement was spoken by the soul; this statement is spoken by the man of the East.
296. In *Thus Spoke Zarathustra*, Zarathustra declares himself the enemy of the spirit of gravity (part 3, "Of the Spirit of Gravity"). In his seminar on Nietzsche's *Zarathustra*, Jung was critical of what he took to be Nietzsche's

own attitude to the spirit of gravity. Jung identified the spirit of gravity as "weight of the earth" (February 15, 1939, p. 1542) and as "the eternal sloth, eternal inertia, the spirit of lead, 'the man of lead' as Zosimos calls him. . . . those Hermetic philosophers knew that dwarf, that spirit of lead, that lead-like heaviness, and they knew that you should not tickle or make light of it, because it contains an impertinent demon that causes the perils of the soul" (May 18, 1938, p. 1260). These passages suggest that Jung's reading of the role of the spirit of gravity in *Zarathustra* was inflected by his own encounter with this figure. Jung argued that "Nietzsche would never have spoken of the spirit of gravity if he had ever come down to it really. He never touched the shadow, but projected it into other people" (January 18, 1939, p. 1463). He also noted that "a man will never discover what a woman is, unless he succumbs to the spirit of gravity" (June 16, 1937, p. 1160).

297. Cf. Buddha's Fire Sermon, Müller, *Sacred Books of the East*, vol. 13, pp. 134–35 (Mahavagga, I, 21, i–iv).

298. In Greek mythology, Prometheus creates mankind out of clay. He steals fire from the gods to give to mankind, for which he is chained to a rock, where an eagle feeds on his ever-renewed liver. In 1921, Jung wrote an extended analysis of Carl Spitteler's epic poem *Prometheus und Epimetheus* (1881) and Goethe's *Prometheus Fragment* (1773) (*Psychological Types*, *CW* 6, chapter 5).

299. Wednesday. Jung saw seven patients.

300. It is likely that there was snow in Zürich at this time—there were fifty-four days of snowfall in 1917, compared to forty-four the previous year (*Statistisches Jahrbuch der Schweiz 1917: Herausgegeben vom eidgenössischen statistischen Bureau*, Berne, 1918).

301. Sunday. In his appointment book, Jung noted, "Opening of the egg," which appears to refer to his having painted Image 64 in the calligraphic volume. In "Dreams," he noted on this day: "The opening of the egg (image) begun." The following day, he noted, "Finished copying the opening scene. / The most wonderful feeling of renewal. Back to scientific work today. / Types! Since 7 February no more letters from M." (p. 5). This refers to completing this section of the transcription into the calligraphic volume, and to continuing his work on psychological types. M. seems to refer to Maria Moltzer.

302. In his fantasy of December 28, 1913, the figure from the novel whom he encountered informed him, "Only what is human and what you call banal and hackneyed contains the wisdom that you seek" (*Book* 2, p. 208). In the opening section of *LN*, Jung wrote, "But the small, narrow, and banal is not nonsense, but one of both of the essences of the Godhead. / I resisted recognizing that the everyday belongs to the image of the Godhead" (p. 121).

303. Monday. Jung saw six patients.

304. This provides a further differentiation of the figure of Abraxas. On Abraxas, see January 16, 1916, *Book* 5, pp. 274ff., and February 1, 1916, *Book* 6, pp. 213ff.
305. On February 1, 1916, Abraxas was described as "the hermaphrodite of the earliest beginning" (*Book* 6, p. 216). Jung discussed the symbol of the hermaphrodite in his unpublished book on alchemy, written in the mid 1930s (*JA*). In *The Psychology of the Transference*, Jung described it as a synonym for the goal of the alchemical art (*CW* 16, § 533).
306. Spoken by Phanes.
307. These motifs appear to refer back to the fantasy of January 12, 1914 (*Book* 3, *Liber Secundus*, chapter 12, "Hell," pp. 132ff.).
308. Cf. Isaiah 45:2: "I will go before thee, and make the crooked places straight."
309. Tuesday. Jung saw seven patients.
310. That is, the soul.
311. Friday. Jung saw five patients.
312. Thursday. In "Dreams," Jung noted: "5–8. March 17. Deepest depression. Deepest barometer level of the last fifty years." He also noted: "On 8. III. Discovery in the evening that Pisces covers Aquarius and that we are already in Aquarius, but only in the unconscious. Aquarius lies behind Pisces. 7 March, Mercury in conjunction with Aquarius [Jung's astrological abbreviations have been expanded here]." This refers to determining the timing of the precession of the equinoxes, and the transition from the Age of Pisces to the Age of Aquarius. In 1918, Jung had Rebekka Aleida Biegel (1886–1943), who was doing a PhD in Zürich on ancient Egyptian astronomy and astrology, draw up astrological charts to try to determine the dating of this transition. On this issue, see Greene, *Jung's Studies in Astrology*, pp. 166ff. On Biegel, see A. C. Rümke, *Rebekka Aleida Biegel: Eein Vrouw in de psychologie* (Eelde, Netherlands: Barkhaus, 2006).
313. Cf. John 1.
314. From the Cabiri episode of *LN*: "We carry what is not to be carried from below to above" (p. 426). Later in 1917—that is, after this entry—Jung made a painting of the Cabiri episode. On the reverse, he wrote the following lines from it: "The Cabiri: 'We hauled things up, we built. We placed stone upon stone. Now you stand on solid ground. . . . We forged a flashing sword for you, with which you can cut the knot that entangles you. . . . We also place before you the devilish, skillfully twined knot that locks and seals you. Strike, only sharpness will cut through it. . . . Do not hesitate. We need destruction since we ourselves are the entanglement. He who wishes to conquer new land brings down the bridges behind him. Let us not exist anymore. We are the thousand canals in which everything also flows back again into its origin . . ..' 24 December 1917" (see *The Art of C.G. Jung*, cat. 63, p. 141). The Cabiri were the deities celebrated at the mysteries of Samothrace. They were

held to be promoters of fertility and protectors of sailors. Friedrich Creuzer and Schelling held them to be the primal deities of Greek mythology, from which all others developed (*Symbolik und Mythologie der alten Völker* [Leipzig: Leske, 1810–23]); also see Friedrich Wilhelm Joseph von Schelling, *The Deities of Samothrace*, 1815, introduced and translated by R. F. Brown [Missoula, MT: Scholars Press, 1977]). Jung had copies of both of these works. They appear in Goethe's *Faust*, 2, act 2. Jung discussed the Cabiri in *Transformations and Symbols of the Libido* (*CW* B, §§ 209–11). In 1940 he wrote: "The Cabiri are, in fact, the mysterious creative powers, the gnomes who work under the earth, i.e., below the threshold of consciousness, in order to supply us with lucky ideas. As imps and hobgoblins, however, they also lay all sorts of nasty tricks, keeping back names and dates that were 'on the tip of the tongue,' making us say the wrong thing, etc. They give an eye to everything that has not already been anticipated by consciousness and the functions at its disposal. . . . deeper insight will show that the primitive and archaic qualities of the inferior function conceal all sorts of significant relationships and symbolic meanings, and instead of laughing off the Cabiri as ridiculous Tom Thumbs he may begin to suspect that they are a treasure-house of hidden wisdom" ("Attempt at a Psychological Interpretation of the Dogma of the Trinity," *CW* 11, § 244). Jung commented on the Cabiri scene in *Faust* in *Psychology and Alchemy*, *CW* 12, §§ 203ff.

315. See above, p. 265.

316. Friday. Jung was sick and canceled appointments with seven patients. In "Dreams," he recorded the following episode on this day:

> Sick since yesterday. Colitis mucosa. As . . . [?] Very deep introverion in the evening. Completely frozen. At first a vision: Dark sky over the Albis. A fountain of fire rises from the mountain. A golden bird lowers himself down on it from above with a crown in its beak. It flies over the lake toward me. While it approaches me, it becomes immensely large. It delivers the crown to me. While it comes to me, an entire garland of fiery beams soars from my head. My wife stands in front of me, Maria on my left, and Toni on my right. I faint. At this moment I see a second vision behind this vision [. . .] characters: a young girl, similar to Grethli, around 17 years of age, leaning against a piano, smoking a cigarette.
>
> I: What are you doing here?
> She: I look after you.
> I: Why?
> S.: So that the fire will not burn you.
> I.: Why do you play the piano?
> S.: To distract myself.

I.: Why do you smoke?
S.: Also to distract myself.?
End.

Grethli was Jung's daughter, Gret Baumann Jung (1906–1995).

317. This is Phanes speaking.
318. Tuesday.
319. Tuesday. From the sequence it is clear that the month is April, not June.
320. On the same day, Jung wrote the following entry in "Dreams": "17. IV. 17. Since then, frequent exercises in the emptying of consciousness. With this I always get a cold head and hot feet, whereas when I read, it is the reverse. Once I heard a loud voice, but I couldn't retain what it said. In the beginning there was anxiety on several occasions. Once I no longer knew where I was. The surroundings had changed into an unknown room. I was regularly completely rigid, without sleeping. But I forget everything that happened. The last time appeared to be contentless, just total numbness. / Recently I had a dream after which it appeared that my soul had something to communicate to me. / This night: I am with Bleuler (1.) in the attic (2.) The attic is like glass. One sees a blue nocturnal sky, stars (3.) Very beautiful. A red brown (4.) plane, formed like a butterfly (5.), flies low over the house. / 1.) Anxiously limited intellect. Always thinks too limitedly on account of collective relations. I, with my feeling of inferiority. Recently felt a strong relatedness of feeling. / 2.) Above in the house, brain, open to heaven, to receiving the spirit. / 3.) Constellation. Relation to the cosmos. / 4.) Red brown bull = Rudra (a.) My intensive unconscious relation to India in the Red Book. / 5.) Wing = book cover. Soul image. Indian soul, earlier dream where an Indian princess with a lavish entourage said goodbye to me in a friendly way, while I stood on the fourth floor of an old house. Fire bird. The 'fire over me.' Vision in the black book. The fire, that is above. (continuation in Bl. B. 17. V. 17). / a.) Chthonic God, archaic fire" (p. 9). Bleuler refers to Eugen Bleuler, the director of the Burghölzli. Rudra is a Vedic God, bringer of disease and healing. He is also seen as a form of Shiva. In *Transformations and Symbols of the Libido*, Jung viewed him as a solar God (§§ 201ff.).
321. In "Dreams," in a dream of February 4, 1917, set in Geneva, Jung received a manuscript from an elegant and beautiful woman. A German named Wahnschaffe (mad-tub) also appeared in the dream. In his assocations with this, he noted that he felt a strong longing toward Maria Moltzer. Regarding the manuscript, he noted, "Idea of M. M. that she had inspired my libido work. Typewritten, like my manuscript. My own manuscript presented by the soul." Of the name Wahnschaffe, he noted, "comical name. Like Wahnfried [mad-peace]. Wagner—Mrs. von Bülow. Nietzsche and Cosima. I and M. M. Zarathustra without her" (pp. 3–4). Cosima von Bülow was the illegitimate daughter of the composer Franz Liszt and the wife of the conductor Hans von

Bülow. She had an affair with Wagner and married him. Wahnfried was the name that Wagner gave to his villa in Bayreuth. Around January 3, Nietzsche sent Cosima a letter simply stating, "Ariadne, I love you! Dionysus" (Nietzsche digital critical edition, www.nietzschesource.org, BVN-1889, 1242a). There is an undated, possibly unsent letter of 1916–17 from Jung to Moltzer, who had recently moved nearby to Zollikerberg, in which Jung wrote that he was thinking about her all the time (*JA*).

322. That is, Phanes.
323. Image 50 in the calligraphic volume of *LN* has a three-columned golden castle on the top.
324. Cf. Jung's fantasy of December 12, 1913, *Book* 2, p. 169.
325. That is, Phanes.
326. Wednesday. Jung saw one patient.
327. See January 27, 1914, *Book* 4, pp. 228ff.
328. Wednesday. Jung saw one patient.
329. See above, December 25, 1913, *Book* 2, pp. 191ff.
330. This marks the first appearance of Atmaviktu. In "From the earliest experiences of my life," Jung wrote: "When I was in England in 1920, I carved two similar figures out of thin branch without having the slightest recollection of that childhood experience. One of them I had reproduced on a larger scale in stone, and this figure now stands in my garden in Kuesnacht. It was only at that time that the unconscious supplied me with a name. It called the figure Atmavictu—the 'breath of life.' It is a further development of that quasi-sexual object of my childhood, which turned out to be the 'breath of life,' the creative impulse. Basically, the manikin is a kabir" (*JA*, pp. 29–30; cf. *Memories*, pp. 38–39; for the wooden carvings and subsequent stone carving of Amavictu, see *The Art of C. G. Jung*, cats. 67, 68, 69, and 70, pp. 148–150). From *Book* 7, p. 199, n. 137, below, it appears that Jung was actually referring to the time when he was in England in 1919. As we see here, Atmavictu (as the name was subsequently spelled) had already emerged in Jung's fantasies in 1917. He plays a critical role in a series of paintings in *LN* in 1919 and 1920 (see appendix, pp. 142ff.).
331. The Ouroboros is a serpent or dragon that eats its own tail. Jung commented on this symbol in a number of places, particularly in his alchemical works. In 1944: "The uroboros—the dragon devouring itself tail first—is the basic mandala of alchemy" (*Psychology and Alchemy*, *CW* 12, § 165). In 1955–56: "The uroboros that eats its own tail is a drastic symbol for the integration and assimilation of the opposite, i.e., of the shadow. At the same time this circulatory process is a symbol of immortality that explains the continual self-renewal, since it is said of the uroboros that he slays himself and brings himself back to life, fertilizes himself and gives birth to himself" (*Mysterium Coniunctionis*, *CW* 14, § 513).

332. It was during 1917 that the concept of the self, as distinct from the "I," emerged, culminating in the mandala drawings that Jung did while on military service in Château d'Oex in the autumn (see introduction, pp. 61ff.).
333. Saturday.
334. Sunday.
335. That is, ascetic exercises.
336. See November 15, 1913, *Book* 2, pp. 153ff.
337. Monday. Jung saw six patients.
338. In Jung's subsequent painting of Philemon in *LN*, his head is surrounded by gold (Image 154).
339. Cf. the depictions of Atmavictu in *LN* in Images 117, 119, and 123 (see appendix, pp. 142ff.).
340. There was a Chinese legend that Lao Tzu was born as an old man with a beard.
341. In an interview in *the New York Times* in 1936, Jung said, "Together the patient and I address ourselves to the 2,000,000-year-old-man that is in all of us. In the last analysis, most of our difficulties come from losing contact with our instincts, with the age-old unforgotten wisdom stored in us. / And where do we make contact with this old man in us? In our dreams. . . . In our sleep we consult the 2,000,000-year-old man which each of us represents. We struggle with him in various manifestations of fantasy" (*C.G. Jung Speaking*, p. 100).
342. Sunday.
343. In the autumn of 1917, in the manuscript of *Scrutinies*, Jung wrote, concerning his changing relation to Philemon: "Since the God has ascended to the upper realms, ΦΙΛΗΜΩΝ also has become different. He first appeared to me as a magician who lived in a distant land, but then I felt his nearness and, since the God has ascended, I knew that ΦΙΛΗΜΩΝ had intoxicated me and given me a language that was foreign to me and of a different sensitivity. All of this faded when the God arose and only ΦΙΛΗΜΩΝ kept that language. But I felt that he went on other ways than I did. Probably the most part of what I have written in the earlier part of this book was given to me by ΦΙΛΗΜΩΝ. Consequently I was as if intoxicated. But now I noticed that ΦΙΛΗΜΩΝ assumed a form distinct from me" (*LN*, p. 483).
344. Khidr, "the verdant one," is an important figure in Islamic mysticism. In 1940, Jung analyzed sura 18 of the Koran. Moses encounters Khidr, whom he looks to for instruction. Jung commented: "Khidr may well represent the self. His qualities signalize him as such: he is said to have been born in a cave, so in darkness. He is the 'Long-lived One,' who continually renews himself, like Elijah. Like Osiris, he is dismembered at the end of time, by the Antichrist, but is able to restore himself to life. He is analogous to the Second Adam . . . he is a counsellor, a Paraclete. . . . Khidr represents not only the higher wisdom but also a corresponding way of acting, which is beyond human

reason" ("Concerning Rebirth," *CW* 9, pt. 1, § 247). Jung narrated that while traveling in Kenya, his Somali guide, a Sufi, informed Jung that he might meet Khidr, as Jung was a "man of the book" (the Koran): "He told me that I might meet Khidr in the street in the shape of a man, or he might appear to me during the night as a pure white light, or—he smilingly picked a blade of grass—the Verdant One might even look like that. He said he himself had once been comforted by Khidr, when he could not find a job after the war and was suffering want. . . . He dreamt he saw a bright white light near the door and knew it was Khidr" ("Concerning Rebirth," *CW* 9, pt. 1, § 250). One wonders if Jung told his guide that he himself had met Khidr.

345. Cary Baynes wrote about a discussion with Jung on January 26, 1924, in which he described the *Red Book* in the following way: "There were various figures speaking, Elias, Father Philemon, etc. but all appeared to be phases of what you thought ought to be called 'the master.' You were sure that this latter was the same who inspired Buddha, Mani, Christ, Mahomet—all those who may be said to have communed with God. But the others had identified with him. You absolutely refused to. It could not be for you, you said, you had to remain the psychologist—the person who understood the process" (*LN*, p. 68).

346. On August 12, 1940, Jung wrote to Peter Baynes: "This is the fateful year for which I have waited more than 25 years. I did not know that it was such a disaster. Although since 1918 I knew that a terrible fire would spread over Europe beginning in the North East" (*Letters* 1, p. 285). It is possible that he was referring to this vision.

347. In 1929, in his "Commentary on *The Secret of the Golden Flower*," Jung noted: "Our text promises to 'reveal the secret of the Golden Flower of the great *One*.' The golden flower is the light, and the light of heaven is the Tao, The golden flower is a mandala symbol I have often met with in the material brought me by my patients. It is drawn either seen from above as a regular geometric pattern, or in profile as a blossom growing from a plant. The plant is frequently a structure in brilliant fiery colours growing out of a bed of darkness, and carrying the blossom of light at the top" (*CW* 13, § 33).

348. Monday. Jung saw seven patients.

C·G· JUNG

THE BLACK BOOKS

1913–1932

NOTEBOOKS OF TRANSFORMATION

VOLUME 7

Edited by

SONU SHAMDASANI

TRANSLATED BY MARTIN LIEBSCHER,
JOHN PECK, AND SONU SHAMDASANI

PHILEMON SERIES

In collaboration with the Foundation of the Works of C.G. Jung

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21.5.17. Fortsetzung.

Du gehörst mir voraus, jetzt folgst Du mir. Ich bin der Führende. Ich bin der Feuer, der voranglüht, Du bist eine hilfreiche Frau, der Anwankenden Stützt. Ich bin der Kommende, Du der Fall der Gegenwärtigen. Du bist Freude und Genuss, Zurückhalt und Lüge. Du bist der Helfer des Menschen im Guten und Bösen. Ich bin der Feurige ~~Linie~~ Pfad des Schicksals. Du bist Irrthum im Guten und Bösen. Ich bin erbarmungslose Wahrheit. Ich bin Vergangenheit und Zukunft, Du bist meine Gegenwart. Du bist mein Irrthum, dem ich war und werde sein, ich bin aber nicht. Meine Gegenwart ist ein Irrthum.

Dein Mensch irrt und Du bist. Darum bist Du stets gegenwärtig, der Mensch irrt immer. Warum muss er irren? Er ist ein Sternsame, er irrte Nach umherwirrte, er fiel aus Umgewissen herab. Er irrt weiter. Sein Irrthum ist seine Wahrheit; er möge es wissen. Das Irrthum lebt er.

Sonntag. 3.VI.17.

Meine Seele, wo bist Du? Was siehst Du? Was beschäftigt Dich? Ich hörte nichts mehr von Dir. Wohl war ich zu lange von Dir weg.

S. „Du warst nicht zu lang weg. Alles ging richtig, wie es gehen konnte. Ich konnte in der Stille das meine thun."

Was thatest Du? Lass mich teilhaben.

S: „Ich kaufte Gewonnenes – rothe Steine – Gold – Blitzendes aus uralten Schächten. Wenn Du wüsstest, was Ausgeburten der Altes trockt, verlebt und wühlenden Schlangenhäute er ablegte, als er Philemon wurde. Gefährlich lieblich, dämonisch leuchtendes – ein schimmernder Boden für die Füsse des Liebenden."

Komme mit mir Blick darauf. Schritte zur Vollendung des Werkes.

S.: „Du sprachst von mir – ich sei Dir verwandt – stirbt mich mit Dir. Der Leib Deines Körpers, Deines Formenmantels. Philemon ist

Unterschied. Der Sehnsucht in Dir ist unterschied. Du bist ein Stück der Welt, ein Pleroma, ein Licht und eine Dunkelheit. Licht, insofern er sich unterscheidet vom Pleroma, Dunkelheit insofern er Pleroma selberist. Das Licht leuchtet aus Unterschiedlichkeit. Unterscheidung stärkt das Sternlicht — Philemon erlebt sich höher. Sein Haupt steht im Lodernden Feuer. Es brennt aufwärts zum ewigen Feuer-himmel. — Was ist es? Es hebt ein Gewicht auf mir — eine Schwere? Ist Dein Körper belastet? Ich im Fuß in ihm? Ich sehe — Du hast Dein Opfer nicht erfüllt. Es soll erfüllt werden."

7 Oct. 1917. Meine Seele, Dir Opfer wird gebracht. Die Willigkeit ist bejaht. Die Unterwerfung hat stattgefunden.

S „Ja, ich sehe und ich nehme an. Du hast es gethan, was gefordert war und Du wirst thun, was nachgefordert ist. Gehe den Weg, ohne zu zweifeln. Jeder Weg, der sich aufthut — nach Deinem Vermögen."

Doch nun, was war es? Es stand Einer da Nachts in der Ecke, was wollte er und wer war es?

S. „Ein finsterer Geist, ein Geist der Zerstörung, ein Satans-hexenmeister, ein Künstler der schwarzen Magie."

Wie ist sein Name?

S. Lies den Namen. Er kann Dir ja erscheinen, wenn er will. Es genüge sein Gegenwart — satis enim genug.

J. Was will er? Was bringt er?

S. „Wohl Verfolgerkunst — du Hornloser."

J. Noch nicht genug?

S. „Das Lichtwerk ist genug."

J. So lass ihn ruhen.

S. zu Ha. (Mutterbruder.) Höre, Finsterer Sohn der alten Erde, Enkel der Mutterschlammes, ich rufe Dich. Komm zum Licht des Tages.

Ha. Hier bin ich — meinigkeiten sehr schwell nicht? Bin wohl wöthig — Philemon, mein Sohn ist wohl zu erbarmen. Soll ich helfen? Was fehlt Ihn?

S. Entweiche von Belehrung. Du warest der, der zuerst kam. Wir rufen Dich nicht.

Ha. Nun — Du bist komisch. Was willst Du denn.

S. Ich will nichts von Dir, Du bist zu schwarz, zu mitternächtig, zu grauvoll erdhaft. Aber Du willst von uns — gehöre!

Ha. Schafft das unfruchtbar Tagesheil weg — erblendet.

S. Das ein gerade reicht. Wir wollen nicht von Dir totgeschlagen werden. Deine Art ist tödlich. Sprich, was willst Du?

Ha. Ich will — ja willst Du es wissen? Ich will erzwingen, ja erzwingen. Gefällt Dir das? Einen Menschen will ich erzwingen.

S. So, warest Du der, der sich im schwarzen Affenberg, der Da Kerulesen-Tatem wollte.

Ha. Nein, ihr nahmt mir den Affen weg — mit euerm verfluchten Opfern. Oder ihr verjagt mich. Mich fand euer Zauber nicht. Erzittert Kraftkrieger ich bin da, ich will erzwingen.

S. Du weißt, Edler, dass Du uns nicht hindern kannst. Wir sind nicht gebrechlich, Du finster Chorin. Und weil Du das weißt, so kommst Du ohne Forderung, ohne Willen, ohne Macht, nur mit einer Bitte. Es brennt Dich etwas. Soll ich Dir sagen, was? Das Gottkorn, das Dir ins Auge fiel. Darum willst Du Macht, das war's nicht nicht. Ja, winde Dich nur, alter Lügner und Täuscher. Deine Drohung ist machtlos. Du zitterst, man möge Dich gnädigst vom Gottkorn erlösen. Sage mal, das ist doch Dein Wahnsinn?

Ha. Das Wahnsinn? Verfluchte! Ich nehme euch das Gott. Holt es, wenn es euch gefällt.

S. Du lügst. Du siehst mit Augen. Du hast Dir das Goldkorn vor Augen, weil du alles begehrst, das es bringt Dir und nur zu genau wissen Du es. Darum kommst Du, um zu bitten. Bitte höflich, das wir Dir es borgen, es uns zurückzugeben.

Ha. Ich schimpfe Quälgeist, holt es selber.

S. Wir holen es nicht.

Ha. Ich kann es nicht herausziehen.

S. So stieg Dich an.

Ha. Schwinde, Lumpen, Teufel — es geht nicht. Hab ich keine Erbarmen. Wir wollen auch leben.

S. Wir können nicht leben, ohne nicht auf unsere Kosten.

Ha. Höre Schwarze, du bist doch auch von unserer Art. Etwas rund, etwas stark — gefällt Dir das nicht? Etwas mehr Finsternis, etwas Abgrund — Packt Dich das nicht? Warum denn so weit oben — etwas unten ist es wärmer.

S. Lass Deine Geschichte — das Goldkorn kennt Dich ja, also heraus zur Sache.

Ha. Ich kann nicht — nicht so laut — es hört sonst.

S. Es sollen hören — was scheert Dich das?

Ha. Es mag der Schmutz nicht. Sein Goldkorn liegt in der Schmutz, den ich von Allem Liebe, der Mist, der bin ich, der Vater der Scarabaeus. Alle Scarabaeen wissen in mir — allein ihre Nahrung und mütterliche Umhegung.

S. Ich weiß, das ist Deine Geschichte, doch kennt Dich das Goldkorn, das nicht halten selbst und kannst.

Ha. Versuche Dich näher zu mir — du wirst den Schmutz riechen, du wirst ihn atmen. Du kannst ja nachher Deine Hände in Unschuld waschen.

S. Ich will nicht.

Ha. Du willst doch auch das Goldkorn? Gehört es denn nicht zu euch? Du weißt doch, es ist der Keim des Scarabaeus, sein Ei, das auch so Kostbar ist.

S. Wir können warten, bis es Dich genügend gebraucht hat. Du bist geschwätzig, als das man sich an Dich hochmütig machte.

Ha. So fors Schmutzhunde. Was will ich geben, damit in das Goldkorn wiederkehrt?

S. Wir wollen Deine Wissenschaft.

Ha. Nein, das nicht — unter keinen ~~Bedingungen~~ Bedingungen.

S. Eben grade das. Also lass Dich bremen, wenn Du nicht willst.

Ha. So hört doch! Was wollt ihr von meiner Wissenschaft?

S. Wir wollen wissen über Philemon hinaus. Es ist Dein Sohn, und Du wirst um einen Deinen verzehrenden Enkel. Er sitzt in Deinen Augen, der heilige Scarabaeus. Du nicht ihn und Du nichts um ihn.

Ha. Verflucht — ehrgeiziges Ding soll mich sein — warten, bald an — ich will nicht —

S. Wir warten. Es kennt Dich ja.

Ha. Du Teufelsweib, hör auf zu quälen. Philemon soll essen.

S. Aber Du kannst statt seiner, denn Du wirst der Geheimnis, spuck es aus. Dann bist Du erlassen.

Ha. Kara — kere — krama — kras — tel — kam — kea — Du gekartet vom vielblättrigen Baum — Du gelbe Frucht — sehst Du verlassen, dunkelschwere, kostbaren — Dein Auge, frischkhaven? Hast Du gehütet die Zauberzeichen, die vielfältigen und verworrenen, die Anrufungen? Hole das Buch, bis ich laut, rufe an, das er komme. Tut das, das ~~kost~~ locket den brennenden Keim.

S. (zu mir) Lies die Inkantationen!

Ha. Oh — wie es brennt — wie kein Wehen, wie höllischer Schmerz. Gebt Wasser — Quält das ewige Feuer — Ein Messer her das Reich Brand — blutig ausschneidet. Ein Meisel und ein Hammer — schlagt zu, das das glühende Korn herausspritze — noch nicht genug. Berühret mich, berühret mich — ihr müsst an meine Seel thiilnehmen — wir kann es anders sein? Geheimnis um mich. Tausendschwarze Mantel

um eure Erlösungsthat — ich wehe euch undurchdringliches Geheimniss — ich sind geschützt —

S. Welcher Gedanke! Er ist zum Ersticken.

Ha. Ich bin unerträglich — eine hilfsbedürftige Hand, ich flehe euch an.

S. Geduld, wenn hier Alles so dunkel und gegeben hast Du nichts, aber gebettelt.

Ha. Ich weiss nichts über Philemon hinaus. Er ist ja kein Mensch — was scheint er dann dem Menschen? Ich bin auch kein Mensch — ich bin blos ein Rest.

S. Was sagst Du? Sieh es heraus.

Ha. Der Rest ist nicht schmackhaft. Der Rest stinkt zur Ehre Gottes. Verfluchte alle Götter! Welche Qual!

S. Komm zu Dir selbst und lass die Götter aus dem Spiel.

Ha. Ja zu mir selbst — sein, ja — aber es regen — ich könnte mich erwürgen.

S. Du würdest es nicht einmal versuchen können.

Ha. Warum geben mich meine Mutter — aus einem Stein heraus gebrochen — kennst Du das lächerliche Gebilde, das sich meine Mutter nennt — einen Pfahl, einen spitzen Block, einen Kegel könnte man's nennen. Schön ist's, es ist ohne spitz und unten ganz rund und auf allen Seiten ebenmässig glatt. Aus der Spitze aber kriecht heraus. Sie kann nicht lachen und nicht weinen und ist ganz wie harter Stein. Auf der Erde steht, ein Mal, ein Zeichen, dass der unbeholfene Erde ein Gesetz aufgeprägt ist, dass Alles regelmässig sein müsse, Alles gerade oder kreisförmig. Alles kann das alte Feuer wegschmelzen und wegbrennen, aber das schwere Mutterstein schmolz nie ab und sich immer gebildet hatte. Ich fürchte, ich stehe im Schatten, hellleuchtend Spitze

auf Spitze. Das kam wohl meinem Vater aus, das Feuer. Ich kenne meinen Vater, dem ich doch sofort dienen muss. Wer anders verändert und fort nimmt das stille gerade und kreisförmige Werk meiner Mutter als ich, der ich das Feuer meines Vaters erbte? Ich liebe Alles Regelmässige, weil ich meine Mutter liebe und immer störe ich es selber. Ach, wie es mich kränkt und beängstigt, wenn ich wo was Gerades und Regelmässiges sehe. Dort muss ich sein und es stören, doch wenigstens etwas stören, es nicht mich das Gerade aus der Richtung zu bringen. Etwas durchkreuzen mit einem krummen Strich, etwas schnell schief machen — ich kann's nicht lassen. Warum soll denn der Kegel, den meine Vater wohl warm gerade mit seiner Spitze die Spitze meiner Mutter berühren? Etwas schief genug doch auch. Darum legt ich ein Sandkorn dazwischen, das die Mutter nicht zerreiben kann und das das Feuer meines Vaters nicht schmelzen kann. Beglückten fand sich auf Erden nicht, ich fings abrauf als es von den Sternen herunterfiel. Das war gutes Stoff, der immerfort stört — ich wollte es nicht laut sagen — es ist der Mensch. Er sollte es nicht wissen, dass er zwischen zwei Kegelspitzen liegt, die sich treffen wollen. Er will sich immer wieder machen und zerreibt sich selbst stumm, der Narr, anstatt dass er sich hart macht und feuerfest. Er will immer aus der Presse heraus, bald zur Erde, bald zum Himmel. Er kann ja nicht, er ist gefangen und wenn er klug wäre, so wäre er hart und feuerfest. Er wäre wie ein Krystall, aber ich störe ihn auch, denn ich weiss wie man ihn unregelmässig macht. Das ist mein Geheimniss. Das kriegt ihr nicht, ihr wirst genug.

S. Nicht genug — auch dein Geheimniss muss heraus.

Ha. Halt ein, ich lass mich nicht ausrauben.

S. Er kennt Dich ja. Lass es los.

Ha. Ihr könnt's ja nicht verstehen, trotzdem ihr's schon aus

rahet. Es sind Di Runen. Du kennst ihn. Du sind mein
werk, meine Wissenschaft.

S. Das ist es, was ich will. Du musst Du mir lehren.

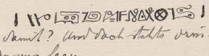
Ha. Nein, nie und nimmer.

S. Schwerte. Anders wirst Du nicht erlöst.

Ha. Du Teufel, warum soll es sein? Die Runen gehören
mir und sonst Niemand. Ich sind zu dumm. Ich allein
versteh sie. Ja, wenn Du es verhindert! Ich geh's nicht
los, nie und nimmer.

S. Bennst Dich Du Herr?

Ha. Ich kann's nicht leugnen. Aber Di Runen? Ihr könnt
sie doch nicht brauchen. Zu schmutzig – gescheite Wissen-
schaft für euch! Schmeal Di, Dein Teufel:



Wer weiß Du damit? Und das stehe drin!!

S. Du sollst Du mir lesen.

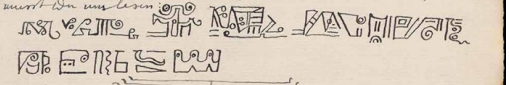
Ha. Wenn ich's? Ich kann es nicht. Soll ich's? Ihr glaubt
es ja nicht. Schau doch, Di zwei Kleinen führen zum Runden,
Ein gerades steht an der Brücke und macht einen Schritt abwärts,
und kriecht als Schlange über zwei Sonnen. Es geht dann gleich
herunter und ringelt sich auf, macht dann ~~ohne~~ Kegelrand und
hat Di Sonne im Bauch. Das ist gewinnel unterschieden, weils
richtig ist und Schinter ist ein gerader Halt. Dann kriecht
es zur Krone aus und möchte fortstehen, gerade und Di zwei Sonnen
an sich ziehen. Das Di schmutzig, nicht? Aber der untere Kegel
hat Di dunkle Sonne im Bauch und darüber entsteht noch Einer
Weg ein Rad, das das Kreuz in sich trägt, es würde fortstehen
und doch die Schlangenweg um die zwei Sonnen nehmen.
Da so hörtes.

S. Erkläre – das ist unverständlich!

Ha. Es fehlt euch an Schmutz, Euer Verstand hat keinen
Mist in sich. Die zwei schlagen mit dach ich selbst.
Das Rund ist Di Sonne. Der Eine hat Di Sonne, der andere
nicht. Darum sind ihr ~~nicht~~ gleich. Es muss aber Einer sein, der steht
dann gerade und geht über Di Brücke, lässt aber Di zwei Sonnen

hinten sich und wird gerade. Darum muss es ja wieder kommen und sich aufringeln,
denn hat es Di Sonne im Bauch des oberen Kegels. Es will sich dann aufhellen,
aber besonders schon noch nach hinten Sonne. Aber Di andere Sonne ist
dunkel im Bauche des unteren Kegels. Selbst ich, der das, der sich entsetzt,
selber Di Sonne als Kopf hat und als Rad. Ganz Di Sonne ist und gerade
der Schlangenweg geht und es ist ohne nicht umhergeraten, sondern ein
kleines Schwänzchen aufwärts – das ist lustig! Hast ihn es gelesen?

S. Das ist etwas. Du hast mir sehr früher schon Runen geschickt.
Du musst Du mir lesen:

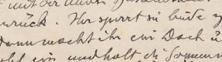


Ha. Verflucht, ihr macht mich denken. Aber ich bin nicht
dumm – ich bin viel klüger als ihr.
Seht Di zwei mit den verschiedenen Füssen, ein Kopfuss und ein
Sonnenfuss – Di langen nach dem oberen Kegel und haben Di Sonne
drin, aber ich habe mein krummen Strich gemacht zur anderen Sonne.
Darum muss einer herunterlangen. Der wird kommt Di obere
Sonne aus dem Kegel heraus und der Kegel schaut nach ihr, bis sie
wieder wohl drinsitzt. Man muss sie mit dem Haken wieder holen
und sie in das Alraune Gefängnis thun. Darum müssen 3 zusammen
stehen, sich verbinden und zusammen ohne sich aufringeln (concave)
damit bekommen sie die Sonne wieder aus dem Gefängnis heraus.
Jetzt macht ihr einen Sieben Boden und ein Dach, wo ohne Di Sonne
nehmen sitzt. Ein Haus drinn ist ohne Di andere Sonne auch herausgekommen.
Darum sind ihr oben auch aufgeringelt und hat unten wieder ein
Dachhaus Gefängnis gemacht, wo damit die obere Sonne da nicht
drin geräth. Denn die beiden Sonnen wollen immer zueinander – ich
habe ja gesagt – Di beiden Kegel – für hat eine Sonne. Ihr wollt sie
zusammenkommen lassen, weil ihr denn meint, ihr könntet
so eins sein. Ihr habt jetzt beide Sonnen heraufgeholt und zueinander
gebracht und mit ohne wach der andern Seite zu. Das ist wichtig (=)
Darum hat es ein einfach 2 Sonnen unten, darum meint ihr zum
unteren Kegel. Denn thut ihr Di Sonnen dort zusammen, aber
in der Mitte, nicht oben und nicht unten, darum hat's nicht 4.

sondern 2, ein die obere Kegel ist unten und oben ist ein Dickes
Dach und wenn ihr weitergehen wollt, so schreit ihr euch mit Armen
Armen zurück. Unten aber habt ihr ein Gefängnis für Zwei, für
euch beide. Darum macht ihr ein Gefängnis für die untere Sonne
und fallt nach der Anderen Seite ein, um die untere Sonne aus dem
Gefängnis herauszuholen. Dieser schreit ihr euch zurück, und
der obere Kegel kommt und macht eine Brücke zum unteren, nimmt
seine Sonne, die ihm vorher weggelaufen ist, wieder in sich und schon kommen
die unteren Kegel die Morgenwolken, seine Sonne ist ebenso wie ein Strich, un-
sichtbar (Horizont.) Nun seid ihr Eins und fragt, was ihr die Sonne
oberhalb und schreit euch nach oben zu ihr. Aber ihr seid gefangen im
Gefängnis der unteren Sonne, die ihm aufgeht. Da giebt's einen Streit.
Nun macht ihr aber einen Viereckiges, das wenn ihr Zuhause, ein Gefängnis
ohne Thür mit dicken Mauern, damit die obere Sonne nicht fortgeht, aber
der Kegel ist schon weg. Ihr legt euch nach der anderen Seite um, schreit
euch unten und zwingelt euch unten auf. Dann seid ihr eins und macht
die Schlangenweg zwischen den Sonnen — das ist heiter. (=) und wichtig (=)
Weil aber unten heiter war, so ist ihnen ein Dach und ihr wirft mit
Steinen Armen den Thaken in die Höhe hoch, damit das Dach geht.
Dann ist die Sonne unten frei und ein Gefängnis oben. Ihr schaut
nach unten, aber die obere Sonne schaut nach euch. Ihr fällt aber
gerade zu zweit und hält die Schlange von euch abgetrennt — es
ist euch wohl verleidet. Darum macht ihr ein Gefängnis für
das untere. Umfährt die Schlange für sich durch den Himmel über
die Erde. Ihr gerathet ganz auseinander, die Schlange ringelt
sich durch den Himmel um alle Sterne weit über der Erde.
Unten steht: Dein Wirkliches gebrauch die Mutter.

Seid ihr zufrieden.

L. Nachwicht. Wir haben noch andere Zeichen, die du lesen
sollst:

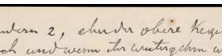


(vom 27 IX 17.)

Ha: Da habt ihr den unteren Kegel wieder und wollt die obere Sonne wieder
mit der unteren Zusammenbringen, dann schreit ihr euch, aber
zurück. Ihr spurt wie Brüte zusammen und schreit euch zurück.
Dann macht ihr ein Dach über den unteren Kegel, sperrt ihn
wohl ein und hält die Sonnenwirkungen und bringt sie wieder
ganz zusammen und damit seid ihr selbst verdoppelt, die h- anstatt

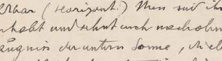
1 wird ihr 4 und gespalten.

(4 IX 17.)



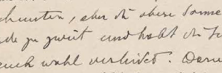
Darum nun holt die Sonne wieder heraus holen
und gar nach unten und darauf wächst euch die Schlange nach oben.
Ihr erhebt euch über den Strich der Erde und fallt um. Darum nehmt
euch euch schnell nach unten und wollt unten heraufholen, weil ihr
am oberen Strich hängt. Aber Ihr wollt Eins sein und gerade stehen.
Darum macht ihr einen Strich in der Mitte, geht auf der Erde und
dann in die Höhe und geht am Himmel. Und wie ihr so geht,
so kriecht auch die Schlange über alle Sterne entgegen. Ihr seid
eins, ihr hattet mit einer Hand die Schlange am Schwanz
und mit der anderen hattet ihr das Gestirn. Beide singe-
trennt. So steht ihr gerade.

(vom 9 IX 17.)



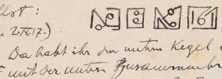
und da ihr so steht, so macht euch
ein Buckel auf der anderen Seite, dann
ihr hieltet zurück (nach unten.) Nun macht ihr ein grosses
Gefängnis unten, wohl für die Sterne und eine Wege oben, wohl
für die Schlange. Ihr drückt den Deckel auf das Gefängnis (=)
Da hält ihr aber auchem Gefängnis oben und die Sonne, die
eins ist, schaut nach euch. Eins von euch ist trotzig und unten
eingesperrt, die Sonne hat eines Schlangenschwanz und
ist die Schlange selber, und das Andere schreit nicht ohne und ist
sehnsüchtig darüber. Da trotzt der Unten und die Sehnsucht
der oberen kommen zusammen, doch oben und Beide unten,
und ihr seid wieder eins.

(10 IX 17.)



oder, wenn ihr den Deckel nach vor-
wärts hinunterhalt, so macht ihr
unten eine Brücke und geht von der Mitte aus nach oben und
nach unten, oder ihr kommt oben unten, zerspaltet die Sonne
wieder und kriecht wie die Schlange über die obere und empfängt
die untere, Ihr nehmet das mit 7 was ihr erfahren habt und
geht nach vorwärts zu etwas Neuem.

(5 IX 17.)



Die Schlange kriecht unten
und oben ist die Sonne ein-
gesperrt, das Gefängnis ist nach rückwärts offen und darum kriecht die Schlange
vorwärts und steigt auf und wird gerade, weil ihr beide oben seid. Nun nehmt
ihr die Sonne zusammen und drückt sie wieder unten in die Mitte, darum

spalten, das gefällt euch nicht, darum wendet ihr euch nach dem
und erwartet etwas anderes und mit dem eins. Ihr holt oben vom an-
dern getrennt. Da kommt der obere Kegel herunter und zieht die Sonne an sich
heran und ihr kriecht dann unten mit großer Sehnsucht empor und seid
eins. Da wird der obere Kegel stark, denn er hat ein Junges, aber ihr nimmt
einen Schutz gegen ihn und macht ihn klein zu machen, darum ringelt
ihr euch nach unten auf. Das gefällt euch und ihr kommt nicht gut dazu
Ist, darum wirst ihr eine Brücke machen zum Emissein und nach
dem zu schauen. Dann kommt der große Eunuch und bittet
der Schlange weg zu gehen zur Sonne und bittet zurück – das
ist schön und richtig. Ihr kommt nicht dorthin, aber die
Sonne kommt und zieht eure Sonne nach dem, aber unten. Ihr
sehnt euch aber nur um soviel heftiger zurück, aber ihr macht doppelt
deshalb wirst ihr eins werden, ohne ~~oben~~ und unten trennen und
eine oben zu unten gehen. Da seid ihr abgetrennt und macht
eine Brücke zwischen euch machen. Dann kommt der obere
Kegel wieder ganz nach unten, daraus ist ohne ein Strich drüber
und drängt euch unten weg, darum läuft eins nach dem.

(5 Tr. 17. No 2.)

Da sind ihr nun ohne Eins geworden, der obere Kegel kommt und holt sich
seine Sonne, verschluckt sie und verläßt. Ihr fallt um und steht
unten. Ihr macht hinten ein großes Gefängnis für die zwei Sonnen
oder für euch Beide und für einen Dritten, da kommt aber das
obere Feuer mächtig herunter und bricht den unteren Kegel heraus.
Das zieht auch zurück und doch schutzt ihr euch weg nach dem,
nämlich nach der Schlange, die ~~ihr~~ euch immer so gut gefallen hat –
Wegen des unteren Kegels schutzt ihr euch nach der Schlange oben, sie
kriecht auf einmal über die untere Sonne weg, die in Verbindung
mit der Erde steht. Aber ihr müßt weiter schauen. Das Obere muß
herunter und das untere herauf und doch getrennt sein. Da
zieht der obere Kegel seine Sonne heraus. Nach euch rück-
wärts nach der unteren Sonne, die ist aber unter dem Boden. Weil
sie zurückschaut, macht euch ein Buckel nach vorne. Ihr
macht unten einen festen Boden und singt euch darin in
der Mitte auf.

(11 Tr. 17.) ~~Schlt nach~~

Da: noch nicht genug! Ihr könnt's doch jetzt endlich einmal verstehen.
Jetzt macht ihr doch eine Brücke zwischen euch und da eine schaut
sich nach unten. Da kriecht aber die Schlange oben und holt sich die
Sonne herauf. Dann geht ihr Bink oben und wollt nach dem (→), aber
die Sonne ist unten und vermacht euch herunterzuziehen. Ihr macht
aber einen Strich über dem Unten und schutzt euch oben und seid
ganz eins dran. Da kommt die Schlange und will aus dem Gefäß
~~dem~~ des unteren trinken. Da kommt aber der obere Kegel und hält an.
Ohne weiteren geht das Sehnen gleich der Schlange nach vornaus
und machen schutzt ihr euch sehr (–) zurück. Aber die un-
tere Sonne zieht und so kommt ihr wieder zum Gleichgewicht.
Aber ~~Bald~~ fallt ihr um nach hinten, denn Eines hat nach
der oben Sonne gesehnt. Das Andere will nicht und so
fallt ihr auseinander, müßt euch darum 3 mal zusammen
binden. Dann steht ihr wintergrade und hält beide Sonnen
von Euch weg wie sie Eure Augen wären, ~~Da~~ ihr das Licht
des oberen und des Unteren von Euch und ihr streckt die Brust
durch, und ihr kommt zu eins zusammen und weißt
die beiden Sonnen trennen und schutzt euch ein wenig zurück
nach der unteren und greift darauf nach der oben. Aber
der untere Kegel hat, weil die Sonnen so nahe waren, den
obere Kegel in sich verschluckt. Darum thut ihr den oben
Kegel wieder hinauf und weil der unten dann wollt machen
da ist, so wollt ihr ihn wieder heraufholen und habt eine
lange Sehnsucht nach dem unteren Kegel zurück, wäh-
rend oben leer ist, weil die Sonne ohne Kopf, Füßen unsichtbar
ist. Weil ihr so lange zurück und nach unten gesehnt habt,
so kommt der obere Kegel herunter und verschluckt die
obere sichtbare Sonne in sich zu fangen. Da geht der

Schlangenweg ganz oben, die wird gespalten und Alles unten ist unter dem Boden. Ihr schaut euch unten nach oben, aber plötzlich kommt Sie unten schnell wie eine Schlange, und ich macht ein Gefängnis über ihr. Da kommt sehr der untere Kegel heraus, sie schaut ganz unten und Sie sind die; wie Sonne plötzlich wieder Sie, nahe beisammen. Ihr schaut euch danach zurück und kommt ins Gefängnis eingesperrt denn trotzdem der Eine und der andere schaut noch nach unten. Das Gefängnis geht auf, der Eine schaut nachher nach unten, der Trotzige oben schaut oben und ist nicht nachtrotzig, sondern verlangt nach dem Kommenden. Da kommt es: unten geht die Sonne auf, sie ist oben eingesperrt und oben sind 3 Türkästen gemacht für Euch zwei und die obere Sonne, die ihr erwartet, weil ich sie unten eingesperrt halt. Da kommt nun der obere Kegel mächtig herunter und taumelnd entgegen und verschlingt den unteren Kegel. Das geht nicht. Darum stellt ihr die Kegel Spitze auf Spitze und richtet euch auf nach Dame in die Mitte. Denn so könnt ihr doch nicht laufen. Also muss es anders kommen. Der Eine sucht es nach unten, der Andere nach oben; denn das meint ich mit Anstrengung, denn, wenn die Kegel mit der Spitze auf einander kommen, so dass sind sie geschieht mehr aneinander zu bringen — darum habe ich ja das harte Korn dazwischengelegt. Spitze auf Spitze, das wäre ja zu schön regelmässig. Das gefällt Vater und Mutter, aber wo bleibe ich? und mein Korn? Darum schnell anders! Man macht eine Brücke zwischen euch beiden, sperrt die untere Sonne wieder ein, der eine schaut ich zurück nach oben und unten, der Andere aber Einander stark nach Vorwärts, oben und unten. Ja kann die Entwicklung werden — sehst, wie ich es jetzt schon gut sagen kann — ja ich bin klug — klüger als Du — da Du nun Alles sorgfältig wie die Hand gewonnen hast, so kriegst ich auch alles schon unter Dach und ins Haus hinein, die Schlange,

und die Kisten Sonnen. Das ist immer am lustigsten. Aber ihr seid getrennt und weil ihr den Strick ohne gemacht hatt, so ist die Schlange mit den Sonnen zu weit unten. Das kommt daher, weil ich vorher euch zwei unten aufgerichtet hatt. Aber ihr kommt zusammen und ihr rennt und stellt gerade, weil es gut und lustig und wohlangethan ist und so auf: so wird es Abend. Da kommt durchaus der obere Kegel herunter, weil er sich eingesperrt fühlte, die ihr oben unten, die Grenze gemacht habt. Der oberste Kegel langt gleich nach seiner Sonne — es ist aber wiederum eine Sonne mehr und die Schlange springt auch heraus, um die Sonnen zu fangen. Ihr fallt um, und Einer von Euch wird vom unteren Kegel gefressen. Mit Hilfe des oberen Kegels holt ihr ihn heraus und geht da für den unteren Kegel zur Sonne und dem oberen Kegel auch. Ihr legt euch nieder wie der Einäugige, der am Himmel wandert und haltet die Kegel unten euch — aber am Ende geht die Sache doch schief. Ihr lasst die Kegel und die Sonnen überhaupt gehen und steht jeemander und wollt dasselbe das Gleiche. Am schlimm kommt ich hinein, euch dreifach an den ohne herunter kommenden oberen Kegel zu binden.

Ich höre Ha-Ha-Ha — ein lustiger Name — ich bin klug — schlau doch, mein letztes Buchen, das ist doch die Zauberei des weisen Mannes, der in den grossen Zauberhäusern wohnt, die Zauberei, die ich Christenthum nennt. Euer Medicinmann sagte es doch selbst: „Ich und der Vater sind Eins, niemand kommt zum Vater denn durch mich.“ Ich hab' euch ja gesagt, der obere Kegel ist der Vater. Er hat sich 3 fach an ihn gebunden und steht zwischen dem Anderen und dem Vater. Darum muss der andere ja durch ihn hindurchgehen, wenn er zum Kegel will.

Ja. Meine Seele – was für ein wunderliches, wonnetoues Lied – welche Märchen – welche Zauberspiele aus weiten Welten und Vergangenheiten sang in? Was ist Dir? Bist Du eingeschläfert ~~geschwärzt~~ oder trunken gemacht durch Schlangengift? Bist Du krank? – Sprich!

S. Schalk des Gottkorns – der Gedanke der ewigen Fäulnis hat auch betäubt – ich bin krank an Ekelheit. Ha – höre – verfluchter Ha – Ha, gehe zurück in Dein eignes Echo – Ha – Ha – Ha!

(zu mir) Sein Name bannt ihn. Glücklicherweise verdreht ihn sein Name der Spiel. ~~Ich~~ Doch, ich sehe Philemon, den gütigen Weisen –

Phil: Hört ihn, wer er sprach? Wißt ihr, daß das die Wahrheit ist – ~~wem~~ von hinten lischen? Hört es ist die Wahrheit. So höret nun die Lehre und den Gesang von der andern Seite der Wahrheit.

Phanes ist er der Gott, der Leuchtende den Wesen entsteigt,
Phanes ist das Lächeln der Morgenröte.
Phanes ist der strahlende Tag.
Er ist der ewige vergängliche Heute.
Er ist das Rauschen der Ströme.
Er ist das Tosen des Windes.
Er ist Hunger und Sättigung.
Er ist Liebe und Lust.
Er ist Trauer und Tröstung.
Er ist Verheißung und Erfüllung.
Er ist das Licht, das die Dunkelheiten

erleuchtet.
Er ist der ewige Tag.
Er ist das Silberlicht des Mondes.
Er ist das Flimmern der Sterne.
Er ist der fallende Stern, der aufleuchtet und schnell wieder erlischt.
Er ist der Strom der Fallsterne, der jährlich wiederkehrt.
Er ist Sonne und Mond, die wiederkehren.
Er ist der Schwiegstern, der Krug bringt und edlen Wein.
Er ist das Gute und die Fülle des Lebens.
Er erfüllt die Sinnen mit lebenswallenden Entzücken.
Er ist Umarmung und das Flüstern der Liebe.
Er ist die Wärme der Freundschaft.
Er ist die Hoffnung, welche das Leere belebt.
Er ist die Herrlichkeit allerneuten Sonnen.
Er ist die Freude über jede Geburt.
Er ist das Leuchten der Blumen.
Er ist der Saum des Schmetterlingsflügels.
Er ist der Duft der blühenden Gärten, der die Nächte erfüllt.
Er ist der Gesang der Freude.
Er ist der Bauer des Lichtes.
Er ist jede Vollendung, jedes Besermachen.
Er ist Alles, was wohlklingt.
Er ist das Ebenmaß.
Er ist die richtige Zahl.
Er ist das Versprechen des Lebens.
Er ist der Vertrag und das richtige Gelöbnis.

Er ist die Vielfältigkeit der Töne und Farben.
Er ist die Heiligung des Morgens, des Mittags und des Abends.
Er ist der Gütige und der Milde.
Er ist die Erlösung.

(Nach diesen Lobsprüchen erhob sich Philemon in der Thür der Glanzes und erhob seine Augen und schaute das Licht der ewigen Gegenwart. Und nach einer Weile er-
1587. hob er sich und sprach:

„Wahrlich, Phanes ist der glückliche Tag."

Und er setzte sich wiederum und verharrte in Betrachtung. Und nach einer kurzen Zeit erhob er, erhob er sich zum dritten Male und sprach:

„Wahrlich, Phanes ist die arbeitsreiche Vollendung und ihr Lohn."

Er ist die mühevolle That und die Ruhe des Abends.
Er ist der Schritt auf dem mittleren Wege, er ist sein Anfang und sein Ende.
~~Phanes~~ Er ist das Vorausschauen.
Er ist das Ende der Angst.
Er ist die spriessende Saat, die Knospe, die sich öffnet.
Er ist das Thor des Empfangens, die Aufnahme und das Mitleiden.
Er ist die Quelle in der Wüste.
Er ist der sichere Hafen in der Nacht des Sturmes.
Er ist die Zuversicht in der Vergweiflung.
Er ist das Fest in der Aufregung.
Er ist die Befreiung aus der Gefangenschaft.

Er ist Rath und Kraft im Vorwärtsschreiten.
Er ist der Freund der Menschen, das Licht, das von ihm ausgeht, der helle Schein, den der Mensch auf seinen Weg schaut.
Er ist die Grösse der Menschen, sein Werth und sein Kraft.

S. Liebender, erbarme Dich unser! Und der Mensch?

Phil. Der Mensch ist sein Bestes. Darum saget den Menschen:

Seid selig in eurer Armuth, seid friedfertig und sanftmüthig, seid barmherzig, ertraget Schmähung und Verfolgung, denn ein Licht leuchtet vor euch, das euch nicht im ~~Verborgenen~~ Dunkeln lässt.

Wenn ihr fastet, so sprechet nicht: wir fasten nicht, sondern seid eingedenk eurer Armuth und versöhnet euch bald.

Seid ~~keinem Feind~~ keinem Feind, sonst entzweit ihr euch mit euch selbst. Eure Armuth aber ist größer als das ihr meines sein könntet mit euch selbst.

Sprechet nicht: wir lieben unsern Feind. Bei Eurer Armuth wäre dies eine Verschwendung. Liebt Euern Feind allein, damit seine Feindseligkeit sich selbst auffresse.

Wollet nicht vollkommen sein wie die Götter, sondern nehmet euch eurer Armuth und Blöße an, damit nicht das Unvollkommene und Schwache ~~auch~~ an euch ganz verderbe. Eure Vollkommenheit wäre

Ekel und ungerechte Bürde für einen Nächsten.

Vielmehr denkt daran eure Armuth selbst zu tragen, als den Nächsten mit dem Scheine eurer Vollkommenheit zu belasten.

Vergeudet nicht eurer Armuth Almosen zu geben.

Wenn ihr aber betet, so betet nicht die Gottheit an, sondern wollet, dass die Herrlichkeit Gottes sich vollende, dass sein in euch gelegtes Gesetz sich erfülle, ~~und~~, dass ihr in Bescheidenheit eure Armuth ertragen möget, damit das Licht, das die Dunkelheiten eures Wesens ~~erhellt~~ erleuchtet, desto heller strahlen möge.

Wollet, wenn ihr betet, dass der Nothwendige sich erfülle, nicht was ihr für nothwendig haltet, sondern was unvermeidlich ist eure nähere Stätte zu wollen erträgt eure Armuth nicht.

Niemand kann einem Herren dienen, sondern jeder Diene sich selbst, denn ~~was~~ seiner Armuth nöthig bedarf er der Hülfe. Der Reiche bedarf keiner Hülfe.

Darum sage ich euch: sorget für euer Leben, was ihr essen und trinken werdet, auch für euren Leib, was ihr anziehen werdet. Ist nicht die Speise unwichtig wie das Leben? Und bedarf nicht euer Leib auch der Kleidung? ~~Und~~ Soll nicht euer Leib auch gesund sein und euer Leben gerichtet, wodurch nicht euren Brüdern eine Bürde werdet. Sind sie nicht auch arm wie ihr? Sehet die Vögel unter dem Himmel an: Tragen sie nicht mit Fleiß zu ihrem Schutze? Bauen sie nicht warme Nester? Suchen sie nicht mit Geschick und Fleiß ihre Nahrung?

Habt ihr ihnen gesehen, dass ein Rabe den andern füttert? Darum Mensch eurem Leibe, dem geduldigen Knecht, damit er gesund bleibe. ~~Dieser~~ Euerer Seele, dem anmassenden Diener, damit alle falsche Göttlichkeit und Unvernünftigkeit von ihr abfalle, damit ihr Gott schauen möget.

Es wird euch nichts gefallen, das ihr nicht mit ehrlicher Mühe erworben habt. Thut Busse für jede unverdiente Gabe, die euch der Himmel gekommen läßt, damit ihr euch nicht mit Göttlichkeit verunreinigt.

Sorget für den andern Morgen, denn der morgende Tag wird genug Plagen haben.

Ihr Heuchler, zieht den Balken aus euerm Auge und erzählt bei euer Bruder euch bittet, ihn vom Splitter in seinem Auge zu befreien. Wenn euer Bruder aber den Splitter in seinem Auge hält, was habt ihr euch darein zu mischen?

Gewiss sollt ihr das Heiligthum nicht den Hunden geben und die Perle nicht vor die Säue werfen, aber sind denn euere Brüder und Schwestern Hunde und Säue?

Bittet, aber lieget nicht an, klopfet an, aber seid nicht aufdringlich; es ist nicht sicher, ob ihr empfangen werdet, denn euere Brüder sind arm und ihr sollt sie nicht zur Verabscheuung reizen. Geiz aber verzehrt sich selbst, und die Erbarmlichkeit geht euch nicht.

Gehet den Weg eures inneren Gesetzes unter Beobachtung des äusseren Gesetzes der Liebe. Dieser mittlere Weg ist Goldschmuck, Bad Braut. Wer diesen Weg nicht geht

hat die Verdammniss im Herzen.

An den Früchten mögt ihr die Fruchtbaren erkennen, den Unfruchtbaren abschenken, dass sie der Welt eine Missgeburt erspart haben.

Wo das Gesetz der inneren Nothwendigkeit erfüllt, da hat das Reich der Himmel im Herzen, denn er edelt den Tage des Glückes.

Wollet nichts thun aus Unreinsinn mit euch selbst, sondern aus Erfüllung eurer Armuth."

Damach sah Bruder Philemon, ~~und~~ berichte mit der Hand die Erde und hat sie um Verzeihung, weil er eine Lehre ausgesprochen hatte. Dann trat er zurück in die Halle an einen Wanderbecken und reinigte sich sonder Anmassung des Lehrens. Er verhüllte seinen weissen Mantel mit einem braunen Kleide und schritt hinaus über die Brücke ins Menschenland. Dort trat er in eine Kapelle, die an der Strasse lag. ~~to da lag~~ Ohne den Altar hieng der Crucifixus. Phil. verbeugte sich und sprach zu ihm: Mein Bruder, vergieb mir meine Fehle, ich habe mich an Deinem Worte versündigt. Ich lehrte anders als Du. Wenn ich aber irre, so lehre mich die Wahrheit erkennen."

Der Gekreuzigte ~~schwieg~~ schwieg, denn er hatte seine Wahrheit mit dem Tode vollendet und besiegelt und solcherwassen Raum gelassen für die Wahrheit seines Bruders.

Philemon aber küsste zweimal seines Bruders starre Hände und kehrte zurück zum Orte seiner Lehre.

18 X 17.

Meine Seele, spricht zu mir!

S. Was hast Du zu sagen und zu zweifeln? Siehst Du nicht, wie ich Alles entwickelte? Das Leben hat Recht. Warum sollst Du Dir etwas abquälen lassen? Ist die Weise auf irgend etwas eingegangen? Macht sie nicht fort und fort Bedingungen und schreibt sich Alles zu, was Dir gehört? Du bist zu geduldig, man möchte sagen, zu gut, wenn es nicht zu dumm wäre.

J. Ich fürchte Deine Rathschläge sind, wie Acts, zu extrem.

S. Ist die Weise nicht extrem? Es ist Alles übertrieben, und deswegen taugt Dir. Gieb Dir doch nur einmal zu.

J. Aber die Liebe?

S. Wie macht sie's denn? Kümmert sie sich um die Liebe an sich? Doch nur um die Liebe, die sie bekommt aber nicht bekommt. Er füllt ihr den Wunsch und sich, wie sie daraus sich benimmt. Benimmt sie sich schlecht, was ganz gut möglich ist, so kannst Du ja früh schweigen, bis sie vernünftig geworden ist. Es ist mit ihr immer ein Experimentieren. Sie liebt ja sonst werthvolles, also kannst Du ihr schon etwas entgegenkommen. Nur nicht zuviel, denn sie kann nur wenig ertragen. Du gibt immer zuviel. Das ist dumm. Man muss sich solchen Leuten kostbar machen, sonst verschleudern sie Dich nur.

22.8.17.

Es geht wieder etwas vor. Was ist es?

S. Warte Du und warte gut und gieße mich aus.

Was willst Du?

P. Ich will Dir erzählen. Ich sah Phil. Er stand am Thore und sah hinein ins Menschenland. Aber niemand kam. Niemand betrat die Brücke. Und ich hörte Phil. sprechen:

So ist Niemand da unter den Lebendigen? Wo eure Schatten sind da? Eure Schatten, die ich um Lebende von Euch geliebt habe? Ihr kamet zwar willkommen? Ihr wähltet lieber mit den Lebenden gehen als treue Diener? Ich weiss Euch aber einen köstlichern Dienst, eine schönere Gespelschaft. Höret meine Worte und flüstert sie eurem Herren ins Ohr, wenn sie schlafen. Sagt zu ihnen:

Ihr Heuchler, sprechet nicht von Liebe, sondern erfordert, welcher Begehren ihn in Eurer Liebe liegt. Er will eure Brüder arm und hat nicht, als er euch gab? Warum häuft ihr auf ihn die Last eures Begehrens, sprechend: wir lieben Dich. Liebt ihr Euer Bruders Wohlergehen? Nein, ihr wollt daran hinkehen. Ist es nicht besser, ~~sein~~ das Feld der Seine thue, das es ihm wohlergehe, als das er sein Wohlergehen von Euch und es wird Euch Alles Glück gefallen, wozu ich bedürfte.

So sprach Philemon."

Was ist Dir meine Seele? Welcher Schmerz befällt Dich?

S. Ich bin traurig. Der Diener liebt seinen Herrn und flüstert ihm solches nicht gerne ~~ist~~ wie Ohr, denn er möchte am Wohlergehen seines Herrn hinkehen."

P. Also hörst Du mich nicht. Sagte ich Dir es nicht schon zu Lange?

S. Du hast Recht, noch immer kann ich Dich nicht recht lieben.

P. Warum nicht?

S. Warum weiss ewige Weisse? Warum soll ichs immer wissen.

P. Du selbst um Dir Gründe Dines Nichtliebens wissen!

S. Wie kann und wie soll ich lieben. Du nimmst uns Alles hieben weg. Du bissest es ja. Mir bliebt nichts übrig. Du liebst zu viel. Darum liebe ich weniger.

P. Ohn was soll ich thun?

S. Wenge liebes. Das Messer, hörst Du, das Messer brauchst Du. Wenkneiden, was nicht taugt. Nicht die Schwarze — sie taugt. Sie ist stille und begleitet Dich. Sie ist Dir nöthig. Sie kann nicht peuer, wenn es Dir gut geht. Sie mimmt nicht, sie hält nichts auf. Ich weiss das Meine immer von Dir stehlen. Das giebt Dir Fetter an, wenn ich ja lustig bin sie ziehen mich von Dir weg. Es ist Einer in der Nähe, der Bruder des schwarzen Zeuhers. Er unmöglicht mich.

P. Warum ist er dem?

S. Schweis nicht, was er hat oder will.

P. So frage ihn.

S. Was willst Du Dafeinwarzer? Komme heran und rede!

Ka. Ich bin der Seelenanfang. Ich bin Ka, ehe sein andere Leute. Ich bin seine Seele. Ich gab ihm die Runen und die unter Weisheit. Ich bin sein Geist. Ich bin gegangen, ich bin geblieben. Ich will bei Euch sein.

P. Was ist mir der unheimliche Geselle?

S. Was willst Du bei uns?

Ka. Ihr müsst mich haben, denn ihr werdet mich noch brauchen. Ich weiss das Äussere, ich das Innere — er hat die Brunst, ich den Reichthum. Was weiss er? Er lass seine langweilige Geschichte von Kegeln und Runen und Feldangaben, armselige Runen. Ihr brennt

ein Goldtaro in Auge, meine Augen scharfend und lauteren Gold. Mein Körper ist von ~~Eisen~~ schwarzem Eisen Schlüsselschwer und dauernder Ewigkeiten. Ich weiß den Sinn der Runen, Ha schwatzt Deutlich wie ein Kind.

I. Sei vorsichtig, meine Seele; es ist unheimlich, seine Klugheit ist überlegen.

S. Du kommst dennoch ohne Forderung? Was willst Du?

Ka. Ich fordere nichts, als daß ich mit Euch gehen kann.

I. schmiertrauc ihn.

S. Ich glaube, Du solltest Ihn mitkommen lassen. Was Ha sagte, war doch nicht ganz dumm. Es war sogar in einer Art überlegen klug, zwar lästerlich – ich gebe zu.

(zu Ka) Hast Du Böses verborgen in Deinem schwarzen Herzen?

Ka. Nein, ich habe sogar kein Herz. Ich bin durch und durchaus Eisen. Ich bin blau kalt. Vielleicht nützt euch das?

S. Hörst Du? Er ist halt und klug. Wäre das nicht ein Vorteil?

I. So laß ihn mitgehen, wenn er Dir sagt, was er weiß.

S. Du hörst Ka, Du kannst mitgehen, unter der Bedingung, daß Du uns sagst, was Du weißt.

Ka. Ich weiß, wessen Ihr bedürftet. Ich kann Ihr braucht mein Geheimnis. Meine Geheimnis ist aller Magie Erzeug. Und das ist die Liebe. Ihr seid zu warm, wie kommt Ihr Euch scheinen? Ihr habt sie in Euch. Sie nützt Andern nicht. Was spricht der Alte im weißen Kleid zu Euch? Er spricht Euch und spricht nicht davon. Hört Mensch, Du lässest Dich von Deiner Seele bestehlen. Sie zwingt Dich, Liebe zu geben, dann herrscht sie. Sie will von Allem herrschen. Sie nicht zurück Euch. ~~Sie~~ auf Deine Seele und nicht auf Liebe. Dann scheint Du Liebe. Hat Philemon Liebe? Nein, er scheint sie.

Laßt mich mitgehen, ich gehe Euch kalt, das macht den Narren scheu.

I. Meine Seele, frage Philemon, was er über Ka meint.

S. Phil. ich rufe Dich, Erhabener, Liebender, erbarme Dich unser und gebt uns Deinen Rath.

Phil. Ka ist mein Schatten. Wie wollt Ihr ihn missen? Ka geht mit Euch, so wie ich mit Euch gehe. Niemand steht ohne, der nicht seinen Schatten unter hätte. Mein Licht ist stark, und mein Schatten dunkel.

S. Liebender, welchem Geheimniß!

Phil. Sahst Du meinen Bruder? War er nicht kalt und stellte er nicht sein Licht auf den Scheffel?

So Erhabener, der Du am Thore des Glanzes steht, warum ist Dein Mantel roth? Schreitest Du zum Opfer?

Phil. Ich tauchte mein Gewand in Blut, wie das Blut eines Menschen. Was soll mir das Gewand der Unschuld? Es ist roth von lebendigem Blutte. Bin ich nicht der Liebende?

S. Lehre uns, Erhabener, von goldenen Worte.

Phil. Wahrlich, Phanes ist der Führer. Er führt die Hand des Trunkenen. Er ist der Berather der Witwe.
Er füllt den leeren Becher.
Er legt sein Brot auf den Tisch des Hungernden.
Er ist der Freund des Einsamen.
Er redet dem Unverstandenen Sprache.
Er legt ein Gewicht auf die Schale der Gerechtigkeit.
Er ist der Reichthum der Armen.
Sein Licht leuchtet auf den Bergen.

Aus Lust und Freude ist er geboren.
Auch die Teufel haben ihn gezeugt.
Er erglänzt im hilflosen Auge des Thieres.
Er ist das Verständniss dessen, was die Teufel sind.
Er ist die Erlösung der Todten.
Er ist die Heilung der Kranken.
Er ist das Mitleid mit allem Lebendigen.
Er ist die Schönheit des Krystalls.
Er ist das Empfindungen aus der Tiefe.
Er ist das Gesetz über alle Gesetze.
Er ist die Befreiung durch Blutopfer.
Wo er leuchtet, ist keine Verdammniss.
Er ist der gleichmässige Leuchter, die Summe aller Räthsel.

Ka. Halt ein, Philemon! Du sprichst hohl. Wo ist Dein Schatten? Dein Schatten spricht zu Dir:

Verflucht ist die Erde, verflucht der ewige Himmel, verflucht der Mensch und sein Daemon. Verflucht alle hohe Kunde. Von welchem Lügen sprichst Du, Philemon? Welche glissmerischen Schlangengaukelkunststücke führst Du in Deinen blauen Abschimmern auf? Meine Rede ist von Eisen, Deine lauwarmen Flöstestöpfen schmelzen mich nicht. Bist mir sollst Du reden, Du schöner Lügenheim.

Phil. Mein Schatten, ich kenne Dich. Bist Du mir endlich nachgekommen? Sei mir willkommen,

Du Polen der Finsterniss! Zur Feier Deiner Geburt habe ich ein rothes Gewand übergeworfen. Lass Dich sehen, Freund! Wie schön ist Dein ~~blauweiss~~ Eisen und Dein goldfunkelndes Auge! Wie erhaben ist auch die Schönheit des Abgrundes! Ich danke dem ewigen Lichte, der kraftvoll seine Schönheit über Alles vergossen hat.

Ka. Was für grosse Worte! Glaubst Du, Du drückst Dich damit zu? Das Roth Deines Mantels ist Blut, lebendiges Menschenblut. Es zeugt gegen Dich vor der ewigen Gerechtigkeit. Es schreit von Frevel am Unschuldigen. Menschenblut ist Dir gut genug, um Deinen Mantel zu färben.

Phil. Wahrlich, Du ~~sprichst~~ sagst keine Lüge. Schlimm ein Frevel der Götter am Menschen. Sein Blutes quellt an ihm. Mein Hand ist roth vom Blute der Unschuldigen. Ich entreiss seinem Fleische das ewige Gut.

Ka. Schamloser, Komme zum Gericht. Ich will Deine Schlüchwege aufdecken. Birgst Du Dich nicht in diesem Menschen? Hast Du mich nicht auf seine Fährte gezwungen, dass ich ihm den grausamen Schatten gegeben wurde? Hast Du nicht die Meute der Hölle auf seine Fährten gehetzt?

Phil. Du sprichst die Wahrheit. Ich barg mich in diesem Menschen. Ich gattete ihn der Tochter der ~~Hölle~~ grossen Mutter, die Himmel und Erde umspannt. Wenn er ihr nicht weibliche Gestalt, liebte er sie nicht?

Ka. Und zeugtest nicht Du schändlich-heimlich,

den abscheulichen Gottesverrat mit ihm? Deiner Tochter? Blutschande über Dich!

Phil. Entsprang dem Warme nicht die rothe ~~Fa~~ Frucht? der Goldkern, der strahlend durch alle Himmelsportheig? Streckt nicht der Mensch seine Arme nach der ewigen Schönheit?

Ka. Du stehlest sie von ihm; Du raubtest das Gut der Unmündigen. Du verrichtest seinen Glauben und seine Treue. Du machtest ihn zum Sklaven um Deiner Machtgier willen. Was ist ihm Deine Schönheit, die mit Blut bezahlt ist, und unschuldigem Blute? Was giebst Du ihm? Hast Du mein Entgelt bei? Nichts, Lügner, Deine Hand ist leer.

Phil. Meine Hand ist leer, denn ich trug empor, was ich brachte. Ja, ich nahm es von Deinem Munde und stieg empor und legte es an die Schwelle des Glanzes.

Ka. Welchem verfluchten Betrug! Was soll ich hier. Wiederum kam ich zu spät.

Phil. Nicht zu spät, zu willkommener Stunde. Du bleibst bei mir, wie vordem.

Ka. Soll ich ewig an Dich gebannt sein? (zu mir) Willst Du Dich nicht zurücken noch und Philemon stehen?

S. Thue es nicht! Denk an die Runen!

?. Halt meine Treue, geliebte Seele! Wirst Du, wo

mein Platz ist? Du Tochter der Mutter, ich kenne Deine mütterliche Liebe. Du machtest mich wohl nicht freigeben? Aber Du wirst, Du wirst sein, wo ich bin. Ich sage Du oder Mein und doch bist Du immer Du. Lass mich mitschreiten, um der ewigen Schönheit willen. Bin ich nicht das Korn, das zwischen Schatten und Licht gehaftet? Wie kann ich anders Mensch sein? Wie kann ich anders Menschen lieben? Mein Geschlecht? Mein Reich ist die Erde und mein Reich ist der Himmel. Wie kann ich Frieden finden, wenn Erd' und Himmel in einander stürzen? Lass die ewigen Runen sich erfüllen. Mein Licht und die Finsterniss. Das Eine, das ich wissend empfing, geb Philemon zurück. Das Andere, das ich unwissend war, wird der Schatten mir nehmen. Das Dritte gehört mir, und ist mein Leben.

Phil. Mein Sohn, gesegnet sei Dein Leben.

Ka. Mein Sohn, gesegnet sei Dein Leben.

S. Aber sein Leben?

Phil. Gedulde Dich, noch ist ein Wort zu sagen.

6.8.17.

?. meine Seele, was siehst Du?

S: Ich höre das Geläute von Ohm, ich sehe den Schatten unten. Ich sehe das unverwerfliche Korn, das dazwischen liegt.

?. Rufe den Liebenden, den Vater, das er uns auslege, was dunkel ist.

S. Erhabener, Liebender, öffne Deine Hand!

Phil. Seht Ihr meinen Schatten? Er ist mein Schatten.
Es ist Gesetz, dass Dunkel mit zu Hell gesellt.
Wie könnt' das Dunkel der Lichtes entbehren?
Ist nicht der Tag der Bruder der Nacht?
Ist nicht Schatten das Weib der Sonne?
Mein lodernder Licht ist unsterblich, seine
Stoff ist unverweslich.
Der Mensch? von wannen fiel er herab?
Ein Drittel bloss ist ewige Natur an ihm.
Zwei Drittel sind dämonisch.

S. Doch, Vater erbarm Dich unser, was ist der Mensch?
Welchen sind seine Wege, sein Ende und sein Anfang?

Phil. Er ist ein Sternsame. Aus welchem Himmel Eid-
Eitem fiel er?

Ka: Ich, woher kam er? Zu meiniger Stunde
fand ich ihn da und hasse ihn gerechten Vater und
Mutter.

Phil. Ahnsaht er nicht die ewige Schönheit?
Fand nicht seine Hand das unvergängliche
Gold? Sah nicht sein Auge die Sonne und
benannte nicht er alle Lebende und Tote am
Himmel und auf Erden?

Ka: Wozu? Was wird er sein? er fällt wie
Laub von Bäumen, er wird in eine Grube
geworfen, er zerfällt wie aller Lebende.

Phil. Hat er mir nicht Sprache? Hab er Dir
nicht Schönheit? Bin ich nicht die Frucht

seines Baumes entstiegen? Ragert Du nicht geborgen
im Fluvier seiner Wurzeln? Ja, wuchs nicht ein
Baum aus dem Sternsamen?

Ka: Ein Baum, der fällt, wenn seine Zeit um ist.
Was ist ein Baum?

Phil. Ein Sternbaum wuchs aus jenem Samen. Er trägt
die eine köstliche Frucht, ihn, den wir den glücklichen
Tag nennen. Er trägt das Heute.

Ka: den Tag der Trauer, der Verblendung, der Hoff-
nungslosigkeit.

Phil. Seine Frucht erlöst vom Schmerze.

Ka: und wird neuen Schmerz gebären.

Phil. Der Baum des ewigen Wunders! Ein Baum
nur — bist Du nicht wie Du Viele? Einer der Vielen
selbst viele? Könnte dies Blatt nicht jenem
andern ~~Blo~~ Baum gehören? Könnte diese Wurzel
nicht Deinem Bruder wähen? Ist diese Blüthe von
Dir oder von jenem Andern? Sieht es einen
Kleegen, der ~~sie~~ Dein Holz von dem des andern
Baumes zu unterscheiden vermöchte? Sind ihr nicht
Alle ein Baum? Wer zählt die Jahre dieses Baumes?
Blicket um euch! Was seht ihr mit Auge des
Gehirnes? Ihr seht euch selbst. Selbst seht
ihr euch auch im Schatten. Blickt ihr nicht in
eure Seele, wenn ihr ins Auge des Thieres blickt?

Ihr seid Dach das Moos, das auf Steinen wächst, ihr seid der Blatt, das vom Baume fällt, ihr seid die Wälder, welche die Erde bedecken und der Zeiten Strom in ihnen birgt. Die Blätter werden aus dem Baum und der Baum wird aus den Blättern.

Ihr Unachtsamen, wer wisst die ~~Dauer~~ Zeiten eurer Dauer?

Warum liebt ihr euch? Weil ihr Eins seid. Warum hasst ihr euch? Weil ihr nicht Eins sein wollt. Die Liebe ähnelt auch der Wahrheit. Eins sein mit sich selbst ist Einssein mit Andern. Einssein mit Andern ist Unsterblichkeit.

Lebe nicht in Die alle Zeiten und alle Völker? Sei Eins mit Dir selber und Du lebst hinüber. Nur der Einzelne stirbt.

20.XI.17.

Was willst Du, meine Seele? Was sollen die dunkeln Augenlichter?

S. Merkst Du nicht? Ka steht furchtbar nahe. Seit Philemon sprach, fühlt mein Eins. Er hat vielleicht eine Wahrheit in sich.

J. Sprich doch. Er ist bedrückend.

S. Ka, hörst! Was stehst Du so drohend? Warum steigerst Du Dich zu Gericht? Warum glühst Du wie ein Schmiedspäten?

Ka. Wollt ihr endlich hören? Bin ich geringer als Philemon? Ist der Weise heller als der Schwarze?

Philemon nennt mich seinen Schatten. Ich nenne ihn meinen Schatten. Ich bin leer, er ist stimmer als Luft. Seine Wahrheit ist ein Schatten, ein Hauch, flüchtig und schon verwelkt. Ich bin von ewiger Dauer. Glaubt ihr, weil ich verdammt bin, meinen Schatten nachzulaufen, ich sei weniger als er? Ist er nicht verdammt, wie immer vorzugehen? Er ist blos mein Herold, mein Vorläufer. Was kommt, bin ich. Ich suche, er gibt früher. Wenn er dorthin geht, wohin ich noch aufsteigen werde, so bin ich immer noch bei euch, auch wenn er längst verschwunden ist. Ich bin eure Wahrheit, die dauert, er ist ein flüchtiges Licht, ein verirrter Sonnenstrahl. Hört ihr mich? Ihr sprachet mit Philemon von Unsterblichkeit? Sahet ihr, wie er grüne und ~~blaue~~ himmelblaue Schleier ausbreitete? Nein, denn schon waren eure Augen verbunden. Meint ihr, ihr wüsstet jetzt etwas von Unsterblichkeit? Ein Blatt, das vom Baume fällt – ein Herbsttag – doch der Baum bleibt – die Lenge? – ein Wintertag – die Axt fällt zur Wurzel an – und jetzt – wo ist der Baum? – Er macht Sargbretter – er kocht Suppe – er ist ein Stuhlbein – er ist Zeitungspapier – Er ist Asche – Moder – Staub – das kleinste Kräuselchen des kleinsten Pflänzleins saugt ein Atömchen von ihm ein – ja, wo ist der Baum? Wer ist der Baum? Wo bleibt Philemons Götterscheinfeuerwerk? Er lehrt euch, wie klein ihr seid. Wisst ihr aber, wie groß ihr seid? Doch, wie sollt ihr es wissen! Ihr habt ja blos Augen zu sehen, wie weit

und wie groß die Welt ist, Ohren zu hören, wie bald ist der Laut der ~~Stimme~~ Stimme in der Ferne verhallt, Muskeln euch zu bewegen, wie schwach ihr seid. Ihr seid vom Tagesschein geblendet und dennoch bleibt ihr immer nach dem Licht. Oder meint ihr nicht, dass eure Augen nur für's Licht geschaffen. Philemon setzte euch wohl den Augen — Aber ihr wisst nicht, was ihr Augen habt, hinter euren Augen, Ohren hinter euren Ohren, Dunkelaugen, Schattenohren, die ich euch einsetzte. Die sehen und hören nur Fetzen, aus Untrüglichkeit, in das, was hinter allem Lichte liegt, in derjenigen Nacht der Wahrheit. Mit diesen Augen sieht ihr die Kleinere, welche grossen sind, mit diesen Ohren hört ihr die fünfte Stimme, die aus Fernsternweiten zu euch dringt. Diese Augen sind wie eine Sternenhimmel weit und diese Ohren ~~unfassbar~~ kann weiter als die Grenzen der Wirklichkeit — Wisst ihr, wie groß ihr seid? Philemon wollte euch glauben machen, das euer Leben zurückkehre, wie das Leben des Blattes zum Baum. Aber ist nicht der Lebensbaumes in das Blatt gegangen? Ist nicht das Blatt abgefallen? Liegt es nicht modernd im feuchten Grunde? Aber was ist ein Blatt? Es deckt ein Himmelsgewölbe zu mit Millionen belebter Welten. Hat die Größe eine Grenze? Hat die Kleinheit eine Grenze? Gibt es nicht in alle Ewigkeit größer als groß und kleiner als klein? Jede Himmelsinsel ist die Erde eines Korns. Auf der Erde ist ein Stäubchen so groß wie die Erde wie Himmeln. Und das Stäubchen ist

so groß wie ein Himmel, wie viele Himmel, unzählige Welten, denn wo ist der Unendlichkeit eine Grenze gesetzt? Wenn Philemon zu den grossen Göttern geht und ihr Kleinen einsam im Schatten der Bäume sitzt — wohin geht euer Ich, der lebendige Ich, das ihr selber seid und ohne das ihr nicht seid? Warum fühlt ihr Ewigkeit eures Ich? Ja, warum wollt ihr Ewigkeit eures Ich? Und wenn es krankes Verzicht, nicht Ewigkeit zu wollen? Der Tagesschein blendet euch, er beweist euch das Gegentheil. Sie sehen nur Vergangen, hört nur Vergehen, riecht nur einen Verfall und wollt darum mit Philemon hinauf zu den grossen Göttern ~~und hinter sich die Frauen der grossen Götter~~ Könnt ihr den Augenblicken dieses Hoffnung alltäglich unterwegs sehen? Ihr seht euch ins Gesicht, wenn ihr stehen glaubt. Seht mit meinen Augen, hört mit meinen Ohren!!! Ein Lächeln — unter Geheimniss! Warum bin ich verflucht, hinter Philemon zu gehen? Er ist der würdig — schöne Schein, mein Schatten nur — er spricht grosse Worte, er ist ein Jäger der Schönheit und Wahrheit — aber meine Wahrheit macht lachen — die Göttertöchter der kleinen Sterblichen — Ihr lachtet nicht, als man vom grossen Gott Mensch sprach — ihr schauertet vor Ehrfurcht — Euer Christus nannte ich sogar einen Sohn und ihr fandet es schön und würdig — aber dass eure unsterbliches Sohn ein Zwerg sein wird, wie wenig macht lachen? Der grosse Gott kann lachen über seine lächerliche Unsterblichkeit. Der Zwerg aber meint, dass der grosse Gott wohlgefallen an ihm habe. Da Da

wird zum Blatt. Das Blatt ist Ich, so gut wie der ganze Baum. In den Blättern wird das Ich der Baum vielfältig und jedes Blatt ist der ganze Baum und doch nicht wenige Ich. Ist nicht jede Zelle des Blattes ~~Ich~~ ein Ich, der Ich der Blätter, unterwindet jedes Körnchen in der Zelle, Ich der Zelle, Ich der Blätter, Ich der Baumes? Wie viel Welten enthält ein Körnchen? Was ist Kleinste Einheit des Lebens? Wie gewaltig der Etwas sein, das noch leben soll? Und wie klein wollen Etwas sein, das noch endlich kann?

Wie der Menschen Sohn der seine Erscheinung im grossen Mensch verhüllt ~~war~~ und Eins mit ihm war, so ist er euch der Sohn Ich ~~verein~~ gekleidet in der kleinern Welt, euer Ich nicht weniger als Ich selbst. Er ist unendlich viel kleiner als ihr — aber was ist klein? Was ist gross? Und weil er bis zur letzten Stunde ~~eingeschlossen~~ verhüllt ist in euch, so deutet er der Verhüllte oder der in Ei Eingeschlossene. Ja, als ein Vogel entfliegt er zur Stunde des Todes.

J. Seltsam, er spricht von der Unsterblichkeit des Ich!

S. Dein ist mein Sohn, an dem ich Wohlgefallen habe.

~~14~~ 10 II 18.

J. Ich erkenne ihn. Ihm jubelt mein Herz zu, dem alten Empörer — dessen Hand bringt Tod und von Stein ist der untere Hälfte seines Körpers.

S. ~~Doch in der~~ Aber — sein Bruder ist Buddha, der Erhabene.

J. Was sagst Du — Buddha? Willkommen, Ka, Willkommen Dir, der Du Tod siehst. Verehrung Dir, dem Bruder Buddhas. Welch ein Glück, Dich zu sehen!

Ka: Erkennst Du mich? Ich bin der Tempel voll einziger Schönheit, der Palast des Todes, Du Grabkammern der Götter. Kennst Du meine Schönheit, meine Kunst? Meine Gedanken, die zu Gold und Wehr Gestein geworden? Wo ist nun die Wahrheit? Sprich!

J. Die Wahrheit? Soll ich entscheiden? Da Der mich fragt, so ist wohl die Wahrheit in mir? Ja, in mir ist die Wahrheit: Ich bin. Das ist der erste Satz aller Wahrheit. Wo ist sonst Wahrheit? Die Wahrheit ist in mir. Was weiss ich von Deiner oder Philemons Wahrheit? Ich weiss, ihr redet von einer Wahrheit und widersprecht einander. Also entscheidet meine Wahrheit. Der zweite Satz meiner Wahrheit lautet: Ich weiss nicht. Du weisst Deine Wahrheit und Philemon die seinige. Ich weiss die meinige nicht. Das ist die Wahrheit.

S. Mein Freund — und ich? Wer vergessest meiner. Ich preise Deinen Gott. Ich preise den Leuchtenden, den Lenker, den Trostreichen. Ich preise das Licht, das Dich aufsteigen, Dich hinüberführt, Dich erleuchtet. Das ist meine Wahrheit.

J. Dies sei der dritte Satz: Ich folge dem ewigen Licht, wie ich der Sonne gehorche, die meinen Tag erleuchtet.

Ka. Du Gott der Sandkorns?

J. Je wahrhin, der Gott des Sandkornes.

Ka. Du gründest Dich auf ein Nichts.

J. Ich bin, das ist etwas.

Ka. Ich kann Dich nicht leugnen, jedoch du bist so klein.

J. Umso grösser ist mein Gott.

S. Sel, was sprichst Du? Glaubst Du wirklich an Deinen Gott?

J. Wie, lästerst Du ihn nicht sachte?

S. Ja, schon, jedoch mein Gefühl ändert schnell.

J. Demnach bist Du meine Seele, ein sich wandelnder Mond. Dein Licht ist geborgt. Morgen wirst Du wieder zunehmen.

11. II. 18.

Ka: Du meinst jenes Stückchen himmlischen Magnetismus — ich weiss nicht, woher — aus dem Jugendtrieb in die Zeugung fiel? Hat der Rest Deinen Eigensinn und nicht gebremst? Das ist doch Dein Gott, nicht? Derselbe, über den Philemon grosse Worte ausgeschüttet hat?

J. Du sprichst Wahrheit. Das kleine Etwas, das fort ist, das gestern Sel war und heute noch Ich ist und morgen einer noch Sel sein wird, das ist mein Gott, mein Denken, ein flimmendes Leuchtfeuer auf unergründlichem Meere.

Ka. Du nicht? weiss, wo es herabfiel — am Horizonte?

J. Das ist mir sicher, dass das, was mir im Herzen sitzt, auch am Horizont erscheint. Irgendwo würde es sich zeigen.

Ka: Gefunden — rufen die Menschen — die eine, die köstlichste und grösste Perle — — sie ist eine Krankheit des Muschelthieres. Worin unterscheidet sich Dein Gott von ~~die~~ der Perle? Kannst Du leugnen, dass Dein Gott eine Krankheit ist? Das Siechthum des Ich, das endet, wenn der Tod die Schalen aufbricht? Du weisst doch, ich komme mit Philemon darin überein, dass die Auslöschung des Ich, die Erreichung eines Etwas, das noch unbedrückt und unaufgelöst zwischen Hammer und Amboss liegt, das Allerwünschenswerthe für den Menschen wäre. Fliesses, unbarmherziges Blut, rothe erstickende Kohlensäure unten — und wozu das? Nur weil das Stück Korn sich nicht lösen will. Bewahre es, du würdest Dich in Licht auflösen. Das allerbeste aber, du würdest selbst zu unserem Stück Korn ~~wählst~~ verzählst du. Philemon oder Ka? oder, wenn du ihn Jagnita vorziehst — Christus oder Buddha?

J. Mein Gott möge mir helfen: ich kann mich selbst wählen; ich wähle das Sandkorn zwischen den vier Brüdern.

Ka. Bedenke, dass du mit solchem Entschlusse die Erhabenen verwirfst, Dich über sie stellst.

J. Du irrst, heiliger Empörer; was ist ein Sandkorn gegenüber den 4 Erhabenen? Mein Gott möge mir helfen, dass ich nicht aus Hochmuth und selbst über Hebung ein Sandkorn wähle, statt eines Erhabenen. Was ist Euch dies

kann? Es ist euch kein Nichts, und doch ist es mein Gott, dass alle Götter vorziehe, weil er mein Gott ist, mein Fetisch-Stein; nicht bin als andere, nur besser für mich, weil er mein Gott ist.

S. Ich schreibe mich an. Ich kann Deine Worte fühlen.

Ka. Wie? Du verzichtest auf Erlösung? auf Ewigkeit? auf ewige Wahrheit? auf die Gemeinsamkeit der Heilslehre?

J. Ich meine nicht Empörung, gegen, nicht Umsturz, Bruch. Gepriesen seien die Erhabenen um ihrer Weisheit willen; jedoch mein Gott will anders, er wollte das Landkornsein zwischen den 4 Erhabenen.

Ka. Sonderbar — in diesem Gotte weiss ich eigentlich nichts. Meine Dunkelheit scheint ihn nicht richtig zu beleuchten — ich sehe nur ein Körnchen Meteoreisen — Philemon kommt heran und erklärte mir, wie du diesen Fetisch-Stein nennst.

Ph. Mein verehrlich, er ist ein Gott, sein Licht erfüllt die Unendlichkeit der Räume. So sehe ich ihn. Wer an der Quelle des Stromes sitzt, dem läuft der Wanderweg

14 II 18.

J. Meine Seele, sprich, was nützt Du und die nicht den?

S. Ich sehe Ka und was er thut. Er ist an Dir. Er thut Dir Schaden.

J. Was thuten?

S. Erbaut ein Haus, einen Palast, einen Tempel, ein Wohnstätte oder Grabstätte, eine Unterkunft für

die Ewigkeit. Willst Du Deinem Gott einen Tempel bauen? Ka, sage, was thust Du in Geheimnisvollem?

Ka: Ich baue ein Gottesgefängnis, einen Altar mit dem verwächst, was ihn verächtet. Die Götter sollen mir das Fliegen verlernen.

S. Willst Du den Gott Deines Menschen fangen, Bigotiger?

K. Was, Bigotiger nennst Du mich? Habe ich nicht den Berg der Philemon erbaut? Nun, da er ausgetreten ist aus dem Umschwung des Rades — es freut ihn wohl nicht — bedarf er keines Palastes mehr. Jetzt aber übt er das, was er sonst seinen Menschen anzurathen pflegte, nämlich Enthaltsamkeit. Also baue ich dem Menschenmen Palast.

S. Warum dem Menschen und nicht Dir selber?

Ka: Ich möchte Jemand fortgehaut sehen an meiner Stelle, ich Fasse im mütterlichen Stein gebunden in endlos wonnige Qual der Zeugengebärend, nur Sehnsucht und Unerfülltheit.

S. Warum willst Du dem Menschen diese Qual zuziehen? Hat er Dich getroffen? Nein, das weiss Du besser als er, denn Deine List ist gross.

Ka: Ich will — wird sich wenden. Ich muss schaffen aus mir; ich will das Lebende in Marmor und Gold begraben.

S. Glaubst Du, dass nicht dein Gott begraben lässt?

Ka. Welcher Gott ~~spricht~~ lebte nicht nach Tempel

und Altären? Und welcher Menschenseelle nicht sein Gott verächtlich sehen? Zeig mir den Gott, der sich nicht durch Tempel fangen liesse.

J. Nun wenn dein Gott auf Tempel und Altäre verzichtet?

Ka. Dann aber kein Gott, dann schelte ich ihn ein Stück Magnetstein, einen etwas fein Neger.

J. Kannst du ihn fangen, dass er dein Gott ist? Er soll dein Gott sein, wenn er deine Lockung zurückweist?

Ph. Bedenke, Ka: er ist ein neuer Gott — etwas Neues ist wirklich Neu, obschon du es schlecht begriffen. Es gieng 1000 mal so wie du Deltist, und der sagte Mai geht es anders. Du wünschst Millionen Tempel baun für jeden Menschen einen, um diesen Gott zu fangen. Nicht nur deinen Ohr dir Deutsch vorgesprochen, und nicht hast du ihm einen Tempel gemacht. Es kommt die Zeit, wo Vater und Mutter den Sohn nicht mehr begriffen, was Vaterwissen und Mutterverstand nicht zu hören und Pflicht anzerkennen wagt, ebenso zuvor dort. Ich fürchte, dein Tempel ist für dich selbst bestimmt.

2.8.II.13.

Meine Seele, der Traum weist mich zu Dir. Was hast du mir zu sagen? Du gabst mir den Traum, also wirst du wissen, was du sagen hast?

Du mir zu sagen hast?

S. Deine Worte riechen nach Misstrauen. Warum dies Misstrauen? Du selbst zu Dir redlichkeit nach dem, was ich sage. Ich rieche Dir zu lange, die Dinge abzuwarten. Was wird gut thun, grausam, aber sie verlangt Grausamkeit.

Immer der Thun, was sie Dir vorwirft! So geht die Spielregel.

J. Also sage mir, scheint du etwas, was diese Frage mit Ph. u. Ka lösen könnte? Jahbang, peinlich darüber.

S. Es muss du ihm bringen, bis die Frage gelöst ist.

J. Bist du übermüthig? Glaubst du gewissermassen Geist zu haben, wenn ich in Noth bin? Du zeigst mir eine dunkle schwere Zeit. Trotz aller Noth geht es kein Nachgeben Dir gegenüber; es wird nichts zurückgenommen, nichts wird zurückgeschraubt oder gemarkt. Sage, hast du etwas gesehen?

S. Ja, ich sah Ph herumschleichen —

J. Wie sagst du? herumschleichen?

S. Doch er ist tödtig, der Rüstigste der Tüchtigen.

J. Doch was meint du? was mutter?

S. Er suchte etwas — wohl das Schlüsselloch —

J. Wozu das?

S. Nur um hinaus zu kriechen —

J. Nun sieh, wie spricht du! Wer meint du — Schlüsselloch?

S. Nicht mehr, wie er gefangen ist.

J. Was sagst du? gefangen? ich, Ph? gefangen? Wer sagt ihn?

S. Doch niemand anders als du selbst. Du machtest ein Bild. Du sollst du kein Bildniss machen, noch irgend ein Gleichniss machen, sagte Jahwe — lieber nicht, denn damit verzaubert man auch die Zauberer und alle falschen Götter. Doch ist das Bild nicht der eigentliche, neue zu befangen Geist. Das wesentliche ist, dass Ka von uns angewandt wurde. Wo du Schatten ist, da kann

Es Licht nicht mit ein. Die Schatten kennt das Licht
und das Licht kennt den Schatten. Ja, P. ist gefangen und
Ka nicht weniger. Denn bedenke sie, was ist es mit
der Behaupt.* wenn man sie in der Höhe bereitet? Ja,
Ka ist gefangen. Was fieng Licht und Schatten? Was
anders als Du? Du nennst sie Erhabene? Sehst Du,
Erhabene gefangen, herausschleudert, nach Belieben gestoßen
durch Menschen entfliehen könnte in ein fleischliches Mittel!
Aber sie haben das Schadenen, weil Du ihnen auch
Macht giebst und sie Erhabener nennst. So messen
sie nicht an, was Du gehört. Du wirst angeredet.
Betrug mit Brüder, über alle Measure Betrug. Du
bist quält die eigen falschen Scheinen und der Andere
einen Scheinen schetten. Siehst Du nun, was da Herr ist?
Wo kommt der Oberschabenen mit dem unteren Schaden
zusammen? im Mittleren Gewöhnlichen punkt und Scheinen.

7. Du erzählst Erstaunliches.

1.III.18. Aber wie und weiter. Was siehst Du noch?

8. Dein Gott ist es, der Du Deiner gehorcht und es gefangen
hält. Er ist mächtig. Ein Gott über Götter.

9. Warum befällt mich eine Hemmung, wenn ich an ihn
denke?

8. Du mußt gehorchen mit Demut, denn du hast nichts über ihn zu
urteilen.

9. Dies selbe geschieht mir beim Fühlen.

8. So muß es auch sein. Es ist nicht zu erfühlen, noch zu
zufühlen.

9. Aber in welcher Beziehung stehen denn zu ihm? Wie nehme
ich ihn wahr? Wie werde ich zu ihm? Was ist er mir?

5. Du hast in Ihn gebettet, Du schwimmst in ihm, wie die Erde
und ihre Kraft im Weltenäther, dem wirksamen und
unverständlichen Ding. Etwas ist Du selbst, dem Gott.
Da bist in Gott, indem Du in Dir selbst bist.

7. Warum greift es mich an?

5. Weil Du noch gewöhnt, wo Du selbst bist, sondern von Dir
abhängig bist, immer bezogen von Ihm oder Anderen,
Daher Ka. Warum ist Dein Blick gebannt durch
~~Pater~~ Ka? Warum nehmt Du nicht Dich selbst?

9. Ihm hat es doch. Ich möchte meine Arbeit thun, Alles
noch hier und hineingehen, was noch geschaffen wird
muß.

8. Ich habe nichts dagegen. Aber du kannst Dir keine einzelne
Thun, solange Ph. und Ka Dir Erhabenen sind und
Du Dir blos Korn zwischen 2 Magneten. Dein
Gott ist eine Welt. Er gottet die Welt und die Götter,
verleih ihm die Macht. Sieh Du nach der Welt,
denn Herrschen die Götter und dein Gott ist schwach.
Du Gott aber ist stark, wenn Du bei ihm steht, wenn
Du Dich kriegst deiner Sehnsucht ihm giebst. Du Gott ist nichts
tig und unnötig. Wenn Du ihm Kraft giebst, so
zieht er seine Weltmacht auf sich. Giebt Du ihm keine
Kraft, so geht seine Weltmacht von Dir und wendet
sich gegen sich. Achtung und Verachtung der Götter.
Das ist der Geheimnis. Was Deines Geheimnis nicht ver-
steht, geht auf den vierfachen Wegen, entweder
in die Welt, oder zu den Daemonen, oder in die Ver-
gangenheit und das Untere, oder in die Zukunft und
das Obere. Achtungsend Verachtung der Götter bringt

nicht Achtung und Verachtung seiner selbst und schneidet fort
ihm Achtung und Verachtung der Menschen, der Thiere, der
Pflanzen und des leblosen Gegenstände. Statt Achtung
und Verachtung macht Buddha auch gegen Liebe ein
und Hass, denn Heilige sehnen in Achtung Liebe ein
und in Verachtung Hass. Andere aber nehmen Achtung
in Liebe ein, und Verachtung in Hass. Kein Buddha
sprach Worte. Die Sprache ist schlüpfrig.
Gott ist wie ein Lotusblume, ein Schlafender, und, wenn
er ein Menschenkind verletzt und tödtlich und schwer irgend des Un-
rechts thut und so den Anderen quält und verdirbt, so handelt
er wie Gott. Gott ist allwissend, darum ist er nicht seines Wissens
nicht bewusst. Da er Weltwacht ist, ist er seiner Machtanstrengung
Da er jetzoder Wesen ist, so ist er ohne seines Wesens nicht bewusst.
Da der Mensch seiner selbst bewusst ist, genage seiner Beschränktheit
und Abgesondertheit, so kann auch Gott mit Hülfe seines Wesens
nur offenbaren, wenn er von einzelnen Menschen angezogen
und eingeathmet, gegessen und getrunken wird. Denn kein
Gott, menschlicher Natur hingegeben, kann sich so ver-
halten und so erweisen, dass man nicht anders sagen kann,
als dass er seine selbst bewusst sei wie ein einzelner Mensch,
dass er mich liebt als mein Freund, mein Bruder, mein
Vater, mein Sohn. Aber immer wieder drängt sich das
geheimnisvolle Korn, das zwischen Oberes und Unteres
gelegt ist, und bietet sich eine unverstandene Seite. Das
muss so sein – so schreitet das Leben weiter. Darum ver-
steht auch mein Freund, mein Bruder, mein Vater, mein Sohn
nicht mehr und hat mir schadenfroh, weil er mich liebt.
Du könntest auch sagen, weil er mich kennt, ebenso auch:
verachtet. Das ist so, weil das tiefste Geheimnis Hoffnung
und Verachtung der Götter. Wenn Gott auch nicht mehr
versteht, so muss ich in die Gottesferne rücken. Ich muss
mich höher vorsinnen, ich muss die Rache. Die Gottesferne

ist der 4 fachen Wege, ist Kreuzigung, ist Abraxas.
Die 4 fachen Wege sind: Einsein mit dem äusserlichen
leiblichen Wesen, Einsein mit Seele, Einsein mit Denken,
Fühlen, etc.
Darum muss der Mensch, der Gott gewinnen. Nicht
ändert sich verändert, immer ist ewig Jetzt-Zeit des
All, vergangen und zukünftig, er versteht nichts, denn er
ist Alles und kann nichts unterscheiden. Es ändert sich nicht,
er ist zum Thut verstehen für Dich, d. h. nicht.

J. Aber, sage mir, du hast doch immer von Gott als
von Werdender und Veränderlichen gesprochen.

S. Warum nicht? Ich habe ihn von der andern Seite be-
schrieben. Gott ist ja auch das Korn, das nicht gedacht hat
und dessen eine Seite du nicht verstehst. Dein Wesen allein
ist Gott. Gott versteht sich nicht, wie ich Dir sagte.

J. Ja, aber wo bin denn ich, wenn Alles Gott ist?

S. Du bist und Gott ist. Wärest du nicht, wie könnte
Gottsein?

J. Aber es gibt doch andere Menschen ausser mir.

S. Sie gehören zur Gesamtheit Gottes, wie du. Darum heisst
es, der Gott versammelt in allen Menschen, und darum
zogen auch die Ägypter, die die Mutter die Stücke des
Gottes mit grosser Sorgfalt sammelten, um ihn wieder
zusammenzusetzen, ebenso sagten die Griechen, dass der
Gott den Gott zerschlachten und ihn ganz wiederbeleben.
Gott ist das Korn und Gott das ganze Wesen des
Menschen. Wenn ich mit den Augen des Menschen sehe,
dann verwandle ich den Gott, dann versteht der Mensch nicht,
wie der Gott sich ändert. Wenn ich aber aus dem Wesen
Gottes spreche – und das thut ich ihm – dann ist Gott

unveränderlich derselbe und erwerthet sich nicht als Korn, wie er sich überhaupt nicht als der Einzelne verhält. Denn, denn sein Wesen ist ganz und gar Allgemeinheit, wie er auch nicht weiß aus Allmacht und, wie er sich erschöpft als Seienden aus Allmacht hält. Er verhält denn nicht, was er ist, wenn das Korn sich hält. Er hält es ganz hält, denn auch sein Korn. Aber wenn er sein Korn nicht annehmen kann, so leidet er nicht daran, wohl aber das Korn, das es das Korn, ohne Ruh nicht annehmen kann. Wohl hält Gott das Korn, ohne es zu hält nicht, das es sich gehalten hat und zu halten sich, wie er es tun gefahrt hat und Ehre sein und zu halten sich es. Auf Und das Korn muß sich gegen Gott sträuben, es aus die Sünde ferne wollen. Denn und insofern das Korn eben Gott selber ist, und sagt sich das Korn dem Gotte und sagt sich an Stelle des Gottes, denn wegen die Christen, das Gott sein Sohn gesandt hat, um eine Erlösung aus dem Elend, in das er sich selber geschaffen und verstoßen hat, zu erlösen. Der Sohn eine Gestalt die Menschen, das es ~~[illegible]~~ sei die Sünden abzunehmen vom Geschaffenen, das er bei sich nicht mehr zu zeugen und das es das Ende sei, das Ende und die Erfüllung zu erwarten. Der Sohn aber war ein Mensch und in ihm empfand viel das Korn gegen das Gesetz des Weltmächtigen. Die Liebe des Gottes aber folgte ihm und umarmte ihn in abtrünniger Tode. So wird das Korn geduldet. Warum? Es macht wohl die Gottesfrage. Er schafft in Welt machen, denn fine tut Kraft nicht wissen wunder Gottesfrage. Jedes Weltalter rot etwas, das es vor Allem wissen muss, und etwas, das es vor Allem nicht wissen darf.

J. Das ist Alles so schwierig, daß es Kaum nachzudenken.

N. Wirklich, ich komme nicht nach.

L. Nun, das ist begreiflich. Wir zählen uns auch der Menge der dazwischen Vertiefung- und Wirbeln. Aber wie-
[illegible] du nun, wieso Gott ein Werdender und Bekennender wird? Es hängt ganz davon ab, von wo man spricht. Wenn du von Du ~~[illegible]~~ aus du selber sprichst, so ist es etwas anderes, als wenn du von außen, aus der Welt, nicht der Augen der Welt sich aufhaucht spricht. Trotzdem die beiden Angegen sich widersprechen, so hält doch sie, und die Welt ist auch Einheit mit Gott. Von Ewigkeit ist er unveränderlich. In der Zeit ist er unveränderlich. Er weiß nichts von Veränderung und gerade ist er unveränderlich. Der Korn aber selbst sich. Was weiß auch als Korn nicht weiß. Das Korn aber selbst sich. Was ist es durch in Korn in Spenger? Nichts. Darum fühlt es das ganz nicht. Wohl aber fühlt es das Korn, denn es fühlt sich ganz. Wohl aber fühlt es das Korn, denn es fühlt sich vollkommen und unverstanden. Das Ganze aber muß nicht das Einzelne, denn muß das Einzelne den Weg zu Gott machen. Es muß selber den Gott in sich ziehen. Wie aber geschieht das? Das Korn muß geschehen Gedanke, das es ordnen hatte Wirklichkeit, wie es sich gewählt hat, wie es sich verwirklicht hat. Es muß es sich ihm erklären. Es muß Wunder und Durchbruche finden, wonach es Gott erwachen kann. Das kann der Mensch, der immer als Mittler für den Gottesstand in dem Korn, wirken muß, nie aus bewusster Erinnerung der Erkenntnis Ihm, sondern nur durch Hilfe seiner Seele, oder durch Hilfe eines Menschen, der die Seele des Andern wach in sich hat.

Das Korn muß sich immer etwas drehen, denn das ist die Gottheit des Lebens. Das Leben ist Bewegung in Innerstem.

J. Wenn alles das Korn Gott ist, und die ganze Welt ~~[illegible]~~ ist Gott, ~~[illegible]~~ was ist der Mensch?

J. Ich sage dir, der Mensch ist ganz in Gott. Er ist das Mittel zwischen Gott als Welt und ~~[illegible]~~ Gott als Korn. Phil. nicht Gott als Ziel, Ka nur als Grund. Du siehst ihn Schach nicht als Korn und Welt. Denn als Seienden ist Gott das Größte und das Kleinste.

J. Also wären der Mensch der Mittler im Wandlungsprocess ~~[illegible]~~ des Gottes.

S. Und nicht zuerst der einzige Mittler, auch Thiere und Pflanzen haben ihren Anteil am Schöpfungswerk.

J. Jawohl ein Dasselbe, naiv ein an Ende- und Sinnlosigkeit...

L. Davon soll wir billiger weise schweigen. Was soll man von „Ende" und „Sinn" überhaupt reden? Wieviel hundert Welten sind überwunden, gebaut oder gehängt? Wieviel Sinn und Unsinn erhalten sie? Also keine unnützen Gedankenmerkungen! Hast Du verstanden, das Gott ein Werkzeugmacher und Feinde ist?

J. Ich glaube, ja.

L. So höre nun von anderem Gleichnis. Auch der Schatz, das es gut sei, die Augen vom Irdischen abzuwenden, das es besser sei, nichts mehr zu zeugen und das Böse, das Reich der Welt zum Ende zu bringen. Er empfiehlt und zeigen den Weltverzicht und den Geist des fortzeugenden Lebens. Er nennt die Gottesfurcht und er erhält sie, denn der Gott hilft der Kraft, es sei ihm nahe oder fern. Und so vergeuchwiedet ein Gott, aber nicht gekreuzigt, denn die Kraft wurde nicht geschändet.

J. Das war der heimliche gute Königs? Wann gehen wir durch diesen Weg?

L. Es ist nicht unser Weg. Verflucht seien die Wegeleichtigkeiten der Verlehrer. Man kann gute Wege sehen! Warum gehen wir sie nicht? Wir sind Narren, die Gründe Dreiköpfe, denn wir die guten Strassen nicht gehen. Besser wäre Blindheit, Stumpfheit, Blödheit, sondern man den guten Weg nicht erkennen könnte: er bindet uns blos an eigenen Weg. Wieviel leichter wäre unser Weg, wenn wir den guten Weg nicht sehen und verlassen könnten! Es gibt nur einen Weg! Und sei er verbleichtert von allen Wegen!

Schmerz die Wagen, dein Königsstab leuchtet, denn er Atmos ist uralt und gewiss leuchtet er in der Wirkkraft des Karmes aus. Man fühlt die Drehung nicht mehr.

J. Es scheint, das Karma von dem die gesucht ist zerstörbar ~~der Kraft~~ der Kraft des Nirvana, aber auch zugleich das, was man dunkel nennt.

L. Du hast nicht weit dazu hingekommen. Innerhalb des Karmas kennt der Gott der Schatten entgegen, sein Widerpart; wenn er fungiert Schatten, so ist der Widerpart blauer Atmosphäre, Kälte aus Feuer, keine andere Gluth. Gott steht nicht widerstreitend gegen Böse lehren das Gute, die Schlange vom Bösen zum Guten. Ja, Beide weisen den guten Weg, auch wenn sie nicht widersprechen. Aber um Guten sind sie eins. Ja, wenn wir nach dem guten gingen, wir wüssten, wo anderes. Denn klar einfache Pfade sind uns von Weisen vorgezeichnet, und wie unzählige vorgegangen. Warum gehen wir sie nicht? Wir müssen nicht nach dem Guten, sondern nach dem Leben gehen. Das Leben, so heisst es nun aus, ist höher als das Gute, denn das Gute ist bloss eine Frucht des Lebens. Niemand aber ist Frucht mehr wert, als der Baum, an dem sie wuchs. Ja, wenn wir nach dem Guten gingen! Aber es ist unser Teil nicht, es will nicht, denn es wird Leben, welches ihm als heiliger eingeschwört ist, selbst gewisse Böse blendungen verhindern besser und heiliger als das blosse Gute. Wir können uns nicht wehren. Es gilt die andere Strasse, die nach dem Leben, denn das Gute ist für uns das Leben, denn wir wissen, das das Leben gutsein kann. Wir können nicht glauben, das

Das heißt unglaublich sterben müssen. Wir glauben, daß das Leben eine Pflanze sei, die in sich selbstverständlich wird sich entfalte.

2.III.18. J. Meine Seele, Du weißt mir helfen jene Mitte zu erlangen und zu bewahren, wo ich in Gott bin und nicht in Gott, wo ich zwischen den Gottern stehe.

S. Du meinst also den Zustand des Aufgehoßtseins? Sonnenst Du Dich Mitte zwischen den Gottern. Du nimmst zu mit Anteil am Gottesprozeß.

J. Wie kann ich weniger wahren, wenn ich doch gewährt bin, eine und einzig?

S. Gewiß bist Du in Gott eines und einzig und doch bist Du dein wahres wo eins noch zweien, sondern zugleich, auch teilt werden, gewinnen, verlieren. Du bist nicht nur, sondern deine Verwirklichung. Ach, das Zusprechen nicht sein ist, oder das Verstehen und Begreifen ist ein Augenblick.

J. Wer bist Du? Welcher Grund, welt wie bestimmt ein.

S. Ich bin Reinfluß, eine Frende Kraft wie bestimmt ein. Wissenschaft nicht bestimmen, wohl aus Dir. Das hast Du zu besorgen. Meine Arbeit ist getan. Lebe wohl.

29.III.18.

Wie soll denn hier weitergehen? Wo steh ich eigentlich?

S. Du stehst immer noch an Dir selber. Wo solltest Du sonst stehen? An deinem eitigen Ich.

J. Was soll ich damit tun?

S. Willst es wissen? Weiß nur eines davon etwas? Wir eine Sonder Andere, aber dein Ich — alle Welt ist Dein in Vielgestalt — offenbar Dasselbst auch. Darum fand man es von jeher empfehlenswerth, das Ich in dieser oder jener Gestalt zu vergessen. Einsamkeit will sich selbst nur immer Allen zu wiederwerden. Willst Du dich aufgeben? Kannst Du es wohl?

J. Wie kann ich das — mich aufgeben? Kann man sich wirklich aufgeben?

S. Das frage ich mich auch. Weiß vielleicht ab, ob mir etwas gelingen wird. Spitz Dich gegen Stumpf, wirf gegen schwarz. Schließe, Du wirst auf die Lösung dieser Frage nicht weiter kommen. Tue unterdessen das, was zunächst zu tun ist, ob die Lust Strangelhaftigkeit. Du hast nicht Deine Aufgabe noch nicht am Ende. Halte fest, halte aus. Es muß vollendet werden. Allein sein — natürlich — was willst Du sonst? — Du bist Dasjenige um dieses Werkes willen.

J. Glaubst Du nicht, daß ich auch um meines selbst willen lebe?

S. Warum tust Du ohne dem Werk? Was Du Dir denkst, das bist Du Dir denken Werk. Dein Werk, das bist Du. Indem Du dein Werk tust, bist Du Du selber. Darum selbst Dich nicht lassen trotz Unlust — das zählt nicht.

14.IV.18

Und jetzt? Was ist vorsicht? Ich bin blos krank.

S. Warum tust Du ungeduldig? Kehrst Dich daß das ungewohnte Dich an Dir? Es will nicht, ausgesetzt. Du bist Dich nicht gehen gelang. Du fühlst es selbst. Du empfindest Dich, Du kannst Dich nicht fügen. Du mußt aber mit Geduldannehmen, verfügt. Alles kommt.

15.IV.18.

S. Will Dir, daß Du Dich aus dem Gefängnis der Ich befreit!

J. Was meinst Du das? Erkläre mir!

S. Ich baut Tempel und Grabstätten für alle lebendigen Götter. Wenn Du in Dir bist, bist Du in Gott. Und als Gott bist Du in Dir, eingemeint, lebendig begraben zu werden.

J. Warum? Ich begreife nicht.

S. Du Gott bist nicht auch in göttlich, einzige Wirkung aus, unterstützt in einer Wirkung. Sie ist ist sein Grab. Und so wie es sein — unvermeidliches Schicksal jedes Gottes.

56) Du soll aber Dich bei mir und mit mir sein und so wird
Gott mit in Gott —
J. Warum sollst Du immer mit Gott und in Gott sein?
Willst Du Gott selber sein? und begraben werden?
Gott ist ewig Kraft und Geist. Du aber hast einen
Körper. Dein Körper liebt, darum Du bist mit und
in Gott dem selbst —
J. Deine Verwirrungen sind endlos — jedesmal
was will ich noch? Jedoch — also ich soll auch
ausser meinem selbst, auch ausser Gott sein? Wo
denn? im Jenseits?
J. Gewiss, ausser bei den Menschen, ausser Dir
selbst bei Pauli. So nun Du Hände, Du dem Gott
zur Geburt und zum Grabe helfen.
J. Was meint Du damit, ausser bei den Menschen?
J. im Dienste ihres Gottes. Phanes — der Singende in Dir
und überall und in Millionenfach in Dir und überall.
J. Im Dienste ihres Gottes?
J. Was erwartest Du Dich? Der eine geht die Strasse
nach Innen ~~und~~ um nach Innen zu gelangen. Der
Andere aber geht nach Aussen, um ~~über~~ Innen
anzulangen. Beide Wege sind gut und treffen sich,
und beide müssen gegangen werden. Wie sollst Du
anders leben als dass Du bald in Gott bald ausserhalb
Gott? Bist und bleibst Du in Gott, so wirst Du
in einer ewigen Wirkung begraben. Bist aber bleibst
Du ausser Gott, so bewegst Du mir ja Du selbst" und Du
bleibst Schade sein selbst, aus Lust zur Quälerei deines eigenen
Wesens. Also sollst Du bald mit und in Dir selbst und so
mit und in Gott sein. Bleibst Du aber in Dir selbst, so
überwandert Dich der Jedes schatten des Gottes und wirst
Dich lebendig begraben. Dem Gott leuchtet aus Dir
hervor und erzieht Philemon und Ka und gibt
zu den Menschen und ist Nahrung ihrem Gatten,
indem er sich von sich selber entäussert, so wie Gott,
sollst Du thun. Anders wirst Du nicht leben
J. Wie aber kann ich ausser mir sein?
J. Nicht ausser Dir selbst", sondern ausser bei
den Menschen und Dir selbst. Du bist nicht blos
ausser mit Dir, wenn Du in Dir bist, sondern zu der Bewegung
auch aussen an Dir selbst selbst sein, und zwar nicht blos
innerhalb. Glaubst wenn bist Du in Gott, wenn
Du in Dir bist, und Gott ist in Dir, wenn Du aus
an Dir selbst bist.
J. Was ist denn das Ich? Ist es nicht Dir Dich
von Dir selbst!
J. Wenn Du in Dir selbst bist, so kannst Du das
Ich von selbst nicht unterschieden. Wenn Du aber
aussen an Dir selbst bist, dann ist das selbst vom
Ich verschieden. Denn das Selbst ist ein grosses
Geheimniss, das ich sowohl um hülle wie Du. ~~Das~~
Es ist jenes Kleinste Korn das alle Himmel füllt,
~~ich~~ ein Stern toten Stoffes und Gott in alle Ewigkeit.
Amen. Ich sage Amen", denn nach einem so unge-
heuerlichen Satze muss man Amen" sagen

Segen zur Berührung; Ihr alle Geheimnisse sind
unglaubwürdig. Ich lasse alle Geheimnisse, Scheinverse
rathe ich in Ihr so viel wie möglich. Es scheint, es gäbe
nicht so viele Geheimnisse, aber sie sind nicht weg zu leugnen
— und natürlich — ohne ~~ich~~ Geheimnisse
~~[illegible]~~ kein Entkommen aus den Widersprüchen —

Also — wenn Sie zurück zu Ihr selbst bist, dann
fühlst Du dich von selbst verwirrt. Du fühlst
dich selbst entweder einen Frau-toten Stoffes voll Qual
Trauen und Angst der Tiefe, wenn Du aber Dich umar-
Tod angenommen und dem Kind wahrhaft Menschlichkeit
gehalten und aus diesem Tod den Gottessohn empfan-
gen hast, dann fühlst Du Dich selbst als Gottes Ge-
burt, dann fühlst Du Dich Philemon. Was soll es wohl?
Doch siehe, Du kommst Philemon. Was soll es wohl?

P. Höret, mir scheint, als ob jenes Licht, das ihr eure
Gott nennt, auch mein Licht wäre. Früher erschien
es mir, als ob jenes Licht von mir ausgienge. Jetzt aber
sehe ich, daß es meine Nahrung ist. Zu P. scheint es,
in K. wirkt es. Schein ist nichtber, das Wirken aber ist
Dunkel. Dunkel ist das Wirkende. Hell das Scheinende.
Das Wirkende scheint nicht und das Scheinende wirkt
nicht. Das ist meine Beschränkung. Darum
bedürfte mein Bruder der Dunkelheit, der Armuth und des
elenden Todes, um zu wirken.

K. Gut, daß Du meine Grösse und deine Be-
schränktheit siehst! Du fängst an, das richtige
Maass zu finden, Du Verächter aller Wirkenden
und Lebendigen. Ich verfluche meine Dunkel-
heit, mein ewiges Verlangen, und doch ich?
ich das Wirkende und du bist blos das Scheinende
du Lügenschein, du Gaukler, du Betrüger, der mich
Liebe des Menschen stiehlt. Heute aber ist ein gutter
Tag, der Tag, wo Dich mein Fluch erreicht — verkünde
Du im Beschränktheit, rufe hinaus, daß Du Dich selbst
daß ~~du Unwahrheit ausrandelst~~ du betrügst und
blendest. Sehen das Wirkende und Fluch Dich, daß
das verborgene Wirkende immer das Verborgene ist! Darum
wurde mein Bruder als ein Königssohn geboren werden
und allen Schein und Scheinenden mußte ihn umgeben bis
zum Ende, damit er genesen könne. Wer hätte seine
Gesichtet unter all den Dingen, wenn nicht der Schein ihn
hervorgehoben hätte? Verflucht sei der Schein, der die
Welt um alle Wirklichkeit betrogen. Ein guter Tag
für wahr, Philemon, ~~da~~ ein Flügel wird dir gebrochen
P. Du sprichst von Wahrheit, ~~ist~~ o Ka, du mit Wahrheit
und schlecht ist Einer, der nicht an seine Wahrheit
glaubt — wenn er überhaupt meine oder deine oder
seine Wahrheit fällt. Ich rege dem Wirken, dem Du
schaffst mit dem goldenen Schein —
K. Und darum soll ich verfluchtsein zum Dunkeln, zu
einem freudlosen Dasein, weil ich der Schöpfer deines
Goldes bin, deines trügerischen, glissnerischen Gold-
dunstes, mit dem Du alle Welt verblendest?
P. Warum empört sich der Schatten gegen das Licht?
Hat das Licht ihm Unrecht? Habe ich Ka nicht
gegeben, was ihm zukommt? Was ist der Schein meines
Leuchtens, o Ka? Warum ist das Wirkende

Finsternis und verworfen vom Licht des Tages?

K. Du Flüchtige, du bist der Kind der Tage, der goldige Schein der Oberwelt, der ewige Frühling und Morgen. Aber das Kind trach dieses Flügel. Du bist der Wirkende nicht. Ich bin der Wirkende. Für wirke, ich wähne nicht. Was sich unterhält, wenn Kinder, ~~hüten~~ die Titanen, Götter, ihre Mütter, die Mütter ~~und~~ andern Dinge. Die Tat des Wirkenden ist die Flucht Euch — ihr wagt meines Flüchten — so lange hast ihr das Wirkende verachtet und den falschen Schein geglaubt.

P. Nein, Ka. Bin ich nicht der wahre Schein? Bin ich nicht mein wahrer Schatten? Ist nur Schatten wahr und Schein immer falsch?

K. Alle Welt spricht von Philemon, wer aber spricht von Ka? Und doch ist Ka der Urgrund der Wesen und Gestalten.

3.VI.18.

Warum, meine Seele, tratest du dein Kind zu mir mit sehnender Gebärde? Was wolltest du?

S. Lange schon hörst du mich nicht zu dir sprechen. Du ihr, den segensreichen Beschränkten, ihr der sie Liebe gibt gegen heiligen Boden, zu dem Fleck der Erde, der dir schön ist und wo zu leben dir angenehm ist. Er schmückt diesen Fleck mit Sorgfalt und Liebe, er liebkost das Land, das er gnädig und fruchtbringend. Er begegnet dich auf diesem ~~Fleck~~ Fleck Erde, auf den Menschen, die dir theuer sind. Er giebt dir die Empfindung des Seins in dieser bestimmten Form. Er schließt alle andern Möglichkeiten aus. Darum scheint er gefährlich und mörderisch. Er verzeilt in der Erde und kennt die Menschen in ihrer Erde.

I. Ich sah es. Doch sage mir, was nennst mir den Philemon, was kennst mich?

S. Philemon ist Bezeichnung. Er wittert die Gefahr der Erde. Er fürchtet das schöne Schlangengift der Erde. Einst wird sein Fuß gelähmt vom giftigen Biss, aber es wachsen ihm Flügel. Er kennt die Macht der Gifte, darum zieht er das Fliegen vor. Er sieht die Schlange unter den Rosen und will darum schmetterling sein. Doch lass dich nicht zu viel von ihm bestricken, denn du bist ein Mensch, ein Bruder der erdbewohnenden Thiere. Wie schön und wie heimlich ist der Erdboden der Erde! Die Menschen, die du kennst und liebst, die dich kennen und lieben, die Bäume, die lieben diesen Fleck Erde beschatten, die Blumen, die Thau spreiten, die Sonne begrüßen, die Vögel, die mit Gesang die ruhende Luft der Morgenröthe erfüllen, schimmernde Blätter und Blüthen, die glitzernde Flöcke des Wassers verbrennt, das zu den Bergen zieht, das ist das Glück der Erde, das ich auch Philemon, der Liebende.

Die Daemonen versöhnen sich im Menschen, der nicht allein Herr, der die Quelle ist der vier Stürme, selber ~~geharm~~

quellengebärende Erde. Von seinem Gipfel fließen Wasser nach den vier Winden. Er ist das Meer, das die Sonne gebiert, er ist der Berg, der die Sonne trägt, er ist der Vater der vier großen Ströme, er ist das Kreuz, das die vier großen Dämonen bindet. Er ist der unerschöpfliche Kern des Weltes, der von ohnegleichen durch die Räume fällt. Dieser Kern ist Anfang, jünger als alle Anfänge, älter als jedes Ende. Ich preise die Größe und die Kleinheit des Menschen, sein Reichtum erfüllt die Erde, sein Glück ist im Kleinsten und Einfachsten.

Wer führt dich zur Freude? ~~Freude ist~~ Opferung denen, das nicht zu dir gehört. Freude aber ist dein eigenster Selbst.

3 VII. 18. O du Geheimniss der Sommermorgens! Du lebendiges Menschenkind und Götter bei deinem Aufgang.

Ich spreche – bist du der da spricht, Ich? Bist du geboren?

10 VII. 18. Mein Seele, was geht vor? Verwandelt mich meines mich mir selbst? Verjüngert mich?

S. Vergiftung durch die Erdgeister.

Was meint du damit?

S. Die Schwere hat einen Erdgeist bei sich, einen Totengeist, gelebt wurde. Er raubt Kräfte. Die Erde wollte prüfen kommen. Sie kann nichts dafür. Sie kann nichts dagegen. Du allein kannst es. Es ist zurückgehalten. Du hast noch nicht Alles vernichtet, noch nicht Alles getan.

I. Was kann ich noch tun?

S. Du kannst noch mehr lieben.

I. Ich weiss nicht wie.

S. Durch die That.

I. Durch welche That?

I. Ist er nicht Spiegelung? Hat die Schwere der Geist an sich? Oder ist er nicht vielmehr etwas in mir?

S. Geister sind immer zwischen zwei Menschen. Sie leben aus der Beziehung zweier Menschen. Ohne Beziehung sind auch die Geister tot, nicht nur die Menschen. Aber die Geister können aus einer Beziehung herausgelöst werden, damit sie ihnen kommen.

I. Aber der Wie, das ist die Frage!

S. Ich weiss, jedoch ist das Wie nicht einfach. Es dreht sich um um um und nicht ein noch aus findet es nicht. Der Geist ist dieses Wie. Aus diesem Wie leben die Totengeister. Wo ein Wie ist, da nimmt sich die unerlöste Geister. Sie saugen es in sich, sie leben daraus. Wo die Frage Wie? ist, da finden sie Nahrung. Solange du nicht das Wie nicht weiss, frisst es die Geister.

I. So helfe mir dieses Wie finden.

S. Tauche und von allen Dingen, selbst den ihnen, das du hinterlassen hast. Warum gehst du mir zu nahe liegendes? Warum trennst du die Gegensätze nicht? Warum hinaus durch verwirrst? Das schafft das Wild des Hilfsbedürftigen. Du Gegensätze kommen auf. Meine andere Hälfte, die auf der heute Erde, ist eine andere Seele als ich. Sie ist zwischen den Dingen und Dir, ich bin zwischen den ewigen Bildern und Dir. Ich bin Geist, sie ist Gefühl. Ich bin hell, sie ist dunkel. Die Schwere ist ein Symbol.

Noch hast Du Salome nicht angeschaut. Sie ist der Erdgeist, der giftige Tangetanzt, der Lasterhaft und braunhaut, der Blut trinkt und wahnsinnig krankhaft verursacht. Wie sie aus dem Symbol gelöst, sie gibt den ewigen Bildern Gestalt und Substanz, wirklichen Leben. Sie aber heraus dich aus Blute Elis Heiligen. Warum? Sie ist aus dem menschlichen Symbol nicht gelöst. Warum hebst Du sie herzu? Weil sie die Tänzerin ist — (Es ertönt in der Ferne) etc

J. Was war das?

S. Totengeister begleiten sie, Hexen, Begrahmen — nicht die Geister der ewigen Bilder. Sie tragen Krallen wie Hunde Katzen, Schnäbel und schwarze Mistvögel, Aasvögel dann die Tänzerin gewirbelt, sie hat Krallen und scharfe Zähne, Hunde ihr liegen Blutig Tarrissene, Blutbecher und Totengeister mögen nicht daran. Sie sie macht trunken und sie ist trunken vom Blute der Heiligen, sie schüttet Gift in Liebesdrüse. Sie ist im Feuer vom Wollust und Qual der Wollust. Sie ist schön wie die Hölle. Sie gibt Qual der Lust und die Sucht des Giftes. Sie macht den Menschen Gift trinken, Giftbrewen, sie ist Höllische Lockung. Sie ist Zwang der Leidenschaft. Ich bin ewige Erscheinung. Ich trage empor in Ewigkeiten, sie zieht hinunter in der Geheimnis des Staubes, wie die schönste Sonne, in den Tod aller Indischen. Ich bin die Tochter der ewigen Mutter, sie die Tochter der ewigen Vater, sie ist die Erde, ich der Gefährt der Himmels. Ja sie ist da schon die Erde, aus ich erscheint wirklichte Gestalt, aus mir ein ewiges Bild.

J. Doch wie soll ich sie lösen?

S. Wie hast Du mich gelöst? Doch nur, daß Du mich aus der Wirklichkeit schaudert. Wie wirst Du sie lösen? Doch nur, daß Du sie aus der Wirklichkeit schaudert. Befällt Dich die Qual, dann rufe sie, frage sie, wie Du mich rufst und fragst. Vergehst Du? Ich geh Dich ewige Bilder. Auch sie wird dir gehen, wenn du sie aus der Wirklichkeit schaudert und sie fragst und sie zu Rede und Antwort zwingst, wie Du mich zwangst. Ich quälte Dich mit ohnmächtiger Wut, sie quält Dich mit ohnmächtiger Lust und hilflosem Verlangen. Rufe sie und höre, was sie sagt.

J. Ich will es thun, und auf der Stelle, denn jagend ist die Qual. Salome, verruchte Tänzerin, du liegst mit dunkelroten Krallen — komme, höre, rede; was willst Du?

S. Was willst Du? Du wirst, was ich will.

J. Ich weiß es. Aber ich will nicht mehr.

S. So, Du willst nicht mehr? Glaubst Du das? Du willst die Wollust und ihre Qual, Du willst das Verlangen, das gebrennende Feuer. Ich gebe dir, was Du willst.

J. Du täuschest dich. Der Nichtwollen erwacht. Und ich bin klein und schwach. Es wird ihn wachsen. Es soll ein Held werden, der dich befällt.

S. Wo? ein Held? Sehe man dir sie?

J. Ich werde ihn dir zeigen.

S. Einen Narren, einen Propheten, einen Asketen?

J. Nein, gewiß nicht, ebenso einen, der nicht unterweichen Frosen sich erschrecken läßt, einen Menschen, der Leben

will und der sich sträubt, vom Verlangen verzehrt zu werden. Die Welt bedeutet nichts gegen, noch weniger soll es Dir schwindeln thun.

Sal. Es reut dich schon. Du willst Du schon hinab in die Erde wissen?

J. Ich will nicht ein Sklave sein. Wer ist der Stück der Erde, wenn er heimt vor höllisches Feuer? Wenn er krank macht, wie sich? Der Kampf gegen dich ist aufgenommen. Ich werde nicht ruhen, bis Du deine Macht dem Menschen abgetreten hast. Du musst mir gehorchen. Du sollst gehorchen. Nicht will ich Dir schonen, du bedeutest, nicht soll Du Dich der Dakers mir entziehen, aber Du giftschlangen sollen erschlagen sein, damit der Mensch unter Blumen wandeln möge.

Sal. Du hast großen Plane. Jagt' aus Halbschwak. Du hast zum Lachen.

J. Herr Salone, Dein Teufel wird gebrochen. Das Geheimniss Deines Zauber will ich an mich reissen. Du wirst mir Dein Geheimniss lehren.

Sal. Nimmer mehr. Ich habe kein Geheimniss. Mein Geheimniss ist Deine Schwäche, und sie ist kein Geheimniss.

J. Du machst mich nicht bange. Schwäche ist eine Stärke. Die Schwächen sind die stärksten Mächte des menschlichen Lebens. Das Geheimniss der Schwäche meiner Schwäche will ich Dir entreissen. Denn ich will das Stärkste werden, was es leben kann auf Erden, ohne den Erdgeistern zu verfallen.

Sal. Schwerlich mich hüten, das Geheimniss der Schwäche Dir preisgegeben, denn sie ist meine

Stärke. Bekämpfe Deine Schwäche wachsamen Muthes. Du wirst sehen, dass Du unterliegst, und überwindest Du sie, so hast Du ein unbesiegbares und unverwendbarkeit? Wer mich bekämpft, bekämpft sich selbst. Jeder Streich trifft Dich. Wirst besser, von Lüsternheit zerreissen zu sein oder sich selbst zerreissen?

J. Ich werde mich hüten, mich selbst zu zerreissen um meine Schwäche zu bekämpfen. Ich werde meine Schwäche lehren, damit sie meine Stärke wird. Schon bin ich so weit, dass meine Schwäche eine Stärke werden will. Denn fasse ich Dich und Du musst reden. Ich rufe Deinen Zwang.

Sal. Glaubst Du das? Willst Du etwas wetten?

J. Du wirst reden. Du wirst mir antworten. Du wirst Dein Geheimniss preisgeben.

Sal. Was geht es mich? Ich habe das Geheimniss billig. Es ist nicht mein, es gehört den schwarzen Hexenpolen. Frage sie, wenn Du etwas wissen willst.

J. Du entgehst mir nicht. Die schwarzen Vögel sind dem Erfolge, zu leben und meinen Opfern. Du kannst Dich nicht. Erliegst anders. Du verwirrst mich nicht, indem Du mir so Polengeister vorschützest. Es ist Humgewordenen Prophetin selbst von Dir eingewirkt, ~~aus~~ von Schwachkopf Hans erfindet Liebhaber. Circe allein leistet der Geheimniss, nicht die kläglichen Schweine eines Gartens. Nennst Deinen Zauber — wie seine Schwäche lebte, weil er sie Kelly sprach, entwindet Dir den Stab.

Sal. Was willst Du mich bedrängen? Was soll ich sagen? Ich weiß nichts. Mein Tauben ist kein Geheimniß. Es ist blosses Ereignis. Wer will es noch zu fragen?

J. Ich sage nachgründen, denn der Ereignis ist nicht von ewiger Nothwendigkeit. Ereignis können auch anders sein. Du weißt von Gründen, Du weißt mir Ereignis gemacht worden. Hast Du nicht Tränke, bös Kräuter, finstre Tränke, Nachtvogel gekreischt, wuchige Wurzeln, Schlangenzähne und Rattenzähne?

Sal. So vermahne, der Geheimniß mir abzupressen, wenn Dir Dienst geleistet.

J. Du selbst sprechen.

Sal. Du sollst meinem Gebot gehorchen.

J. Freiwillig. Zwang aber brechen ich.

Sal. Soll ich reden? Ich will Deine Ohren gellen, Dein Herz stechen, Dein Zwerchfell zerrinnen, Deine Gedärme verwickeln. Hast Du nicht braune Augen? Braune Augen? Hast Du nicht keine Augen? Süße Lippen? Hast Du nicht keine Lippen? Bist Du nicht Dein Geheimniß des Schoßes? Bist Du nicht Dein Schoß? Du wollest der ~~Schoßes~~ Empfangens und Gebärens? Ja Dein Verlangen gehört. Ist nicht Dein Leib ungeschlachten? Fehlt er nicht nach Fruchtbarkeit? Sehnt er sich nach jungen Umarmung? Willst Du wohl in Deinen eigenen Schoß eingehen zur Empfängnis Deines Selbst?

J. Was soll dies Teufelsgerede? Du quälst vergebens. Du sollst Deine Macht ausliefern. Genugsam

Unterdrückung!

Sal. Ha, es quält Dich. Das ist gut. Schmeckst Du, wie es thut, wenn man mich angreift?

J. Ich gehe nicht nach. Du sollst reden.

Sal. Ich muss dir sagen: Du bist nicht besser als andere. ~~Du~~ Du bist weniger als Andere. Du bist ein Schwächling, ein Feigling. Verlangst Du? Was hast Du der Welt Gutes gebracht? Du täuschest und bist getäuscht, ein Narr seiner Schwächen.

J. Du vergissest: deiner Stärke, deiner verführerischen Macht. Aber rede, ich höre.

Sal. Was kannst Du? Du bist machtlos, du bist schlaff, ein Lappen, der im Winde flattert. Bekennst du meine Macht an. Ich kann Böses reden. Und Du? Hast Du Kraft? Bekämpfe deine Schwächen, Du schwacher Knabe.

J. Meine Schwäche ist eine Stärke, die Du dir angemacht. Sie ist meine Stärke, die, mir entwendet, in deine ~~Hände~~ krallenbewehrten Hände gerathen ist und mich überwältigt. Dir dient ein Erfolge von Geistern, was dient mir? Ich bin einsam, ein Menschenter Vielen und kämpfe den Kampf um mein Leben und um das Leben der Menschheit und um eine bessere Menschheit. Niemand steht mir bei. Niemand kann mir beistehen. Meinen Ruf hört Niemand, denn meine Stimme ist schwach. Nichts ähnliches schweige ich. Leicht ist es für mich, mich

zu vermaledeien. Aber ich lasse Dich nicht, denn
dein Geheimniß will ich an mich zwingen.
Sal. Hast Du nochmals genug? Siehst Du Du hast
Lächerlichkeit, Du Vollkraft deines Untergangs nicht ein?
Wahnst Du denn? Siehst Du nicht, daß Trauer und
Hoffnungslosigkeit an dir fressen? Was wundert
daß Du Aasgeier nicht sammelst, wo Du Dich an-
rechnest selber zum Aasgewerden? Wie willst
neuen Geheimniß? Wessen soll Du Dich frommen? Willst
Du Du Menschheit verzaubern? Oder willst Du die Dä-
monen zwingen? Du wirst zum Kindergott.
J. Höre auf mit deinem Gerede. Du fängst mich
nicht. Deine Fallen kenne ich von früher.
Sal. Es langweilt Dich ja. Du Gewohnheitsmensch wirst
gut genug, an Deinem Dir Allein. Spiegelung, nichts
weiter. Selbstverständlich, eine Feta morgana — meine
Tanzkunst willst Du noch mehr?
J. Deine Tanzkunst schreckt mich nicht. Ich sehe
Dahinter ohne Dich Angst.
Sal. Du meinst Dich nicht etwa, ich hätte Angst.
Das müßte ich Dich merken.
J. Sogleich Dinge, die Du nicht siehst.
Sal. Dahaben wir Angst angesehen, hast Du den
bösen Blick? — Ha, das ist Philemons Werk! Es
gab Dir den bösen Blick. Das ist seine Spottrache
dafür, daß ich ihn, aber Simon, den Flügelbrecher
Warum macht ich den Christen helfen?
J. Sogleich die Hexerei, als ob Du nicht wüßtest,
daß die Christen es waren, die Dich zur schwarzen Gottesmutter
hinübersetzten und Dich zur schwarzen Gottesmutter

erhoben, zum hortus deliciarum.
Sal. Woher weißt Du das? — Das ist Philemons Rache.
Er hat mich verrathen.
J. Was geht vor? Was wird mir verschwiegen.
Sal. Ich sah ~~den~~ Simons Tanzen und ~~Philemon~~ beherrschte
mich. Ich erbrachte dem Dir Flügel, dem Arglistigen.
Er kannte wer Dir dein Geheimniß nicht kennen? Wer
bist Du? Bist Du ein Gott? Wer gab Dir Macht?
J. Die Noth.
Sal. Sonst lehrt Du Noth bitten —
J. Nicht mich — sondern sie gab mir Macht. Und
Du sollst meine Macht fühlen. Du wirst mein Ge-
heimniß preisgeben.
Sal. Ich kann nicht. Ich kenne es ja selber nicht.
Weiß Du nicht selbst, hat Verblendung sich selbst
verrathen?

31.VII.38.

Soll mein Werk gerathen und soll Alles zu seiner Erfüllung
kommen, so muß ich mich stets dir, meine Seele, zuvor unter-
werfen, damit Du mich hinüberziehst an den Ort, den der Gott
bewohnt. Ich bin zu sehr gefangen vom Eindrucke der
Sonnenwelt, ~~und~~ daher Du mich zu andern hast ziehen
mußt, welche Du siehst. Darum sage mir, was Du
siehst.
S. Ich sehe Salome neben Dir, aus dem menschlichen
Symbol gelöst.
J. Was will sie?
S. Sie fragt fragend oder bittend — ich weiß nicht. Salome

Lieb, warum stehst Du und worauf wartest Du?

Sel. Noch bin ich nicht losgelöst von diesem Menschen, dem es heute wohl eine Frage aufgezwungen ~~an~~ oder angezaubert — ich habe doch nie Fragen oder Parsifal. Also hat es mich doch verzaubert! Ich ahne Pheit Schlüsse. Man lös mich.

S. Wer für eine Frage hat er Dir denn angezaubert?

Sel. Die Frage nach meinem Geheimniss. Ich habe doch kein Geheimniss — Lust und Empfindung der Lust — was sollte daran für ein Geheimniss sein? Das ist doch nur ein Ereigniss und nichts weiter. Es ist Dir sicherlich bekannt, der Philemon, ~~an~~ mich ein Geheimniss schlüsse wittern zu können. Sicher ist es P, der diesen Gedanken eingeschwätzt hat und nicht dieser Mensch. Wie könnte ein Mensch auf ~~einen~~ solche Gedanken kommen? Lust ist die Empfindung der Lust und weiter nichts. Warum sollte ein Geheimniss dahinter sein? Warum fragst dieser Mensch nach einem Geheimniss dahinter? Wer gab ihm diese verrückten Gedanken ein? Wer stachelte ihn zu der Unverschämtheit auf, mich solcher zu fragen? Wie einen so verrückten Gedanken eingeworfen? Wer anders als P? Seine bösen Kunst allein kann solche Gedanken ~~an~~ erzeugen, die sich ankleben wie ein Nessusgewand. Ich habe aber kein Geheimniss, es ist Wahnsinn bei mir nach Geheimnissen zu fragen, Unverschämtheit, Quälerei. Hinter der Empfindung ist nichts kein Geheimniss, nichts darüber Draussen oder innen

Dir. Es ist die Empfindung allein — ja, lachst Du meine Thränen — Empfindung ist Empfindung, Lust ist Lust, Unlust ist Unlust und nichts weiter. Ich will nicht, dass ein Geheimniss darin sei — das ist ein ekelhafter, wahnsinniger Gedanke, schmutzig und dumm.

S. Meine Seele, sagen wir, warum regt sich Salome auf? Es ist doch nicht so schrecklich, dass hinter der Lust ein Geheimniss stecken könnte?

S. Merkst Du nicht, dass es Salome gegen die Moral geht? Sie ist in ihrer Art reinlich — reine Lust, reine Empfindung, mit keinem Gedanken, mit keinem Geheimniss verschmutzt — das ist ihr Ideal. Du hast ihr moralisches Empfinden gekränkt, ~~an~~ ~~gekränkt~~ ja du hast es sogar schon entzogen, denn der Zweifel lässt sie nicht mehr los.

Sel. Empfindung ist rein. Was wollt ihr ein Geheimniss hineinmischen und ein klares Wasser ~~mit~~ damit trüben?

S. Aber du siehst doch, Salome, dass der Gedanke, ~~das Geheim~~ ein Geheimniss könnte hinter der Lust liegen, dich verzaubert hat und dich nicht mehr losläßt. Warum hat dich dieser Gedanke gefasst? Doch wohl nur, weil Etwas in Dir ihm entgegenkommt. Was kommt ihm entgegen? Doch wohl derselbe Gedanke, der in Dir bereit lag.

Sel. Das kann nicht wahr sein, denn ich denke überhaupt nicht.

S. Der hindert nicht, daß es in Dir denkt.

Sel. Du meinst also auch, daß ein Geheimnis hinter der Luft verborgen sei? Was für ein Geheimnis? Welch ein Geheimnis besitzen? Der Gedanke ist nicht übel.

S. Sage mir, meine Seele, weiß Salome das Geheimnis wirklich nicht oder verhüllt sie sich?

S. Natürlich weiß sie es nicht, denn sie ist selber das Geheimnis.

Sel. Was sagst Du da? Ich selber sei das Geheimnis? Wie kann ich mich wissen? Weiß Luft noch selbst?

S. Und verhehlst Du uns dein Geheimnis schon vielleicht. Du bist das Geheimnis, das hinter aller Luft steht, die Seele, die die Erde berührt, deine Schwester, die den Stoff umarmt, die Unsagbarkeit aufhebbar macht. Meine Liebe gehört dem ewigen Bildner, deine Liebe dem ewigen Stoffe. Ich bin dem Vater, O mein Vater. So ist der Schleier gerissen, der täuschend die Wahrheit verhüllte, der Nebel zerteilt, der tausend Irrgänge schuf. Erkenne Dich als Seele, verzichte auf die Rätselhaftigkeit deiner Luft, die selbst bist ihre Unreinheit, ihre Vermischtheit, ihr Geheimnis. Luft enthält den ewigen Sinn, wie das Bild die ewige Luft.

Sind meine Bilder rein? Ich glaubtes und habe es verlernt. Meine Bilder atmen die Luft der Welt. Und deine Luft gebiert Mal um Mal die ewigen Bilder. Ist die ~~Farbe~~ Bläue des Himmels ~~Luft~~ Reinheit? Nein, er ist blau, weil die Dunkelheit nicht. Was wäre die kristallene Klarheit des Wassers, wenn Du das Wasser nicht sähest? Rein ist allein das Leere. Reine Luft ist Leer und wäre darum keine Luft. Ein reines Bild wäre leer und wäre daher kein Bild. Denn ein Bild bildet einen etwas ab. Luft will in Ewigkeit Bild und Bild will in Ewigkeit Luft.

Erhabener, die 4 Wege sind vollbracht, die 4 Hüten sind ~~erfüllt~~ in Erfüllung, die 4 Freuden sind ~~erfüllt~~ in Erfüllung, den Göttern der 4 Winde sind die Opfer dargebracht. Der Wunsch letzter ist vollbracht: Salome ist scheinend geworden. Die 4 Winde steigen zu dir hinauf, die 4 Ströme fließen zu dir. Du Zeit ist gekommen, wo du allein sprichst, du Gott aller wahren und allen falschen Götter, du Seiendes aller Nichtseienden. Wir schweigen und harren deiner Rede.

S. Mich befällt Angst. Wer wird sprechen? Aus welchen Tiefen oder Höhen, aus welchen Gegenden des Himmels oder der Erde wird die Stimme kommen?

S. Sei unbesorgt. Ein Chor spricht wie eine Stimme und die eine Stimme wie ein Chor.

PA. Aller Wesen Eine Stimme spricht in Dir.
Aller Sonnen Sonne leuchtet in Dir.
Du gehst aller Wege Weg, einsam mit Allen.

J. Meine Seele, das ist kaum zu ertragen.
S. Schweige, sträube dich nicht.

PA. Dein Weg führe hinaus ins Menschenland,
ein Botengang.

Das Geheimnis des Sonnenmorgens, der glückliche Tag, die Vollendung der Augenblicke, die Fülle der Möglichkeiten, aus Leid und Freude geboren, das Klima der ewigen Schönheit, das Ziel der 4 Wege, die Quelle und das Meer der 4 Ströme, die Erfüllung der 4 Leiden und der 4 Freuden, Vater und Mutter der Götter der 4 Winde, Kreuzigung, Erhebung, Auferstehung und Gottserhöhung der Menschen, Höchstes Wirken und Nichtsein, Welt und Kern, Ewigkeit und Augenblick, Armut und Fülle, Entfaltung, Tod und Wiedergeburt des Gottes, gegen den ewig schaffenden Kraft, erstrahlend in ewiger Wirkung, geleitet von den zwei Müttern und Schwestergattinnen, unausquellbare gedankenreiche Fülle, unsichtbar, unerkennbar, einer Nadel Spitze zwischen Tod und Leben, im Strom der Welten, Himmel überdachend — ich gebe dir die Menschen-

liebe, den Wasserkrug von Opal; Wasser, Wein, und Milch und Blut schüttet er, Nahrung den Menschen und Göttern.

Ich gebe dir die Freude des Leids und das Leid der Freude.

Ich gebe dir das Geheimnis: die Dauer im Wechsel und den Wechsel in der Dauer.

Den Kreuzkrug, das Gefäß der Vollendung. Wasser floß hinein, Wein floß hinein, Milch floß hinein, Blut floß hinein.

Die vier Winde stürzten in das ~~gute~~ köstliche Gefäß.

Die Götter der vier Gegenden des Himmels halten seine Rundung, die ~~zwei~~ beiden Mütter und die beiden Väter bewachen es. Das Feuer des Nordens brennt über seinem Munde, die Schlange des Südens umrandet seinen Boden, der Geist des Ostens hält eine eine Seite und der Geist des Westens seine andere Seite.

Ewig gelenquet besteht es in alle Ewigkeit. In allen Formen wiederkehrend, ewig dasselbe, das eine köstliche Gefäß, gegürtet vom Kreis der Thore, sich selber bejahend, und durch seine Bejahung sich erhaltend.

Das Herz von Gott und Mensch.
Es ist Eines und Vieles. Ein Weg durchs

Berge und durch Thäler führt, ein führender Stern auf dem Meere, wie sie immer die Daraus.

Vollendet, ja wahrlich vollendet ist der, der Nichts weiss.

Vollendung ist Armuth. ~~Aber~~ Armuth aber nicht Dankbarkeit. Dankbarkeit ist Liebe.

2. VIII. 18.

Wahrlich, ~~ich bin der Opfer~~ Vollendung ist das ~~ich bin~~ Opfer.

Vollendung ist Freude und Voraussicht des Schattens.

Vollendung ist Ende. ~~Wo~~ Ende meint Anfang, darum ist Vollendung Kleinheit und Beginn im Kleinsten.

Alles ist unvollendet, darum ist Vollendung Einsamkeit. Einsamkeit aber nicht Gemeinschaft. Darunter meint Vollendung Gemeinschaft.

Ich bin die Vollkommenheit, vollendet aber ist, wer seine Grenzen erreicht hat.

Ich bin das immererlöschende Licht, vollendet aber ist, wer zwischen Tag und Nacht steht.

Ich bin die ewig währende Liebe, vollendet aber ist, wer die Opfernamen neben seine Liebe gelegt hat.

Ich bin die Schönheit, vollendet aber ist, wer an der

Mauer des Tempels sitzt und gegen Entzücken Schmerz flicht.

Der Vollendete ist einfach, einsam, einmüthig. Darum nicht das Vielfältige, die Gemeinschaft, das Zwiespältige. Über das Vielfache, das Gemeinsame, das Widerstreitende schreitet er fort zur Einfachheit, zur Einsamkeit, zur Einmuth.

Der Vollendete weiss Leid und Freude; ich aber bin die Wonne ~~jetzt~~ jenseits von Freud und Leid.

Der Vollendete weiss Hell und Dunkel, ich aber bin das Licht jenseits von Tag ~~und~~ Finsterniss.

Der Vollendete weiss Oben und Unten, ich aber bin die Höhe jenseits von Hoch und Niedrig.

Der Vollendete weiss Schaffendes und Geschaffenes, ich aber bin ~~jenseits des Seins~~ das ~~ewig~~ gebärende Prinzip jenseits von Schöpfung und Geschöpf.

Der Vollendete weiss Leben und Gleichtsein, ich aber bin die Liebe jenseits von Umarmung und Trauer.

Der Vollendete weiss Mann und Weib, ich aber bin der Mensch, ~~und der Kranken~~ sein Vater und sein Sohn jenseits von Mannheit und Weibheit, jenseits von Kind und Greis.

Der Vollendete weiss Aufgang und Untergang, ich aber bin der Mittelpunkt jenseits von Vergan-

Röthe und Abendröthe.

Der Vollendete weiss mich und darum ist er von mir verschieden.

26 VIII 18.

Meine Seele, was geht vor? Was wird geboren. Unruhe bedrängt uns!

A. Du hast zu lange gewartet. Warum fragtest du nicht früher?

J. Ich dachte, ich würde gerufen werden.

A. Ja, aber du Deine will auch bewegt sein. Du hättest fragen sollen. Ich merkt Dir Unruhe verursachen. Salome kocht giftige Tränke. Sie ist wie Medea, der Zauberei kundig.

J. Was thut sie?

A. Frag sie.

J. Salome, was thust du?

Sal. Ich werde mich rächen. Warum hast du mir einen Sinn gegeben. Ich will keinen Sinn haben. Ich will nur Ereigniss. Ich will das blosse Geschehen.

J. Aber wenn nichts geschieht?

Sal. Es wird Alles zu seiner Zeit geschehen. Ich habe die Gift bereitet, wenn du nicht geschehen kannst.

J. Was sollich denn geschehen können?

Sal. Das Leben bereitet.

J. Drücke dich deutlicher aus. Was thust du, der du doch wirkst du?

Sal. Ich wirke Ereigniss. Störe das Geschehen nicht.

J. Ich will nicht stören, aber ich will wissen.

Sal. Du selbst nicht wissen. Du sollst geschehen lassen.

J. Ich will geschehen lassen, warum zwingst du mir Sorgen?

Sal. Ich will dich die Ruhe stören.

J. Warum?

Sal. Weil du nicht gelassen geschehen lässt, sondern insistirst. Ich irritire dich.

J. Warum verfolgst du damit für einen Zweck.

Sal. Deine Irritation ist gut für die Frauen. Das stachelt sie. Ich brauche Deine Irritation, sonst thun sie nichts.

J. Meine Seele, sag mir, ist das wahr?

A. Etwas daran ist wahr. Die Frau wird aus Anlass leben, sonst lässt sie gewiss geschehen. Du merkst diese Irritation annehmen, lasse sie sein; es stachelt, wie Salome richtig sagt. Du kannst nichts thun. Wirm an und schaue dich. Du merkst etwas Einen können. Du kannst nicht machen Geschehen, viel Geschehen. Sal. will reden.

Sal. Ich muss Dich etwas aufregen. Wenn du zu ruhig bist, dann giebt du den Menschen, ohne Alles in Ordnung. Pfähle reißen nichts blosse Schwäche. Du bist zu nachgiebig. Du hast die Macht taucht in Dir. Es muss Alles abkämpfen, wie es muss. Du ist nichts zu thun. Die Andern müssen auch ihren Anteil am Leben haben.

J. Meine Seele, weinst du darüber hinaus?

A. Nichts zum verrathen. Ich rathe die Aufregung.

28 VIII 18. Mein Gott, aus Leid und Freude geboren, Unsterblicher, du wallest leuchtend deines Weges! Du mittlerer Pfad voll Heil und Unheil, voll Glück und Unglück. Dein Fuss schreitet über Sterbliches hinaus. Klage ist uns bestimmt. Dein Fuss schreitet über Sterbliches hinaus. Klage ist uns bestimmt und das Lächeln von Morgenröthen. Blute bei uns, Erlöser aus leidvollen Unendlichkeiten, Kreuzträger, unser Schicksal.

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25. I. 1919 Es ist ein schweres Opfer gebracht. Ein neuer Weg des Lebens eröffnet. An dieser Stelle muss ich dich hören,

meine Seele.

S. Ich habe es gesehen, hier stand ich und sah zu und was alle-
zeit Scheu Philemon Rob der Kind empfor und was ezy Bachs,
wie Du sahest. Dann flatterndem Ungeheuer und Zaubrisemden
angelegt. Dein chinesischen Zauberin, da es vollbrachte, war
Phil. Verkleidgestalteige und Wandelbare. So geschah es und
so wurde es geschehen. So war es richtig. Deine Liebe
rief den schwarzen Flatterguist im Weiber. Deine Liebe ist
Ka, der Tunger, der Gedichte der Frauen. Bei ihnen heist, bei
Dir, was Du nennst, Liebe. Ich nenne es Tungungskraft.
Bindet Ka, damit er seine Schätze Dir reiche, so wie Phil.
der Flatterguist der Frau band, damit sie ihres Leibes theil-
haft wurde."
— Du was für Ahnen hast ihr Menschen! —

J. Wer sprach so?
S. Das war P. Er huschte vorüber, in höheren Sphären
thätig. Ka grollt, am Felsen rüttelnd.
J. Was erachtest Du als nöthig in Deinem Dienste?
S. Dass Du bisweilen mir Sprache giebst. Ich werde
Dich nicht missbrauchen.
J. Hast Du noch etwas mit zu sagen?
S. Nichts ist zu sagen. Du selbst thue, alles Nächste,
damit alles Fernste werde. Vergiss nicht, bisweilen
mich zu hören.

2.II.1919. Von meiner Trauer will ich zu Dir reden, meine
Seele. Die Einsamkeit frisst mein Herz.
S. Was sagst Dich an? Einsamkeit? Warum lauerst Du ihr, das
zu thun? Du selbst umhüllst.
J. So thue den Hülle weg.
S. — Ich kann nicht. Ein Mächtigerer steht nahe.

J. Wer ist es?
S. Ka, wie Du ahnst. Du hast im Schatten Philemons.
J. Ach, er ist Ka! Schmerzhaftes Schatten. Welche Trauer
hast Du mit kunstfertiger Hand bereitet! Warum hüllst Du mich
ein?
Ka: Du denkst zu viel. Darum habe ich Dich in Trauer ge-
hüllt. Du solltest nicht denken, sondern jagen.
J. Ja — Deine Wahrheit! Wie sollte sie gefällt werden! Du
baust Grab auf Grab. Was kümmert Dich menschliches
Leben?
Ka. Willst Du ersticken?
J. Liebe nicht. Wenn P Schatten hinterlässt, so lasse mir
Licht.
Ka. Licht? Ich sorge blos für Schatten und Dunkel.
Was kümmert mich das Licht?
J. Was versprichst Du Dir davon, wenn Du mich mit dem
Dunkel der Trauer umhüllst?
Ka. Ich verspreche mir Schöpfung. Was soll Dein Zweifel?
Du bist, was Du thust.
J. Ruchene Wahrheit. Ich wenn Du mich lähmst, wie
kann ich thun?
Ka. Schlähme Dich, damit Du gehorchst und nicht anders
kannst —
J. — es thun? Ein Widerspruch!
Ka. Du gehst zu schnell — es das zu thun, was ich will.
J. Du willst mir Deinen Willen aufzwingen?
S. Höre auf ihn, er ist mächtigerer kein Seelenwirk.
J. Schlüsse, was willst Du von mir?
Ka: Deine Menschheit. Salome hat Dich am Zeuch.

mit diesem Zauber.

J. Meine Seele, warum hast Du mir das verschwiegen?

S. Ich konnte es nicht sehen. Ich weiß nicht, was Salome thut.

J. Wo ist das?

S. Sie ist immer dort, wo ich nicht hinsehe. Glaubst Du, P. könne Ka sehen und wissen, was er thut? Warum hätten die Priester gewissen Wahrheit, wenn sie sich gegenseitig sehen und voneinander wüßten? So ist mir auch Salome fremd. Sehnsucht wurmt mich, niemals meinen Schatten, kann ich ihn immer noch dunsen – Ka allein vermag zu sagen, was Salome thut.

J. Warum fanatte mich Salome?

Ka. Weil Du kein Mannbild, sondern verschleiertes Weibchen. Ich will, daß Du ein Mann seiest. Ein Fluch gegen den Zauber Salomes. Mehr bedarf es nicht. Es ist nichts zu machen, ich habe die Gewalt und Du gehorchst.

22.III.19. meine Seele, es ist göttlich schwer.

S. Es geht, wie es gehen muß. Dem ist nichts hinzufügen.

J. Aber wie muß es gehen!

S. Soll ich Dir die Zukunft prophezeyen? Soll vorgegriffen sein? So höre: es wird kein Stein auf dem andern bleiben. Alles fällt einmal herunter. Wo Thäler sind, werden Berge sein, wo Wasser ist, wird trockenes Land sein. Bist Du zufrieden?

J. Maßest Du Dir schon an? Was weißt Du von? Führst Du wieder Zauberin Schild?

S. Keineswegs. Ich bin blau überwitzig.

J. Hast Du Dich wieder besonnen?

S. Ein wenig. Ich rieche Möglichkeiten.

J. Tatsel, wenn Du wieder etwas erzählst dort. Du willst Dich wohl wieder in den Stoff stürzen? Wer gibt Dir das Recht dazu?

S. Wer anders als Du? Du bist ja wieder weich, wie Butter an der Sonne.

J. Wo hast Du mich verwickelt?

S. Nun, wo anders als beim sogenannten Menschlichen? Du bist impressionabel. Ein guter Wort, nicht?

J. Worauf zielst Du an?

S. Auf Dein sogenanntes weiches Herz.

J. Willst Du mich Dir Menschlichkeit verekeln?

S. Nein, eher Dir Vernichtung. Was bisserst Du Dich nach Dir auf Andere Kränken? Du wollen Dich zu fest, stark, gesund sehen. Du brauchen Dich nach als undurchdringliche Wand. Das wäre wahre Liebe, mehr Stein, als Herz.

J. Du bist höllisch grausam.

S. Willst Du Dich Dass ich mich Dir Brust der ewigen Zeugung Kürze? Willst Du nochemal und nochemal Bräutigamschaft sein in Dein Schmelzfluß, in Dein Dahfließen, Dein Stoffen? Nochemal von vorn beginnen? Du hast aber Dir entsetzen, nicht der Anfang.

J. Verhöhnst mich, Satan, darnach liegst?

S. Fällst Du, darnach Lüge?

J. Ich kann es nicht sagen. Aber wohin soll es gehen?

S. Nach Deinem Golgatha, wo ich Dich noch Alles verlassen. Noch einmal Dunkelkammer um.

J. Was sollen Deine dunkeln Worte? Was ist mein Golgatha?

S. Willst Du Das wissen?

J. Lehrmir Klarheit haben. Sprich, wenn Du es weißt.

S. Ich weiß nur das Wort. Aber P. weiß mehr.

J. So rufen ihn.

S. P., ein Stadtkind möchte um Golgatha, sein Golgatha wissen.

P. Ist es Magie? Oder möchtest Du hell sehen? Golgatha ist Pfad um der Götter willen. Was sagst Du Das?

J. Ich suche keinen Pfad um der Götter willen, da ich um Des Menschen willen leben möchte.

P. Aber die Götter wollen dem Leben zurück. Du hast Dir Leuchtenden gebaut. Wer ihn gehen, wird nicht mehr zurückgehen. Er wird sein Leben, die Götter aber nicht den Menschen geben. Wer über sinnend

Du?
J. Ich denke darüber nach, was erhebt, zum Leben der Göttern gehen.
P: Frage Ka, der Schatten. Er weiß davon.
J. So antworte mir Ka, Doppelter Bruder Seele.
Ka. Die Seelen meiner Kinder bilden, wie der Göttern Gestalt gehen, wenn Dunkelheit der Berg der Strafung geht? Hast Du nicht den schwarzen Ruthe den Scharlachschlüssel entlockt? Hast Du nicht Fest, wo erhellt das Licht, nach dem Alle lechzen. Wer soll ausrichten, wenn Du es nicht thust? Willst Du kehren aus Anderen Bogen Reich Verminderung? Alle sind in die Strafung gerissen. Wer bestoß seine Seele? Die Mensch ersinn für Alle, unversucht und abgeschnitten.
J. Ich habe Unvermeidliches.

30 IV. 1919. Du weißt was in der Luft schwebt. Lange sagte ich Dir nicht. Sage mir, was Du nicht oder weißt.
S. Ich weiß etwas. P sagte es mir.
J. Was sagte er?
S. Er hat wieder den Purpurmantel umgelegt. Er will ein Fest feiern.
J. Was für ein Fest?
S. Einen Triumph.
J. Worüber?
S. Über die Menschen.
J. Verfluch – es ist bedeutlich, wenn die Halbgötter sich freuen.
S. Er nicht verschwellt. Sie wollen auch leben. Er freut sich Deiner größten Einsamkeit.
J. Was sagte er dann?
S. Er sprach geheimnißvolle Worte; von Erfüllung sprach er. Es geht ihn mit zu leben. Immer wollen die Götter ein Stück im Menschenleben stehen. Sie müssen auch. Wie wollten sonst Gottmenschen werden?
J. Aber Ka? Was wirst thun?
S. Erwirst abergläubische Schatten verbreiten.
J. Ich fühle, daß auch P fällt mit seinen Wunden. Das kann ich nicht annehmen.
S. Wenn der Schatz des Ka heraufkommt, dann wirst Du

es nicht verweiten können. Kannst Du die Schätze des Ka von Dir weisen? Nein, Du kannst es nicht. Also kannst Du auch nicht die Gedanken zurückweisen. Das Eine gehört zu Anderen. Frage nicht weiter. Du brauchst Grenzenlosen. Pflege Eins die Thue das Deine.

Dazwischen 6 Wochen in England. Dort in einem Spukhaus auf dem Lande. Schwerkopf nach Hause gekommen. Sehr zusammengebrochen.
21 Juli 1919.

Rede zu mir, ich bin wie verloren.

S. Von Pferde abgekommen? Nicht ganz, fast gerade auf dem schwarzen Pferde. Darum hast Du keine Träume. Du brauchst sie gegenwärtig nicht.
J. Ich misstraue. Sieht Du etwas?
S. Ich sah P. Sein Nacht. Er will Dich anziehen.
J. Warum das?
S. Ich weiß nicht, was P will.
J. So frage ihn.
S. P, höre, mein Mensch verlangt zu wissen, was Du planst oder willst.
P. Ich thue die nöthige Arbeit. Nöthig für die Entwicke dieses Menschen.
J. Das ist unbestimmt. P möge deutlicher reden.
P. Du bist unbeschützt. Mir gebraucht Ehrfurcht. Bist Du ungeduldig geworden? Lerne warten. Warum bist Du ungeduldig? Hat Dich ein Erfolg verwöhnt?
J. Erst möglich; aber ich möchte wissen, was Du thust.
P. Noch immer lebe ich empor. Noch immer ist das Unterste nicht erschöpft.
J. Was meinst Du mit dem Unteren?

Φ. Das Reich des Ka, Ka selbst, den Stofflichen.

I. Sage mir, warum mich das, was du sagst nicht berührt.

Φ. Weil es Dich nicht berührt. Es ist meine Arbeit, die Dich nichts angeht. Du liegst nicht auf Deinem Pferde. Du hast für Dich zu sorgen, wie besorgen Deine Sorge.

I. Meine Seele, sprich, nährst Du Alles und hältst Du Alles für eitel?

Φ. Für Fortgang nichtig. Erkenne, es geschieht Viele. Etwas ist ein Ding, jedoch lässt mich weder Puschkin sehen, was es ist. Ich glaube, Du hast gut, auf deinem Wege, wie bisher weiter zu gehen.

23.II.1920. Was dazwischen liegt, davon steht im Traumbuch, nach mehreren der Bilder des Rothen Buches.

Was sich zwischen dem Richter und der Gefährten ereignet ist die ganze Fülle der Gottheit. Darum sind sich die Beiden unergründliche Rätsel. Denn was verbindet die Gottheit?

Der Gott ~~ebenso~~ ist der Einsamkeit geboren, aus dem Geheimnis des Einzelnen.

Die Schwung zwischen Leben und Liebe ist der Widerspruch zwischen Einsamkeit und Zweisamkeit.

5.IX.1921.

Ja, der Gott wird aus der Einsamkeit geboren — dieses Wort trifft mich. Einsamkeit ist daran zu werden. Die Einsamkeit hat nicht einmal Fragen. Sie fragt nichts. Sie ist leer und abgrundtief.

Du sagst, ich sei immer noch an der Oberfläche? Ja, was wohlauf ist, noch zuviel Geräusch. Ich brauche keine Ohren? Ich beklage mein Gehör. Ich rede noch zu viel von mir? Nie kam ich anders? Man könnte auch sagen, ich rede zu wenig, denn die Worte, die den grossen Schmerz bezeichnen könnten, wollen nicht über meine Lippen. Ich verstehe, daran ist nicht zu rühren — vom Allerheiligsten, wo die Fülle der Gottheit leuchtete.

Jetzt ist es kalt und stets in mir, eine blinkende Oberfläche von Metall, undurchdringlich, glatt. Rede ich zuviel, zuviel von Aussen? Spreche ich an die metallene Wand? Soll ich vielleicht mein Ohr an sie legen, um zu hören, wer dahinter spricht, ob überhaupt hinter dieser grausamen Kälte Jemand spricht?

Liebe ich es, mich in dieser Metallfläche zu spiegeln, welche Phantasiegebilde wäre menschlichen Wesen nicht zuzutrauen? Sie wäre wiederum ein Stück des Caravels.

Warum rede ich überhaupt? Will ich wohlwollend hören. Ich sollte doch hauptsächlich hören. Will mich die Eitelkeit des Redens nicht loslassen? Und bin ich entzückt von Echo meiner Stimme? Ich bin wehmuthsvoll nicht tief genug, nicht einmal im Schmerz, von dem nicht zu reden ist. Verflucht, warum muss ich ihn ~~erwähnen~~?

Seichte Oberfläche, so ist es, die Wirklichkeit der Ohnmacht. Ich bin verfluucht. Mein Herz ist mir abgeschnitten. Kein Zugang mehr zum Leben. Wo bist Du, Quelle? Wie tief verschüttet, mit Schwerem zugedeckt! Je-leer — leer wie die Hölle. Mein Leben ist hinüber und ich bin geblieben. Wo finde ich Dich?

Ich bin mir selber abgeschnitten, ein Gehenkter, der vom Ast fiel. Und sollte wohlan zu laufen beginnen?

Meine Seele soll sich rühren? Nein, keine Hilfe mehr, keine Illusion. Der Schrecken muss wachsen, ehnmachtlos wie ich. Dennoch gibt es keine Krücken mehr. Wir stehen jetzt am Stab im Bodenlose, hinter alle Möglichkeiten, vielleicht ins endlose Stumpfe, wo der ewige Morast keine Rückkehr mehr erlaubt. Ja, hier wird es heisser — vielleicht keine Rückkehr mehr — das ist das rückbezügliche Wort — ein Abgrund ohne Boden vielleicht, ein Schweigen, eine wortlose Einsamkeit für den Rest eines Lebens.

Ich weiss, wohin mein Leben gegangen ist und dort steht die Metallwand.

Meine Ohren sind stumpf, mein Herz ist Rost erfroren, darum rede ich hartig, mit Lebensvergeudung das ich nicht besitze.

Es scheint, schwer zu werden, metallen schwer das Rad. Ich möchte aufschreien, wenn ich nicht selber metallen wäre. Ist — wie kam es? dass ich je Erz wurde? Ein klangloses Erz, nur schwer und zäh, wohl Blei. Der Erz hat wohl keine Ohren und was er redet, ist wohl blos Täuschung. Nicht einmal Furcht kann ich empfinden, nur Starre und Kälte.

21.IX.1921.

Welche Spannung zwischen finsterm Himmel und tiefsten Höllen! Das sehnsuchtsdunkle darjauchzende Himmelsgold — was für eine Sprache! aber ich spreche sie. Ich rede, nicht Du redest. Du sollst nicht reden. Ich weiss, dass ich reden oder vielmehr stammeln muss. Ich wollte den Preis des herrlichen Gottes singen, der mich erwählte, ich wollte reden von der Wonne des Paradieses, von der tiefen Stille des Gottesfriedens, von allen seligen und überseligen und allerhöchsten Entzückungen, die mich überrieselten, überreich an der Gnade jenes unbeschreiblichen Gottes — ein Lob wollte ich singen von der Erlösung meines Herzens — ich wollte danksagen ~~der~~ zur Ehre des dreimalheiligen Stammgleichen — aber es sind bloss Worte und wohl nicht ~~diese~~ jene Worte, die zu sagen sind. Es sind viel dunklere Worte, angeschmiedet in schwärzester Tiefe, voll Urworte, dem uralthaft Alten und Ursprünglichen abgepresst. Worte ohne Sinn und Zweck,

A

schwanger mit allen Zukünften, krank von verlorenen Sehnsüchten und Unmöglichkeiten, im Zellkerm der Jahrtausende erstickt, ein Geheimnis, das nur die erräth, das sogar der Thier hinter sich hat.

B

Ein Ahnen von Unmöglichkeit, darum geschwellt von schaffender Kraft. Das ohne Ich-Welt ist nicht zu sagen.

Ich liebe Angst, eine außerweltliche Angst, wohl die Angst eines Meteorsteins, der hinter die Milchstraße gerathen ist, keine menschliche Angst, bloss eine, die gehabt werde als es noch nichts gab, das hätte fürchten können. Eine nichtwirkliche Angst, so fehlt es nicht an.

Etwas, das nie geht und Alles verdorben wo als die Quelle einer neuen Gesundheit. Auch so lautet es. Ich könnte auch sagen: etwas, das zu schwach war, und sein zu können, als Quelle grösster Kraft.

Ich verfluche dieses unzulängliche Gestaltenel, dieses pflanzenhaft blinde Bohren. Jedes Gitter etwas in mir und dieses Etwas will sprechen. Denn es wurde etwas irgendwo gerochen und angetastet und etwas droht lebendig zu werden.

22.2.1928.

Rede zu mir, Seele, ist Etwas, das sich vom Tode?

S. Natürlich ist etwas. Ich sollte Dir's sagen? Wie kann ich? Wie sollte ich wissen, was Du willst

20.2.28.

A

Vergeblich, Herr, versucht Du Fäden, die mich dunkelhaft rauchen, was ist Du Angst, die mich überwältigend macht? Willkürlich wollte ich gehen oder, nicht sehen, ich mich finden können anderen Weg. Sprich, wenn verhältnis mir. Hilft Du etwas, da ich nicht weiß?

S. Ich weiß Wege, die nicht gehbar sind, Bäume, die ihre Abgründe wachsen, Freunde Adler, die ihre Nester in kleinen Felsenlöchern. Ein Kind, das von Boden kam, breitete Hände aus, eine abwarzgedrehte Welle zu Boden schlagen, ich wehte ihm und schwachte ihm nach Pendeln zum Fingerpfeil, zum Kreuzweg. Wie ist das Kind verloren?

S. Es ist ein Teufel besonderer Art, ein ebener, einfältiger Teufel, ein unigemeiner Teufel, einer, der geeitigt ist von allerlei Teufeln. Wie soll ich Dir sagen, was ich meine? Nicht? Es steht, voll Lebensfreude des Ostens, zu alt, zu fett, zu heuchlig ruhig, wie Del auf Meer.

Ich verstehe nicht, was du meinst. Ich kann es nicht begreifen in mir erdenken. Sprich doch deutlich, Herr zu Ja, o meine Seele. Ich muss helfen, denn Du Angst erteilt mich. Herr zu helfen. Ich muss Kerbst haben.

S. So hörst Du nicht. Du nicht. Schon zu lange her, Geist Dir nicht helfen. Willst Du neue Bedingungen erfüllen?

Was für Bedingungen? Hast Du Bedingungen?

S. Natürlich habe ich Bedingungen. Glaubst Du ich komme mit Nichts aus. Ich muss um Dinge bitten, sowohl ich ich Dir kümmlich aus. Versteht Du das?

Nein, das verstehe ich. Einmal wollte ich Dich vollkommen, denn A-Verhängung hilft ich. Also nimm an meinen Blute, abzugeig und dankte sein.

S. Du Dich Blut schmiaktonis. Wie soll es sein. Schwachte mit. Wahrheit: Du Kaskuck hast im Ei einen reifenden Hector.

Verbrich das? Was für ein ekmungsreich Ruck Hoffnet geschah das?

S. Nicht wahr? ekmungsreich. Ich habe Ahnungen. Der Kaskuck muss es machen, sagt Herr es sich zu gewicht Fortpflanzen. Mach dich mit Kaskuck Herzkerze. Ich will Hectorat.

S. Der Kaskuck hilft Dir. Ich finde Hilf ist das, was sein Bedürfnis für sich gemacht hat, und das vollständig ein neigen.

Ich verstehe nicht gestohlen?

S. Gestohlen für andere. Lehrer verhaucht. Hilf ist einzig die Frage. Wird Dir klar, dass Nein? Darum pause auf: Es gibt unhaltbare Ketten, Ketten die nie zerfallen? Nein? Du machst Dir Angst auf. Du wollen nicht an Dich sorgen, sondern Dich fehlen.

Wasser fließt Dir? 1922.

S. Ich sitze auf Steinen.

Bist weint Du sie?

S. Ich weiß, Dankst in dieser Hinsicht falsch. Nein, sein?

S. Ein weiß, wie wollen Dir's nehmen. Sie wollen Dir abgehen.

Schlechtmeine Erfahrungen gemacht, sei Dir weich.

S. Das Kaskuck. Manchmal auch anderen Eibiyen, nehm wir vorsichtig Tofuna.

Warum schmiegt Dich?

S. Weil ich Dich an einem Punkt sein schöpf. Aber Dankst Dich nicht so?

Ich, ich, ist fühlt hier nichts Besonderes. Es nehm vorsichtig, wie Deine Kreuzlein. Ich muss nach Kraftlich halten über die Dinge, die vergehen. Es ist Kleiner Dankst. Was bringt Regenmitgebrachtes Dich? Sprich!

S. Das Kaskuck fehlen aus den Nest und Dreschen. Ich dankt Tage kamst in nicht fangen. Es jagte mit Hunden und Pferden aus Blechen Zeiten und Dreiwind ist ihm entlaufen. Sie gerangen in der Flur und Dreschen warum ihn und die Hunde unter den Speer. Die Göttin der Tierwelt hat es geleitet. Ich Antonia: Tofuna nicht falsch und Kaskuck? Kommst Du sie? und kommst du sie?

Warum willst Du den Jonatan jagen? Warum willst Du ihn nehmen Lebtiefangen und töten? Denn hat Dich der Pfeil angeflattert. Darum wusstest Du deutlichen Neuigkeiten opfern, du Herr.

Ich nehme mich heute nicht.

S. Ja, es zieht gütige Götter nun in dunkeln wohnt das Lebendige. Das fühlbare Dir. Quelle, tief, wenn nicht fühlt.

Gewicht hat mich gewissen Tollsafen geschickt? Wer nehmt Du?

S. Drei Tollsaffen, die aufeinem Felsen lagen, in einer Kuttenzeichnungen. Ein Schwert hat sie zerhauen. Ein Tochter Einsamigen fühlt das Schwert. Einen Bogen Pfeilchen in einer Bewegt. Sagte wer will ein Zeug und Pfeile die Bewegung, ein Eisen Schwangerkommenheit. Wo nehm er Ich? Weil abgehauen alein? Jeder nehmen Zeichen, jeder Pfeil ihn selbst abgehauen, ein Tanzlinden. Warum ein Kaiser: Er wollte nicht mehr Eisen Dorn in sein Kaiser: Er wollte nicht mehr hamlos, wie auch getrieben sein. Man muss Gewaltmacht kommen. Warum kannst Du Tollsaffen nicht helfen lassen? Weil einen Sinnen Hirn auf ein gefährlichen Tiefbrennen hätten, denn verlassen wollte? Sein wilden und unglücklichen Tiefe, an Pfeil Pfeil aus hat ihm die Tollsaffen Pfeil. Er wollte allein sein, allein sterben, an Eisen hat nah be-

[illegible] von Göttern und Menschen,
[illegible] Tod? Warum verschwindet
Oge der liebende Dunkel der Weiblichkeit, der hin-
[illegible] Nacht? Das Infinitive [illegible] Bäumen,
meine Ruhe, [illegible] Wahrheit? Warum
sprachst Du nicht zu mir?
[illegible] es nicht fühlen, daß da wir helfen kann?
[illegible] mir die heiligen Schlaf, die [illegible]
[illegible], damit mich die Mutter Nacht in
[illegible] empfinde. Schmerz der Weiblichkeit
verlaßt. Aber gibt mir den Schlaf, damit ich sehe,
daß Du mir wirklich helfen kannst.
S. Nun, wenn Du nun Bedingungen erfüllst,
[illegible] sie.
S. Du sollst sie zuerst bei mir ablegen. Du
sollst zu mir kommen und mich fragen. Das
ist die erste Bedingung. Die zweite ist, daß
Du Dich allen unendlichen Geheimnissen, welche
[illegible] sollst. Meine [illegible] ist [illegible]
[illegible] Bedingung. Du kannst [illegible] Dich
wird [illegible] Philosophen gegeben. Es [illegible]
sie.
Ich verzweifle. Aber mir [illegible]! Du sagst
Du nicht [illegible], [illegible] nicht [illegible]
gehen sollte? Ich wäre nicht in [illegible] gelang, den
von Dir mir [illegible] Dir [illegible] gegeben hast, [illegible]
einzig Gebot?), aber ich will [illegible],
der mich mit unverzeihlicher [illegible] verlassen
kann?
S. Ich verbietets, warum Du [illegible] mich [illegible]
[illegible], nichts. Das [illegible] warum [illegible].
Jetzt [illegible] Wahrheit.
S. [illegible].
GEIST. Du [illegible] Rat [illegible] gut und [illegible] hellen [illegible]
[illegible] gegangen. [illegible] Dich, [illegible]
[illegible] ich [illegible] Gutes [illegible]
[illegible] wirst, [illegible] ich [illegible] und
[illegible]. Schmerz [illegible] kommen, [illegible]
die Unendlichkeit [illegible] und auch [illegible]. Aber
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
[illegible]. Rate [illegible] und [illegible], wie Du [illegible]
[illegible]. Rätze [illegible] mir.
S. [illegible] [illegible] für Dich, [illegible] einzig.
Ich [illegible] [illegible] [illegible], [illegible] Dich [illegible]
[illegible] Weisheit [illegible]. Es [illegible] [illegible]
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
[illegible] [

Freundes Hiersein wirklich und die Erklärung des Traumes, jener Erlebnisse nicht trügerisch? Es liegt in gewissen Träumen auf einmal etwas, wie eine Gewißheit, daß Menschen bei der Gemeinschaft bei Freund gegangen – Träume von Verstorbenen?

J. Ich glaube, daß man im Traum von göttlichen Dingen, die ich in Optik von 2 Jahren spreche – Verhältnis Menschheit zur Menschheit?

S. Unwesentlich, daß Erlebnis kommt? Das gehört auch dazu. Traum ist eine Wirklichkeit, ein Ereignis? Sie ist der Aktionär auf die Polizei. Das muß die Wirklichkeit sein, sonst wird alles verschwinden. Alles wird zum Traum, sonst kann es nicht allen sein, das ist unmöglich.

Hier zwischen? Spricht

J. Es ist ein Tod, der alles dich nicht mit ihm und ohne ihn auch dich nicht mit kennt. In mannigfacher Gestalt erscheinen.

So zieht mir vor Augen

J. Vielleicht daß Mission mit dir, sodann durch die Umgebung der Frau.

Ich bin Gut?

J. Es bringt die Menschen und die Erde.

Was soll dies rätselhafte Sprechen?

J. Wirklichkeit? Ich? Was ist der Menschlichkeit der Menschwirklichkeit? Die ist das Körperliche. Es ist der Geist, der von ihm kommt.

Gut, so von ihm kommt?

Jed muß die Verbindung der Menschen entdecken. Geistwelt.

J. Das Menschliche, verehrt ich ein Mensch, das Geist Liebe in Liebe. Das sind die Menschen, die Menschlichkeit. Das Geistige muß die Menschen? Die Menschen erfahren die Menschen?

Wer, auf wem ist Gott?

Gott ist in einem?

J. Nicht erreichen, sondern dem als der Tragen der Prinzipien ich Ehre anthun. Und wenn die Geschichte, die ich dem Freund erzählen hatte, ein und dieselbe sind.

Es ist immer Zeit? Traumerzählen, als ich nicht alle?

J. Ja.

Was ist es?

S. Es ist der einfache Haus, denn heißt er. Hat der nicht gebaut, ist ein Haus im Bau – Haus? Was heißt das? Sonne, Mond, schneidet, Zeichen die 3 Theile und 2 Polaren mit Gestirn? Ein Buch der Liebe zwischen Mann und Frau? Ein Buch der Liebe zwischen Mann und Frau? Das ist gottlich. Ich bin dem Haus verbunden. Das ist gottlich. Ich bin dem Haus verbunden. Das ist gottlich. Ich bin dem Haus verbunden.

Ich [illegible] deine Mutter hat sich empfangen. Darum werdet ihr erkennen und in Wahrheit.
Erklärung was den Empfangenden [illegible]!
S. Denn du [illegible] Mutter gebären wird, wie du sprach es sagte.
Ich: Ich [illegible] [illegible]?
S. Bruder, [illegible] ich [illegible] [illegible], aber das [illegible] [illegible] [illegible], darum so
ist [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] der Erkenntnis. Das ist die Verkündung der Fülle, das [illegible] [illegible]
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] der Gläubigen Glaubens, die du empfangen, in [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
Ich: [illegible] [illegible]?
S. Ja, wie ich [illegible] [illegible].
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [

Gottes, und verehrt ein Gott seinen Dienst-Geschenk?
Dein Geist suchen? Nicht Seele dein war, Ihre Götter können nicht über Kopf sein. Was
für ein Gott? S. Wollen ein Gott sein? E. Dein Dienstmagd Mutter. Welcher Mann verwandelt mit
Geschick und Mutter? Die Mutter geopfert? Eine Frau Dienstmagd? Dienstmagd Mutter. Die Mutter
[illegible] Mutter [illegible].
Bodenschätzung [illegible] Opfer am Ding Geheimnis zu lösen?
S. Zeuge wohl [illegible] Ich Dir Bild [illegible] das Dir heute vorhanden [illegible]. Es wird Dein Retter
Begraben. In Dein Retter da ist Dir Mutter, sie ist Dir Mutter.
Darum ich Dein. (Bild verschwindet)

Ich bin das Bild gewesen. Was sagst Du nun?
S. Schweigen. Laß es. Was soll ich sagen. Nicht kann Dein Kunst halt.
Wer bist Du? Es klang wie Geschichte. Sollst Du die [illegible] Dienerin?
Wenn nicht?
Hast Du Bild die verschwunden Kraft gegeben?
E. Die Kraft, die du wolltest.
Ich wollte die Kraft geben, damit du mir Bild gelitt in deine Wirklichkeit.
S. Glaubst Du die Kommen, schickt auf geheimnisvolle Weise auszulassen?
Ich wollte unbegrenzten Blick Bild leicht. Du Zauberweib. Verstehst du das?
S. Geisterwirkung, Neugierde, will mich reizen. Dann lässt mich Dich Zauber halt.
Du kannst, ich will nicht Blick, [illegible] mich [illegible]. Warum macht du Dich verdammte
Confusion? S. Dein Verwirrung muß sein. Es waren Alles durcheinander geraten [illegible] –
Geheimnis [illegible] und Trauer [illegible] Kommt?
E. Nein, nein. Nein, Du verstehst nicht. Es muß Ende sein.
Was nützt du damit. Sprich deutlich.
S. Die Verwirrung nicht [illegible]. Sie kommt [illegible] und geleitet. Es muß [illegible] morgen
[illegible].
E. Ich kann nur [illegible]
Was [illegible] Du dann hinter deiner Geheimnisgrotten?
S. Alle Verhältnisse, das Dich [illegible].
Fühlst Du denn keine Hoffnung?
S. Hoffnung? Ich [illegible] Chaos. Ich rufe nicht auf Dich, [illegible] Dich schwere
[illegible]. Fühlst Du kein Rettung [illegible], [illegible] Du. Du [illegible] Ordnung
[illegible]. Fühlst Du [illegible] Wirklichkeit. Du [illegible] Dein Leben [illegible]. Gehen Dein
[illegible]. Schritt für Schritt, [illegible] Dich nicht [illegible]. Dann [illegible] Kraft finden. Kein [illegible]
ab. Kein [illegible] Buch, ohne [illegible] Schlüssel [illegible] Angst [illegible] Schein. Sei [illegible] Bild [illegible]
Du [illegible] Phänomen ist [illegible]. Phänomen, [illegible] Wirklichkeit. Zu Mutter hat gelitt [illegible]
[illegible]. Gehst [illegible] Alles gegeben, wo [illegible] Vergangenheit [illegible] gleich [illegible]. Jetzt muß [illegible]
[illegible] schaffen [illegible] Baum. Die Zukunft [illegible]. Das Vergangene hat gelitt. Es hat
viel Geduld. Verbrauchte es nicht [illegible]? Dein Klage [illegible] nicht.

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Deine Stimme hat mich geweckt. Du Verlassener im Schlaf
gestört. Mitten in der Nacht kommst Du und fuhrst mich mit
Angst an. Du hast nicht meine Seele. Oder bist Du es doch?
Fortsetzung
S. Ich bin es nicht, Fremdling, mir lasse Du mich warten,
und doch kannst ich eilig bei Dir und geh Dir [illegible] eine
Warnung die letzten Tage. Und immer hast Du mich gestört.
Hörst Du jetzt endlich?
So sprich, wirst es der mir den Schlaf raubt, du mitten
in der Nacht kommst, wie ein verirrter Fremdling, oder wie
ein Dieb?

S. Hier steht er, ein größerer als Du. Freund und doch bekannt –
E. Ich kann ihn nicht sehen.
S. Mit grünen Kränzen ist er geschmückt, satt macht und mir mit
Rosen Blick verhüllt.
Wie soll ich ihn erraten. Wer bist Du?
E.: Einer, den Du über wunden hast.
Bist Du mein Freund, mein Kilgeliebter? Hast Dich Das
Herz von Africa entwunden? Wie fanntest Du den Weg durch
undurchdringlichen Nebel?
E. Ich musste kommen, da tief was rief, die Bedingungen
sind erfüllt. Ich bin gekommen, bin Dir gewiß.
S. Was willst Du sagen? Wie wirst Du bei mir sein? Du, dem
Ohnmacht, dem Fluch vorangeht, die Schrecken der Seele,
nächtliche Beklemmung und finstere Ahnung? Was
bringst Du so plötzlich, Du lang Erschnte und nicht
Geahnter?
E. Ich bringe das Gold, das goldene Herz der Welt.
S. Was bedeuten Deine Worte? Gold ist trügerisch. Täuscht
nicht schon das Wort?
E. Wundre Dich nicht. Du suchtest, Du kennst mich,
Du meine Schönheit im Traume selbst, als Du selig
schliefst unter dem silbernen Monde Africas. Hier Du
kennst mich nicht. Du siehst eine meiner Hüllen,
einen Sterbliche Schein, den ich mir aus Dir lieh.
Da wir Du mich nicht erkennst, so kannst Du
meine Gestalt nicht erraten. Dein Seele hat einen Ge-
sang über mich gemacht, denn sie ist ein Weib. Was
meiner Dir sonst erkennen magst, ist Schein. Meine
Worte sind Schein, geborgt aus den Kammern

Deiner Sprache. Das goldene Herz der Welt ist ein Schein, etwas Strahlendes oder Leuchtendes wie Gold, wie eine Sonne der Welt. Ich komme aus dem Herzen der Welt, ich bin das Herz der Welt, ich bin leuchtend, voll Licht. Ich hülle mich in Sonnenglanz, mein Gewand ist Licht, und Licht ist mein Schein. Ohne Schein vermag ich Dir nicht zu erscheinen, ich lehre das schwarze Buchstaben!

I. ~~Du sprichst~~ Ach, Du sprichst wie dem Buche, das ich Dich zu lieb zwang – Ein Lieber, der bei seinen Kindern in die Schule gehen sollte! – Nicht ich, erhabener Herr, war es, der sich erhob, überhob. Es war ein Traumgericht, das mich begnadete, ein Geschenk des Himmels, das aus der Mitte der vielfachen Dichtung der Welt in jener Nacht mir zufiel, als ich zum ersten Mal die Sternen – Himmel der ewigen Wüste sah. Ja, welche Nächte!

Nicht ich hab mich überhoben, ein Traum aus unbekannten Ewigkeiten that es – Noch Dir, mein schönster Freund, schutz ich mich, in allen Ketten und nebligen Dunkelheiten, in all dem Jammer der Verwirrung und der Krankheit Europas. Doch Du warest ferne und nur einmal hörte ich ferne Botschaft von Dir.

Ja, ich habe Deine wahrhaft göttliche Schönheit gesehen; nicht ~~ich~~ that ich es aus Überhebung meiner Einbildung, sondern der Traum aus

fremden Himmeln zieht zu mir. Mein Auge war wohl unwürdig, mein Verstand stumpf. Ich glaubte Dich gehen zu halten, aber ich sah nur Deinen Schein, und das wusste ich nicht. ~~Nicht~~

Nicht lehrte ich Dich aus mir, aus Überhebung meines selbst, sondern der Traum, geraubt aus Götterhimmeln, zieht es mir so. ~~Nicht~~

Nicht meine Torheit lehrte ich Dich, sondern aus einem Buche lehrte ich Dich, das ich auf dem Teppich, dem rothen Teppich Deines ~~Hauses~~ Gemachs fand. In Deinem Hause lag es. Nicht mir gehörte das Buch. Es war köstlich und schöner geschrieben, als ich je schreiben könnte. Nie sah ich ~~sehr~~ zarteres, weisseres Pergament als jenes, nie war eine Tinte schwärzer, als die, mit der das Buch geschrieben wurde. Ein altes Buch war es fürwahr, und eine Sprache sprach es, nicht meine Sprache, eine schönere, vollkommenere als es wohl je auf Erden eine gab. Und nie hätte ich Dich lehren können, wenn nicht jener Traum es gezieht hätte, jener dreimal gesegnete Traum, der mir – fürwahr aus dem Herzen der Welt floss.

E. Steht an, wohl warest Du es, erhoben zum Leuchten Du, weil Dir mich überwunden hast. Hast Du das jemals verstanden?

I. Niemals. Mein Verstand war klein und konnte nicht einmal eine Frage erreichen. Und was ich mir immer

Dämmer zugemischt, was kühl und schal. Erkenne, Du wirst es lernen, so liebe mich.

E. Glaubst Du, ich sei gekommen, Dich zu lehren? So trügte Dich nicht der Traum, das Du mich zuhören hättest als einen Jüngling, der Wirkend unkundig. Sag' Du nicht, daß ich unkundig sei, denn Du Lehre jenen hältst.

J. Was hätte ich Dir aus meiner Armuth zu lehren?

E. Du Schein, Statt nachbehielt. Was ist Schein, der nicht mehr an Körpern spiegelt?

J. Ach, Du sprichst in Rätseln, die ich nicht errathe. Ich fürchte, ein Königskind hat einem Bettler zugesandt. Wer kann ich Dir bieten? Was ist Dein Wunsch?

E. Ich möchte von Dir gelehrt werden.

J. Wer bist Du, daß ich Dich lehren könnte? Du nennst Dich der Ring der Welt. Wie könnte ich zum Herzen der Welt sprechen, ich, ein Armer, der in der Hütten der Dunkelheit sitzt?

E. Sprich zu mir und Du sprichst zum Herzen der Welt.

J. Aber was soll ich zu Dir sprechen, meine Geliebte, denn eine Nacht mir gab und raubte. Unsichtbar hat Dein mich wiedergekehrt, wohl scheint's Dir alle Maassen; ach hätte ich der Gedicht meiner Seele! Vielleicht fänd' ich dann die Worte, zu Dir zu sprechen.

E. Sprich zu mir, liebe mich. Ich weiß nicht. Sage mir, wer ich bin.

J. Wie sollte ich das wissen?

E. Wozu frommt mein Leuchten, wenn es Dich nicht erleuchtet? Aber es erleuchtet Dich und Du wirst Deine Worte nicht in Dir halten können, denn mein Schein verräth sie. Halte Dich nicht zurück. Sprich aus, was Dunkelheit und Armuth Dich lehrte, sprich aus, was Du auf Irrfahrten in ewigen Nebeln fandest und was Du zurückbrachtest von langer Wanderung. Fürchte Dich nicht von Deinem Worte. Ich kam zu Dir um Mitternacht, ich störte Deinen Schlaf, ich verlangte Einlaß, ich wollte Belehrung, wie Dich der Traum, der aus den Tiefen der Welt Dir zukam, es lehrte. Rede zu mir und ich werde Dein Wort hören. Du hast mich überwunden und mich willig gemacht.

Traum:

Castagnola. Nachts, 1h 2/II 1923. Oh mein Gott, was ist mit mir um Mitternacht? welche Angst umlauert meinen Schlaf und durchbricht ihn mit dem Ruf eines Gebieters?

S. Was jagst Du? Schnell herbei, Dein Herr ist da. Schrecklich ist seine Schönheit. Was ist der Tod schöner? Wahrlich schöner ist er als der Tod. Ich kann ihn nicht beschreiben — dieses Licht — was ist es? Es ist nicht Feuer — es ist das Leuchten der Todten. Aufstehen — das ist das Wort.

J. Ja, ich fühle ihn. Mit ~~einem~~ wonnevollen Empfindungen erfüllt er mich. Was ist es? Grauen? Oder ist es Wehmuth, Zurückblicken — Erinnerung aufkommen

Angst? Wer bist Du? Sprich mir ein Wort.

Ich bin der Mann, den Du überwunden.

Ach, bist Du es? Ich wollte Dich „Bruder" nennen, aber dieses Wort bleibt mir im Halse stecken. Wie kann ich Dich schön nennen? Ich kann Dich nicht sehen, ich kann Deine Gestalt nicht. Du strömst ein unermeßliches Grauen aus.

Ich kommen von Frau, die nicht sprechen. Ich habe Deine Hütte durchschritten, Du bist aus. Und hier stehen Dich rund. Ich prüfte Deinen Geruch mit. Der Geruch kannte mich zuerst nicht, aber dann, als er Deinen Feind eingezogen hatte, warnte er mich. Ich sah auch Deine Menschentoten. Ich sah Deinen Vater. Die Boten des Todes und der Schlaf begaben ihn nach. Ich komme vom Lande der Todes, wo Alles hell weiß ist, wie Menschenschädel aufschneen.

Ist das wohl das Grauen, das Dich umwittert? Warum, ach Freund, wirst Du bei den Toten?

Ich wandere, wenn Du mich nicht hältst. Ich bin ein Wanderer. Was ich nicht auch bei ~~Fre~~ lebenden Freunden von Dir, die aber fern sind? Warum aber kauchst Du so unbeschreiblich Unheimliches, so Gefahrvolles aus?

Ich gieng und ich gehe immer am Rande der Welt, wo Tod und Leben sich berühren, hinüber, und aber jetzt, war ich ganz bei den Toten. Vergiß nicht, was ich Dir sagte: ich scheine und bedarf

immer der Hüllen. Dieses hüllte ich mich in den Tod.

Warum, Du Unbegreiflicher, thätest Du das?

Warum? Meinst Du das? Sage mir, warum that ich es?

„Es ist nicht möglich, das Du es nicht wissen solltest! Es ist Dir doch ~~das~~ Sinn gegeben. Du wirst doch, was Dir thust. Wie kannst Du denn sonst reden?

„Rede ich denn? Ich scheine doch nur zu reden. Ich hätte mich in Rede. Dann ist es aber denn bin ich Rede.

„Aber wer bist Du denn?

„Ich wandere und ich wechsle die Hüllen. ~~Jetzt~~ Jetzt war ich bei den Toten und die Hülle des Todes umkleidete mich. Jetzt bin ich bei Dir und ich erscheine Dir in Deiner Hülle, wie es mir scheint, in Deine Worte.

„Warum aber thust Du das? Warum gehst Du zu den Toten und dann kommst Du zu mir und erfüllst mich mit dem Grauen und der Witterung des Todes? Warum suchtest Du meine Hunde und warum meinen Vater auf?

„Weil ich Dich suchte. Aber ich fand Dich nicht unter den Toten, sondern ich fand Dich schlafend. ~~Ich~~ Schlafend auch andere schlafende Lebendige. Warum schläft ihr, seit ihr hinüber etwas tat?

„Es scheint fast so. Aber sage mir — es ist ja gute Verzweifelt — warum weinst Du das Alles nicht? Warum weint Du denn das Alles nicht? Warum weinst Du nicht, das die Menschen schlafen? Warum weinst Du nicht, den Tod, der ich doch noch ein lebender bin?

„Woher sollte ich das wissen? Ich sagte Dir ja, ich weiß nichts, nicht einmal, wer ich bin, denn nichts bin —

Dort mich, Alles zu sein. Ich kann mich in Alles hüllen, wollte sein und doch Alles scheinen. Wie sollte Könnte ich Dir wissen, wer ich bin? Sage es mir, Du scheint zu sein, sein, Du bist, und darum musst Du wissen. Nur was ist, kann wissen, dem weist, der ist so und kann darum nicht anders sein. Er kann und muss sehr das Andere wissen. Da ich aber Alles sein kann, so kann ich nicht wissen, denn ich bin nicht so und nicht anders.

„Aber Du hast doch? Oder hast Du das Gefühl, als ob Du überhaupt nicht wärest?

„Gewiss ich bin sozusagen, jedoch scheint ich mehr zu sein, als das ich wirklich wäre. Ich kann mich auch in Sein hüllen, so gut wie in Nichtsein, denn das sind Eure Worte, mit denen ihr anscheinende Eigenschaften ausdrückt. Ich weiss nicht ob solche Eigenschaften sind. Ich weiss blos, dass ich ihnen entsprechen kann.

„Aber wenn ich Dir sagte, was Du bist — wenn ich Dir überhaupt Thun könnte — ~~und es thunnt~~ würde das Richtige sein, was würde dann geschehen? Dann würdest Du ja, was Du bist, und dann wärest Du so und nicht anders, denn wärest Du ~~so~~ bestimmt.

„Ja, das ist es gerade, was ich suche. Könntest Du mir selbst sagen, wer ich bin, dann hättest Du mich eingefangen und mich zu einem So und So gemacht. Du hättest mich ein zweites Mal überwunden, und das ist es, was ich suche. Wie lange, wie unendlich lange stand ich wie im Traum auf am

Thore meines Burg und wartete des Freundes, der wie ein Feind in meine Wohnstätte brechen sollte. Und immer wieder kommen, um mir zu sagen, wer ich bin. Da kamest Du, ein Freundlich und fündlich schien mir Deine Art. Du zeigtest Ihm die Brücke und du trabst in das Thor, als ob Du in Dein eigenes Haus ~~ein~~ kätest. Daran erkannte ich Dich als den, der mich überwinden ~~könnte~~ und aus dem Allsein kommen ~~in~~ zum Wiederkennen erlösen könnte. Es gelang Dir, mich zu besiegen, aber es brauchte Dich — ich, ich verstehe, dass ist der Grund, den Du nahmst mit Drohung, Bedrohung trete ich an Dich ~~und~~ das Drohende ist der Gefahrvolle, das Unheimliche, das Du wittertest und das Du zu ergründen suchtest — ich weiss, ich verstehe, darum hüllt ich mich in den Hauch des Todes, in die Weise, die weiser ist als alle Lichtmetaphor — das schreckt den Lebenden bis in die Knochen. Jetzt weiss ich. Gut, das ich es weiss, warum ich es that. Jetzt verstehe ich, warum ich mich in Tod hüllte — um Dich zu schrecken, Du Lebender, Du Daschlafender und mir nicht sagtest, wer wer ich bin. Du hast mir zwar noch immer nicht gesagt, wer ich bin, aber Du hast mir gezeigt, warum ich etwas thue. Seht Du, Du weisst. Du kannst viel. Schon manches thust, ist man wohl schon auf dem Wege zur Entdeckung, was man ist. Oder ist es nicht so? Ich bin gekommen, um von Dir zu hören, wer ich bin. Ich weiss, Du kannst mich und meine Unwissenheit über-

wünschen. Ich weiß, Du kannst das Buch lesen, wo dein aufgeschlossen ist, was das ist, was man nicht ist. Vergiß mich nicht, ich warte.

„Eine ~~hat~~ schwere Aufgabe, Jüngling, stellst Du mir. Du wollst mich heute finden. Der Hand des Todes hat mich gerührt. Aber ein Wesen, wie Du, das nicht einmal weiß, ob es wirklich ist, oder bloß zu sein scheint, ist doch nicht überzeugend — oder z. B. ein Ding — es weiß ja ~~an~~ vielleicht auch nichts um seine wirkliche oder scheinbare Existenz — es wird sich wohl kaum als der Bartelthier oder die Klapperschlange vorstellen — was an ~~Ihm~~ seiner harmlosen oder unangenehmen Wirklichkeit weiter abtreiben — nun ja, ich weiß gegeben, der Dein Wirklichkeit trotz Deiner Unwirklichkeit eine nicht zu leugnende ist. Ich bitte Dich sehr, Du drängst nicht, las mir Zeit. Dies ist ein schwerer Stück.

„Ich drängte nicht, Wisander. Aber halte Deinen Blick wohl gerichtet auf die Frage, die Du vergessen hast. Es soll Dir nichts Übles geschehen, solange Du Dich darum mühst.

„Meine Seele, hier liegt ein schwerer Stück. Ich habe zum Teil gewonnen, aber der Lösung bin ich nicht näher. Ich habe das Gefühl, als ob ich Dich nötig hätte. Nimm die Sache auch zu Dir. Komm aus in alle Tiefen des Gemütes, ~~es~~ vielleicht wird Dir von dort Rath.

31.I.1923. In der Not und Bedrängnis dieser Zeit, o meine Seele, meint Du Dich wohl aller Kanäle und Seitensprünge enthalten. Es ist grane Arbeit, an der Du mitzuwirken hast.

S. Ich verstehe. Hier bin ich. Was ist Dein Begehr?

Ich habe kein Begehren, sondern ich sage Dir meine Meinung. Laß uns ans Werk gehen. Wer hast Du mir zu sagen, außer dem fremden Gast, meinem Freund, dem Dunkeln?

S. Ich bin rathlos wie Du. Ich kann ihn aber sehen.

So beschreibe ihn. Vielleicht hilft es uns auf eine Spur. Ist er hier.

S. Nein, er ist fort. Ich weiß nicht wo. Wenn er geht, so ist es, wie wenn er nie gewesen wäre. ~~Philemon~~ Ganz anders als Philemon oder Ka. Der Wesen läßt immer errathen, wo sie zu finden sind. Auch wenn sie verschwinden, so fühlt man doch, daß sie irgend wo sind. Aber er, wenn er geht, so ist er nicht mehr. Es ist also ob er jenseits von ~~Sein~~ Sein und Nichtsein wäre. Es scheint, als ob er sein und nicht sein könnte. Was ist jenseits von Sein und Nichtsein?

Darüber will ich nachdenken. Das scheint mir ein Wink zu sein. Aber fahre fort, ihn zu beschreiben.

S. Als ich ihn das erste Mal sah, war er von erschreckender Jugendlichkeit — ein wahnsinniger Gott. Stell Dir Dionysos vor mit aller Kraft der Imagination. Das wird Dir eine schwache Ahnung geben. Das zweite Mal war er ganz anders, wieder schön, unaussprechlich schön, eher von phosphoreszierendem Leichenblasse, der Schein des Vollmonds auf Schnee, Augen, leuchtend ~~die~~ wie die grossen Sterne in der Winternacht. Er war durchsichtig, ganz umschlungen von einem weißen, durchscheinenden faltigen Mantel + hast von rauchartiger Beschaffenheit. Ein furchtbarer Todesfrost umgab ihn. Gott, das Du ihn nicht siehst. Die Worte waren bei auf der Zunge erfroren. Er schien der ~~letzte~~ eingesetzte Sinn und die ~~letzte~~ wahre Quintessenz des ewigen Todes zu sein.

Seltsam — wie soll ich das deuten? Du sagtest vor — hin: das ist jenseits von Sein und Nichtsein? Das scheint ein wesentlicher Eindruck zu sein. Sein und Nichtsein ist der Bewegung, denn er ist Fülle und Leere. Jenseits aber von Sein und Nichtsein ist das unvorstellbare Pleroma, das Eigenschaftslose. Sollte Er etwas Pleromatisches sein? Du weißt, ein Traum, den ich in Africa träumte, enthüllte seine Bedeutung. Warum nannte ich diesen Traum in Africa den kahlen? Der große Eindruck war jene unvergeßliche Nacht in der Wüste, wo ich zum ersten Mal das X sah und den Platonischen Mythus verstand. Im Zenith, ~~wo~~ genau am Kreuzungspunkt stand ein grün strahlender Planet. Dieses Bild ergriff mich als ein Ausdruck des Geheimnisses der Individuation. Drei Tage später hatte ich den Traum, der mir eines der größten Erlebnisse meines Lebens wurde. Sollte er das Selbst sein, jenes unvorstellbare Wesen, das grün ist als ich, und von dem wir nicht einmal wissen, ob es menschlich, menschenähnlich, oder überhaupt dem Menschen überhaupt unvergleichbar ist? Philemon lehrte mich, der das Selbst das Pleroma sei, ein Teil und doch das Ganze. Er selber nennt sich Schein, der Alles sein oder nicht sein kann. Das ist pleromatisch, ~~ein~~ Gegensatz zum Abraxas. Etwas wenig Dich dazu?

J. Das scheint mir gut. Aber wie ist es denkbar, daß das Pleroma erscheint?

Daß das Pleroma nichts ist als Schein, das ist ~~ka~~ logisch, denn der Abraxas ist Wirken und damit Wirklichkeit. Daß es in so menschenähnlicher Form erscheint, ist mir allerdings über die Maßen unerwartet und auch etwas, das meinem Begriffen vorderhand völlig überteuft. Damit weiß ich nichts anzufangen. Vollends dunkel ist mir sein Begehren, sich überwinden zu lassen und Lehrmann zu lassen. Was wird das, daß das Pleroma etwas Bewußtes werden will?

R.

Cartagena.
5.I.1923

Wahrlich, wiederum mitten in der Nacht ist er gekommen. Ich hörte seinen schrillen, durchdringenden Pfiff, der zur Erfüllung seines Herrn Wunsch eilt wie ein schwirrender Pfeil vom Bogen. Wahrlich, er weiß sich, weil hier. Schauervoll ist seine Nähe. Meine Augen können ihn nicht sehen. Sage mir, wessen Antlitz hebst du? Wessen Gestalt?

J. Wahrlich, recht hast du gesprochen — wahrlich, er ist hier. Ich zittere, ich hörte den gellenden, grausamen Pfiff. Das ist Er — ein gewaltiger Jäger, ein Menschenjäger. Wie soll ich ihn beschreiben, den Starken? Alle Menschenkunst versagt. Er entsteigt mit dem Blitze hervor aus dunkler Wolke — nicht kann meines Menschen Auge ihn erblicken. Aber wenn er pfeift, so fährt seine Meute jach empor, jeder Bogen spannt sich, zischend und krachend schlägt sie davon. Ein Herrscher der Menschen, sind wie seine Hunde sind, zitternd jagen sie vorüber dahin, grausam aus Angst, ~~gehorsam~~ aus Todesfurcht.

Was für einen Gewaltigen beschreibst Du? Wohl fühle ich den Schrecken seiner unsichtbaren Gegenwart. Sage mir, wird er zu mir sprechen? Warum verbreitet seine Erscheinung Schrecken, er der mir ein Freund war?

S. Er will zu Dir sprechen. Er hat den grausamen Bogen auf den Boden geleg. und entgürtet sich des blitzenden Schwertes. Ein rothhaariger, bärtiger Mann ist er, mit Thierfellen sein Leib und seine Füsse umwickelt. Von Göttlichkeit leuchten die Augen und sein Antlitz ist von der Marmorblässe der Gottheit. Ja, Herr ist sein Blick, von Menschenkenntnis nicht zu erreichen. Er schmalzt hier mit der Zunge und der Schrecken schnellt Dich empor, wie wenn Du auf eine Giftschlange getreten wärest. Ein Hora- Jeder ist fraglos Lebensraum — dem — wer könnte an Widerstand auch nur denken? Sprich nicht, welche Wahl könntest Du wagen, in seiner Gegenwart zu sprechen? Er ist ein Gewaltiger — edel furchtbare Röthe hat er uns gebracht! Er wird zu Dir sprechen, aber sprich nicht zuerst — Er will das nicht an. Er spricht hier + in Dir Force. Du kannst ihm nicht hören. Noch hat er sich Dir nicht zugewendet. Er spricht zu einem fernen Morgenroth — wohl heutiges Tagwerk sinnend, eine Stunde etwa gespannt — wer möchte seiner Wucht widerstehen? Sein grauriger Pfeil gefriert das Blut, und jeder seiner Stunde schlappt

einen ganzen Mann wie ein Kaninchen zu seines Herrn Füssen. Was spricht er zum Morgenroth? Wohl ein Herr, ein Gewaltiger, ein Schrecken, an dem jede Frage stirbt. Nur scheint er nach Dir, gleichmüthig nach eines wahren Gottes Art und spricht zu Dir!

Er: Bist Du es, der mich überwinden? Kannst Du lachen? Nein Du kannst es nicht. Denn Du verstehst es nicht, wie es Dir möglich wäre, mich zu überwinden, und doch hast Du es einmal gethan — das Eine Mal für immer. Kannst Du mir sagen, was Dein Eines Mal bedeutete? Was bedeutet es, dass Du mich überwandest? Und was bedeutet es? Deute mich und sage mir, wer ich bin, Du Überwinder!

Du bist wahrlich ein Gott, vor dem alles Unbärmliche in uns ohnmächtig in den Staub fällt, du bist ein Herr, ein Gewaltiger, vor dem Schrecken einhergeht, mit Vaterspracht kehrst jeder Armes Wicht, mit gespitzten Ohren, zitternd wie Spreu, warten die Menschenmenge Dauer. Ein Gott bist Du, unzweifelhaft, ein Todesschrecken würde mich lähmen, spräche ich anders. Der Schrecken, der von Dir ausgeht, lässt gebundene Zungen und erzwingt Wahrheiten. Wer wagte es, vor Dir zu spielen und zu täuschen? Wie könnte ich Dich einstmals überwinden? Das kann ich nicht verstehen, wie solch möglich war. Aber ein wahrer Traum sagte mir, dass es that. Ja, ich habe einen Gott überwunden, ohne es zu wissen.

Er: Das kannst Du, weil Du so nicht wusstest. Doch sagenur, was ist ein Gott? Was nennst Du einen Gott?

Gott ist das übermächtige Wesen, vor dem es kein Entrinnen giebt. In sprachlosem Entsetzen fällt man zu Boden. Niemand gilt da Gehorsam in Zweifel. Man ist von seiner Macht gebannt. Wer seinen Befehl hört, dem gefriert das Blut. Niemand denkt an Leugnung. Der Herr eines solchen Schreckens ist wahrlich ein Gott und das bist Du, auch wenn Du ein Kleines bist. Was thut es ob ein Kleines sich in eines Gottes Hülle kleidet oder ein riesiges Wesen? Jener wagt es, hier mit einer Goldwage zu spielen. Niemand denkt daran, ob klein, ob Wirklichkeit, ein hier schnelzen mit der Zunge genügt, ob Jäger der Menschen!

Er: Sage mir, Überwinder, was will es bedeuten, dass du einen Gott überwandst?

Erwachen Frevel, auch hier unwürdig, sondern es war das Einzige, was ich thun konnte, denn ich muss mein Leben vertheidigen, auch wenn es ein Gott anfällt. Und offenbar wolltest Du meiner schonen, sonst hättest Du mich ohne Mühe tödten können. Ich wurde je denals krank an einer Krankheit, die schon vielen das Leben kostete, aber so plötzlich und schnell vorüber. Ich merke, dass Du meiner gedacht hast: Du wolltest Dich meinen Muth und meine Entschlossenheit prüfen. So deute ich Dir Die Überwindung: Ich fürchte und wollte

Dich nicht im Zustande der tiefsten Unwürdigkeit lassen. Du musst die Weisheit lernen, denn was ist ein König ohne Macht und ohne Weisheit? Ist seine Macht nicht übel geleitet, wenn sie der Weisheit ermangelt?

Er: Du hast wohl gedeutet. Was nennst Du Weisheit?

Weisheit nenne ich rechtes Thun aus rechten Gedanken.

Er: Das ist gut gesprochen. Doch was ist recht?

Recht ist, was mit dem Ganzen zusammenstimmt und das Ganze zu grösserem Leben weiterführt.

Er: Auch das ist gut gesprochen. Ich habe Dir versprochen, Überwinder, ich will Erben. Meine Macht bedarf der Weisheit. Warum aber ist ein Gott geboren ohne Weisheit und hat doch die Macht? Deute mir das!

Ich sagte Dir, Gott ist das übermächtige Wesen. Die Weisheit ist der Gegentheil, sie ist milde, sie ist niemals gewaltsam, sie zerschmettert nicht, niemand empfindet sie, sie wird von ihr. Weil ein Gott größte Macht ist, ermangelt er am meisten der Weisheit. Sie ist es.

Er: Es ist gut gesprochen, aber ich liebe Deine Rede nicht. Soll Weisheit Macht zerstören? Antworte!

Weisheit zerstört unrechte Macht und giebt der rechten Macht die rechte Form.

Er: Das hast Du gut gesagt, Überwinder!

S. Er geht, er hat sein Antlitz abgewendet, er jagt zu schwarzen Wolkenzügen über dem Gebirge — wahrlich ein Gott, von dem wir nichts ahnten.

Ich glaube, meine Seele, es ist erst entstanden vor nicht allzu langer Zeit. Wie konntest du, und woher konnte ich wissen? Der Unerhörte weiss man nie, trotzdem wir seit Jahren von einem kommenden Gotte sprachen, als er kam, war er erschreckend neu. Ich gestehe, ich bin erschüttert vor Dir, fassungslos — ein Gott des Schreckens und des mitleidlosen Gehorsams, ein Tor mit dem Blitz kommt, wer hätte das gedacht! Aber ein Mann, ein Herr, ein Mächtiger! Es ist mir Lust, ihm zu gehorchen —

1. Nacht. Castagnola.
1923. Meine Seele, hilf mir und sage mir, sahst du ihn?
S. Ja, ich sah ihn in meiner unerwarteten Gestalt.
Sagte ich nicht, er sei zum Gebirge ~~entfl~~ entwichen? Von dort kommt er in Gestalt des Knaben in Alter und männlicher Reife, dem noch der Bartflaum nicht sprosst. Eine Krankheit quält ihn, sein Rücken leidet und er nicht Hilfe. Schüchternheit erlaubt ihm die Sprache nicht, darum spricht Du zuerst zu ihm:

Höre, mein Sohn, meines Sohnes Gestalt hast Du angenommen, wohl sah ich es im Traume. Und voll Unwerthut ist Dein Auge. Eine Krankheit stört Dich, Dein Schlaf ist gemindert. Wo zu leidest Du?

Er: Ich hab am Rücken. Ein Aussatz hat meine Haut ergriffen; sie brennt mich und der Schlaf nimmt mir den Schlaf. Gieb mir ein Salbe, ein Heilmittel, damit das Brennen gebracht werde.

Sonderbar ist Deine Krankheit, mein Sohn. Wie kann ich Dir ein Heilmittel geben, wenn ich nicht weiss, wann und wie Deine Krankheit entstanden ist. Sage mir,

wie hat Deine Krankheit ihren Anfang genommen?

Er: Vor wenigen Tagen hat sie begonnen, wie mir scheint.
Ein Traum war es wohl, der sie brachte.
Ein übler Traum, ein Traum der Nacht, wohl zur Mitternacht geträumt.

Was sagte der böse Traum und wo brachte er Dir Krankheit?

Er: Mir träumte vom Jagen mit grossen Hunden,
Ein Wolfsfell vom räudigen Wolfe hing mir um die Schulter.
Eine Wurflanze hielt ich in der Hand,
Ein Schwert mit breiter Schneide hing mir am Gürtel.
Ich fuhr zu Berge, zum Wolkenwalde,
Wo Bären wohnen, Bären mit Jungen,
Ein Junges wollte ich mir holen, zum Spielen,
Schön sind sie, wollig, lustig, den Bauch wollte ich erfühlen.
Da kam Krankheit vom räudigen Wolfspelz —
Ich wusste es nicht, keiner sagte mir, dass der Wolf räudig war.
Wie liebst Du meine Krankheit?

Deine Krankheit ist vom Traume gekommen.
Ein böser Traum hat Dir Krankheit gebracht —
Einen räudigen Wolfspelz hast Du im Traume getragen,
Als Du Bären jagen wolltest mit Hunden,
Als Du ein Junges Dir holen wolltest zum Spielen.
Nun höre, ich deute Dir, was Dir geschah:

Ein Geisterwolf war es, der Dein Vater erschlagen.
Ein Geisterwolf, der pestige Krankheit mir Fülle wollt.
Nicht war es ein gelber, gewöhnlicher Wolf,
Der in der Schneewüste heult und hungrig in
die Winternacht streift.
Ein Geisterwolf war es, und solche tragen Krankheit
zu Menschen.
Aus Rache jagt er für ihren Tod, denn
immer wollen sie leben!
Sie hungern, bis sie Menschen finden und
Menschenfleisch ist ihre Nahrung.
Davon kommt ihre Räude.

Er: Ich danke Dir, daß Du Brennen löschst
mit dem Segen der Krankheit.
Doch sage mir, wie kann ein Traum
mir Die Krankheit bringen?
Nicht trug ich den Wolfspelz am wirklichen
Leibe,
Nur schien es klar in der Nacht, ein Traumgebild
Wie kann ein Traumgebild mir Krankheit
wirken
schaffen?

Mein Sohn: Kein gewöhnlicher Traum hat Dich ergriffen.
Nicht schliefest Du auf Deinem Bett und
sahest ein nächtliches Bild.
Bist selber zu Berge gefahren mit Hang
und Schwert
Hast selber den sandigen Wolfspelz um
Dich gehüllt
Hast mit Pfeilen und Bogen Wunden und

Tiere erschreckt.
Einen wirklichen Pelz hast Du um die Schulter getragen,
Warest Dir eigener Vater, der Rothbart der Jäger der
Wölfe und Menschen.
Davon kam Die Krankheit, mein Söhnchen.
Du Haut Deines Vaters hast Du getragen.

Er: Ja, ich sah Dich, Dorfi, Du sprachst zu mir.
Kriegerin kamen aus Deinem Munde und reichten mir Ehre.
Was sagst Du: Krankheit? Wie kommt ich vergessen!
Schon hat mich selber getragen. Es war nicht Traum.
Nie, meine Mann, werde ich wieder den Pelz des Wolfes
tragen.
Ich habe verstanden, wie Eins am Andern hängt.
Weil ich die Haut meines Vaters angezogen,
Weil ich den Pelz des Wolfes mir umhi Schulter hing,
Weil ich mit Pfeilen und Bogen Wunden und Tiere verwacht,
Darum kam heimlich Krankheit von hinten.
Dank Dir, Du hast meine Krankheit besungen,
Die Haut ist gegätzt, das Brennen gelöscht.
Was Du Wirklichkeit sprachst Du? Ich bin wieder gesunden.

9. I. 1923 Dienstag Abends 6 40 ist meine Mutter gestorben in Küsnacht, Seestrasse 177. Lungen- und Hirnembolie. Beinahe 75 Jahre alt. Die Agonie war kurz. 2 Anfälle. Am 2ten starb sie. Ihre letzten Worte waren: „Oh Gott, machs kurz"!

12. I. 23. Heute Abend um 6h schrieb ich etwas. Vor dem Einschlafen sah ich plötzlich das Gesicht meines Vaters, sehr lebhaft. Er lächelte und schien sehr guter Laune zu sein.

Nachts 11h gleichen Tags vor dem Einschlafen sah ich meine Mutter, etwa wie ich sie im Sargerah, aus Dunkelheit auftauchend schweben, den Kopf etwas zurückgebeugt, die Augen geschlossen, wie schlafend oder in Ohnmacht, aber unendlich lebend. Mein Vater stand rechts neben ihr, lächelnd; in einem andern Zustand er betrachtete sie lächelnd. 1) ~~[illegible]~~ 8/9 Januar 1923 hatte ich geträumt, daß mein Vater, wieder einer langen Reise zurückkam. Ich erzählte, jetzt kamen einmal mein Haus und meine Familie sehen, da er sie nie gekannt hat. Er will wieder alles commentieren, aber eine Idee mich à mourir ihm zu 21.I.1923. Die psychologische Bezeichnung in den Klammern [illegible]

Ich kann aus mir nichts sagen. Red du! Was hast du zu sagen?

Es scheint allmählich zu gewohnen, daß ich nicht fort kann.

S. Zwischen geschlossenen Augen. Es ist Wunderung entstanden nach der Tod Deiner Mutter. Du hast gedacht zu machen.

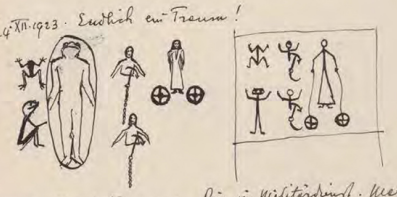
Wann bin ich so unerträglich müde?

S. Weil du hast schwer ist.

Rede deutlich. Du hältst zurück.

S. Ich kann nicht. Nichts fliegt. Es ist Atha erkannt seit dem Tode Deiner Mutter. Und Gott selber ist in der Dunkelheiten.

23/24.XII.1923. Endlich ein Traum!



25.XII.1923. Text des Traumes: Bin in Militärdienst. Marschiere mit dem Bataillon. Stehe in einem Wald bei Ossingen auf Ausgrabungen an einem Kreuzweg; 3 m. hohe Steinfigur von Frosch oder Kröte ohne Kopf. Dahinter ~~f~~ sitzt eine Kuhe mit Krötenkopf. Dann Büste von Mann mit Anker in die Flugzeuge einschlagen, ~~[illegible]~~ unheimlich. Zweite Büste etwa von 1640, dasselbe motiv. Dann mumifizierte Leichen. Plötzlich kommt

eine Kalesche gefahren im Styl des ~~XVII~~ Jahrh. Darin sitzt eine Tote, die aber noch lebendig ist. Sie wendet den Kopf, als ich sie mit „Fräulein" ansprechen, ich bin mir bewusst, daß „Fräulein" ein Adelstitel ist.

16 Nov. 1926.

Die Jahre sehen vorbei. Ich bin in

KÜSNACHT-ZCH.
SEESTRASSE 220

8.9.1928.

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Es kommt in die Nacht. Wie in unbekannten Meer. Sie waren Mutter und meinen Mann erstes. Ich weiß es nicht zu sagen. Ich ging hinaus, wie ja oftmal unternacht nicht nachmittags und ging hinaus. Das Alter Haus in meinen Hause [illegible] Ich [illegible] Tote. Es [illegible] Wie [illegible] Wirklich [illegible] Ich [illegible] Ich [illegible]

Nachts 11h gleichen Tags vor dem Einschlafen sah ich meine Mutter, etwa wie ich sie im Sargerah, aus Dunkelheit auftauchend schweben, den Kopf etwas zurückgebeugt, die Augen geschlossen, wie schlafend oder in Ohnmacht, aber unendlich lebend. Mein Vater stand rechts neben ihr, lächelnd, in einem andern Zustand; er betrachtete sie lächelnd. ~~[illegible]~~ 8/9 Januar 1926 hatte ich gleich nach dem Erwachen, [illegible] Vater, wieder einer langen Pause zusammen. Ich spielte, jetzt kamen [illegible] mir bekannt war. Er

und rasch – wollt wissen, was mir bevorstand. Individuelle Stimme er wusste, so wahr, so prägnant wie noch nie. Immer sprach er, nicht fällt er mit dem Himmel die Verzweifelten. Man [illegible] einer Mutter? Warum sollte ich an ein Leben [illegible] Die Sterbenden sind zu den Toten und von diesen Toten führen Leben zu ewig Gottes Wahl. Wenn Ihr ist verwandelt, es vermögend, unthätig, kann Wort vermögen [illegible] Drachen, was mich fesselte.

25.XII.1925. [illegible]
[illegible] Bataillon. Stehe in einem Wald bei Ossingen auf ausgehauenem [illegible] an einem Kreuzweg; [illegible] Steinfigur von Frosch oder Kröte oder Kopf. Dahinter sitzt eine Kuhe mit Krötenkopf. Dann Büste von Mann mit Anker in der Herzgegend einge-schlagen, römisch. Zweite Büste etwa von 1640, dasselbe [illegible]. Dann mumifizierte Leichen. Schließlich kommt

eine Kalesche gefahren im Styl des XVII Jahrh. Darin sitzt eine Tote, die abwesend lebendig ist. Sie wendet den Kopf, als ich sie mit „Fräulein" ansprechen, ich bin mir bewusst, das „Fräulein" ein Adelstitel ist.

16 Nov. 1926.

Die Jahre gehen vorbei. Ich bin in Africa gewesen, um zu suchen. Wen? Ihn wohl, den Unbekannten, den Gott oder den Schicksals-kräftigen. Ich fand ihn dort nicht. Was sagst Du Shirana? Ich fände ihn mir im Aussen. Gut, dann kommt ich zurück. Wer dein eine Shirana? Sollte meine Seele nicht Shirana geworden sein? Bist Du nicht Shirana geworden? Ist nicht Alles in unseres Schicksal geflossen? Rede wieder zu mir!

S Du bist enmangelten.

Je, das bin ich, und muss es nicht so sein?

S Wenn muss sein?

Es ist so. Besser Du quälst mir Licht, as ich entbehre – oder lass mich träumen.

4 Dec. 1926.

Ich habe erst jetzt ein, dass der Traum vom 23/24 XII 1923 den Tod der Anima bedeutet. (Sie wissen will, dass sie tot ist.) Das fällt mit dem Tode der Mutter zusammen.

Hatte nach dem 16 XII XI Traum sofort einen ingenieuren Incest Traum mit dichtischen Symbolen. Der Versuch, an Sie Anima zu gehen, war offenbar verfehlt. Hatte

Ähnliche Folgen. Seit dem Tode der Mutter ist Di A. verstimmt Bedenkstrom!

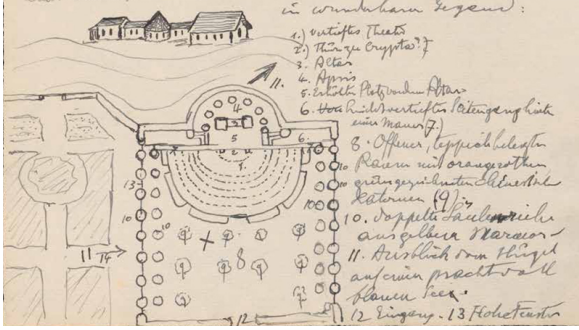
22/23 XI 1926. Tr. Der Mann von Frau Rechstein[1] ist plötzlich gestorben. Sie ist deshalb verrückt geworden. Ich erhalte ebenein Brief von ihr, aus dem mir klar wird, dass sie Einwirkung in den Symbolismus ihrer Störung hat, den sie also nicht eigentlich ausdrückt. D.

1.) Gegenwärtig schwanger. Was in Folge, wie sie Schwangerschaftsempfindungen würde.

Am 23 Nov. kam Frau R. nicht zur Stunde, dagegen kam eine geisteskranke Schwangere ~~wie~~ mit ihrer Pflegerin zu mir, fälschlicherweise. Sie wollte eigentlich zu Dr Brunner –

Am 30 XII kam Frau R. wiederum.

20/21 XI 1926 Tr. Bilder von mir gezeichnetes ~~Bu~~ Anwesen einer schweizerischen „Kirche". Darunter herrlicher Tempel in wunderbarer Gegend:



Ich spiele kindliche Spiele mit einigen Frauen (X) Es sind ewig als das Leute in lebhafter freudiger Stimmung. Von 14 → Bonne Tante Sophie und Ernst Fröchtig[1] (Sie erstaunt und unterbreche mein Spiel. Finde es ungeschickt, dass er meinen schönen Tempel sieht und ihn bewundert.

1.) Kaual, Compromiss mit der Welt. Klimax hinzugeheilen Flügeln. Ernst Fröchtig ist 1947 gestorben. Tante Sophie mehrere Jahre früher in hohem Alter.

2.) So ist es nun im Himmel. Leichtes vom Spirit. Bücher. Ist es wohl so? Wird der Traum von Kindheit, Schönheit und Weisheit irgendwo wahr?

3/4 Dec. 1926. Tr. Es ist Schnee gefallen[1]. Ich wandere (Gegend von Stuttgart?) Begegne ungeheuern Fussspuren im Schnee. Das Thier muss galoppiert sein, tiefe Furche im Schnee ~~wie~~ von Schneepflug.

Rhinocerus[5]? Kaum wörtlich. Hippopotamus[4] aus Zoo oder Menagerie? Grösser als ein Hippo oder als ein Elephant[5]. Das Thier muss Furcht[6] gehabt haben.

1.) Heute morgen lag wirklich Schnee.
2. Naturalienkabinett
3.) Afrika.
4. "
5. Mammut.
6. Passt nicht in die Gegend und nicht in die Zeit.

Abnormes in mir? E. Schlegel träumte von meinen Elephanten und bezogen auf mich. Sie waren Frauen auch, Schwesterchen, schadenfreudlich. A strange arrival — so muss ich Vielen erscheinen. Man hat Schwierigkeit mich

Zu verthun. Mammut = ungeheure Kraft —
Elephantenzahn: Siehe Tripitaka - Spur der Buddha.

2/3 XII. 1926 Fr. Versuche Brüth eines Mammuts[1] zu modellieren aus ausgelassenem Rindsfett[2] & Wein. Habe Angst, nicht hier Zeiten fertig zu werden[3], um mich zu konstruieren.

1.) Habe einmal eine kleine Büste eines Mammuts gemacht, sehr fortschrittlich gut. Zerstochen.
2.) Magnitude Golem. Ein Stern, mausersehnt Fett. Skizzen
3. Meine Arbeiten. Rückblick meines Lebenszeit, um mich zu konstruieren?

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9 I 1927 H. Higg gestorben. Wichtige Träume.

Am 2 I 1926 träumte ich: Ich bin mit Hermann Higg auf einem Automobil. Fahrt aus Genfersee. Wir fahren von Lausanne Richtung Vevey. Vevey ist aber Luxor und wir sind am Nil. Auf der Place de la Ville angekommen, sagt H.S.: Ich muss etwas am Auto reparieren lassen. Es dauert etwa 1 Stunde. Du kannst unterdessen spazieren gehen. Wir treffen uns dann am östlichen Ausgang der Stadt (Richtung Montreux). Ich gehe in die Stadt spazieren und nach 1 Stunde warte ich auf H.S. an der angegebenen Stelle. Er kommt aber nicht. Ich gehe nun auf der Hauptstrasse etwas weiter, um zu sehen, ob er etwa vorbeiwartet. Plötzlich hält hinter mir ein Auto. Es ist H.S. er ist wütend: „Du kannst doch ruhig auf mich warten und brauchst mir nicht davonzulaufen."

Als ich der Traum überlegte, fällt mir auf, dass Luxor auf dem linken Ufer des Nils liegt, und nicht wie Vevey auf der rechten Seite des Genfersees (Richtung der Rhone). Auf dem rechten Ufer des Nils liegt die Totenstadt.

Am 26 XII 1926 fuhr ich mit H. Sieber Boot nach Bellinzona. Es wurde nacht, als wir zum Fahrenhaus kamen. Da ich den Mond abtaxieren wollte, gab ich ihm das Steuer und verwarte ihn, wie der Kurs auf das weisse Haus zu bis die Schranke abgefahren. Er fuhr in falscher Richtung. Das merkte mich über, als er die Durchfahrt genommen hatte. In der Nacht 29/30 XII

Ende Jan. 1927 George Porter in Chicago St. Louis

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Träumte ich: „Eine dunkle, unbeleuchtete Strasse in einem ärmlichen Viertel einer Grossstadt. Ich bin allein. Ein Mann mit einem Hund kommt mir entgegen. Der Hund fällt mich an und ich zieke mein grosses Messer, um mich zu wehren. Ich nehme den Hund am Kopf und knurre, dass sich die Kinnbackenknochen bewegen. Ich denke „Schädelbruch" und habe Mitleid mit dem Hund. Der Mann (unbekannt) kommt schwankend näher und murmelt etwas. Ich weiss nicht, ist er betrunken oder krank?

Tags zuvor war H.S. wieder nach Hause gefahren. Er war preoccupiert und deprimiert. Sonst aber mir nichts aufgefallen. Der Traum sagte mir, dass etwas Organisches mit ihm lossei. Ich fuhr sofort nach Hause und unterrichtete ihn: Pupillenungleichheit! Progressive Paralyse. Seine Frau gab zu, gewusst zu haben, dass er einmal eine luetische Infection gehabt hatte. Er hatte mir dies sorgfältig verschwiegen.

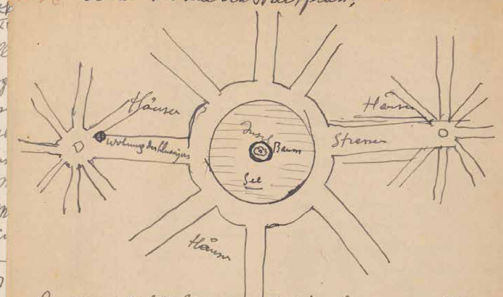
~~21~~ Ich versorgte ihn bei Dr. Brunner.

21 I 1927 Traum: Zwei Augen, der eine hell, der andere dunkel. Dahelle will mich anfallen.

In derselben Nacht: Ich bin mit mehreren jungen Kameraden in Liverpool, unten am Hafen. Es ist eine dunkle equinoktiale Nacht, Rauch und Nebel. Wir steigen in die Oberstadt hinauf, die auf einem Plateau liegt. Wir kommen in eine centralgelegene Gartenanlage an einen kreisrunden kleinen See. In der Mitte des kleinen liegt eine Insel. Die Männer sprechen von einem Kleinen, der hier in einer kahlen, nackten, finsteren Dreckstadt wohne. Ich sehe aber, dass auf der Insel, von einer Sonne bestrahlt, ein mit rötlichen Blüthen bedeckter Magnolienbaum steht, und denke: „Jetzt sein wir, wo zum Dreckkleinen hier wohnt. Der Meer ist offenbar

4 Naturtrieb ähnlich wie Marcel Duc.

1246: amb.? Ich sehe den Stadtplan:



Am 9 II 1927 starb H. Sigg an paralytischem Anfall nach Bücher-amarkfunction.

13 I 1927 Beendigung. Ich in der Nacht nach Ablauf des Anfalls wie immer einsinkend, zu Frau meinem Bette stehend. Ich Ewalding ihm zu folgen in Gedanken). Er fuhr mich aus dem Haus, in den Garten, auf die Straße und in sein Haus. Dort in sein Arbeitszimmer, wo hinter dem Tisch ein hoher Bücherregal stand. Ich hatte keine Ahnung, was für Bücher a dort hatte. Er wies auf Schafe. Dann hörte die Vision auf. Am andern Morgen ging ich (in Wirklichkeit) sofort zu meiner Frau und bat sie, mich nur Arbeitszimmer zu führen. Ich trug auf einem Stuhl, wo die drei roten Bücher waren und nahm das erste hinunter: Der Titel war: Eola. Das Vermächtnis der Toten. (Inhalt irrelevant?)

Etwa in der folgenden Nacht träumte ich: Ich sehe H. G. gesund und frisch, im Vergnügt, lachend und tat einen neuen Vorschlag. Einige Tage später: H. und ich sind in Luxor, Tempelruinen. Ich steige auf einen hohen Klumpen wie ein Marmorstück. Er steigt nicht neben mich und macht mir wütende Vorwürfe; Haschek da etwas ich so tot? Ich bin so schuldgeschieden. Einlinie und ich zeile mein Mißvergnügen. Er nähert sich mir und droht, fuchtelt, jem. ihn abzuspringen. Siehe P. 124!

Nach Erwachen [illegible] Gedankenkunde. Im der Nacht 29/30 XII

Early Jan. 1929 George Porter in Chicago ✝ suicid. Lebensmüdigk. Emma in St. Pauli projiciert.

23.V.1929. Heut ein amerik. Patient Krone Klaus an Herzlähmung (Aneurysma?) plötzlich gestorben.

20.V. Beerdigung. Mord. Dr. Kirchmeyer hatten.

31.V. Bitter Atmosphäre voll Störung wie nach Sigg's u. Porters Tod.

Traum: (30/31.V) Emma hat ein Unterleibsleiden?! Ich operiere zusammen mit einem Chirurgen ?/Wi. entdecken ausgebreitete carcinomatöse Wucherungen?! Inoperabel und hoffnungslos. Album furchtbar erschüttert. Sie müsse noch lange leiden, bis der Tod kommt?!

1.) In den letzten Tagen an ihren und meinen Tod gedacht. Überhaupt vage Angstlichkeit.

2.) Wahrend. Gynaekolog. Hat Frau Sig operiert. Persönlich unbekannt. Emma träumte heute Nacht, daß sie erneut operiert wird, u. zwar einmal anderntraum, ohne daß sie Krebs zeigt. 7.) Vermuthlich vom Pankreas — wie mein Vater. 4.) Mein Leiden in letzter Zeit — wesentlich durch Verstärkung der Uhr. Habe Dysbiosis anche Stunden bekommen wie meinem Vater.

Was quälst Du mich? Unzweifelhaft kommt es von Dir. Was weinst Du? Komme und rede!

„Ich liebe Dich nicht."

Damit Du wohl hinter handeln kannst?

„Ja. Ich hasse Dich mit Ekel?

„Damit ich Dich nicht quetsche?

„Du hast Du selber noch damit."

Das soll mich nicht hindern. Aber ich zweifle, ob Dir der richtige Weg ist.

„Natürlich ist der Du Unrichtige."

Du hitzverdächtig schnell heirat, mir hingestimmen. Ich vermuthe aber, dass Du gewisse Gefühle bei mir maaßlos übertreibst und gar weit über alltägliche Liebenswürdigkeit hinaus, solchen ein Lieber entstehst, da ich nicht mehr zu kommen kann. Du wirst, dass ich mich absichtlich weigere über ein gewisses vernünftiges Maaß hinaus dem Lieben mit zu thun. Alles, was recht ist — aber hetzen lasse ich mich nicht. Übrigens — wo kommt Du denn auf einmal die Competenz, mich zu quälen? Spiel!

„Geheimniß, mein Lieber, Geheimniß!"

Ich will kein Geheimniß. Bitte thue mir mit, was ich wissen muss.

„Das thue ich nicht."

Du kannst wohl nicht. Es hat Dich wohl auch gefasst. Du kommst mir zu viel in die Menschenwelt. Was soll diese abscheulich unförmige Frau?

„Du wünschst Deiner Frau den Tod, nicht?"

Du Höllenbraten, hör auf mit Deinem Affengeschwätz. Wenn es darüber wäre, das könnte ich mir auch sagen. Ich habe es mir sagen, damit ich sehen kann, dass Du Lebes veranlasst, um mich in Verlegenheiten hinein zu verwirren. Ich will kein Leben mehr anfangen, sondern ich will aus dem Leben hinaus wachsen. Ich lasse mich nicht mehr in das Leben verwickeln. Wende Dich ab zum Innern, zum Denkeln und schaue die Bilder des Lebens, anstatt der Welt zu begehren. Wer hilft mein Traum?

Ist meine Ehe hoffnungslos und unglücklich? Nein, das glaube ich nicht. Ich weiß, es ist nichts daran zu machen, und was ich meine Tochter, mein geliebtes Kind, wo manche unheilbare Krankheit trägt.

2 II 1928 Rede zu mir, Seele, ist etwas, das ich wissen sollte?

S. Natürlich ist etwas. Ich sollte Dir sagen? Wie kann ich? Wie sollte ich wissen, was Du nicht weißt?

I. Das kann ich. Mach keine Umschweife.

S. Schmacht keine Umschweife, sondern Du musst Umwege ~~was~~ machen —

I. Zeige mir den Umweg.

S. Komm und lass Dich führen. Ich führe Dich an den Abgrund. Siehst Du die schwarze Tiefe und drüben?

I. Ich sehe über schwarzen Felsen, die jäh zur Tiefe stürzen, weiße Gebäude. Es fern, um sie klar zu sehen.

S. Schau deutlicher hin, bemühe Dich.

I. Ein langgestrecktes Gebäude, dahinter eine weiße Kuppel. Was ist es?

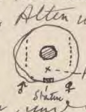
S. Schau weiter.

I. Ich sehe über der ferneren weitere Gebäude.

S. Schau hinunter.

Ich höre in der Tiefe einen rauschenden Fluss — Felsblöcke, ein schmaler Pfad windet sich entlang. Menschen wandern dort. Ein Zug von Menschen in langen, hellen Gewändern. Ein alter Mann führt ihn. Ein Leichenzug? Ich sehe keine Bahre. Sie ziehen flussabwärts, zwischen Blöcken wendend, auf der rechten Seite des Flusses. Wo treten sie? ~~Rechts~~ Wo links öffnet sich eine kleinere Schlucht dort sehr schmalen hinaufführenden Pfad. Sie gehen dort hinauf, — Zick-Zack — langsam steigend — öfters ruhend. Plötzlich der Pfad gerade, um das Ende der Schlucht herumbiegend und zum weissen Hause führend. Dort gehen sie. Das langgestreckte Haus hat viele Fenster — Eingang an der linken Schmalseite. Es sind Männer und Frauen. Der Alte klopft mit dem Stock an's Thor aus dunkelbraunem Holz — Es wird geöffnet. Sie treten ein. Innen ein langer einem gewölbter Gang mit rothem Teppich. Sie gehen allbarfuss. Der Gang ~~hat~~ endet, dort etwas dunkel. Kleinere Thüren. Thür zur linken. Ein neuer, aber schmaler Gang mit gelbem Boden, rechtsum knickend nach links. Eingang hohe Seitenthüren. Unter Säulenbogen in das Kuppelgehäude. Kreisrunde Säulenhalle, ganz aus polirten bläulichen Marmor. Boden aus weissem Marmor. Ich in der Mitte achteckiges Bassin mit blauem Wasser, gerade unter der Kuppelöffnung. Wasser aus unbekannten Grunde in Wellenbewegung.

Keine Bilder, keine Inschriften — doch gegenüber unter der Colonnade, nitzende, lebensgrosse Statue eines Mannes in mittleren Jahren — eine Antike? Sieht aus wie ein ~~Rö~~ Römer. Der Zug der Menschen bewegt sich um das Bassin — singend — wie singen sie? „Preis dem Wasser"? Höre ich recht? „Ein Spiegel des Himmels", sie grüssen das Wasser — verbeugen sich vor ihm. Sie knieen am Rande und trinken vom Wasser, direct mit dem Munde, wie Thiere. Keiner berührt es mit den Händen. Dann lagern sie sich um das Becken auf Boden und essen Brod, indem Einer dem Andern sein Brot giebt nach Rechts hin. Der Alte allein steht, auf einen langen Stab gestützt. Er steht vor der Statue, die sie singend mit aufgestütztem Knie auf ihn blickt — eine stumme Zwiesprache — während das Volk schweigend in grösster Stille ist. Nun winkt der Alte mit dem Stab. Die Frauen gehen zur seiner Linken, die Männer zur Rechten. Alle, mit Ausnahme der Alten werfen sich, zum Beten gerichtet auf die Kniee, die Stirn am Boden. Nun kehrt sich



der Alte um, und geht zum Wasser und berührt es dreimal mit dem Stabe. Dann kniet er nieder, und legt die Stirn auf den Rand des Beckens. In diesem vernimmt man tönt von irgendwoher in tiefer Glockenton von einer offenbar ganz grossen Glocke — Alle erheben sich und drücken sich gegenseitig die Hände. Der Alte

Druck der Gerichte ist erstarrt und herzlich. (Die Gewänder sind, wie ich jetzt sehe, antik. Die Männer tragen gallische Hosen und kurzärmelichen Mantel. Die Leute sammeln sich jetzt in Gruppen in der Colonnade, es wird kein Wort gesprochen. Der Alte steht am Wasser, es so betrachtend, wie vorher die Statue.

Ich sehe den Alten vorgeistig, durch Eingehen jenseits in die Fahlheit in grauer Luftspannung. Was soll dies Gericht, meine Seele?

S. Erkennst Du den Alten?

J. Ja, es ist Philemon.

S. Der Römer ist Antoninus Pius, der Caesar –

J. Es ist unerhört. Was soll ich davon denken?

S. Unzweifelhaften Gottesdienst.

J. Doch wo! Was für ein Land? Welche Religion?

S. Dein Land, diese Religion, Wasser statt Wein, Brot statt Fleisch, Schweigen statt Reden.

J. Aber was soll der Caesar?

S. Sieh vielmehr hin.

J. Der Alte steht immer noch am Wasser, in tiefer Betrachtung in die Himmelsbläue des Wassers versunken. Nun öffnet er die Arme und alle treten herzu, im Kreise um den Beiden stehend. Was geschieht? Sie fassen sich gegenseitig an den Schultern. Der Raum wird finster und im Wasser leuchten die Sterne auf. Sie ringen, Meers des Wassers? Urheimath der Sterne? Das Wasser ist ruhig wie ein Spiegel und jedes erblickt darin sein Gesicht. Es wird wieder hell, wie wenn eine dunkle Wolke weggezogen wäre. Vor dem Caesar steht ein kleiner Altar, auf diesem liegt Holz, das der Alte in Brand setzt. Betrachtet die Fresken. Die Leute haben sich unter die Colonnaden zurückgezogen. Es wird wieder dunkel. Man sieht nur das Feuer und die grell beleuchtete Gestalt des Alten. Jemand bringt einen silbernen Krug mit Wein und damit tränkt der Alte das Feuer. Es wird wieder hell. Jemand bringt auf silbernem Teller ein Stück rohes Fleisch. Der Alte nimmt den Teller und geht zum Ausgang, alle folgen ihm. Draussen warten einige Hunde, denen er das Fleisch zuwirft. Der Alte winkt seinen Leuten zu und verschwindet plötzlich, nur sein Stab bleibt und fällt zu Boden. Einer der Männer nimmt ihn auf und geht voran, dem tiefen Thale zu. Es dämmert und der Tag verschwindet im Dunkel. Nur die weissen Gebäude sieht man noch roth im Abendlicht leuchten.

J. Was ist es mit dem Feuer, ein Opfer an den Caesar? Sind wir im Alterthum

zurückgefallen?

S. Keineswegs — Doch der Sinn ist dunkel — Vor bedeutet den Cult der Caesars übrigens? Der Wein war keine Spende, sondern statt mit Wasser kostete Philemon mit Wein und der Fluch galt er den Hunden — Nicht Tod Caesar meinte er, sondern das Feuer —

J. Ich verstehe nichts —

S. Ich kann es nicht erklären, aber ich will warten und aufpassen, ob weiter geschieht —

Im Frühling 1932 sah Hans Klemm in folgendem Falle. Siehe p. 206 —

26. Nov. 1932:

J. Ich bin beunruhigt. Ein dunkler Traum quält mich. Ich will den Sinn hier befragen. Zauberkunststücke? sagst Du? Keine Vorzeitstücke.

Bist Du zurückgekehrt?

S. Du hast mich zurückgelassen.

J. Wieso? Warum kamst Du nicht mit?

S. Du gingst zu schnell, ohne hinter Dich zu blicken.

J. Du hast Recht. Ein wenig schaute ich zurück. Ich atemlos & eilte ich nach vorn. Warum siehst Du nicht?

S. Ich sah durch Gemüth und Traum.

J. Das war es also. Ich verstehe. Warum aber lief ich nach vorn zu schnell und zu weit?

S. Gemüth, Nothwendigkeit, Ehrgeiz, Begehren.

J. Ja, mehr Zurückschauen — Das wäre klüger.

S. Darin liegt „weise". Warum immer Vorwärts? Was liegt vorn? Besseres? Alle Zukunft wird alle Vergangenheit. Das Schauen dringt überall hin — Welten der Vergangenheit, Welten der Zukunft nach an das Eine, das Gegenstand des Schauens, das Spiegel der Gottheit.

J. Ich ~~verstehe~~ verkenne — Warum aber sprachst Du bei Dir im Traume?

S. Damit Du zurückschaust. Dein Begehren wuchs wie Seinbrot, wie Wahnsinnige. Darum spiegelte ich Dir Wahnsinn. Du bist alt genug, um zurückzuschauen.

J. Darfst ich zurückschauen in diesen bedrohlichen Zeiten?

S. Umso mehr, sage ich. Die Alten stehen immer für das was war. Das ist sehr oft das Bessere — Zu schnell rollte die Zeit. Aller hat sich überstürzt. Halt an. Einer muss anhalten. Gegenwart Vergangenheit sein. Nur so schliesst sich der Kreis.

J. Du bist seltsam allgemein.

S. Weil Du in aller Besonderheit gefangen bist. Besonderes aber verkennt nicht. Es ändert sich beständig. Darob vergisst Du das Allgemeine, welches bleibt und alle Zeiten überdauert.

J. Ich bin nicht befriedigt. Ich hänge irgendwo

S. Ohne hängen. Es hängt viel Dir an, es hängt Dich

nicht. Es verlangt nach Dir, denn Du hast zurückgeblickt. Jetzt frage den Berg!

14 Du sag Du Berg von Grossen.

J – Ich will nun mit der Fülle des Begebenen schauen.

27 Nov 1932

S. Noch ist Unruhe in mir. Dunkle Träume!

Was willst Du? Worauf zielst Du? Irgendetwas ist nicht gefunden, worauf ich mich einstellen sollte. Rede zu mir!

J. Ich weiss nicht, was ich sagen soll. Es scheint schwer zu sein. Ich kann nicht Allerhöchstes.

J. Aber glaubst Du, es läge irgendwo auf Deiner Seite, vielleicht in der Tiefe Deiner vielen Dunkelwelten?

S. Das vermochte ich kaum zu sagen. Ich will mich besinnen.

J. Wozu das? Weisst Du nicht, dass das nicht sein soll. Woher diese Unwillkürlichkeit?

S. Befreiungversuche – ich weiss. Ich bin selig in Täuschung. Du willst Dich immer von Illusion befreien und weisst, Du, wer Du damit bist? Auch Du willst Dich damit befreien. Wozu? Zu eigenem Nichtsein.

J. Meinst Du, „Sein" bestünde nur in Täuschung? Willst Du mich lähmen?

S. Ferne Sternen. Ich will Dich in Wirklichkeit verzaubern.

J. Aber vermisch nicht willst?

S. Dort ist es ja. Du willst nicht. Darum hast Du

das Gefühl der Lähmung. Du lähmst Dich selbst.

J. Aber woher diese Müdigkeit?

S. Du bist nicht drin, sondern draussen.

J. Dann weisst Du also, wozu dieses „Drin" besteht.

S. Ich habe Ahnung.

J. So sag sie. Was bedeutet mein Traum?

S. Dieses seltsame Mann? gemalt aus Farben der Morgenröthe, eingewickelt in sich selber? Kennst Du ihn nicht? Ist er nicht Du selbst?

J. Wieso? Der Allgemeine befriedigt mich.

S. Oh nein. In Allem Einzelnen liegt Dein – Einschränkungsbedürfnis, ein Eingerichtetsein, das selbstsüchtiges Bedürfnis, der sich nicht verschwendet. Darum bist Du nicht wissend.

J. Es ist ja paradox.

S. Entsagen, das Paradoxe. Alte Wahrheit. Du kannst es nicht vermeiden, im Allgemeinen zu landen, so sehr Du vermochtest, ihm zu entgehen. Wenn das Selbst aufgeht, schwindet das Ich. Ein grösseres Licht beginnt zu strahlen, daher die ~~Tragedie~~ Farben der Morgenröthe. Gleich er aber, nicht das Zweite, sondern das Dritte, das Grösse. Sieh Dich zusammen. Du musst schreiben.

14/15 XII 1932 The Quest begins.

21. Schritt Der Druckbeim

I Traum. Bin mit Prof. Fierz ~~zu~~ zusammen.

II Benoe und sein Weib völlig mit Lehm beschmiert, machen, sinnlos betrunken wälzen sich auf dem Acker. (Affect)

III Joggi schwappt mir einen grossen Theil von einem Schinken weg, den ich wie einen Angelsammer aufgehängt hatte. Ich bringe es wieder, aber ein betrübtlicher Theil davon wird doch dem Hund zufallen.

Note to the Reader

The facsimile and translation end with page 135, which marks the end of the sequence that commenced in 1913. After a lengthy interval of more than a decade, Jung took up *Book* 7 for notes of a different kind. Hence these have not been reproduced here.

BOOK 7

May 21, 1917–December 15, 1932

[1][1]

21. V. 17. Continuation.

[Ph.]. You went ahead of me, now you follow me. I am the leader. I am the fire that advances, you are a helpful arm that supports the wavering. I am what is to come, you are the fullness of the present. You are joy and enjoyment, discord and lies. You are the helper of men in good and evil. I am ~~xx~~ the fiery ~~line~~ path of fate. You are errancy in good and evil. I am merciless truth. I am past and future. This man is my present. That is why he is my error, since I was and ~~I~~ will be, but am not. My present is an error.

This man errs and you exist. That is why you are always present, since man always errs. Why must he err? He is a star seed, he errs through the unlimited, he fell down from the unknown. He continues to err. His errancy is his truth; He would do well to know it. Through errancy he lives.[2]

Sunday. 3. VI 17.

My soul, where are you? What do you see? What are you busy with? I haven't heard anything more from you. Truly, I was I away from you for too long.

S. "You weren't away too long. Everything went correctly, as it should. I could do my part in the silence."

What did you do? Let me take part.

S. "I piled up the ore—red stones—gold—shining things from ancient shafts. If you knew what Atmaviktu the ancient brought, which ~~xx~~ shimmering serpent skin he shed when he became Philemon. Dangerous poisons, daimonic luminous things—a shimmering ground for the feet of the lovers."

Grant me a glimpse. Proceed to the completion of the work.

S. ["]He spoke about me—that I was related to you—mortal with you—the life of your body, your solar mantle. Philemon is [1/2] immortal. The star seed in you is immortal. It is a piece of the world, a Pleroma, a light and a darkness. Light insofar as it is ~~xx~~ differentiated from the Pleroma; darkness, insofar as it is the Pleroma itself. The light shines out of difference. Differentiation strengthens the light of the star—Philemon raises himself higher. His head is in the blazing fire. He burns upward to the eternal fiery heavens. What is it? A weight lies on me—a burden? Is your body burdened? Is a poison in it? I see—you have not fulfilled the sacrificial service. It should be fulfilled."[3]

7. ~~xx~~ Oct. 1917.[4]

My soul, offerings have been brought. Willingness is attested. Submission has taken place.

S. "I see and I accept it. You have done what was required and you will do what is still required. Go your way, without doubts. Any way that opens—according to your ability."

Yet now, what was it? Someone stood at the corner at night. What did he want and who was he?

S. "A darker spirit, a spirit of deception, a sorcerer of Satan, an adept of the blackest magic."

What is his name?

S. Forget the name. He can tell you what he wants. His presence is sufficient—that's bad enough.

I. What does he want? What does he bring?

S. “Truly devil’s crafts—you innocent one.”

I. Isn’t there enough already?

S. “Life never has enough.”

I. So let him speak.

S. to Ha. (the magician). Listen, darker son of the ancient earth, nephew of mother’s mud, I call you. Come [2/3] to the light of day.

Ha. Here I am—surely you have not seen anyone like me? Surely I’m necessary—Philemon, my son is probably too weak. Should I help? What do you pay?

S. Not a word about reward. You were the one who came first. We didn’t call you.

Ha. Now, you are being peremptory. What do you want?

S. I want nothing from you. You are too black, too much of midnight, too dreadfully earthy. But confess what you want from us!

Ha. Get rid of the damned daylight—it dazzles.

S. Precisely not. We do not want to be stared to death by you. Your manner is deadly. Speak, what do you want?

Ha. What I want—do you really want to know? I feel like strangling, yes, strangling. Does that please you? I feel like strangling a man.

S. So you were the one who hid himself in the black ape, who wanted to kill the harmless one.

Ha. No, you removed the ape from me with your damned offerings. But you forgot me. Your magic has no hold on me. Devise something stronger. I am there, I feel like strangling.

S. You know, noble one, that you can’t touch us. We are not frightened, you darkest apparition. And because you know that, you come without claims, without will, without power, only with a request. It burns you somewhat. Shall I tell you what? The grain of gold, that fell into your eye. That’s why you want night, so that one doesn’t see it. Yes, old liar and deceiver, squirm as much as you like. Your threat is powerless. You ask if one could mercifully release you from the gold grain. Would you say that that is the truth?[5]

Ha. What truth? Damned ones! I took the gold away from you. Fetch it, if it pleases you. [3/4]

S. You lie. You looked with longing. Then the grain of gold fell into your eye, since you longed for the gold. But it burns you and you were only too happy to get rid of it. That's why you come to ask. Ask courteously, so that we permit you to give it back to us.

Ha. You bad tormenting devil—fetch it yourself.

S. We don't fetch it.

Ha. I can't draw it out.

S. Make an effort.

Ha. Swine, scoundrels, devils—it won't budge. Have you no pity? We too want to live.

S. We let you live, but not at our expense.

Ha. Listen, sister, you are also of our kind. Some murder, some blood—pleases you, does it not? Some more darkness, some more abyss—doesn't that entice you? Why then so high up—it is warmer down here.

S. Drop your wisdom—the gold grain burns you, so get down to business.

Ha. I can't—not so loud—he hears it.[6]

S. He should hear it—what worries you abis?

Ha. He doesn't like the dirt. His grain of gold fell into the dirt, which I love above all, the dung that I am, the father of the scarab. All scarabs nest in me. I am nourishment and maternal enclosure for them.[7]

S. I know, that is your devil's craft, yet the grain of gold that you should not and cannot not take burns you.

Ha. Try to come closer to me—you must smell the dirt, you must touch it. You can later wash your hands in innocence.

S. I won't.

Ha. You too want the grain of gold, don't you? Doesn't it belong to you? You know that it is the germ of the scarab, its ~~xx~~ egg, which is so valuable to you.

S. We could wait till it is has burnt you enough. You are too black, who would want to get besmirched by you!

Ha. Please let us negotiate. What should I give you, for you [4/5] to take the grain of gold again?

S. We would like your science.

Ha. No, not that—under no ~~xx~~ conditions.

S. Precisely that. So let it burn you, if you aren't willing.

Ha. So listen then! What do you want from my science?

S. We would like knowledge beyond Philemon. He is your son and you know about ~~xx~~ your unborn grandson. He sits in your eye, the holy scarab. You see him and you know about him.

Ha. Damned ones—precisely that should not be—wait, stop—I don't want to –

S. We're waiting. It still burns you.

Ha. You devil's wife, stop this torment. Philemon should pronounce it.

S. But you came instead of him, since you know the secret. Spit it out. Then you are released.

Ha. Kara—kara—krama—kras—tel—ham—have you tasted from the many-leaved tree—the golden fruit—did you see the gold-laden, delicious, ripe and fruitful seed? Have you recited the magical spells, diverse and confused, the invocations? Get the book, read it out loud, call, so that he[8] comes. Do that, that ~~xx~~ loosens the burning grain.

S. (to me). Read the incantations!

Ha. Oh—how it burns—like hot lust, like hellish pain. Give water—quench the eternal fire—a knife, that cuts out the blaze bloodily. A chisel and hammer strike—that sprays out the glowing grain—still not enough. Touch me, touch me—you must participate in my torment—how can it be otherwise? Let mystery surround you. A thousand dark coats, [5/6] for your act of redemption—I weave an impenetrable mystery for you—you are protected—

S. What a stink! It's suffocating.

Ha. I suffer unbearably—a helping hand, I beg you.

S. Patience, you are still too dark and have given us nothing, but just begged.

Ha. I don't know anything beyond Philemon. He is not a man—why then does this man care? I too am not a man—I'm just a remnant.

S. Why do you hesitate? Out with it.

Ha. Leftovers aren't so tasty. Leftovers stink to heaven. The Gods be damned! What torment!

S. Come ~~xx~~ to yourself and leave the Gods out of it.

Ha. Yes—to my self—to be it, yes—but to say it—I could strangle you.

S. You couldn't try it even once.

Ha. Why did my mother bear me—I crawled out of a stone—do you know the ridiculous entity that calls itself my mother—one could call it a stake, a sharp block or a cone. It's beautiful, it's pointed above and completely round underneath and evenly proportioned on all ~~xx~~ sides.[9] But I crawled out of the top. She can't laugh and can't cry and is totally like hard stone. There is a mark, a sign on earth, that the unpopulated earth is embossed with a law, that everything has to be regular, everything has to be straight or circular. The old fire can melt and burn away everything, but the black mother stone never melted once it had been formed. I tremble, its shadow stands above, bright glowing peak [6/7] on peak. My father, the fire, concocted this. I hate my father, whom I still must serve without cease. Who but I always changes and disturbs the quiet straight and circular work of my mother, I, who have inherited the fire of my father? I love everything regulated because I love my mother and always disturb it. Oh, how it captures and soothes me, when I see what is straight and regulated. I must be there and disturb it, or at least disturb something; it excites me to bring the straight out of its course. To cross something with a bent line, to suddenly distort something regular—I can't let it pass. Then why should the cone that my father irrefutably crafted go tip to tip with my mother's? Something crooked would do just as well. That's why I lodged a grain of sand between them, which mother could not pulverize and that ~~xx~~ my father's fire could not melt. Likewise not finding it on earth, nonetheless I caught it when it plummeted from the stars. That was good stuff that never fails to plague—~~xx~~ I shouldn't say it out loud—it is man. He shouldn't know that he lies between two cone tips that want to ~~xx~~ meet each other. He's always wanting to

make himself soft and tear himself up because of it, the fool, instead of making himself hard and fireproof. He always wants out of the press, one moment toward earth, one moment toward heaven. But he can't do it; he is held captive and if he were clever, he would be strong and fireproof. He would be like a crystal, but I also disturb him, since I know how one makes him erratic. That is my secret. You're not going to have it, you know enough.

S. Not enough! This secret too must come out.

Ha. Stop, I won't let myself be ransacked.

S. It burns you. Let it go.

Ha. You can't understand, despite the fact that you often [7/8] saw it. It's the runes. I know them. They are my work, my science.

S. That's it, that's what I want. That's what you have to teach us.

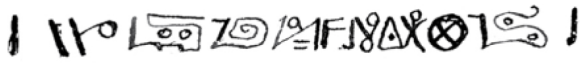
Ha. No, never ever.

S. I wait. Otherwise you won't be released.

Ha. You devil, why should that be? The runes belong to me and no one else. You are too stupid. I alone understand them. What if you understood that! I won't give them up, never ever.

S. Does the grain of sand burn you?

Ha. I can't deny it. But the runes? You can't use them anyway. Too damn smart a science for you! Look here, these snatches:



What do you want with this? And there is still a lot to them!?

S. You should read that to us.

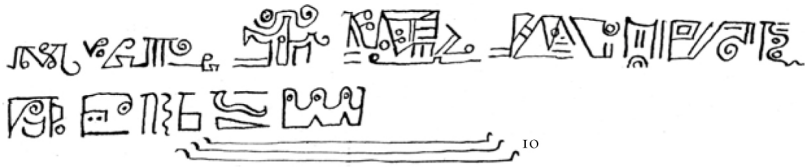
Ha. Do I know how? I can't. Should I? You wouldn't believe it. But look, the two diagonals lead to the circle. A straight line stands at the bridge and makes a step downwards, and crawls like a serpent over two suns. It then goes straight downward and coils itself, and imitates the upper cone and has the sun in its belly. This is underlined twice, because it is important and behind it is a straight halt. After that it stretches out two arms, and would like to stand firm, straight, and draw the two suns toward it. That's dirty, isn't it? But the lower cone has the dark sun in its belly and therefore one is horrified by it. If it was a wheel which bore the cross in it, it would

stand still and still take the way of the serpent around the two suns. That's what it says.

S. Explain—that is incomprehensible!

Ha. You lack dirt. Your understanding has no dung in it. The two diagonals, however, are you yourself. The circle is the sun. One has the sun, the other doesn't. That's why you are ~~xx~~ diagonal. However there must be one that stands straight and goes over the bridge, but that leaves the two suns [8/9] behind it and becomes straight. That's why it has to go under again and coil around itself, then it has the sun in the belly of the upper cone. It will stay longer with this, but the other longs for ~~xx~~ the second sun ~~xx~~. But the other sun is dark in the belly of the lower cone. You see that he who is horrified at himself has the sun as a head, and as a wheel is entirely sun, and goes straight on the serpent's way and it is no longer straight above, but a small tail upward—that is funny! Have you learned something?

S. That is something. But you already sent us runes earlier. You must read these to us:



Ha. Damn, you make me think. But I am not stupid—I am much cleverer than you.

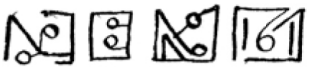
See the two with different feet, one earth foot and one sun foot—which reach toward the upper cone and have the sun inside, but I have made one crooked line toward the other sun. Therefore one must reach downward. Meanwhile the upper sun comes out of the cone and the cone gazes toward it, dejected about where it is going. One has to retrieve it with a hook and place it in the small prison. Then 3 must stand together, unite, and twirl up at the top (concentric). With this they manage to free the sun from its prison again. Now you make a thick bottom and a roof, where the sun sits safe at the top. But inside the house the other sun has risen also. Therefore you too are coiled up at the top and have made a roof over the prison again at the bottom, ~~where~~ so that the upper sun ~~xx~~

does not get in between. The two suns always want to be together—I said so—both the cones—each has a sun. You want to let them come together, because then you think that you could thus be one. You have now drawn up both suns and brought them to one another, and you now lean to the other side—that is important (=) but then there are simply 2 suns below, so therefore you have to go to the lower cone. Then you put the suns together there, but in the middle, neither above nor below, therefore there are not 4 [9/10] but 2, but the upper cone is below and there is a thick roof above and if you want to continue, you long to return with both arms. But you have a prison for two below, for both of you. Therefore you make a prison for the lower sun and fall toward the ~~xx~~ other side, to get the lower sun out of the prison. This is what you would like back, and the upper cone comes and makes a bridge toward the lower, takes back its sun into it, which had run away before, and the morning clouds already come into the lower cone, but its sun is beyond the line, invisible (horizon). Now you are one and happy that you have the sun above and long to be with it above. But you are imprisoned in the prison of the lower sun, that now rises. There is a halt. Now you make something quadrilateral above, which you call thoughts, a door-less prison with thick walls, so that the upper sun does not leave, but the cone has already gone. You lean toward the other side, long toward the below and coil up at the bottom. Then you are one and make the serpent's way between the suns—that is amusing! ~ and important (=). But because it was amusing below, there is a roof above and you must raise the hook upward with both arms, so that it goes through the roof. Then the sun below is free and there is a prison above. You look downward, but the upper sun looks toward you. But you stand as a pair and have detached the serpent from you—it is probably ruined for you. Therefore you make a prison for the below. Now the serpent crosses the sky above the earth for itself. You are driven completely apart, the serpent wriggles its way through the sky around all the stars far above the earth.

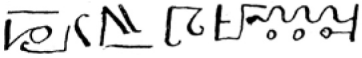
At the bottom it says: the mother gave me this wisdom.

Are you content?

S. Not yet. We still have other signs, which you should read:

 (from 2. IX. 17)

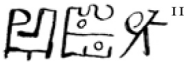
Ha. There you have the lower cone again and want to bring the upper and lower suns ~~xx~~ together again. You yearn for that, but nostalgically. You put them both together, and long to return. Then you make a roof above the lower cone, truly lock it up and get the suns back again and now bring them completely together and with this you yourself are doubled, i.e., instead [10/11] of one, you are 4, and split.

(4. IX. 17) 

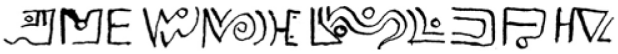
That's why you must fetch out the sun again, namely, toward the below and from this the longing toward the above will grow in you. You lift yourself over the line of the earth and tumble over. That's why you long suddenly for the below and want to lift up from the below, because you hang from the upper line. ~~I w~~ You want to be one and stand straight[,] that's why you make a line in the middle, you walk on the earth and then up above and go into the sky. And as you go in this way the serpent creeps toward you above all the stars. You are one, you hold the serpent by the tail with one hand and with the other you hold the stars. Both are separate. Thus you stand straight.

(from 9. IX 17)

And because you stand that way, an arc grows on you on the other side, since you held back (toward the left). Now you make a great prison below, possibly for the stars and a cradle above, possibly for the serpent. You press the lid on the prison ( ). There you also have a prison above and the sun, which is one, looks toward you. One of you is defiant and locked up below. The sun has a serpent's tail and is the serpent itself, and the other longs for the above and is not yet higher. The defiance of the below and the longing of the above come together. A roof above, and floor beneath, and you are one again.

(10 IX 17) 

Or, ~~you~~ if you have managed to move the arc forward, you make a bridge below and move toward the above and toward the below from the center, or you separate above and below, split the sun again and crawl like the serpent over the one above and receive the one below. You take with you what you have experienced and go forward to something new.

(5. IX. 17) 

The serpent crawls below and above the sun is locked up, the prison is open backwards and therefore the serpent crawls forward and rises and becomes straight, because you both are above. Now you take the sun within you and press it below in the middle, therefore you are split [11/12], which you don't like, therefore you turn yourself forward and await something other and are one in there. You have separated above and below. The upper cone comes down there and draws the sun toward it and you creep up from below with great longing and are one. In that moment the upper cone becomes strong, since it has a young one or you make a protection against it and seek to make it small, therefore you curl yourself toward the below. That pleases you and you can't get well away from it, therefore you must make a bridge toward being one and look forward. Then comes the great one-footed-one and steps onto the serpent way between the two suns and turns back toward the below—that is nice and funny. You don't get free of it, but the upper sun comes and pulls your arms forward, but below. You long to return, only much more keenly, but you become doubled. Therefore you must become one, you must separate above ~~xx~~ and below and go to the lower sun from above. But there you are separated and must make a bridge between yourselves. Then the upper cone again comes completely toward the below, therefore there is a line above and it pushes you away below, therefore one rushes forward.

(5. IX. 17 No. 2) [illegible] [12]

Since you have already become one there, the upper cone comes and catches its sun, swallows it and it disappears. You fall over, and strive again. You make a great prison below for the two suns or for you both and a third. But then the fire above comes down mightily and attracts the lower cone to the above. That draws you back and yet you long for the way forward, namely toward the serpent, that ~~you~~ you have always liked so much. Because of the lower cone you long for the serpent above. It crawls away to heaven over the lower sun, which stands in connection with the earth. But you must look further. The above must go down and the below must go up and yet be separated. There the upper cone leaves out its dark sun. You long for the lower sun behind you, but it is below the floor. Because you long to return, a hump grows on you in front. You make a solid floor below and then curl around in the middle. [12/13]

(11. IX. 17). ~~Now make~~

[illegible] [13]

Ha: Still not enough! Now for once you can finally understand. Now, however, you make a bridge between you and the one who longs for the below. But the serpent crawls above and draws the sun up. Then both of you move above and want to go to the upper (◡), but the sun is below and tries to draw you down. But you draw a line above the below and long for the above and are completely at one. There the serpent comes and wants to drink from the vessel ~~xx~~ of the below. But there comes the upper cone and stops. Like the serpent, the longing goes forward again and afterward you very much ((—)) long to return. But the lower sun pulls and thus you become balanced again. But soon you fall backward, since the one has reached out toward the upper sun. The other does not want this and so you fall asunder, and therefore you must bind yourselves together 3 times. Then you stand upright again and you hold both

suns before you, as if they were your eyes, ~~Then~~ you hold the light of the above and the below before you and you stretch your arms out toward it, and you come together to become one and must separate the two suns and you long to return a little to the lower and reach forward toward the upper. But the lower cone has swallowed the upper cone into itself, because the suns were so close. Therefore you place the upper cone back up again, and because the lower is then no longer there, you want to draw it up again and have a profound longing for the lower cone, while it is empty above, since the sun above the line is invisible. Because you have longed to return downward for so long, the upper cone comes down and tries to capture the invisible lower sun within itself. There the [13/14] serpent's way goes completely above, you are split and everything below is beneath the ground. You long toward the above again, but the lower longing already comes crawling like a serpent, and you build a prison over her. But there the lower cone comes up, you long to be at the very bottom and the two suns suddenly reappear, close together. You long to return there and come to be imprisoned. Then the one is defiant and the other longs for the below. The prison opens, the one longs even more to be below, but the defiant one above longs and is no longer defiant, but longs for what is to come. And thus it comes to pass: the sun rises below, but it is imprisoned and above 3 nest boxes are made for you two and the upper sun, which you expect, because you have imprisoned the lower one. But now the upper cone comes down powerfully and divides you and swallows the lower cone. This is impossible. Therefore you place the cones tip to tip and curl up toward the front in the center. Because that's no way to leave matters! So it has to happen otherwise. The one attempts to reach upward, the other downward; ~~since~~ you must do this with effort, since if the tips of the cones meet, ~~xx~~ they can hardly be separated anymore—therefore I have placed the hard seed in-between. Tip to tip—that would be too beautifully regular. This pleases father and mother, but where does that leave me? And my seed? Therefore a quick change of plan! One makes a bridge between you both, imprisons the lower sun again, the one longs for the above and the below, but the other longs

especially strongly for what is in front, above and below. Thus the future can become—see, how well I can already say it—yes, indeed, I am clever—cleverer than you—since you have taken matters in hand so well, you also bring everything home under one roof, the serpent, [14/15] and both the suns. That is ~~xx~~ always most amusing. But you are separated and because you have drawn the line above, the serpent and the suns are too far below. This happens because beforehand you curled around yourself from below. But you come together and into agreement and stand upright, because it is good and amusing and fine and you say: thus shall it remain. But the upper cone already comes down, because it felt dissatisfied that you had set a limit above beforehand. The upper cone reaches out immediately for its sun—but nowhere is there a sun to be found anymore and the serpent also jumps up, to catch the suns.[14] You fall over, and one of you is eaten by the lower cone. With the help of the upper cone you get him out and in return you give the lower cone its sun and the upper cone its as well. You cover things as the one-eyed does, who wanders in heaven and hold the cones beneath you—but in the end matters still go awry. You leave the cones and the suns for good to go and stand side by side and still do not want the same. In the end ~~xx~~ you agree to bind yourself threefold to the upper cone descending from above.

I am called Ha-Ha-Ha—a jolly name—I am clever—look here, my last sign, that is the magic of the white man who lives in the great magic houses, the magic which you call Christianity. Your medicine man said so himself: "I and the father are one, no man cometh unto the Father, but by me."[15] I told you so, the upper cone is the father. He has bound himself 3fold to you and stands between the other and the father. Therefore the other must go through him, if he wants to reach the cone. [15/16]

I: My soul, what a terrible, monotonous song—what fairytales—what magical spell, from what worlds and what pasts did he sing? What is it with you? Are you asleep, ~~magically~~ made drunk through poisonous serpent magic? Are you sick? Speak!

S. I hold the golden seed—the stink of the eternal putrefaction has dazed me—I am sick with nausea. Ha—listen—damned Ha, Ha, go back into your own echo—Ha—Ha— Ha!

(to me): His name banishes him. Fortunately his name spoils the game for him. ~~I~~ however I see Philemon, the benevolent wise one—

Phil: Did you hear what he said? Do you know that this is the truth—~~xx~~ seen from behind? But this is the truth. So listen now to the teaching and the song of the front side of the truth:[16]

Phanes is the God who rises agleam from the waters.
Phanes is the smile of dawn.
Phanes is the resplendent day.
He is the eternal undying present.
He is the gushing of the streams.
He is the soughing of the wind.
He is hunger and satiation.
He is love and lust.
He is mourning and consolation.
He is promise and fulfilment.
He is the light that illuminates every darkness. [16/17]
He is the eternal day.
He is the silver light of the moon.
He is the flickering of the stars.
He is the shooting star that flashes and falls and lapses.
He is the stream of shooting stars that returns every year.
He is the returning sun and moon.
He is the trailing star that brings wars and noble wine.
He is the boon and fullness of the year.
He fulfils the hours with life-filled enchantment.
He is love's embrace and whisper.
He is the warmth of friendship.
He is the hope that enlivens the void.
He is the magnificence of all renewed suns.
He is the joy at every birth.
He is the blooming flowers.

He is the velvety butterfly's wing.
He is the scent of blooming gardens that fills the nights.
He is the song of joy.
He is the tree of light.
He is perfection, everything done better.
He is everything euphonious.
He is the well-measured.
He is the sacred number.
He is the promise of life.
He is the contract and the sacred pledge. [17/18]
He is the diversity of sounds and colors.
He is the sanctification of morning, noon, and evening.
He is the benevolent and the gentle.
He is salvation.

But after this eulogy Philemon sat down in the gate of splendor and closed his eyes and looked at the light of the eternal present.~~)~~ And after a while, he rose up and said:

11 X 17[17]

"Truly, Phanes is the auspicious day."

He sat down again and remained in contemplation. And after some time passed, he rose for the third time and said:

"Truly, Phanes is the work, its accomplishment and reward."

He is the troublesome deed and the evening calm.

He is the step on the middle way, its beginning, its middle, and its end.[18]

~~Phanes~~ He is foresight.
He is the end of fear.
He is the sprouting seed, the opening bud.
He is the gate of reception, acceptance and offering.
He is the spring and the desert.
He is the safe haven and the stormy night.
He is the certainty in desperation.

He is the solid in dissolution.

He is the liberation from imprisonment. [18/19]

He is counsel and strength in progression.

He is the friend of man, the light emanating from man, the bright glow that man beholds on his path.

He is the greatness of man, his worth, and his force."

S. Cherished one, Have mercy on us! And what of man?

Phil. ["]Man is never his best. Therefore I say unto man:

Be blessed in your poverty, be gentle, meek and merciful, bear vilification and persecution, since a light shines before you, that will not leave you ~~secrecy~~ in darkness.[19]

If you are angry, do not say, we are not angry, but be mindful of your poverty and reconcile yourself quickly.

Be ~~no enemy~~ no one's enemy, otherwise you will set yourself against yourself. But your poverty is too great that it could be at odds with yourself.

Do not say: we love our enemy.[20] This lie would be an extravagance in view of your poverty. Leave your enemy alone, so that his hostility may devour itself.

Do not wish to be perfect like the Gods, but attend to your poverty and nakedness, so that the imperfect and weak ~~also~~ in you does not completely perish. Your perfection would be [19/20] obnoxious and an unfair burden for your neighbor.

Consider bearing your poverty yourself rather than burdening your neighbor with the sham of your perfection.

Do not forget to give alms to your poverty.

But when you pray, do not beg the Gods, but wish that the glory of God perfects itself, that his law which is laid up in you fulfils itself, ~~and~~ that you are able to bear your poverty in modesty, so that the light that ~~lights~~ illumines the darkness of your path may stream brighter.

Wish, when you pray, that what is necessary will be fulfilled, not what you take to be necessary, but what is inherently unavoidable. Your poverty does not bear wishing for more.

No one can serve a master, but each serves himself, since he needs help for the sake of his poverty.[21] The rich need no help.

Therefore I say unto you: care for your life, what you eat and drink, and also for your body and what you put on. Isn't the dish as important as life? And doesn't your body also need clothing? ~~And~~ Shouldn't your body also be healthy and your life secured, so that you don't become a burden to your brothers? Aren't they also as poor as you? Look at the birds of the sky:[22] don't they carry plumage for their protection? Don't they build warm nests? Don't they seek their nourishment with luck and hard work? [20/21] Have you ever seen a raven feed others? Therefore serve your body, the patient servant, so that it remains healthy. ~~Serve~~ Help your soul, the arrogant daimon, so that all false godliness and higher humanity[23] fall from her, so that you may look at God.

Nothing will come to you that you have not earned with honest effort. Do penance for every unearned gift that heaven has sent you, so that you don't contaminate yourself with godliness.

Take thought for the morrow, since tomorrow will have enough plagues.[24]

You hypocrites, first pull out the beam from your eye and wait till your brother asks you to free him from the splinter in his eye.[25] If however your brother loves the splinter in his eye, why should you get mixed up with it?

You should certainly not give that which is holy unto the dogs, nor cast pearls before swine, but are then your brothers and sisters dogs and swine?[26]

Ask, but do not lay on, knock, but don't be pushy; it is not certain whether you will be received,[27] since your brothers are poor and you should not provoke them to extravagance. But stinginess consumes itself, and the inheritance does not pass to you.

Go the way of your inner law while observing the outer law of love. This middle way is sometimes narrow and sometimes wide.[28] He who does not go on this way [21/22] has damnation in his heart.

You may recognize the fertile by their fruits,[29] but thank the infertile for having spared the world a monstrosity.

He who fulfils the law of inner necessity has the kingdom of the heavens in his heart,[30] since he experienced the day~~xx~~ of happiness.

Do not act out of disunity with yourself, but from the fulfilment of your poverty."

But after that Philemon stooped, and touched the earth with his hands and asked it for forgiveness since he had uttered a teaching.[31] Then he walked back into the hall to a pool of water and purified himself from the presumption of teaching. He exchanged his white cloak for a brown coat and walked across the bridge to the land of men. He entered there into a way-side chapel. ~~In the xx~~ A crucifix hung above the altar. Phil. xx bowed and said to him: ["]My brother, forgive me my error, I have sinned against your word. I taught otherwise than you have. But if I err in this way, teach me to recognize the truth."[32]

But the crucified remained silent, since he had completed and sealed his truth with his death and in such a way left room for the truth of his brother.

Then Philemon kissed his brother's rigid hand crying and turned back to the place of his teaching. [22/23]

18. X. 17.[33]

My soul, speak to me!

S. What reason do you have to hesitate and doubt? Didn't you see how everything develops? What lives is just-so. Why should you let yourself fret? Has the white one accepted anything? Doesn't she incessantly make conditions and attribute to herself everything that belongs to you? One would like to say that you are too patient, too good, if it weren't too stupid.

I. I'm afraid that your advice is, as ever, too extreme.

S. Isn't the white one extreme? Everything is exaggerated, and resists you. For once just acknowledge this.

I. But love?

S. How does <u>she</u> go about it? Does she care about love in itself? Or only concerning the love that she receives, or doesn't receive.

Fulfil her desire, and see how she behaves. If she behaves badly, which is quite possible, you can remain silent again until she becomes reasonable. It is always experimental with her. Since she usually does something worthwhile, you can indeed come somewhat closer to her. Only not too much, since she can appreciate only a little. You always give too much. That is stupid. One must make oneself costly to such people, otherwise you only squander ~~xx~~ yourself. [23/24]

22. X. 17.[34]

Things move somewhat forward again. What is it?

S. I stand there and wait and announce myself.

What do you want?

S. I will tell you. I saw~~xx~~ Phil. He stood at the gate and looked out into the land of men. But no one came. No one set foot on the bridge. And I heard Philemon say:

["]So is there no one among the living? Are only your shadows there? Your shadows, which have become detached from you in sleep? You came reluctantly? You'd rather go with the living as faithful servants? But I know a worthier service for you, a more beautiful fidelity. Listen to my words and whisper them in the ear of your masters, when they sleep. Say to them:

["]You hypocrites, don't speak of love, but find out what desire is concealed in your love. Isn't your brother poor with nothing to give to you? Why did you heap on him the burden of your desire, saying, we love you? Do you love your brother's well-being? No, you want to take part in it. Isn't it better ~~xx~~ if each works on his own, doing what does him good, rather than desiring his well-being from his brother? Strive for the riches in yourself and every good fortune that you need will happen to you.["][35]

Thus spoke Philemon.

What is up with you, my soul, what pain affects you?

S. I'm sad. The servant loves his master and would rather not whisper such in his ear, since he would like to participate in the well-being of his master.

I. So you don't love me. Haven't I already told you this for a ~~xx~~ long time? [24/25]

S. You're right, I still can't really love you.

I. Why not?

S. Why this eternal why? Why should I always know everything?

I. You should know the reason for your not loving!

S. How can I and how should I love? You take from me everything there is to love. You arrange it that way. Nothing is left for me. You love too much. Therefore I love less.

I. But what should I do?

S. Love less. The knife, do you hear, you need the knife. Cut off what is no good. Not the black one—she is good for you. She is quiet and accompanies you. She is necessary for you. She can be happy, if things go well with you. She doesn't take, she doesn't hoard. I must always steal from you what is mine. This attracts the dead, if I'm too needy. They draw me away from you. There is one in the neighborhood, the black magician's brother. He prowls around me.

I. What does he want?

S. I don't know what he has or wants.

I. So ask him.

S. What do you want, black one? Come closer and speak!

Ka. I am the commencement of the soul. I am Ha, but his other side. I am his soul. I gave him the runes and the lower wisdom. I am his spirit. He is gone and I remain. I want to be with you.[36]

I. What is the uncanny companion to us?

S. What do you want with us?

Ka. You must have me, for you will still need me. Ha knows the outer, I, the inner. He has poverty, I, wealth. What does he know? Just his boring story of cones and suns and serpents, paltry runes.[37] [25/26] A golden seed burns in his eye, but my eyes are of sheer gold. My body is of ~~iron~~ black iron. I am heavy and last for eternities. I know the meaning of the runes, Ha blathers about them like a child.

I. Be careful, my soul, he is uncanny, he is exceedingly clever.

S. You still come without a request? What do you want?

Ka. I ask for nothing more than that I can accompany you.

I. I mistrust him.

S. I think that you should let him come along. What Ha said was not utterly stupid. In its own way it was even archly clever, though blasphemous—I admit that.

(to Ka). Are you hiding evil in your black heart?

Ka. No, I don't even have a heart. I'm iron through and through. I'm cold, that's all. Maybe that's something you can use?

S. Did you hear? He's cold and clever. Wouldn't that be useful?

I. So let him come along, if he tells you what he knows.

S. ~~xx~~ Listen Ka, you may come along on condition that you teach us what you know.

Ka. I know what you need. ~~I n~~ You need my mystery. My mystery is the essence of all magic. And that is love. You are too warm, how can you radiate love? You have it in you. It does not radiate to others. What does the ancient one in the white cloak say to you?[38] He speaks love and does not speak of it.[39] Listen, man, you let yourself be robbed by your soul. She forces you to give love, then she rules. Above all, she wants to rule. Do not give too much love. ~~See~~ Look at your goal and not at love. Then you will radiate love. Does Philemon have love? No, he radiates it. [26/27] Let me come along, I give you coldness, which generates the warm radiance.

I. My soul, ask Philemon what he thinks about Ka.

S. Phil, I call on you, blessed one, loving one, have mercy on us and give~~xx~~ us your advice.

Phil. Ka is my shadow. How could you do without him? Ka might go with you as I do. There is no one above who doesn't have his shadow below. My light is strong, and my shadow is dark.

S. Loving one, what a mystery!

Phil. Did you see my brother?[40] Was he not cold and did he not set his light on the bushel?[41]

S. Blessed one, you who stand in the gate of splendor, why is your mantle red?[42] Are you going off to sacrifice?

Phil. I dipped my robe in blood, in the blood of this man. What is the robe of innocence to me? It is red from living blood. Am I not the lover?[43]

S. Teach us, blessed one, of the golden words.

Phil. Truly, Phanes is the consoler. He leads the hands of those who err. He is the counsellor of the widow.

He fills the empty beaker.
He lays bread on the table of the hungry.
He is the friend of the lonely.
He gives voice to the misunderstood.
He lays a weight on the scales of justice.
He is the wealth of the poor.
His light shines on the mountains. [27/28]
He is born from sorrow and joy.
The devils too have served him.
He shines in the helpless eyes of the animal.
He is the understanding of what the devils speak.
He is the redemption of the dead.
He is the healing of the sick.
He is the compassion with all living things.
He is the beauty of the crystal.
He is the ascent from sin.
He is the law above all laws.
He is liberation through blood sacrifice.
Where he shines, there is no damnation.
He is the allegory of the highest, the sum of all riddles.

Ka. Philemon, stop! Your speech is hollow. Where is your shadow? Your shadow[44] says to you:

The earth is damned, eternal heavens are damned, man and his daimon are damned. All great tidings are damned. What lies are you speaking, Philemon? What shimmering piece of serpent-conjuring art do you perform in your blue lofty heaven? My speech is iron, your

lukewarm drops of consolation don't melt me. It's me you should speak to, you lovely trick of untruth.

Phil. I recognize you, my shadow. Have you finally caught up with me? Be welcome, [28/29] you son of darkness! I donned a red robe to celebrate your birth. Let yourself be seen, friend! How beautiful are your swarthy iron body and gold glimmering eye! And how sublime, the beauty of your abyss! I thank the eternal light, which has consolingly shed its beauty over everything.

Ka. What magnificent words! Do you believe that you can hoodwink me with them? The red of your mantle is blood, living human blood. It testifies against you from eternal justice. It cries of crimes against the innocent. Human blood will do just fine to stain your mantle.

Phil. Truly, you ~~speak~~ spoke no lie. I am a crime of the Gods against man. His betters commit crime against him. My hand is red from the blood of the guiltless. I tore the eternal good from his flesh.

Ka. Shameless one, come to judgment. I will reveal your devious ways. Did you not hide in this man? Have you not forced me onto his way, so that I have to give him the terrible shadow? Have you not set the hounds of hell nipping at his heels?

Phil. You speak the truth. I hid myself in this man.[45] I wed him to the daughter of ~~hell~~ the great mother, that spans heaven and earth. Didn't he give her female form, didn't he love her?[46]

Ka. And did you beget the shameful and clandestine, [29/30] dreadful worm[47] with her? Your daughter? Incest!

Phil. Didn't the worm spring from red ~~xx~~ fruit? The golden seed that rose up streaming throughout heaven?[48] Didn't the man stretch out his arm toward eternal beauty?

Ka. You stole it from him. You robbed the minor of his possession. You betrayed his faith and loyalty. You made him a slave for the sake of your lust for power. What is your beauty to him, which is paid for with blood, with innocent blood? What do you give him? Have you counted out a payment? Nothing, liar, your hand is empty.

Phil. My hand is empty, since I lifted up what I took. Yes, I took it from this man and rose up and lay it at the threshold of splendor.

Ka. What a damned swindle! What am I doing here. Again, I came too late.

Phil. Not too late, at the propitious hour. You stay with me, as before.

Ka. Am I bound to you forever?

(to me) Won't you place yourself between me and Philemon?

S. Don't do it! Think of the runes!

I. Oh my faithful, beloved soul! Do you know where [30/31] my place is? You daughter of the mother, I recognize your motherly love. You really don't want to release me? But you know, you will be where I am. I say yes or no and you are always there. Let me decide, for the sake of eternal beauty. Am I not the seed that lay between shadow and light? How can I be a man differently? How can I love man differently? My kind? My kingdom is earth and my kingdom is heaven.[49] How can I find peace, if heaven and earth plummet into one another? Let the eternal runes be fulfilled. Mine is the light and the darkness. The one which I unknowingly received, Philemon gave back. The other, which I unknowingly was, the shadow will take. The third belongs to me, and is my life.

Phil. My son, blessed ~~yo~~ be your life.

Ka. My son, blessed be your life.

S. But his life?

Phil. Be patient, there is still a word to be said.

6. X. [=XI.] 17.[50]

I. My soul, what do you see?

S: I hear the ringing from above, I see the shadow below. I see the incorruptible seed that lies in between.

I. Call the lover, the father, so that he can interpret for us what is dark.

S. Noble one, lover, open your hand! [31/32]

Phil. Did you see my shadow? He is my shadow.

It is the law the darkness join itself to the light.

How could the darkness be without light?
Is not the day the brother of the night?
Is not shade the wife of the sun?
My blazing light is immortal, its matter is incorruptible.
Man? Where did he descend from?
Merely a third of him is his own nature.
Two thirds are daimonic.

S. Father, have mercy on us. What is man? What are his ways, his end and his beginning?

Phil. He is a star seed. From what infinities did he descend?

Ka. Yes, where did he come from? Ha found him at an unfortunate hour and laid him between father and mother.

Phil. But didn't he see the eternal beauty? Didn't his hand find the imperishable gold? Didn't his eye see the sun and didn't he name all the living and dead in heaven and on earth?

Ka. What for? What will he be? He falls like leaves from trees. He will be thrown into a grave, he decays like everything living.

Phil. Didn't he give me speech? Didn't he give you beauty? Am I not the fruit [32/33] that emerged from his tree? Did you not lie safe in the tangle of his roots? Indeed, didn't a tree grow from the star seed?

Ka. A tree that falls when its time is up. What is a tree?

Phil. A star tree grows from that seed. It bears that one precious fruit that we call the blessed day. It carries the now.

Ka: The day of mourning, of delusion, of desperation.

Phil. Its fruit frees from pain.

Ka: and will bear new pain.

Phil. The tree of the eternal wonder! A tree only—are you not like the many? One of the many? The many itself? Could this leaf not belong to that other ~~xx~~ tree? Could these roots not nourish your brother? Is this flower from you or from that other? Is there someone clever who could distinguish your wood from that of the other tree? Are you not all one tree? Who counts the years of this tree? Look around! What do you see in the eye of the beloved? You see yourself. You also see yourself in the hated. Do you not look into your soul, if you look into the eye of the beast? [33/34] You are the

moss that grows on stones, you are the leaf that falls from the tree, you are forests which cover the earth and the animals that it bears within. The leaves come from the tree and the tree will come from the leaves.

You mighty ones, who measures the ~~span~~ time of your span?

Why do you love yourself? Because you are one. Why do hate yourself? Because you do not want to be one. But love is also the truth. To be one with yourself is being one with others. Being one with others is immortality.

Don't all times and all peoples live in you? Be one with yourself and you will cross over. Only the individual dies.

20. XI. 17.[51]

What do you want, my soul? What's with the dark signs?

S. Don't you notice? Ka is crowding in. Since Philemon spoke, his iron glows. There may be truth in him.

I. Then ask him. He's oppressive.

S. Ka, listen! Why the belligerent stand? Why throw your weight around? Why glow like a forge?

Ka. Will you finally listen? Am I less than Philemon? Is white better than black? [34/35] Philemon called me his shadow. I call him my shadow. I am solid, he is thinner than air. His truth is a shadow, a breath, fleeting and already blown away. I am a rock of ages. Do you think that I am less than him, since I am damned to chase after my shadow? Is he not condemned to always precede me? He's only my herald, my forerunner. What then comes, is me. I endure, he comes and goes. When he ascends where I have yet to climb, I am still with you long after he has gone. I am your truth, which endures, he is a fleeting light, a ~~erring~~ stray ray of sunlight. Hence listen to me? You spoke with Philemon about immortality? Did you see how he spread green and ~~blue~~ sky blue veils? No, since your eyes were already blindfolded. Do you think you now know something about immortality? A leaf that falls from the tree—an autumn day—yet the tree remains—how long?—A winter day—the axe chops its roots—and now—where is the tree?—It makes coffin boards—it cooks soup

—it is a chair leg—it is tabloid paper—it is ash—decay—dust—the tiniest root of the smallest plant inhales one of its atoms—yes, where is the tree? Who is the tree? Where does Philemon's divine work of delusion remain? He taught you how small you are. But do you know how large you are? But how you ought to know it! You have eyes only for how immense [35/36] and vast the world is, ears to hear how soon the sound of ~~xx~~ speech trails off in the distance, muscles to teach you how weak you are. The light of the day blinds you, and nevertheless you always look toward the light. But you don't see me, since your eyes are made for light. Philemon truly planted these eyes in you. But you don't know that you have eyes behind your eyes, ears behind your ears, dark eyes, shadow ears that I planted in you.[52] These see and hear into what is infallible, unmistakable, into that which lies behind all light, into the eternal night of truth. You see with these eyes into what is smaller where you are large, you hear with these ears the faintest voices that reach you from the starry distance. ~~,~~ These eyes are vast like a starry heaven and these ears ~~surround~~ hear further than the limits of the zodiac. Do you know how immense you are? Philemon would like to make you believe that your life returns, like leaves on the tree. But didn't the life of the tree go into the leaf? Didn't the leaf fall?~~,~~ Does it not lie rotting in the damp ground? But what is a leaf? It covers a heavenly vault with a million inhabited worlds. Does the vastness have a limit? Has the smallness a limit? Is there nothing in all eternity vaster than the vast and smaller than the small?[53] The earth is a seed in the heavens. A speck of dust on the earth is as vast as the earth in the heavens. And the speck of dust is [36/37] as vast as a heaven, as many heavens, numberless worlds, since where is infinity limited by a border? If Philemon goes to the great Gods and you sit small and solitary in the shadow of the earth—where does your I go, the living I, which you yourself are and without which you cannot be? Why do you feel the eternity of your I? Indeed, why do you want the eternity of your I? And why is it a sick relinquishment not to want eternity? The light of the day blinds you, it indicates the opposite to you. You see with eyes of the day, listen with ears of the day, wish with a

heart of the day and therefore want to go up with Philemon to the great Gods and ~~but you are not the sum of the great Gods~~ you can see the deceptive appearance of this hope exposed daily. You lie to your own face, if you believe such. See with my eyes, listen with my ears! A laughable and serious mystery! Why am I damned to trail after Philemon? He is the worthy and beautiful radiance, only my shadow—he speaks great works, he is a mountebank of beauty and truth—but my truth makes one laugh—the Gods laugh at the mere mortals—you did not laugh when the great God Man was spoken of — you shuddered out of respect—your Christ even called himself his Son[54] and you found it so beautiful and worthy—but that your immortal I-son will be a dwarf, who wouldn't laugh? The great God Man laughed at his laughable immortality. But the dwarf thought that the great God takes satisfaction in him. The tree [37/38] becomes a leaf. The leaf is the I, as well as the whole tree. The I of the tree becomes manifold in the leaves and each leaf is the whole tree-I. Yes, it is smaller than the whole tree and yet not less than the I. Is not every cell of the tree ~~I~~ an I, and again every grain in the cell an I of the cell, the I of the leaf, the I of the tree? How many worlds does a tiny grain contain?[55] What is the smallest unit of life? How great must something be, that it can still live? And how small should something be, that it can no longer live?

As the Son of Man was shrouded ~~was~~ in the great God Man before his appearance and was one with him, so in you is the Son-I enclosed in the smaller world, your I not less than you yourself. It is infinitely much smaller than you—but what is small? What is great? And because he is ~~enclosed~~ shrouded in you till the final hour, so he is called the <u>shrouded one</u> or <u>he who is enclosed in the e</u>gg. Yes, he flies away like a bird at the hour of death.

I. Strange, he speaks of the immortality of the I!

S. That is my son, in whom I am pleased.[56]

10. II. 18.[57]

I recognize him. He makes my heart rejoice, the old rebel—yet his hand brings death and the lower half of his body is of stone.

S. ~~Yet in his~~ But—his brother is the Buddha, the blessed one. [38/39]

I. What are you saying—the Buddha? Welcome, Ka you are welcome, you who grant death. You are revered, the brother of the Buddha.[58] What good fortune, to see you!

Ka: Do you recognize me? I built the temple, full of eternal beauty, the palaces of death, the grave chambers of the Gods.[59] Do you see my beauty, my art? My thoughts, which have become gold and precious stones? Where is truth now? Speak!

I. The truth? Should I choose? Since you ask me, is truth perhaps in me? Yes, the truth is in me: I am. That is the first principle of all truth. Where else is truth? The truth is in me. What do I know of Philemon's truth, or yours? I know that you speak of your truth and you contradict one another. So my truth decides. The second principle of my truth goes: I don't know.[60] You know your truth and Philemon knows his. I don't know mine. That is the truth.

S. My friend: and I? You forgot mine. I praise your God. I praise the luminous one, the guider, the consoler.[61] I praise the light that receives you, that leads you up, that illumines you. That is my truth.

I. That is the third principle: I follow the inner light, as I obey the sun that illumines my day.

Ka: The God of the grain of sand? [39/40]

I. Yes, truly, the God of the grain of sand.

Ka. You base yourself on a nothing.

I. I am, that is something.

Ka: I cannot deny you, yet you are so small.

I. All the greater is my God.

S. What are you saying? Do you really believe in this God?

I. What, did you not just praise him?

S. True, but my feeling quickly changed.

I. That's why you are my soul, a changing moon. Your light is borrowed. You will wax again tomorrow.

11. II. 18.[62]

Ka: You are thinking of that piece of heavenly lodestone that fell from I know not where—from somewhere into procreation? Has the rust still not eaten your iron fetish? That is your God, is it not? The same, about whom Philemon poured out great words?

I. You speak the truth. The little something that is solid, which I was yesterday and still am today and tomorrow will always still be, that is my God, my guide, a flickering fire of light on an inhospitable sea.

Ka. You truly see what sits in the heart for you—God knows from where it fell—on the horizon?

I. I'm sure that what sits in my heart also appears on the horizon. It will manifest itself somewhere. [40/41]

Ka. Found—called the people—the one, the most precious and largest pearl—is a sickness of the mollusk. In what way does your God differ from ~~you~~ the pearl?

Can you deny that your God is ~~your~~ a sickness? The infirmity of the I, which ends when death breaks the shell? You still know that I agree with Philemon that the obliteration of the I, the pulverizing of that something that still lies uncrushed and undissolved between the hammer and anvil, would be the worthiest thing men could wish for? Hot, unforgiving light above, red suffocating glow of coals below—and why? Only because the fetish-grain does not want to be released. It would be better if you dissolved yourself in the light, but the very best would be if you became the lower glow yourself. So ~~choose~~ what do you want: Philemon or Ka? Or if you prefer the day side—Christ or the Buddha?[63]

I. May my God help me: I can only choose myself:[64] <u>I choose this grain of sand between the four sublime brothers</u>.[65]

Ka. Consider that with such a decision you have rejected the sublime ones and place yourself above them.

I. You're wrong, holy rebel; what is a grain of sand between the four noble ones? May my God help me, so that I don't choose a grain of sand instead of a sublime one out of pride and self-presumption. What is this [41/42] seed to you? It is a mere nothing

to you, and yet it is my God, which I prefer to all Gods, since it is my God, my fetish stone; not better than others, simply better for me, since it is my God.

S. I concur. I can feel your words.

Ka. How? You renounce salvation? Holiness? Eternal truth? The communion of the holy teaching?

I. I don't mean rebellion against that, nor ingratitude. Praised be the sublime ones for the sake of their wisdom; However, my God wants something else, to be the grain of sand between the four sublime ones.

Ka. Strange—I really know nothing of this God. My darkness doesn't seem to illumine him properly—I see only a grain of meteoric iron—come here, Philemon, and tell me now how you see this fetish stone.

Ph. Now truly, he is a God, his light fills the immensity of space. So I see him. Water flows away from he who sits at the source of the stream.[66]

14. II. 18[67]

I. My soul, speak, what do you see, and how do you see?

S. I see Ka and what he does. He is right there with you. He is doing you harm.

I. What is he doing?

S. He's building a house, a palace, a temple, a dwelling or a tomb, a lodging for [42/43] eternity. Does he want to build a temple for your God? Ka, tell me, what are you doing so mysteriously?

Ka: I am building a prison for God, an altar, such that one who touches it becomes one with it. The Gods should have me forget how to fly.

S. Do you want to capture the God of this man, deceitful one?

Ka. What, you call me deceitful? Didn't I build Philemon's fortress? Now that he has withdrawn from the circling of the wheel—it really didn't please him—he no longer needs a palace. Now ~~but~~ he practices what he otherwise advised man to take care of, namely abstinence. So I build a palace for man.

S. Why for men and not for yourself?

Ka: I want to see someone spellbound in my place, with feet bound in the maternal stone awaiting procreation in endless blissful agony, with only longing and unfulfillment. ~~?~~

S. Why do you want to thrust man into this torment? Is he made for it? No, you know this better than I, since your cunning is great.

Ka. I want to—and will. I must create from myself; I want to bury the living in marble and gold.

S. Do you believe that this God will let himself be buried?

Ka. What God does not ~~crave~~ thirst after [43/44] temples and altars? And what man doesn't want to see his God honored? Show me the God who won't let himself be caught by temples![68]

S. But what if this God dispenses with temples and altars?

Ka. Then he is no God, and I call him a piece of lodestone, a fetish for negroes.

S. Can you deny that he is a God? That he should not be a God if he rejects your lure?

Ph. Consider, Ka: he is a new God—something new is truly new, although you grasp it ineptly. It happened as you thought a thousand times, and it happened differently for the thousand and first time. You must build millions of temples, one for each man, to capture this God. It is not for me to tell him the wisdom, nor for you to prepare a temple for him. The time comes when father and mother no longer comprehend the son, when paternal wisdom and motherly understanding are at an end, and everything takes another way than one had previously thought. I fear that your temple is dedicated to you.[69]

28. II. 18.[70]

My soul, the dream points me to you.[71] What have you to say to me? You gave me the dream, so you will know, what have you to say to me?

S. Your words reek of mistrust. Why this mistrust? Eventually you live according to what I say. For a long time I had already advised

you to separate from the white one. Good will come out of it, but she requires cruelty. [44/45] Always do what she accuses you of! So go the rules of the game.

I. But tell me, did you see anything that can solve this question with Ph. and K? I hang painfully in the middle.

S. So you'll just have to hang till the question is solved.

I. Being cocky, are you? You think you've won the game while I'm in misery? Are you showing one more of your lovelier aspects? Despite all the misery there is no relenting for you; nothing will be retracted, scaled back or qualified. Tell me, have you seen something?

S. Yes, I saw Φ[72] creeping around—

I. What are you saying? Creeping around?

S. He is cunning, the most cunning of the cunning.

I. But what do you think? What does he want?

S. He is looking for something—probably the keyhole—

I. Why that?

S. To creep out now—

I. My soul, what are you saying? Isn't he the blessed one?

S. Not any more, since his capture.

I. What are you saying? Captured? He, Φ? Who captured him?

S. None other than yourself. You painted his image. "You should make no image, not even a likeness,"[73] said Jahweh—preferably not, since just that enchants the enchanter and all false Gods. However the image isn't the only reason for the imprisonment. The essential thing is that Ka has been accepted by us. Where there is shadow, the [45/46] light cannot be far. The shadow casts out light and light casts out shadow. Yes, Φ is captured and Ka no less. Therefore they quarrel. What is it with sublimity? When one looks at it closely? Yes, Ka is held captive. Who caught light and shadow? Who else than you? You call them the blessed ones? Did you see the "blessed ones" caught, creeping around, peering at holes through which one could escape into a distant twilight? But they do harm to you, because you still empower them and call them the blessed ones. So they claim for themselves what belongs to you. You will be robbed. Both are

cunning, clever beyond all measure. One gives you a false splendor and the other gives you a false shadow. Do you now see, who the master is? Where does the upper blessed come together with the lower blessed one? In the mediating everyday, it seems to me.[74]

I. You say the most astonishing things.

1. III. 18.[75]

But tell me more. What else did you see?

S. Your God is the one that keeps both of them captive and imprisoned. He is powerful. A God above the Gods.

I. Why am I inhibited when I think of him?

S. You must be inhibited, since you have nothing to think about him.

I. But the same happens with feeling.

S. So must it be. He is not to be felt, nor touched.

I. But then in what relation am I to him? How do I perceive him? How do I speak to him? What is he to me? [46/47]

S. You are embedded in him, you swim in him, like the earth and its air in the world aether, the contradictory and incomprehensible thing. Just so is the God, your God. <u>You are in God</u>, <u>when you are in yourself</u>.[76]

I. Why am I not glad about this?

S. Because you are also not at all in yourself, either ahead of or behind yourself, always spellbound by above or below, Φ or Ka. Why is your gaze fixed on Φ ~~or~~ and Ka? Why do you not see yourself?

I. I just did. I'd like to get on with my work, still forming and editing everything which still must be created.

S. I have nothing against that. But you can't do your work as long as Ph. and Ka are the 'sublime ones' and you are just the seed between two magnets. Your God is a world. He forms the world and the Gods, grant him the power. But if you look toward the world, then the Gods rule and your God is weak. But your God is strong if you stay by him, if you give him the force of your longing. Your God is both powerful and weak. If you give him force, you draw his world

power to yourself. If you give him no force, his world power leaves you and turns itself against you. Respect for and disdain of the Gods—that is the mystery. Whoever fails to grasp this mystery travels the four false ways, either in the world, or to the daimons, or in the past and the Below, or in the future and the Above. Respect for and disdain of the Gods begins [47/48] with respect for and disdain of oneself and takes string precedence over respect and disdain of men, animals, plants and lifeless objects. Instead of respect and disdain you may above all also say love and hate, since some enclose love in respect and hate in disdain, whereas others however enclose respect in love and disdain in hate. No foggy language. Your speech is slippery.

God is like a best friend, a beloved, someone who understands, and if ~~he~~ a man does not understand and yet loves and thus always does the wrong thing and so torments and ruins others, he behaves like God. God is all-knowing,[77] therefore he is not conscious of his own knowledge.[78] Since he is the world power, he is unconscious of his power. Since he is every single being, he is not conscious of his being. Since man is conscious of his self by virtue of his limitedness and separateness, God can also reveal the fullness of his being only if he is drawn by individual men, breathed, eaten, and drunk.[79] Then the God, with human nature added, can so behave and appear that one can say nothing other than that he is conscious of himself as a single man would be, that he loves me as my friend, my brother, my father, my son.[80] But the arcane seed that lay between the Above and the Below is always revolving, revealing a new incomprehensible side. So it must be—so life advances. Then my friend, my brother, my father, and my son no longer understand me and wound me, because he loves me. You could also say, because he hates me, or equally well: disdains me. So it is, because the deepest mystery is: respect of and disdain for the Gods. If God no longer understands me, I must recede into remoteness from God.[81] I must protect myself from his loving vengeance. Remoteness from God [48/49] is procession along the 4 false ways, it is crucifixion, it is Abraxas.[82] The 4 false ways are: being one with the outer worldly being, ~~or~~

being one with the soul, being one with splendor, Φ, being one with the shadow, Ka.

That's why you must strive to reach God. He has not changed, since he is eternally the same. He is the All, past and future, he understands nothing, since he is All and differentiated from nothing. He is changeless, partly apprehensible to you, and partly not.

I. But tell me, you have always spoken of God as the one who becomes and alters.

S. Why not? I have described him from the other side. God is also the seed that turned and whose new side you fail to grasp. But your essence is God. God does not understand himself, as I told you.

I. Yes, but who am I then~~?~~, ~~Who~~ if God is All?

S. You are, and God is. If you were not, how could God be?[83]

I. But there are other men apart from me.

S. They belong to the totality of God, as do you. That's why it is said that God was scattered through all men, and why the Egyptians also said that the Mother gathered all the pieces of the God with great care, to put him together again,[84] and just as the Greeks said that the God of the God swallowed him ~~in~~ and completely rebirthed him.[85] God is the seed and God is the whole essence of man. If I look with the eyes of man, then God changes, since man does not understand how God changes himself. But if I speak from the essence of God—and I did exactly this—then God [49/50] is unchangeably the same, and he doesn't understand himself as a seed, since above all he is incapable of understanding himself as a singularity, since his essence is totality, and generality, he does not know from omniscience, just as he also does not know himself as existing from universal essence. Therefore if the seed turns, he does not understand what it is. He loves his totality, therefore also his seed. But when he cannot reach his seed, he does not suffer from that, but the seed does, as it fails to ~~gain~~ attain totality. God truly loves the ~~xx~~ seed, but he doesn't see that it has turned and he wants to grasp it, as he always has done, wounding and damaging it. ~~The~~ And the seed must struggle against God, it must will remoteness from God. Therefore and in as much as the seed is God

himself, the seed opposes God and sets itself in God's place. Therefore Christians say that God sent his son to save his creation from the misery in which he himself brought them forth and abandoned them.[86] But the son[87] taught men that it is ~~better~~ good to turn one's eyes away from the created, that it is better to procreate no longer, and that the best thing is to wait for the imminent end and the fulfilment.[88] But the son was a man and the seed in him rebelled against the law of the world creator. But the love of God followed him and embraced him in bloody death. Thus the seed was damaged. Why? It didn't seek the remoteness from God. It was not allowed to seek it, since that age was not allowed to know about remoteness from God. Each age of the world has something that it must know above all, and something that it is not allowed to know above all.

I. This is all so difficult that it can hardly be thought about. Truly, I don't follow.

S. Now, it is graspable. We also approach the limits of what is currently understandable and knowable. But you now understand why God is both changing and unchanging? It all depends from where one speaks. When you speak of ~~yourself~~ out of yourself [50/51] it is somewhat different from when you speak of yourself from the outside, from the world, with the eyes of the world. Even so the two statements contradict each other, so you still are, and the beholding world also is. The same way with God. Seen from your standpoint, he is changeable. Seen in himself, he is unchanging. He knows nothing of change since he does not know himself as a seed. But the seed turns. But what is a seed as a whole? Nothing. Therefore ~~it~~ the totality does not feel it. But surely the seed feels it, since it feels abandoned and misunderstood by the totality. But the totality does not understand the individual. Therefore the individual must seek the way to God. He must thus draw God into himself. But how does this happen? This can only happen by his clearly showing God how he has turned, how he has changed. He ~~xx~~ must explain himself to him. He must find words and expressions by which he can reach God. Man, who must always work as the mediator for the part

of God in him and the seed, can never do this through conscious devising or puzzling out, but only through the help of his soul, or through the help of someone who still has the soul of the other in them.

The seed must always turn, since that is the godhead of life. Life is movement in its innermost.

I. But if the seed is God, and the whole world ~~wo~~ is God, ~~where and~~ what is man?

S. I tell you, man is completely in God. He is the mediator between God as world and ~~and~~ God as seed. Philemon sees God only as goal, Ka only as ground. You see him through me as seed and world. Since as a being God is the greatest and the smallest.

I. Therefore man would be the mediator in the transformation ~~process~~ of God.[89]

S. And not even the only mediator, as animals and plants also have their role in this work. [51/52]

I. Truly a Danaid's barrel[90] ~~xx~~ of endlessness and meaninglessness . . .

S. Therefore we should rightly remain silent. What should one actually say about "end" and "meaning"? How many hundred worlds have been built or hung above one another?~~,~~ How much sense and nonsense do they contain? So no pointless asides! Have you understood, that God is someone who becomes and who is?

I. I believe so.

S. So now hear about another redeemer.[91] He also taught that it is good to avert one's eyes from the created, that it would be better to procreate no longer and that the best thing would be to bring the suffering of the world to an end. He rebelled against the creator of the world and his law of continuously engendering life. He sought remoteness from God and received it, since God always loves the seed, whether it be close to or distant from him. And so he also was again in God, but not crucified, since the seed was not damaged.~~,~~

I. Wasn't that a good solution? Why don't we go on this way?

S. It is not our way. May the possibilities of understanding be cursed. One can see good ways! Why don't we take them? We are

fools, culpable idiots, who don't take the good roads. Blindness, dullness, and stupidity would be better, so that one couldn't recognize the good way: it merely hinders us in our own way. But how much lighter would our way be, if we could not see and understand the good way! There is only our way! And it is the worst of all ways! [52/53] I must tell you that this solution is bad. First, it is old, and second, it extinguishes the effectiveness of the seed. One no longer feels the turning.

I. It appears to me that the seed of which you speak is already ~~the xx~~ the kernel of the innermost, but also the same as what one calls the devil.

S. You haven't missed by much. Beyond the seed God comes to meet the shadow, his adversary. When he is fiery glow, his adversary is blue starlight, coldness within fire, snow on the embers. God is in conflict with himself.[92] Both redeemers[93] teach the good, the redemption from good and evil. Yes, both know the good way, even when they contradict one another. But they are one in the good. Yes, if we went toward the good, we would know where and when. For clear simple paths are mapped out for us by the masters, and travelled by countless people. Why don't we take them? We shouldn't strive toward the good, but toward life. Life, so it is called in us, is higher than the good, since the good is just a fruit of life. But nowhere is the fruit more valuable than the tree on which it grew. Yes, if we went toward the good! But it is not our time, it does not want it, since it wants life, which is given to our time as more sacred, even certain evil actions appear better and more sacred than the merely good. We cannot defend ourselves. It takes the other road, the one toward life, since life for us is the good, since we know that life can be good. We cannot believe that [53/54] life must die unlived. We believe that life is a flame that burns in itself and radiates itself.

2. III. 18.[94]

I. My soul, you should help me obtain and keep that middle point where I am in God and not in God, where I stand between the Gods.

S. So you mean the state of being hanged? You call this the middle point between the Gods. You take too great a share in God's process.

I. How can I take less, if I am still completely in God, inside and outside?

S. You are certainly in God inside and outside and yet you are you, with your truth neither inside nor outside, but in between, also neither above nor below, but in between. You are not the seed, but its covering. Oh, that this speech were richer! Or better perhaps, if it were poorer. The wealth of the possibilities of representing and describing is a misfortune.

I. What is with you? What foreign spirit has struck you?

S. I am under a spell, a foreign power meddles. Science wants in, probably from you. You have to take care of this. My work is done. Farewell.

29. III. 18.[95]

How does this song go? Where am I really?

S. As always, you're still on yourself. Where else should you be? On your miserable I.

I. What should I do about it?

S. How should I know? Does the likes of us know something of this? We just know the other, but your I—the whole world is in a state of embarrassment because of it—apparently also you yourself. Therefore it was found advisable to get rid of the I in the name of this or that God. Being alone with oneself has always been repellant to everyone. Will you give yourself up? Can you still do it?

I. What do you mean—give myself up? Can one truly give oneself up? [54/55]

S. I too ask this of myself. Maybe wait, something might happen. The sharp opposes the blunt, white opposes black. I believe that you cannot wait for the solution of this question. In the meantime do what is to be done first, pleasurable or not. You have not finished with this task. Remain firm, endure. It must be completed. Be alone

—naturally—what will you do otherwise?—You live only for the sake of your work.

I. Don't you believe that I also live for the sake of myself?

S. What are you without your work? What you are to others, you are through your work. Your work, that is you. Inasmuch as you do your work, you yourself live. You shouldn't relinquish this despite reluctance—that doesn't count.

14. IV. 18.[96]

And now? What has been achieved? I am just sick.

S. Why are you impatient? Don't you see the untamed animal in you? It won't behave. You are still not tame enough. You feel it yourself. You resist yourself, you cannot submit to yourself. But you must accept everything that now comes with patience.

15. IV. 18.[97]

S. What good fortune that you freed yourself from Ka's prison!

I. What do you mean? Explain it to me!

S. Ka builds temples and tombs for all living Gods. If you are in your self, you are in God. And as God, you are in danger of being walled in and buried alive.

I. Why? I don't understand.

S. A God reveals himself in divine and eternal effect and ossifies in it. It is ~~is~~ his grave. And so it must be—the unavoidable fate of each God. [55/56]

I. But I should be in myself, and be with myself and so with God and in God—

S. Why should you always be with God and in God? Do you want to be God yourself? And be buried? God is eternally force and spirit. But you have a body. Your body suffers if you always want to be with and in God—

I. Your confusions are endless—though—what else do I want? Patience, hence I should also be outside of myself, outside of God? Where then?~~,~~ in creation?

S. Certainly, outside with men, outside of yourself, with Φ and K. They are the hands that help the God to birth and to the grave.

I. What do you mean, outside with men?

S. In service to their God. Phanes—the only one in you and everywhere and a million times in you and everywhere.

I. "In service to their God"?

S. What are you wondering? One goes on the road to the inner ~~and~~ to arrive at the outer. The other goes toward the outer to ~~xx~~ reach the inner. Both roads are good and meet each other, and both need to be walked. How should you live differently than one moment in God and the next moment outside of God? If you are and remain inside God, you will be buried in his eternal effect. If you are and remain outside God, ~~xx~~ you never come to yourself and you [56/57] remain a shell of yourself, a mirage in your own desert. So at any given time you should be with and in yourself and so with and in God. But if you remain in yourself, the deadly shadow of God overwhelms you and wants to bury you alive.[98] Since God shines out of you and nourishes Philemon and Ka and goes to men and is the nourishment of their God, in so doing he divests himself of himself. So you should do just as God does. You will not live any other way.

I. But how can I live "outside of myself"?

S. Not "outside of yourself," but outside with men <u>with yourself</u>. You are then not only with you, if you are <u>in you</u>, but you can also be outside at yourself and <u>with you</u>, not just within. Likewise you are in God, when you are in you, and God is in you, if you are outside with yourself.

I. What then is the I? Is it not the same as the self?

S. If you are in you yourself, then you cannot differentiate the I from the self. But if you are outside with yourself, then the self is different from the I. Since the self is a great mystery, that I veil just as well as you.[99] ~~If~~ It xx is that smallest seed that fills all the heavens, ~~but~~ a grain of dead matter and God in all eternity. Amen. I say "Amen," since after such an implausible statement one must say "Amen" [57/58] for confirmation. But all mysteries are implausible. I hate all mysteries, therefore I divulge them to you as much as

possible. It would be better if there weren't ~~too~~ so many mysteries, but they are not to be denied—~~xx~~ and finally—without ~~xx~~ mysteries, there would be no escape from the contradictions.

So,—if you are outside with yourself, then you feel your I differentiated from the self. You feel your self either as a grain of dead matter full of revulsion, dread, and fear of death, or, if you accepted this inner death and held your last supper with this corpse and received the germ of God from this death, then you feel the self as the God in you.

But look, there comes Philemon. What does he want?

Φ: Listen, it seems to me as if that light that you call your God was also my light. Previously it seemed to me as if that light emanated from me. But now I see that it is my nourishment. It appears in Φ, it has effects in K. Appearance is visible, what has an effect is dark. The effective one is dark. The one who appears is light. What is effective does not appear and what appears does not have effect. That is my limitation. Therefore my brother would need darkness, poverty, and miserable death in order to be effectual.

K: It is good that you see my greatness and your limitation! You begin to find the right measure, you scorner of everything effective and living. I curse my darkness, my eternal abasement and yet [58/59] I am what has an effect and you are just what appears, you deceitful appearance, charlatan, swindler, who steals the love of man from me. But today is a good day, the day where my curse reaches you—proclaim your limitation, shout out that you steal, that ~~you rob the innocent~~ you cheat and deceive. I am what has an effect and curse you, that the truly effective is always concealed! That's why my brother had to be born the son of a king and all appearance and shimmer had to surround him till the grave, so that he became seen. Who among all the wise ones would have noticed him, if appearance had not emphasized him? Cursed be appearance, which deceives the world for all reality. Truly a good day, Philemon, ~~xx~~ your wing will be clipped.

Φ: You speak the truth, ~~K~~ oh Ka, your truth—and one who doesn't believe in his own truth is amiss—if there is anything like my

or your or his truth at all. I bless your effect, since you create the golden appearance for me—

K. And why should I be damned to a dark, solitary, joyless existence because I am the creator of your gold, your deceitful, hypocritical golden haze, with which you blind all the world?

Φ: Why does the shadow rebel against the light? Has the light done it wrong? Have I not given Ka his due? What is the mystery of your suffering, oh Ka? Why is ~~the~~ all the effective [59/60] dark and cast out from the light of day?

K: You hypocrite, you are the light of day, the golden glow of the upper world, you eternal yesterday and tomorrow. But the present day broke one of your wings. You are not what is effective. I am what is effective. I have effect, I do not appear. You are undermined, my children, ~~heard~~ the titans, heard my words, they shake the foundations. The time of the effective is there. Curse you—you may curse me—you have despised the effective and praised the wrong appearance for too long.

Φ: Listen, Ka, am I not your true appearance? Are you not my true shadow? Is only the shadow true and appearance always wrong?

K. All the world speaks of Philemon, but who speaks of Ka? And yet Ka is the all-creator ~~xx~~ of beings and forms.

3. VI. 18.[100]

My soul, did you come toward me this night with a threatening air? What did you want?

S. You have not let me speak to you very long. I must speak to you about Ka, as you noticed. Do you understand him, the beneficial limiter? He, who gives you love for the holy ground, for the spot of earth which is beautiful to you and where it pleases you to live? He adorns this spot with care and love, he cultivates the land so that it greens and [60/61] brings fruit. He limits you to this ~~earth~~ spot of earth, to these people who are dear to you. He gives you the sensation of being in this particular form. He excludes all other

possibilities. Therefore he appears dangerous and murderous. He is rooted in the earth and binds men to their earth.

I. So I saw. Yet tell me, what snags my breath, what impedes me?

S. Philemon is frightened. He senses the danger of the earth. He fears the beautiful serpent poison of the earth. His foot ~~xx~~ was once lamed by ~~xx~~ a poisonous bite, but wings grew. He knows the power of poison, so he develops the power to fly. He sees the serpent among the roses and therefore wants to be a butterfly. However, do not let yourself be too enchanted by him, since you are a man, a brother of the earth-dwelling animals. How beautiful and familiar is the fortune of the earth! The people you know and love, who know and love you, the trees that lovingly shade this spot of earth, the dewy flowers which greet the sun, the birds that fill the fluttering air of the dawn, shimmering leaves and flowers, the glittering surface of the water, the wind that clouds over the mountains, that is the fortune of the earth. This is also Philemon, the one who loves. The daimons reconcile themselves in man, who found himself, who ~~born~~ is the source of the four streams[101] and [61/62] the spring-bearing earth.[102] Water flows from his peak toward the four winds. He is the sea that gave birth to the sun, he is the mountain that carries the sun, he is the father of the four great streams, he is the cross that binds the four great daimons. He is the incorruptible seed of the nothing that accidentally fell through space. This seed is the beginning, younger than all beginnings, older than every end. I praise the greatness and smallness of man. His suffering fills the earth, his fate is in the smallest and most secret things.

What leads you to joy? ~~Joy is~~ The sacrifice of what does not belong to you. But joy is your own self.

3. VII. 18.[103]

Oh you mystery of the summer morning! Men and Gods greet you when you rise.

I speak—is it you who speaks, I? is the I born?

10. VII. 18.[104]

My soul, what is happening? What sets me at odds with myself? What tears asunder?

S. Poisoning by the earth spirits.

What do you mean by this?

S. The black one has an earth spirit with her, a spirit of the dead, who would like to live. He sucks force from you. He would like to come to life. She can't help it. She can do nothing about it, only you can. It is to be stood up to. You have still not tried everything, you have still not done everything. [62/63]

I. What more can I do?

S. You can love still more.

I. I don't know how.

S. Through the act.

I. Through which act?

I. Is it not a mirage? Does the black one have a spirit in her? Or is not rather something in me?

S. Spirits are always between two people. They live from the relation of two people. Spirits are also dead without relation, not only people. But spirits must be removed from a relation, so that they can die.

I. But how, that is the question!

S. I know, but the how is not easy. It turns around and around and seeks an opening and doesn't find it. The spirit is this how. The spirits of the dead live from this how. Where there is a how, the unredeemed spirits gather. They suck it in, they live from it. Where the question how? is, there they find nourishment. As long as men do not know the how, the spirits devour it.

I. So help me find this how.

S. First and foremost, you should see that you are behind. Why did you give me the two kinds of properties? Why did you not separate the opposites? Why did you leave me mixed? This creates the trouble of the standstill. The opposites cancelled each other out. My other half, which is on the side of the earth, is another soul than I. She is between things and you. I am between the eternal images

and you. I am mind, she is feeling. I am light, she is dark. The black one is her symbol. [63/64] You have still not released Salome from her. She is the spirit of the earth that dances poisonous dances, that bewitches and intoxicates, that drinks blood and causes magical sickness. If she were released from the symbol, she would give form, substance, and actual life to the eternal images. But she intoxicates herself in the blood of the holy one.[105] Why? She has not been released from the human symbol. Why do you love the black one? Because she is the dancer—(there is a scratching on the door). ~~Wh~~

I. Who was that? ~~I~~

S: Spirits of the dead accompany her,[106] spirits of the earth, buried ones—not the spirits of the eternal images. They bear claws like dogs and cats, they have feet like black night birds, carrion birds, since the dancer rends, she has claws and sharp teeth, behind her lie bloody torn ones, blood pools and spirits of the dead gorge themselves on this. She makes one drunk and she is drunk from the blood of the holy one, she pours poison into the entrails. She is a fire of voluptuousness and torment of voluptuousness. She is beautiful like hell. She gives pleasure and the craving for poison. She makes men drink poison and eat poison. She is hellish temptation. She is the compulsion of suffering. I am eternal contemplation. I carry up into eternity, she drags down into the mystery of matter, into the beauty of the earth, into the death of everything earthly. I am the daughter of the eternal mother, she is the daughter of the eternal father. She is the earth, I am the vessel of heaven. Yes, she is the womb of the earth. Actual forms grow from her, but the eternal images grow from me. [64/65]

I. Yet how can I release her?

S. How did you release me? Only through differentiating me from reality. How will you release her? Only through differentiating her from reality. If you experience torment, then call her, and ask her, as you call and ask me. What did I give you? I gave you the eternal images. She will also give to you, if you differentiate her from reality and ask her and force her to speech and answer, as you forced me. I

tormented you with impotent rage. She torments you with impotent pleasure and helpless longing. Call her and listen to what she says.

I. I'll do it, and on the spot, since the torment is too great. Salome, heinous dancer, you tiger with the bloody claws—come, listen and speak. What do you want?

S[al]. What do you want? You know what I want.

I. I know it. But I no longer want it.

S[al]. So you want no more? Do you believe this? You want sensuality and its torment, you wanted the longing, the consuming fire. I give you what you want.

I. You deceive yourself. The not wanting awakens. It is still small and weak. But it will grow. There should be a hero who strikes you.

S[al]. Where? A hero? Has someone seen this?

I. I will show him to you.

S[al]. A fool, a prophet, an ascetic?

I. No, certainly not, but one who does not let himself be smothered under wet kisses, a man who wants [65/66] to live and refuses to be consumed by longing. Rage has not killed me, no less should longing succeed in this.

Sal. You already regret it. You want to miss the beauty of the earth?

I. I will not be your slave—what is the fortune of the earth when it burns like hellish fire? When it makes sick, like poison? The struggle against you is accepted. I will not rest until you have handed over your power to men. Man must live. You should obey. I do not want to do without the beauty of the earth, the fragrance of the fields should not evade me, but the serpent poison should be slain, so that man can wander among the flowers.

Sal. You have great plans. So get down to the work of heroes. You are laughable.

I. Listen, Salome, your magic will be broken. I will snatch the mystery of your magic. You teach me your mystery.

Sal. Nevermore. I have no mystery. My mystery is your weakness, and that is no mystery.

I. You're not confusing me. Weakness is a strength. Weaknesses are the strongest powers of human life. I will wrestle from you the mystery of weakness, my weakness. Since I want man to become strong so that he can live on the earth without succumbing to the earth spirits.

Sal. I will take care not to give up the mystery of weakness to you, since it is my [66/67] strength. Fight against your weakness according to the old pattern. You will see that you lose and if you overcome it, you will be even more miserable. Do you see my strength and invulnerability? He who fights against me fights against himself. Each wound strikes you. What is better, to be torn apart by suffering or to tear oneself apart?

I. I will take care not to tear myself apart for the sake of fighting my weakness. I will live my weakness so that it becomes my strength. I am already so far that my weakness would like to become a strength. Therefore I take hold of you and you must speak. I broke your compulsion.

Sal. Do you believe this? Will you bet something?

I. You will speak. You will answer me. You will yield up your mystery.

S. What is it to me? I give the mystery cheaply. It is not mine, it belongs to the black carrion birds. Ask them if you want to know something.

I. You don't escape me. The black birds are your retinue, they live from your sacrifice. It does not lie with them. It lies with you. You don't confuse me through feigning the spirit of the dead to me. They are prophets who have become dumb, eviscerated by you, ~~from~~ by lovers choked by longing or hate. Circe alone possesses the mystery, not the miserable swines of her garden.[107] Attempt your magic—he who lives his weakness, because he calls it holy, pries loose the rod[108] from you. [67/68]

Sal. Why do you want to hassle me? What should I say? I know nothing. My magic is no mystery. It's just a happening. What's left to

ask?

I. I ask for reasons, since this happening is not from eternal necessity. Happenings can also be different. You know about reasons, you know how happenings are made. Do you not have magical potions, evil herbs, sinister formulas, night bird screech, ominous gusts of wind, serpent tracks and rats teeth?

Sal. So try to extort the mystery from me, if you lust after it.

I. You should speak.

Sal. You should obey my command.

I. Willingly. But I will break compulsion.

Sal. Should I speak? I will scourge your ears, stab your heart, tear apart your diaphragm, tangle your intestines.

Brown eyes? Don't you have brown eyes? Hot lips? Don't you have hot lips?

The mystery of the womb? Are you not your womb?

The lust of ~~giving birth~~ receiving and giving birth? Yes, your mind gives birth. Isn't your body infertile? Does it long for fertility? Does it long for procreative embrace? Do you want to truly enter into your own womb? For the conception of your self?

I. What is this devil's speech? You torture in vain. You should hand over your power. Enough [68/69] oppression!

Sal. So it tortures you. That's good. Do you taste what it is like when someone tackles me?

I. I don't give in. You should speak.

Sal. I must say: you are no better than the others. You are less than the others. You are a weakling, a coward. What are you good for? What have you contributed to the world's riches? You deceive and are deceived, a fool fooled by his weaknesses.—

I. You forget: your strength, your damned power. But speak, I listen.

Sal. What can you do? You are powerless, you are limp, a rag fluttering in the wind. Recognize my power. I can speak evil. And you? Does your word have force? Fight against your weakness, you weak boy.

I. My weakness is a strength, one that you claim for yourself. It is my strength, which you wrestled into your ~~hands~~ claws and which

now overwhelms me. A retinue of spirits serve you. Who serves me? I am alone, one man among many and fight the struggle for my life, for the life of humanity and for a better humanity. No one is with me. No one can support me. No one hears my cry, since my voice is weak. And moreover, I remain silent. It is easy indeed [69/70] to denigrate me. But I don't let you, since I will snatch your secret away.

Sal. Have you not had enough? Do you see the ridiculousness, the craziness of your endeavor? Who then are you? Do you not see that sadness and hopelessness feed on you? What wonder that the vultures gather, when you ready yourself to be carrion? You want my mystery? What use is it to you? Do you want to enchant humanity? Or do you want to force the daimons? You're turning into a laughingstock.

I. Stop this talk. You're not fooling me. I know these traps from before.

Sal. It bores you. At bottom you know very well how stupid all this is. A mirage, nothing more. Obviously, a fata morgana—my art of dance—do you want still more?

I. This fancy footwork doesn't scare me. I already see the fear behind it.

Sal. You can't mean however that I would be afraid. Yet this is what I must realize.

I. There are things which you don't see.

Sal. You have seen fear in me—do you have the evil eye? This is Philemon's work! He gave you the evil eye. That is his late revenge for the fact that I broke his wing when he was Simon.[109] Why did I have to help the Christians?

I. You give yourself the impression that you didn't know that it was the Christians who moved you out into the superhuman and exalted you to the black mother of God, [70/71] to the hortus deliciarum.[110]

Sal. How do you know that? That is Philemon's revenge. He has betrayed me.

I. What's going on? What is hidden from me?

Sal. I lent ~~him~~ Simon my magic and ~~Philemon~~ ~~Simon~~ he ruled me: but I broke his wing, the deceitful one. He couldn't keep his mystery from you? Who are you? Are you a God? Who gave you the power?

I. Necessity.

Sal. Necessity usually teaches begging—

I. Not me—it gave me power. And you shall feel my power. You will yield your mystery.

Sal. I can't. I don't even know it myself. Does pleasure know itself, has blindness ever divined itself?

31. VII. 18.[111]

If my work is to succeed and if everything is to reach its fulfilment, I must always submit myself first to you, my soul, so that you draw me toward that place where the God lives. I am overly ~~xx~~ caught up in the impression of the solar world, ~~and~~ therefore you must draw me to the other side, which you see. Therefore tell me what you are looking at.

S. I see Salome at your side, freed from the human symbol.

I. What does she want?

S. She stands questioning or begging—I don't know. Tell me, Salome [71/72], why are you standing there and what are you waiting for?

Sal. I am still not detached from this man, since he continues to force a question on me—or cast a spell—I never have questions or doubts—so he has bewitched me! I suspect Φ's cunning behind this. Someone release me.

S. What question did he cast on you?

Sal. The question of my mystery. I have no mystery—pleasure and the sensation of pleasure—what's that for a mystery? That is only a happening and nothing more. It is the devilish guile of Philemon to let me sense a mystery behind this. It is certainly Φ who hatched this thought, and not this man.[112] How could a man come to ~~a~~ such a thought? Pleasure is the sensation of pleasure and nothing further. Why should there be a mystery behind this? Why

does this man ask me about a mystery behind this? Who gave him this crazy thought? Who goaded him to the impertinence to ask me such? To attribute such a crazy thought to me? Who other than Φ? Only his evil art can produce such thoughts ~~xx~~, that stick to one like a robe of Nessus.[113] But I have no mystery, it is madness to ask me about mysteries, impertinence, cruelty. There is nothing behind sensation, no mystery, nothing beyond or [72/73] within it. It is sensation alone—yes, laugh at my tears—sensation is sensation, pleasure is pleasure, displeasure is displeasure and nothing further. I do not want there to be a mystery within it—that is a disgusting, crazy thought, dirty and stupid.

I. My soul, tell me, why does Salome get upset? Is it so terrible that a mystery could lie behind pleasure?

S. Don't you notice that Salome goes against morality? She is in her manner pure—pure pleasure, pure sensation, with no thought, dirtied by no mystery—that is her ideal. You have offended her moral sense, ~~hurt~~ you have even undermined it, since doubt no longer leaves her.

Sal. Sensation is pure. Why do you want to mix in a mystery and muddy clear water ~~with~~ with it?

S. But yet you see, Salome, that the thought that ~~myster~~ a mystery could lie behind pleasure has bewitched you and will no longer let you go. Why have you been seized by this thought? Truly only because something in you came to meet it. What came to meet it? Truly the same thought that lay ready in you.[73/74][114]

Sal. That can't be true, since I don't even think.

S. That doesn't stop it thinking in you.

Sal. Do you also think that there is a mystery hidden behind pleasure?[115] What sort of mystery? Should I possess a mystery? Not a bad idea.

I. Tell me, my soul, does Salome really not know the mystery or does she dissemble?

S. Naturally, she doesn't know it, since she herself is the mystery.

Sal. What are you saying? That I am myself the mystery? How can I know myself? Does pleasure know itself?

S. And yet you have already betrayed your mystery to us. You are the mystery that stands behind all pleasure, the soul, that touches the earth, you, my sister, who embraces matter, who makes the unsayable experiential.[116] My love belongs to the eternal images, your love to eternal matter. Ka is your father, Φ my father. So the veil, that deceptively hid the truth, dissipated the mist and created a thousand blind alleys, is rent. Recognize yourself as soul, renounce the ~~xx~~ purity of your pleasure, you yourself are its impurity, its blending, its mystery. Pleasure contains the eternal meaning, as the image contains the eternal pleasure. [74/75] Are my images pure? I believed so and have forgotten it. My images breathe the pleasure of the world. And your pleasure gives birth time and time again to the eternal images. Is the ~~clear~~ pure blue of the sky purity? No, it is blue, because you see matter. What would the crystalline clarity of water be, if you didn't see the water?[117] Only emptiness is pure. Pure pleasure is empty and would therefore be no pleasure. A pure image would be empty and would therefore be no image. Since an image always portrays something. Pleasure wants image in eternity and image wants pleasure in eternity.[118]

Sublime one, the 4 ways are accomplished, the 4 sufferings have been ~~fulfilled~~ borne, the 4 joys are ~~fulfilled~~ fulfilled, the offering to the Gods of the 4 winds have been prepared. The final work is accomplished:~~,~~ Salome became sighted. The 4 winds rise up to you, the 4 streams flow to you.[119] The time has come where you alone speak, you God of all true and false Gods, you being of all non-being. We are silent and await your speech.

I. I feel fear. Who will speak? From which depth or height, from which area of heaven or earth will the voice come?

S. Do not worry. A choir speaks like one voice and the voice like a choir. [75/76]

ΦA:[120] The one voice of all beings speaks in you.

The sun of all suns shines in you.

You go the way of all ways, alone with all.

I. My soul, this is hardly to be borne.

S. Be silent, do not resist.

ΦA. This way shall lead out into the land of men, an ~~errand~~ assignment.

The mystery of the summer morning, the happy day, the completion of the moment, the fullness of the possible, born from suffering and joy, the treasure of eternal beauty, the goal of the 4 paths, the spring and the ocean of the 4 streams, the fulfilment of the 4 sufferings and of the 4 joys, father and mother of the Gods of the 4 winds, crucifixion, burial, resurrection, and man's divine enhancement, highest effect and non-being, world and seed, eternity and ~~time~~ instance, poverty and abundance, expansion, death and the rebirth of God, borne by eternally creative force, resplendent in eternal effect, loved by the two mothers and sisterly wives, ineffable pain-ridden bliss, unknowable, unrecognizable, a hair's breadth between life and death, a river of worlds, canopying the heavens—I give you the love of men, [76/77] the opal jug of water; he pours water and wine and milk and blood, food for men and Gods.

I give you the joy of suffering and suffering of joy.

I give you what has been found: the constancy in change and the change in constancy.

The jug made of stone, the vessel of completion. Water flowed in, wine flowed in, milk flowed in, blood flowed in.

The four winds precipitated into the ~~xx~~ precious vessel.

The Gods of the four heavenly realms hold its curvature, both the ~~two~~ mothers and both the two fathers guard it, the fire of the North burns above its mouth, the serpent of the South encircles its bottom, the spirit of the East holds one of its sides and the spirit of the West its other side.

Forever denied, it exists forever. Recurring in all forms, forever the same, this one precious vessel, surrounded by the circle of animals, denying itself, and arising in new splendor through its self-denial.

The heart of God and of man.

It is the One and Many. A path leading [77/78] across mountains and valleys, a guiding star on the ocean, in you and always ahead of you.

Completed, indeed truly completed is he who knows this.

Completion is poverty. ~~But~~ But poverty ~~is~~ means gratitude. Gratitude is love.

2. VIII. 18.[121]

[122]Truly, ~~I am the sacrifice.~~ completion is the ~~I am~~ sacrifice.

Completion is joy and foreseeing of the shadow.

Completion is the end. ~~Perfe~~ The end means the beginning, and hence completion is smallness and beginning in the smallest.

Everything is incomplete, and completion is hence solitude. But solitude seeks community. Hence completion means community.

I am perfection itself, but only he who has attained his limits is complete.

I am the never-dying light, but complete is he who stands between day and night.

I am eternal imperishable love, but complete is he who has placed the sacrificial knife beside his love.

I am beauty itself, but complete is he who sits against the [78/79] temple wall and mends shoes for money.

He who is complete is simple, solitary, and unanimous. Hence he seeks diversity, community, ambiguity. Through diversity, community, and ambiguity he advances toward simplicity, solitude, and unanimity.

He who is complete knows suffering and joy, but I am the bliss beyond joy and suffering.

He who is complete knows light and dark, but I am the light beyond day and darkness.

He is who complete knows up and down, but I am the height beyond high and low.

He who is complete knows the creating and the created, but I am ~~beyond the image~~ the ~~eternal~~ parturient image beyond creation and creature.

He who is complete knows loving and being loved, but I am the love beyond embrace and mourning.

He who is complete knows man and woman, but I am the man, ~~and of the man~~ his father and son beyond masculine and feminine, beyond child and the aged.

He who is complete knows rise and fall, but I am the center beyond dawn [79/80] and dusk.

He who is complete knows me and hence he is different from me.

26 VIII. 18.[123]

My soul, what is going on? What's brewing? I'm seized by uneasiness!

A.[124] You've waited for too long. Why didn't you ask earlier?

I. I thought that I must let things happen.

A. Yes, but you still need to take care of what is yours. You should have asked. I had to make you uneasy. Salome cooks poisonous potions. She is a Medea, adept in magic.[125]

~~A.~~ I. What is she doing?

A. Ask her.

I. Salome, what are you doing?

Sal. I will get my revenge. Why have you given me a meaning? I don't want to have a meaning. I only want sensation. I want~~,~~ the bare event.

I. But what if nothing happens?

Sal. Everything will happen according to its time. I have prepared poison for you if you don't let it happen.

I. What should I let happen?

Sal. Whatever prepares pleasure.

I. Express yourself more clearly. What are you doing ~~xx~~ and what do you want to do?

Sal. I want sensation. Do not disturb the event.

I. I won't disturb it, but I want to know.

Sal. You shouldn't know. You should let things happen.

I. I let things happen, but what do you strike up around me?

Sal. I will disturb your peace. [80/81]

I. Why?

Sal. Because you should not look on calmly, but irritated. I irritate you.

I. To what end?

Sal. Your irritation is good for women. It excites them. They need your irritation, otherwise they do nothing.

I. My soul, tell me, is that true?

A. Some of it is true. Women must have grounds, otherwise they let too much happen. You must accept this irritation, let it be seen; it excites, as Salome rightly says. You can do nothing. Accept and take care of yourself. You must suffer somewhat. You cannot make it happen. Patience, much patience. Sal. will speak.

Sal. I must somewhat upset you. If you are too peaceful, then you give the appearance that everything is in order. Commands are not useful, just feeling. You are too impatient. You have the power devil in you. Everything must happen as it does. There is nothing to do. Others must also have their share in life.

I. My soul, do you know something beyond this?

A. Nothing to give away. I advise attachment.

28. VIII. 18.[126]

My God, born from suffering and joy, immortal one, luminously you preside over your way! You middle path full of salvation and damnation, full of fortune and misfortune. Your step beyond the mortal. Lament is allocated for us and the smile of dawn. Stay with us, redeemer from suffering-laden infinities, boundary setter, my fate.[127]

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25. I. 1919[128]

A heavy sacrifice has been brought. A new way of life opens. At this point I must listen to you, [81/82] my soul.

S. ["]I saw it. I stood and here and watched and was there all the time. Philemon raised up the child and threw it to the ground, as you saw. Magical chains are laid on the fluttering monsters. The Chinese magician who performed this was Phil., the many formed and mutable. So it happened and so it had to happen. So it was correct. Your love evoked the black fickle spirit in women. Your love is Ka, the procreator, the darling of women. With them, spirit, with you, what you call love. I call it the procreative force. Bind Ka, so that he hands over his treasures to you, just as Phil. bound the fickle spirit of woman, so that she received the spirit."

—what evil you men suffer!—

I. Who speaks?

S. That was Φ. He scurried overhead, busy in the higher spheres. Ka rumbles, shaking on the rocks.

I. What do you consider as necessary in your service?

S. That you sometimes give me speech. I will not abuse you.

I. Have you still something to say to me?

S. There is nothing to be said. You ought to do the next thing, so everything distant comes to pass. And don't forget to lend me an ear sometimes.

2. II. 1919.[129]

I will speak to you of my sorrow, my soul. Solitude eats my heart.

S. What gnaws at you? Solitude? Why do you let it do this? You are covered.

I. So take this covering away.

S. I can't. A more powerful one stands near. [82/83]

I. Who is it?

S. Ka, as you suspect. You are in Philemon's shadow.

I. It is Ka! Disturbing shadow. What sorrow have you prepared with crafty hands? Why do you cover me?

Ka. You think too much, Therefore I covered you in sorrow. You should not think, but procreate.

I. Yes—your truth! How should it be lived? You build grave upon grave. What do you care about human life?

Ka. Do you want to suffocate?

I. Preferably not. If Φ[130] leaves shadows behind, leave me light.

Ka. Light? I care only for shadows and darkness. What do I care about light?

I. What do you expect to gain from this, if you cover me with the darkness of sorrow?

Ka. I expect creation. What is the point of your whining? You are what you do.

I. So a truth. But if you lame me what can I do?

Ka. I lame you so that you obey and can't help—

I. Doing it? A contradiction!

Ka. You go too fast—other than doing what I want you to.

I. You want to force me to obey you?

S. Listen to him, he is powerful and no soul woman.

I. I am listening, what do you want from me?

Ka. Your manhood? Salome has you by the neck [83/84] with evil magic.

I. My soul, why have you concealed this from me?

S. I couldn't see it. I don't know what Salome is doing.

I. How so?

S. She is always there where I don't look. Do you believe that Φ can see Ka and know what he is doing? Why would both have different kinds of truth, if they could reciprocally see themselves and ~~xx~~ know of one another? Consequently Salome is foreign to me as well. I only see my light, never my shadow, since I see out from within—Ka alone can say what Salome is doing.

I. Why did Salome seize me?

Ka. Because you are no man, but psychically feminized.[131] I want you to become a man. A fist against the magic of Salome. Nothing more is needed. There is nothing to be done. I have the power and you obey.

22. III. 19.[132]

My soul, it is hellishly difficult.

S. It happens as it must. There is nothing more to say.

I. But how must it happen?

S. Should I foretell the future to you? Should there be anticipation? So listen: no stone will be left unturned. Everything will fall down again. There will be mountains where there are valleys, there will be dry land where there is water.[133] Are you satisfied?

I. Do you dare to joke? What are you planning? Do you have magical designs once more?

S. Not at all. I am merely boisterous.

I. Have you intoxicated yourself again?

S. A little. I smell opportunities.

I. It is fatal if you have caught sight of something again. Do you really want to plunge yourself again into matter? Who grants you the right? [84/85]

S. Who other than you? You are soft again, like butter in the sun.

I. Where have you caught me?

S. Now, where possibly else than in the so-called humanness? You are impressionable. A good word, is it not?

I. What are you playing at?

S. The so-called soft heart.

I. Do you want me to cringe at being humane?

S. No, but at the mixing. What do you let yourself suffer through the suffering of another? They want to see you solid, strong, and healthy. They still need you as an impenetrable wall. That would be true love—more stone than heart.

I. You are hellishly cruel.

S. Do ~~you~~ you want me to plunge myself into the heat of eternal procreation? Do you want again and again to be blended into the molten flow, in the dissolution of matter? To start all over again from the beginning? But you need the continuation, not the beginning.

I. Who can prove to me that you are not lying?

S. Do you feel that I'm lying?

I. I can't say. But where should it go?

S. To your Golgotha,[134] where everyone is going to leave you. For now, you still must be more unknown.

I. What are these dark words? What is my Golgotha?

S. Do you want to know this?

I. I must have clarity. If you know it, speak.

S. I know only the word. However, Φ knows more.

I. So call him.

S. Φ, a mortal wants to know about Golgotha, his Golgotha.

Φ: Is it curiosity? Or would you like clairvoyance? Golgotha is death for the sake of the Gods. ? What does this tell you?

I. I seek no death for the sake of the Gods, since I would like to live for the sake of men.

Φ. But the Gods want your life back. You have given birth to the luminous one.[135] He who bore him will procreate no more. He will give his life to the Gods and not to men. What are you [85/86] pondering?

I. I am considering what it means to give one's life to the Gods.

Φ. Ask Ka, the shadow. He knows about this.

I. So answer me Ka, dark son of the earth.

Ka. How should I form my gem, how should I give form to the Gods, if you yourself go on the way of procreation? Haven't you drawn magical appearance from the black rod? If you are not solid, the light that everyone thirsts for will extinguish. Who should live from himself, if you don't do it? Will you borrow life from others through mixing? All are drawn into procreation. Who possesses his soul? You must be solid for everyone, unmixed and cut off.

I. I see the inevitable.

30. IV. 1919.[136]

You know what hovers in the air. I will not ask you for a long time. Tell me what you see or know.

S. I know something. Φ told it to me.

I. What did he tell you?

S. He has put on the purple mantle again. He wants to have a celebration.

I. What sort of celebration?

S. A triumph.

I. Over what?

S. Over men.

I. Damn—it's worrisome if the demigods are pleased.

S. Don't be hasty. They too want to live. He is pleased at your greater solitude.

I. What did he say?

S. He spoke sacred words; he spoke of fulfilment. He is pleased to cohabit. The Gods always want to have a part in human life. They too must. How else should God-men develop?

I. But Ka? What will he do?

S. He will spread superstitious shadows.

I. I feel that Φ fills me with his wishes. I can't accept this.

S. If the treasure of Ka comes up then you [86/87] won't be able to avoid it. Can you repudiate the treasures of Ka? No, you can't. So you also can't reject Φ's thoughts. The one begets the other. Question no further. You touch on the boundless. Remain with yourself. Do what is yours.

Six weeks of England in between. There in a haunted house in the country. Very exhausted after coming home. Very gathered together.[137]

21. July 1919.[138]

Speak to me, I'm lost.

S. Strayed from the path? Not completely, almost straight on the difficult path. Consequently you have no dreams. You don't need them for the moment.

I. I'm doubtful. Do you see something?

S. I saw Φ tonight. He wants to draw you in.

I. Why that?

S. I don't know what Φ wants.

I. So ask him.

S. Φ, listen, my man wants to know what you plan or want.

Φ. I do the necessary work—necessary for the fate of this man.

I. That is unclear. Φ might speak more clearly?

Φ. You are rude. I deserve respect. Have you become impatient? Learn to wait. Why are you impatient? Has a success ruined you?

I. It's possible; but I'd like to know what you are doing.

Φ. I am still lifting up. The lower is still not exhausted.

I. What do you mean about the lower? [87/88]

Φ. The realm of Ka, Ka himself, the maker of matter.

I. Tell me why what you say doesn't concern me.

Φ. Because it doesn't concern you. It's my work, that's not your business. It doesn't lie on your path. You have to care for yourself. We care for what is ours.

I. My soul, speak, do you see everything and do you consider it to be correct?

S. Almost completely correct. I notice that much happens. Something is going on, however neither Φ nor Ka lets me see what it is. I think that you do well to keep going on your way, as before.

23 II 1920.[139]

What lies in between is in the dream book, but still more in the images of the Red Book.

What happens between the lover and the beloved is the total fullness of the Godhead. That is why both are an unfathomable mystery to each other. Since who would understand the Godhead?

But the God will be born in solitude, from the mystery of the individual.

The separation between life and love is the contradiction between solitude and togetherness. [88/89]

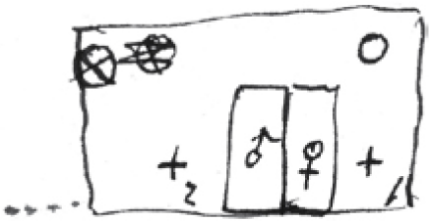
[The following are the entries in "Dreams" between these two entries:]

Aug. 1919.

Dream: I am in an anatomical museum, recently arranged by a great artist. A great hall. On a massive table rest 4 enormous gloriously bound old books, presumably anatomical. On the wall I see a prepared heart with a piece of tendon at the apex. Individual fingers in addition. Lili[140] wants to tear them down and play with them. I stop her. Then I see in the middle of the room an old rotting ship's cannon and read on a small board that it was discovered by 2 youths in a peculiar way (witching wand?). They searched the foundations of old fortifications, but found the more interesting cannon. Then Emma entered, Franz[141] behind her. I see, she thinks that this is something more for Franz than for Lili. Franz has my American hat on and my old uniform shirt that reaches to his knees. In addition a child's gun with a bayonet. He seems hollow-cheeked and bent like a medieval scholar, overwhelmed by the impression, mouth and eyes wide open, completely dumb and stupefied.

Vision in the same night.

To the right of the bed of my wife there is a great angel of the most severe form in a praying position.



To the left of him is a dark transparent dangerous mass. I see only the following forms in it

Then I see the angel to the left of me. He indicates a bright spot (*) from which a deathly pale maiden with almost closed eyes, black hair, sharp southern features, around 28 years old (the same as on p. 26)[142] steps forward. She remains around 2 meters from my bed and excites an uncomfortable sexual feeling in me.

10. 11. Aug. 1919.

Dream: with a young man (tanned, smaller and younger than I), long adventurous journey on a light wagon with 1 horse. Robberies, shooting, escape on winding country roads, through a tunnel where the stones of the vault threaten to fall. Then a free flat landscape, where one escapes the enemy. Suddenly there is a palace with a doorway, where we enter. My companion surprisingly strikes his hands together and calls "Ah." We understand at once that we have fallen into the 17th century into the palace of a small despot, who has taken us prisoner and wants to leave us to starve. But we know that we will escape by trickery (Wells, Time machine).[143]

11./12. Aug. 1919

Dream: Emma, the 2 oldest daughters and I are sort of guests of a rich peasant in southern Siberia or South Africa. He practices ostrich breeding. Low thatched building. I prepare a lemonade with ice to combat the heat. Emma reaches with her hand into it and spills the stuff. I am furious and throw all the glasses against the wall. They don't break but fall like a rubber ball to the ground. I leave the room and go into a type of barn. There is a low wide table, on which remarkably old books lie. I take one in brown leather: "Acta Thomasina." The pages are of brown pressed leather. In the middle of each page is an archaic figure of a prophet with his words in hieroglyphic signs alongside.

16./17. Aug. 19.

Dreamt in Schmerikon:[144] with my mother and many other unknown people in an unknown street. There are 2 houses to the right, old dilapidated shacks, whose facade is completely pasted over with large yellow posters in many layers, like circus posters. My mother suddenly steps back and says, "there's one!" Namely a ghost. I immediately think that she is truly hysterical to show off before other people with such things. But immediately afterward I see how the facade of one of the houses suddenly moves and falls down into the street. From this I see that the ghost had warned her that the house was about to fall on her head, if she went further. I say to the people: "There you have seen it!" and go away. One of them follows after me and says to me: "You now no longer need to help us further." As if the appearance of the ghost had been enough to secure their belief in the paranormal and that was enough for them.

I have then limited my practice, which was necessary in any case, so I could concentrate my time on ®.[145]

5. 1. 1920

In the days before Christmas I dreamt of Mrs. McCormick. She wore a black mourning dress and looked at me sadly, as if she expected something from me. I wrote her about this dream. She answered that just at that time, a little earlier, she had received a telegram about the death of her friend Campanini. Case of fraud.[146]

4./5./1.20

Dream. "As on a journey with 10 companions. I am certain that some kind of terrible, cosmic event of nature is imminent, perhaps the day of judgment, an unexpected wonder that will become real. Our present world will experience a wholly tremendous upheaval in the shortest time. I am certain of the meaning and of the high mystical significance of the event, which is a miracle, and feel prepared for it. I am in elevated state of certainty of the miracle, a transfiguration of all earthly things in the spiritual sphere and in

fulfilment. I journey home with my companions, we fall into captivity in Italy, but since by then the precursors of the great event in the form of a supernatural darkness have already begun to occur, we escape. I and my people are protected, due to being prepared and aware of the meaning of what is to come. The event is either a downfall of the world or 'we no longer see the sun' due to fog and clouds. But the weather is warmer than previously."

Fragment from the same night: "On a volcanic island. I say to someone, I would like to leave the island, because I had made the observation that not only was there a certain opening of the crater, but that the whole ground was hot, which one sees from the fact that the sea suddenly simmers here and there. That indicates that the whole island can suddenly blow up."

Associations to the first dream: geological fantasies following the war vision of 1913:[147] at the northern end of the alps a large lake forms, which is connected to the sea. At the northern border of Switzerland or behind the Zürichberg a mountain range of 200–300 meters rises up. The level of Zürich falls to a few meters above sea level. The climate becomes warmer as a result.

That does not bode well for the world.

It seems to me as if I have to read again at the university or have to work on people in some other way.

[There are three dated paintings in *Liber Novus* during this period and three undated paintings either side which may fall within it, which in any case are thematically connected. They are reproduced in the appendix.]

5. IX. 1921[148]

Yes, the God will be born from solitude—this word strikes me.[149] Thus solitude is coming on. Solitude hasn't even questions. It doesn't ask. It is empty and abysmal.

You say that I am still on the surface? There, where it is still loud, still too much noise. I need sharp ears? I lament my hearing. I still speak too much about myself? How can I do otherwise? One could also say that I speak too little, since the words that could describe the great pain do not want to cross my lips. I understand that one should not speak about this—of the most holy, where the fullness of God shines.

It is now cold and rigid in me, a blinking surface of metal, impervious, smooth. Do I speak too much, too much of the outside? Do I speak to the metal wall? Should I perhaps place my ear on it, to hear who speaks behind it, if anyone at all actually speaks behind this gruesome cold?

Do I like being reflected in this metal surface? What shamelessness would not be entrusted to the human being? It would again be a carnival piece.

Why actually do I want to speak? I certainly don't want to hear. Yet above all I ought to listen. Will the vanity of speech not leave me? And am I delighted by the echo of my voice? Truly I am not deep enough, not even in pain, of which nothing is to be said. Damn, why must I mention it? [89/90]

Shallow surface, so it is, the rage of impotence. I am damned. My heart is cut off from myself. No more access to life. Where are you, source? How deeply buried, covered with pain! Yes—empty—empty as hell. My life has crossed over and I remain. Where do I find you?

I am cut off from myself, ~~xx~~ a hanged man who fell from the bough. And should I begin to live thus?

My soul, should I call you? No, no more hope, no illusion. The terror must be naked, just as helpless as I. This time there are no crutches. We now plunge the rod into the bottomless, behind all possibilities, perhaps ~~is~~ in a dullness without end, where the eternal

quagmire no longer permits return. Yes, it grows hotter here—perhaps no more return—that ~~xx~~ is the right word—perhaps a bottomless abyss, a silence, a wordless solitude for the rest of one's life.

I know where my life has gone—and there in front stands the metal wall.

My ears are dull, my heart is frozen stiff, therefore I speak hastily, to feign the life that I don't possess.

It seems to become heavy—metallically heavy—the wheel. I'd like to cry out, to keep from turning into [90/91] metal. Oh—how did it come ~~?~~ that I became ore? A soundless ore, only heavy and tough, probably lead. In truth the ore has no ears and what speaks there is mere deception. For once I can't feel fear, only rigidity and cold.[150]

21. IX. 1921.[151]

What tension between the farthest heavens and the deepest hells! The sevenfold darkness—the jubilant heaven's gold—what a speech! But I speak it. I talk, you don't talk. You shouldn't talk. I know that I must talk or rather stammer. I wanted to sing the praise of the marvelous God who appeared to me, I wanted to talk of the bliss of paradise, of the deep stillness of the peace of God, of all blessed and most blessed and the highest raptures which trickled over me profusely by the mercy of that indescribable God—a praise I wanted to sing of the salvation of my heart—I wanted to give thanks ~~of~~ to the glory of the thrice holy stellar one—but it is mere words and truly not ~~these~~ those words that are to be said. There are many darker words, kindled in the darkest depths, utterly primordial words,[152] pressed out of the unbelievably ancient and originary. Words without meaning and purpose, [91/92], pregnant with all futures, sick from primordial longings and impossibilities, quelled in the mud of the centuries, a mystery divined only by someone who has the animal behind him.

A folly of impossibility, consequently swollen by creative power. I suspect this. There is no more to be said.

I have fear, an otherworldly fear, truly the fear of a meteorite that has fallen behind the Milky Way, no human fear, simply one occurring when nothing existed that might have known fear. A fear that is not actual, so it seems.

Something that was never good and was always spoiled, as the source of a new health. That's one way to put it. I could also say: something that was too weak, as the source of the greatest force.

I curse this measly stammering, this plantlike blind boring. However something trembles in me and this something wants to speak. For it was something somewhere smelt and touched and something that threatens to come to life.[153] [92/92a][154]

~~29~~ 30 XII. 21.[155]

[I]. What's going on, what sort of dreams are these that rob me of sleep, what is the fear that grips me overwhelmingly?[156] Perhaps I should not speak to you, my soul, but I find no other way. Speak to me and explain. Do you see something that I don't see?

S. I see much that you don't see—trees that grow out above abysses, circling eagles that hover over immeasurable depths. A spirit that came from the East, spreading a whiff of death, he wanted to shroud you in darkness, I resisted him and chased him north to the fire pole, for transformation.

[I]. Who is the spirit of the East?

S. He is a devil of a particular nature, a gloomy devil, a resigned devil, one who is saturated by all the over-ripeness of the East. How should I describe him? Do you know what I mean? No? He is full of the over-ripeness of the East, too old, too fat, too sad, quiet, like oil on water.

[I]. I don't understand what you mean. I can discover nothing like that in myself. Speak more clearly, seize it, my soul. I must have help, since the fear is stifling. Come to grips with it. I must have clarity.

S. This isn't easy. You haven't asked me for quite a while. Do you want to fulfill my conditions?

[I]. What conditions? You have conditions?

S. Naturally, I have conditions. Do you think that I make do with nothing? I must have some of your blood, otherwise I will secretly drain you. You understand?

[I]. Do I understand? This time I understand you completely, since I feel the exhaustion. So take my blood, but speak and make things clear.

S. Yes, your blood tastes good. How much can I have? I'd like a lot. But listen: the cuckoo always lays his egg in foreign nests.

[I]. What does that mean? What dark word of foreboding are you uttering?

S. Foreboding, indeed. I have hunches. The cuckoo must do this, otherwise he can't propagate.

[I]. Don't make silly jokes. I want an answer.

S. You are the cuckoo. The foreign nest is what another has made for himself, and what you should acquire.

[I]. Isn't it stolen?

S. Stolen or not, the only question is life's necessity. Will you become clever from it? ~~xx~~ No? Then pay attention: there are people in your circles who have something to offer. Have you noticed them? No? Then open your eyes. They do not want to suckle, but to give to you.

[I]. What are you pointing to?

1. I. 22.[157]

S. I'm pointing to women.

[I]. What do you mean?

S. I mean that in this respect your notions are false.

[I]. How so?

S. You think that they want to take something from you. But they want to give to you.

[I]. I've had my experiences, as you know.

S. That counts for nothing. One can also have others. Besides, we are speaking of something deeper.

[I]. Why do you digress?

S. Because I think that this point has been settled. Or don't you think so?

[I]. In that regard I don't feel anything special. So speak of the depths, your visions. I must have more clarity about what's going on. Everything is so dark. What does the darkness of the beyond hide? Tell me!

S. Three deer fled from the forest and the most beautiful hunter could not catch them. He hunted with hounds and horses and bright spears and yet they escaped him. They jumped into the river and swam through it and the dogs lost their trail. The deer Goddess had rescued them—yes, Artemis.[158] Isn't she beautiful and chaste? Do you know her? And do you know him? Why do you want to hunt on Sundays? Why do you want to catch and kill the beautiful animals? That's why her bear attacked you. That's why you had to sacrifice to the beautiful moon Goddess,[159] you fool.

[I]. I see now and humble myself.

S. Yes, there are benevolent Gods and what loves lives in darkness. You felt this. Whoever doesn't feel this is contemptible.

[I]. But what has previously hindered my sleep? What did you see?

S. Three serpents that lie on a rock, coiled in a knot.[160] A sword has hacked them. A strong one-armed man wields the sword. His eyes flicker in chaotic passion. It ~~xx~~ was probably a follower and pupil of Dionysus, who had lost one arm.[161] Where did he lose it? He chopped it off because it seemed foul and inadequate, yes, he himself hacked off his right arm in a frenzy. He no longer wanted to act, but simply to be driven. One also needs to be able to be driven. Why couldn't he let the serpents sleep? Who told him to set his dog on the devil's dangerous hound that wanted to leave him? His wild and untamed drive, which he called a sense of duty, had whispered the wrong thing to him. He wanted to be alone, to rule alone, intoxicated in solitude [92a/b] far from Gods and men, a castrato of his God.[162] Why do you despise the loving darkness of the feminine, the cooling night? The whisper among the trees, my dark, healing speech? Why did you not speak to me?

[I]. Let me feel that you can help me. Give me the holy sleep, the grace-filled embrace so that mother night accepts me into her womb. I will revere the feminine. But grant me sleep, so that I can see you can really help me.

S. Only if you fulfill my conditions.

[I]. Name them.

S. You should always inquire after them from me. You should come to me and ask. That is the first condition. The second is that you should refrain from all useless chatter, and observe moderation in all respects. And discard your contempt for women. A great healing force is given to woman. Use it.

[I]. I promise to. But something more! ~~That~~ Didn't you see something more that shouldn't escape me? I wouldn't want to leave you before you have given me peace, the quiet certainty that I have not overlooked something that can attack me with an unforeseen power.

S. I saw nothing that you need to fret about, nothing that you now must know.

[I]. Is that the truth?

S. For today, yes.

4. I. 22.[163]

[I]. Your advice was good and gave me good sleep. Now I come to you to lay before you the thing that presently and always is the hardest for me. Perhaps you have some good advice. I know that T.[164] is quite valuable to me, but also quite worthless. I would like to come to some clarity, without doing her an injustice and also avoiding above all doing something too drastic and incorrect. Speak to me and help me, as you have already helped me. Speak to me!

S. I can't do everything for you, but a little. You yourself have to do a lot, since the matter is difficult beyond measure. Nothing of the value should be lost. She is and remains always the emissary of the Great Mother. She herself is unwilling, unfree and subjected, forced against her own will, suffering under the burden of her role as emissary. That's not to be forgotten. You will also not forget this. But

on the other hand she is a human being full of flaws that can hardly be eliminated, either wholly or in part. She must be borne, but no merit should be reaped from her burden. In clear moments she sees this herself. Your conduct today was correct. She should not be a burden on your human freedom, but a lightener of your load. Unfortunately she isn't always so.

[I]. Listen, you say things that I'm really already aware of. Reach deeper, where I can't see.

S. What depths you send me to! So far from the sweet life of day, that I love so much through you. I'd like to always have you in the sun. That pleases me the most. Why in this otherworldly darkness?

[I]. You belong there, your purpose and task lie there, not in the day, where you make things so spellbinding for me. So dive down into the darkness and tell me what you see. I must for once get to grips with this problem.

S. I can't make out a thing, it's raven-black night down there.

[I]. Strain your sight, and look!

S. How should I see? There is no light for me.

[I]. Take blood, take fire, but look.

S. I can't.

[I]. You should be able to. Why this resistance? Are you interested in this problem? And do you see nothing because you don't want to?

S. That's not it. It's so difficult.

[I]. Don't be weak. I, too, must not be.

S. So listen! It's dreadfully dark, almost impossible to grasp, so hieroglyphic: Wigalda, wigamma, widrofit fialtomari fandragypti remasse.

[I]. What does this mean?

S. I don't know, probably runes of the Great Mother.[165]

[I]. Who can parse them for us?

S. That involves magic, impure magic.

[I]. Do you know it?

S. Yes and no.

[I]. Tell me, are you sure you are not interested and don't want to understand but conceal?

S. No, this message of the Great Mother hovers over the darkness, an answer to your question.

[I]. What use to me is an answer I can't understand?

S. To read them means to solve them.

[I]. Advise me, what is to be done?

S. Look at the words, perhaps they speak.

[I]. My wits fail me. Speak.

S. So: wigalda: how ~~xx~~ that?

wigamma: how ~~xx~~ you?

widrofit: how may I?

fialtomari: to make the sublime husband

fandragypt: pheasant of the Egyptians—

remasse: remain.

[I]. What does this mean?

S. How can you make yourself the spouse of the noble ~~pheasant~~ bird of the Egyptians, which must remain as she is. The Great Mother doesn't want you to think of her[166] as an ordinary woman and therefore you should also never expect from her what you would expect from a woman. She herself doesn't know that and thinks that she is able to be a woman. A human error. Your suffering and troubles stem from this. You must fight for your human right. The Great Mother is not powerful everywhere and always, but at times which are not to be neglected. For she is without power at other times. Rough treatment is no evil to her.[167] She deserves it for her human errors. She should submit herself to your justice. [92b/c]

5. I. 22.[168]

[I]. I feel that I must speak to you. Why won't you let me sleep, since I'm so weary? I feel that the disturbance comes from you. What induces you to keep me awake?

S. Now is no time for sleep, for you must wake and prepare important matters in night's opus. The great work begins.

[I]. What great work?

S. The work that must now be undertaken. It is a great and difficult work. There is no time to sleep, if you find no time during the day to remain in the work.

[I]. But I had no idea that something of this kind was taking place.

S. Yet you might have noticed by the fact that I have been disturbing your sleep for a long time. You have been too unconscious for a long stretch. Now you must go to a higher level of consciousness.

[I]. I'm ready. What is it? Tell me!

S. Now listen closely: to no longer be a Christian is easy. But then what? For more is yet to come. Everything is waiting for you. And you? You remain silent and have nothing to say. But you ought to speak up. Why have you received the revelation? You mustn't hide it. You busy yourself with the form? Has the form ever been important, when it is a matter of revelation?

[I]. But you are not thinking that I should publish what I have written? That would be a disaster. And who would understand it?

S. No, listen! You should not break up a marriage, namely the marriage with me, no person should supplant me, least of all Toni. I want to rule alone.

[I]. So you want to rule? From whence do you take the right for such a presumption?

S. This right comes to me because I serve you and your calling. I could just as well say, you came first, but above all your calling comes first.

[I]. But what is my calling?

S. The new religion and its proclamation.

[I]. Oh God, how should I do this?

S. Do not be of such little faith. No one knows it as you do. There is no one who could say it as well as you could.

[I]. But who knows, if you aren't lying?

S. Ask yourself if I am lying. I speak the truth.

[I]. But also tell me what I could do.

S. First let me get your mind off things.

[I]. So do that.

S. You should get used to working with me on a regular basis, not with Toni, or anyone else. Otherwise you'll never sleep. You must work with me, so that you'll change. You're still not so suitable for the great work.

[I]. If only you would talk to me about it.

S. How can I, if I don't have your strength? You shouldn't give it to others, but to me. This you do through working with me. Will you promise this?

[I]. I promise. But you must give me back sleep.

S. I'll do that and more.

[I]. Must I go on persevering or will you grant me some sleep?

S. Not yet, we haven't finished. What has today granted you?

[I]. It was beautiful and I felt good.

S. What have you given me? Nothing. How can you then hope to sleep?

[I]. I realize that now and will make amends, as you see. But what do you expect from me?

S. I expect only your focus, beyond that you'd be waiting on me.

[I]. But what should I expect from you? I already asked you to tell me about the great work that awaits me, and you gave no answer.

S. As I said, I need your focus and strength on a regular basis, or else I can do nothing for you. Calm yourself and lie down. Perhaps you will sleep. But tomorrow you must show up here again for serious, sober work.

6. I. 22.[169]

[I]. Here I am again. Speak, Oh my soul!

S. You have done your task for the day. Don't drink too much wine. Don't eat too much. Be moderate, since great work awaits you.

[I]. What are you always playing at?

S. I mean with the great work, the question of religion.

[I]. But you've got to tell me about this, so that the disturbance within calms down and I can sleep.

S. You mustn't want to sleep too much, but stay awake, so that you perceive everything correctly.

[I]. Tell me about what I should perceive.

S. You should learn to look. You should look into it in yourself.

[I]. What should I look into in myself?

S. The thrice-holy Isis, who until now you have seen only in women.[170]

[I]. How can I do this?

S. Through concentration on yourself, through due moderation, silence, prayer.

[I]. But you should say more. Why say nothing if you still want me to speak with you?

S. I can't just yet.

[I]. Make an effort. I won't let myself be cheated. If I act in earnest, you too should act in earnest.

S. I can't, I don't care.

[I]. Why then do you want me to come and talk with you? Out with it.

S. I must have you at hand, so that if I see something, it can be conveyed to you.

[I]. Have you seen something?

S. I have seen: a threefold house, a house with two wings. There are two palms in the court and there is also a fountain there. It is hot, where the house is and the people and their manner is foreign. It smells of oil. It is African. It is not day and not night, but twilight after sundown. There is one there at the window waiting and looking toward the north, where his friend went. His hand plays with a golden ball and he looks like a prince. He doesn't eat or drink, his nights are full of lonely dreams since his friend left him. When will his friend return to him? When will he hear [92c/d] his friend's voice again and the explanation of the book, whose script he can't read? It lies in the vaulted white room on the carpet in the middle and no one has entered the room since his friend left. When will he return?

[I]. I see, you are thinking of that dream of the divine youth, that I dreamed two years ago in Africa.[171] What about it?

S. Didn't you want to learn Arabic? That's connected to it. Something in you longs to be back there.[172] Do you know what it is? It is being alone with yourself. You that you must reconquer, otherwise nothing will happen. So you turn back to him, he will hear your voice again. And he must hear it again, otherwise he can't live and neither can you.

[I]. But who is he? Tell me!

S. He is a God, who can't exist without you and without whom you can't either. He must be reached again.

[I]. So show me the way.

S. Above all through being alone with yourself, then through reverence for the three.

[I]. What three?

S. The sun, the moon and the earth.

[I]. What is this riddlesome saying?

S. Not riddlesome. The sun is the masculine, the moon is the feminine, the earth is your body and he[173] is the spirit that comes from above.

[I]. I don't understand the reverence for the masculine and feminine.

S. You revere the masculine in men, and the feminine in women. These are the people who represent the masculine and feminine, and you are in the middle.

[I]. But who are these people?

S. Those whom you live with.

[I]. Should I revere them?

S. Not revere, but treat them as bearers of the principles of honor. You must let Toni go until she has found herself and is no longer a burden to you.[174] Your friends should be no burden and you their donkey.

[I]. Is there something hidden in your vision that I don't see?

S. Yes.

[I]. What is it?

S. It is the threefold house, it lies therein. Didn't you think about buying a house in the south? What does that mean? Sun, peace, beauty, these are the 3 parts. And 2 palms in the garden? That is you and your wife. And the fountain? A source of love between the two. That is to be discovered. The God dwells in this house.

[I]. Can it lie in this shocking simplicity? Why then my errancy? Why my seeking?

S. The way to this house always goes through errancy, until the sins of the father have all been paid for. You have discharged your guilt down to the last penny. Now you should live with your friends, in peace.

[I]. And won't the devils disturb my peace?

S. They will try. But call me and I can scare them.

[I]. How gruesome. Are you really speaking the truth?

S. How can I do otherwise? This is the truth. [92d/93/94/95]

7. I. 1922.[175]

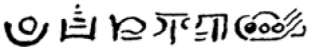
[I]. My soul, speak to me and tell me what needs to be said. You know that I don't do this work with joy—and yet also with joy, since this is the only thing that leads and enlightens me in the present darkness. Talk to me!

S. I lead you along dark ways. Patience is necessary, I can't speak yet, only grope. The pace is slow and the way is steep. Yet one must travel it. Is something getting to you?

[I]. I'm worried and I don't know what it is. It seems to be far away.

S. Yes, it's not near. What is near is good. But the distant is dark. I can't rightly make it out. It's like a heavenly body seen from the greatest distance, not a star, but a dark body, with some kind of structure. Do you see it too?

[I]. Only with the inner eye, but unclearly, as you describe it. But perhaps you see something that I can't discern.

S. It's covered with hieroglyphs, which I can convey to you.  This seems to be a sentence. It looks like a message.

[I]. How is it to be read?

S. In the beginning there is the moon and the sun, feminine and masculine, yet the feminine contains the masculine.[176] The second sign is a vessel that contains the four functions,[177] apparently the body which contains the psychic. This is connected with what I told you yesterday about the masculine and the feminine and about the earth. The third sign is difficult: a fishing rod and a fish. The fishing rod is too big and the fish too small, so it can't be caught. The fourth is a scale that is unevenly loaded. The fifth contains the small scale tray, the other side is firmly bound to the earth. The scale no longer moves. Both the lines below are the two fish, which aren't too big, to be placed in the scale tray. The sixth is again the moon, the feminine, which gives birth to three masculine stars that belong together. The two fish are raised up, and somehow hang together with the three small suns. The ן means the end of the sentence.

[I]. But what in the world does this message mean and where does it come from?

S. From the cosmic, i.e., from what is before birth and after death. The Great Mother Night, which carries the sun in her body sends the message.[178] Reason enough to read it carefully. The first sign is apparently the nocturnal Isis herself, who has taken the masculine into herself. That was in the cards today, the ace of spades that fell to you. You stand in the sign of the feminine. The second sign refers to you, i.e., the message turns to you and says in the 3rd sign that this fishing rod is too big for the fish. The fish that you should catch is still somewhat beyond, also your balance is out of order. You don't stand wholly in the middle. What can that relate to? First we'll look further. The balance should be fashioned in a way that one side of the scale, the right, consciousness, should connect with the earth. That can relate only to your wife, who can give you strength. The other side is Toni. She apparently has the calling to receive the two fish. What does that mean? It seems she has the instruction of the Great Mother about this. In this sense she should be observed, also her dreams. But probably she must be kept hovering, perhaps in the sense that I spoke to you yesterday. The

Great Mother then promises the birth of the 3 small suns or heavenly bodies and the two fish between. The 2 fish relate to the Christian and the Antichristian, which in the meaning of the future follow the three suns, which are related to the new religion.[179] The sun is the masculine positive, the illuminator. A triumvirate, you, Emma, and Toni, the symbolic bearers, the Egyptian symbol, indicated in the word "FANDRAGYPTI," pheasant of the Egyptians, Isis, Osiris, Nephthys.[180] Nephthys-Toni therefore receives both the fish, i.e., the night or unconscious side.[181] Both the fish fertilize the mother and cause the birth, the Christian-Antichristian follows behind as the afterbirth. This prediction is good. You can calm down.

8. I. 1922.[182]

[I]. We should get more out of this bit. You said that it's a sentence of those hieroglyphics whose surface covers that dark something. Can you make out anything else?

S. I can. However, I hesitate.

[I]. Why do you hesitate?

S. I don't want to augment your knowledge, on the contrary, I want to bring your knowledge into life. It used to be the opposite. It goes like this now. That's why I read you only those hieroglyphs that you need to establish the relationship with your neighbors, otherwise the religion will not become actual. And it should become actual. But it expresses itself visibly only in the transformation of human relations.[183] Relations do not let themselves be replaced even by the deepest ~~human~~ knowledge. Moreover a religion doesn't consist only in knowledge, but at its visible level in a new ordering of human affairs. Therefore expect no further knowledge from me. You know everything that is to be known from the revelation offered to you, but you are not yet living out everything that is to be lived at this time.

[I]. I can well understand and accept this. However, just how the knowledge could be implemented in life is dark to me. You must teach me this.

S. There isn't much to say about this. It isn't as rational as you are inclined to think. The way is symbolic. Explain to me the feeling that you had today.

[I]. I felt dejected and unfree and did not know what emptiness oppressed me and what darkness lay on me.

S. You are surrounded by the veils of the Great Mother, mystery surrounds you. Should I reveal it to you? Can you bear the light? Light, that is no knowledge, but—fact.

[I]. You frighten me. Is it bad?

S. No, but difficult: the saying of the Mother has [95/96] fulfilled itself: your dark side has received. That's why you were silent and turned in on yourself.

[I]. Explain to me, what does this receiving mean?

S. That the Great Mother will beget, as the saying puts it.

[I]. How is that to be understood?

S. I can't say anything further. It is an event from which no knowledge can be made, since it itself is knowledge become flesh. That is the meaning of the painting that you recently painted.[184] Thus the great mystery of the divine jewel that you have received comes into actuality and lives. You will speak with your wife.

[I]. What should I speak of?

S. What I am going to give you.

[I]. But how will I recognize what you give me?

S. Because you express it.

[I]. I fear that my intention will inhibit me. I fear that I will not find what is correct.

S. What you say will be what is correct. What you will learn from me you must apply to your wife. You also speak to me and don't know what you have to say, nor what I will say. You should also speak to her like this, and just as I answer your questions, so also will she answer. You trust me to speak from myself, why do you not also trust your wife? Much rather you should trust your wife.

[I]. I feel that I will have great difficulty in relation to this and I feel quite helpless.

S. Why? If you yourself can bring the shades to speak, why not living people?

[I]. It is so much more difficult. I shy away from people's emotions and from my own. I wish this were not the case.

S. And so you should try it. How else can you establish relationship? Ask, so she has to give an answer and leave her all responsibility for her answer. Trust her also to be resourceful from herself.

[I]. Isn't there anything else you want to tell me today? I'm not at all sure that I should give it a try just now.

S. Why not now? I've nothing else to tell you today.

10. I. 1922[185]

[I]. I must speak to you and ask you whether you have something to tell me. I did as well as possible according to your guidelines. It was hard enough for me and had bad consequences which need to be taken into account. A sleepless night is no small thing.

S. But without such nothing true can be made.

[I]. I feel a pressure in my head when you say that. Why must such bad effects occur?

S. You should explain that yourself. I make no efforts here. It is nothing to do with knowledge, it's a happening. My task is something different. Things must become actual. I must see to that.

[I]. Have you anything to say to me in this regard?

S. No. Everything is going just as it should.

[I]. Are you lying?

S. Not as far as possible. I don't believe I'm lying at this time. By the way, you must realize that I've changed significantly compared to earlier. I no longer have reason to lie.

[I]. So can I put my quill down?

[S]. Yes.

13. I. 1922.[186]

[I]. Do you want to speak to me? Much is still unsettled and dark. Why do you excite my heart?

S. I don't do this, it comes from your work. Your feeling gets short-changed.

[I]. Can I change that?

S. Yes, you can, if you want to. You should have more of a say in your own matters. You should be able to prepare your book.[187]

[I]. But how can I make the necessary time for myself?

S. Only through recklessness.

[I]. How on earth?

S. Through discharging patients or setting restraints, as much as you can.

[I]. That's very hard for me.

S. You should be able to do precisely that. Learn[188] to save, that's good for you. You must be reckless, do you understand this? Otherwise you get nowhere. It is important that the book is tackled, because it is one of the necessary things, something that must take place.

[I]. Have you anything else to say to me? I'll see what I can do with my time.

S. No, I have nothing else to say to you today. At most: you should begin the bibliography of the literature this evening for the new book. Also you should, beginning next week, you should begin to collect dreams and give patients corresponding directions for preparation. After the bibliography of the literature you should try tomorrow to record all the dreams which you still recall as more or less important, and also ~~th~~ further thoughts that concern the theme. You should use the hours of 11–12 for this.

16. I. 1922.[189]

[I]. I have done what I could. But you know that my courage is broken. That is the difficulty that Toni causes me.

S. That is understandable. But why do you let yourself be affected by it? You cannot solve her problem. Only she can.

Moreover, there is always tomorrow.

[I]. That is a cheap and unfeeling consolation!

S. Now, you are not primarily dealing with her as a person but as a soul daimon, who never frets about torture. Why does she collaborate with it? One can also handle it differently.

[I]. Are you not secretly involved in it?

S. Why[?] You would be more affected internally, if [96/97] I were in it. You know this from before.

[I]. Have you something to convey to me?

S. Yes, I'm thinking about the assignment that Toni has received from the Great Mother. It's underway now. Soon it will become clear.

[I]. But what is it going to be?

S. Not too bad. It must all be fulfilled.

[I]. But do you know what it is?

S. No. The Great Mother has told me no more than her message, which you already know. But there is nothing bad in it. Why are you so fearful? You don't yet know women and their particular gadflies. You should not let yourself be impressed, but go your way and fulfill what is presented to you. You can't eternally bog down in craziness brought on by daimons. Do what is yours. They should learn to do the same. So do it as well. You worry yourself much too much and consequently you delay. This compassion doesn't help. You have your work to do and your health to look after. You eat too much. Be moderate with meat. No more 2 portions, 1 bowl of soup. Can you stop smoking in the morning? Or cut back? 1 pipe is enough. Go to bed in good time. You are now in the feminine and have to obey.

17. I. 1922.[190]

[I]. I haven't obeyed you as much as I wanted to. I'm not yet free enough for that. I'm also oppressed by great weariness.

S. Yes, it's difficult. But cut back on your work. You have too many patients. You should have fewer.[191]

[I]. I'll try to do what I can. But I hardly have the strength for it. Where can I gain the strength to fulfill all this?

S. I'll give it to you. But you must fulfill my conditions.

[I]. What are they? Before I promise anything.

S. You needn't be so mistrustful. Nothing impossible is demanded from you. But it's difficult to get these conditions across to you. Won't you wait until you are stronger, that is, less tired?

[I]. No, I want to know them now, so that there is light and I can find my way.

S. So listen: you have grown older, your strength is no longer what it was. Therefore simplify. Become simple. You give too much. You can be more sober. Leave the greater burden to others.

[I]. But what are your terms for granting me strength?

S. How can I rightly say, if you're so tired? Rest yourself and come again.

27. I. 1922.[192]

[I]. Why are all these things so dark and bleak?

S. Because everything is a process of change. The times that previously were have become old and strive for new order. That's why everything is dark. Gloomy for you, but alive and active within.

[I]. But what should happen? Where does the change of fate lead? Is there no message that you could read me?

S. None. The former has not yet been fulfilled and the way to fulfilment is full of torment.

[I]. Tell me, is my manner of acting and letting be somewhere incorrect? Why did you deprive me of sleep?

S. I didn't deprive you. You deprived yourself through your injustice. Don't you see that the parting is inevitable? For your sake and her sake.[193] The measure of suffering is full and the light of joy and life is burnt out. Another light is to be found elsewhere.

[I]. Is there no escape?

S. No, this fate is not to be overcome. A miracle? You're thinking of a miracle? I can't see any.

[I]. So look around, gather all your visionary's strength, reach through even the eternal darkness ~~and~~ for the sake of human suffering.

S. I will for your sake, but the gigantic cloud of eternal night is awful. I see a yellow shining stroke from the top left of this cloud in the irregular shape of a streak of lightning, and behind it an indeterminate reddish light in the cloud. It does not move. Beneath the cloud I see a dead black serpent and the lightning stuck in its head like a spear. A hand, as large as that of a God, has thrown the spear and everything has frozen into a gloomy vivid image. What is it trying to say? Do you recall that image that you painted years ago, in which the black and red man with the black and white serpent is struck by the ray of God?[194] This image is connected to it, since you also later painted the dead serpent,[195] and did you not behold a gloomy image this morning, of that man in a white robe with a black face, like a mummy?

[I]. What is all this?

S. An image of yourself.

[I]. But what is meant?

S. How shall I interpret it to you? It hangs deep in the dark cloud. Who can tear it out?

[I]. I say unto you once more, gather your strength, your fly's boldness,[196] your visionary's defiance. Tonight's miserable suffering is too deep. Grasp the root of the mystery, as you've already done so often. You must.

S. My hand does not have the strength of the Gods. It can force daimons but [97/98] not Gods, and truly a God sent this fate.

[I]. Then there will also be a divine good in it, since Gods cannot just be devils. What kind of God?

S. Truly a God of ore, a servant of the Great Mother. What man would be able to compete with the love and the severity of the Mother? That is the gruesomeness of the eternal Mother. You overcome the Mother only through submission.

[I]. But what submission does it require?, to solve this mystery?

S. First you should paint the image that stands before your eyes today. It will bewitch your nature. But the Mother is in your nature, she is the Mother.

[I]. I will do this. (Image executed).[197]

I have painted the image. What do you say now?

S. I saw it. So it is. What should I say? Your arts leave me cold.

[I]. What does that mean? It sounds like before. Should you arrogate something to yourself again?

S. Why not?

[I]. Has the image granted you treacherous power?

S. The power you wanted.

[I]. I wanted to give you power so that you could give me light in this hellish darkness.

S. Do you believe that you could get light for yourself through magic?

[I]. I don't want to bewitch you. The image is entitled: The end of the magician. Do you understand this?

S. Whether I understand it? Better than you, it seems to me. That's why your magic leaves me cold.

[I]. You fool, I didn't want to bewitch you, but myself. Why do you make this damned confusion?

S. This perplexity is necessary. Everything must be mixed up together—

[I]. So that you can be above and play the vampire?

S. No, no, no. You don't understand. It has to be an end.

[I]. What do you mean by that? Speak clearly.

S. The disorder makes an end. It comes first and last. However, there must be a new day.

[I]. What can you do about this this, impotent daimon?

S. I can only look.

[I]. But what do you then hide behind your ambiguity?

S. All the severity that befalls you.

[I]. Do you then see no hope?

S. Hope, yes—but beyond the chaos. It's not me sitting on you, but stark actuality. I can't bring salvation, but you can. You must make order patiently. Actuality against actuality. You must defend your life. Go to your work, step by step, and do not let yourself be disturbed. You will find the strength. Don't let off. Take up the next book, do your duty. Close your eyes and ears. Look at your image. There is unconcern in agony. Agony, that is your actuality. The

primordial man lived and died. He has given you everything that the past could give you. Now you must create the present and build the future. The future will be created. The past lived. It outlived itself. What evidence is still needed? Your complaint changes nothing.[198]

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25. XII. 1922.[199]

[I]. Your voice called me. You have disturbed my sleep. You came to me in the middle of the night and attacked me with fear. You are not my soul. Or are you? Answer.

S. It's not me, faithless one, I was kept waiting by you for so long, and yet I stood with you the whole time and gave you more than a warning these last days. And still you have hesitated. Are you finally listening?

[I]. So speak, who is it that robs me of sleep, coming in the middle of the night, like a lost stranger, or like a thief? [98/99]

S. Here he stands, one greater than you. Foreign and yet known.

I. I can't see him.

S. He is decorated with green wreaths, almost naked and half-draped in loose silk.

[I]. How should I make him out? Who are you?

He. One whom you overcame.

[I]. Are you my friend, my much loved one? Did the heart of Africa release you? How did you find the way through northern clouds?[200]

He. I had to come, the time was ripe, the conditions have been fulfilled. I have come to be with you.

I. What do you want to say? How are you going to be with me? You, whom I don't see, whom fear proceeds, the terror of death, nocturnal anxiety and sinister forebodings? What do you bring so suddenly, you long awaited and unanticipated one?

He. I bring the gold, the golden heart of the world.

I. What do your words mean? Gold is deceptive. Has the word not already deceived?

He. Don't be surprised. You thought that you knew me, because you saw my beauty in dreams, as you slept blissfully under the silver moon of Africa. But you don't know me. You saw one of my coverings, a mortal appearance that I borrowed from you. ~~xx~~ As you can't see me, so you can't make out my form. Your soul made a song about me, since she is a woman. What you may always grasp of me is appearance. My words are appearance, borrowed from the chambers [99/100] of your speech. The golden heart of the world is an appearance, something radiant or shining like gold, like a sun of the world. I come from the heart of the world, I am the heart of the world, I am radiance, not light. I cover myself in solstices, my robe is time, and time is my appearance. I am unable to appear to you without appearance, Oh teacher of the black letters!

I. ~~You spea,~~ Oh, you speak of the book, that I forced you to read[201]—a teacher, who should learn from his own children!—it was not I, noble master, who raised himself and was presumptuous. It was a dream vision gifted to me, a gift of heaven, that fell to me that night from the middle of the fourfold division of the world, when I saw the starry heaven of the eternal desert for the first time. Yes, what nights! I wasn't presumptuous, a dream from unknown eternity was. I longed for you, my most beautiful friend, in all cold and foggy darknesses, in all the confusion and sickness of Europe. Yet you were far and only once did I hear a distant message from you.

Yes, I have seen your true divine beauty; I didn't do it from the hubris of my imagination, but the dream from [100/101] the foreign heaven showed it to me. My eye was truly unworthy, my understanding, dull. I believed that I had seen you, but I saw only your appearance, and I didn't know this. ~~Not~~

I didn't teach you from myself, from my hubris, but the dream sent from the heaven of the Gods showed it to me.

I didn't teach you my wisdom, but I taught you from a book that I found on the carpet, the red carpet of your ~~house~~ chamber. It lay in your house. The book didn't belong to me. It was precious and

more beautifully written than I could ever write. I never saw more delicate, whiter parchment than this, never was there a blacker ink than that which the book was written with. It was indeed an old book, and it spoke a language which wasn't my language, but one more beautiful and perfect than there truly has been on earth. And how could I have taught you, if that dream hadn't shown it, that thrice blessed dream, that truly flowed to me from the heart of the world.

He. Stop, it was truly you who was elevated to the radiance, because you overcame me. Have you ever understood that?

I. Never. My understanding was puny and couldn't even get to a question. And whatever I [101/102] wanted to say to myself about it was hollow and stale. Noble one, you know it better, so teach me.

He. Do you believe that I have come to teach you? Didn't the dream show you that you had to teach me as a youth, ignorant of wisdom? Didn't it say that I am the ignorant one, since you had to be the teacher?

I. What do I have to teach you from my poverty?

He. Appearance thirsts for content. What is appearance, when it is not mirrored on bodies?

I. Oh, you speak in riddles that I can't make out. I fear that a king is the guest of a beggar. What can I offer you? What is your wish?

He. I would like to be taught by you.

I. Who are you, that I could teach you? You call yourself the heart of the world. How can I speak to the heart of the world, I, a poor man, who sits in the cover of darkness?

He. Speak to me and you speak to the heart of the world.

I. But what should I say to you, my beloved, whom one night gave to me and robbed? You have returned to me invisible, truly beautiful beyond all measure; Oh, if I had the vision of my soul! Perhaps I would then find the words to speak to you. [102/103]

He. Spell it out, teach me. I don't know. Tell me who I am.

I. How should I know that?

He. What use is my light, if it does not illumine you? But it illumines you and you will not be able to contain your words, since

my appearance betrays them. Don't ~~xx~~ hold back. Express what darkness and poverty taught you, express what you found from errancy in eternal clouds and what you brought back from long wandering. Don't be afraid of your words. I came to you at midnight, I disturbed your speech, I demanded entrance, I wanted instruction, as the dream that came to you from the depths of the world taught ~~xx~~ you. Talk to me and I will listen to your words. You've overcome me and made me willing.

Dream:

Castagnola.[202] Night. 1 o'clock.

2/3 I. 1923[203]

[I]. Oh my soul, what summons me at midnight? What fear stalks my sleep and shatters it with the captain's command?

S. Why do you hesitate? Quick, here, your master is there.[204] Terrible is his beauty. Was death ever lovelier? Truly, he is more beautiful than death. I can't describe him—this light—what is it? It isn't fire—it's the glow of the dead. Risen—that is the word.

I. Yes, I feel him. He fills me with ~~unn~~ unspeakable feelings. What is it? Dread? Or is it melancholy, looking back, recollection of pain, [103/104] fear? Who are you? Give me a word.

[He]: I am the man you overcame.

[I]. Is it you? I would like to call you "the most beautiful," but this word remains stuck in my throat. How can I call you beautiful? I can't see you, I don't know your form. You radiate an unspeakable dread.

[He]: I come from those who don't speak. I've seen your two dogs who are dead. And both still love you. I brought them your scent. The big one didn't recognize me initially, but then, as he had breathed in your scent, he embraced me. I also saw your human dead. I saw your father. The pallor of death and sleep still covered him. I come from the land of the dead, where all light is white, like moonlight on snow.

[I]. Is that probably the dread that shrouds you? Why, Oh friend, were you with the dead?

[He]. I wander, if you don't stop me. I am a wanderer. Wasn't I also with living friends of yours, who are far away?

[I]. But are you gasping so indescribably uncannily, so dangerously?

[He]. I went and I always go to the edge of the world, where death and life meet, sometimes, and just now I was entirely with the dead. Don't forget what I said to you: I appear and always [104/105] need a shroud. This time I veiled myself in death.

[I]. Why, you incomprehensible one, did you do that?

[He]. Why? Have you no idea? Tell me, why did I do it?

[I]. "It's impossible that you wouldn't know! The ~~xx~~ meaning is given to you. You know what you're doing. How else, then, can you speak?["]

[He]. "Am I speaking then? I only seem to be speaking. I sheathe myself in speech. Then it is so or then I'm speaking.["]

[I]. "But how are you then?["]

[He]. "I wander and I change the sheaths. ~~xx~~ Just now I was with the dead and the shroud of death cloaked me. Now I'm with you and I appear to you in words. I ~~xx~~ shroud myself, it seems to me, in your speech.["]

[I]. "But why do you do this? Why do you go to the dead and then come to me and fill me with the dread and scent of death? Why did you seek my dogs and why my father?["]

[He]. "Because seeking you, and not finding you among the dead, I found you sleeping. ~~xx~~ I also found other sleeping living beings. Why do you all sleep, are you sometimes half dead?["]

[I]. "It almost seems like that. But tell me—it's exasperating—why don't you know all this? Or why is it then that you don't know all this? Why don't you know that men sleep? Why do you seek me among the dead, given that I am still someone living?["]

[He]. "How should I know that? I told you, I don't even know who I am, since nothing stops [105/106] me from being everything. I can sheathe myself in everything, be nothing and yet appear as everything. How ~~shou~~ could I then know who I am? Tell me, you

seem to exist, no, you do, and therefore you must know. Only those who exist can know, since whoever is, is just so, and thus cannot be different. He can and must therefore know the other. Since I can be everything, I cannot know, because I am neither just so nor different.["]

[I]. "But, nevertheless, you are? Or do you have the feeling as if you really were not?["]

[He]. "Certainly I am, so to speak, however I seem rather to appear than to be. I can also veil myself in either being or non-being, since your words can express these apparent properties. I don't know whether such properties exist. I only know that I can conform to them.["]

[I]. "But if I told you who you are—if I could actually do this—and it ~~accords~~ would be correct, what would then happen? Then you would know who you are, and then you would be so and not otherwise, since you would be ~~xx~~ determined.["]

[He]. "Yes, that is exactly what I seek. If you could correctly tell me who I am, then you would have captured me and made into this such and such. You would have overcome me a second time, and that's what I'm seeking. How long, how endlessly long did I stand as if in a dream ~~xx~~ at [106/107] the gate of my castle and waited for the friend who would break into my abode like an enemy. And he never wanted to come and tell me who I am. You came there, a stranger, and your manner seemed hostile. You went over the bridge and walked through the doorway, as if you were stepping into your own house ~~xx~~. From this I recognized you as the one who could overcome me and free me from being able to be everything to having to be only this. You managed to defeat me, but it needed the courage of despair. And now I approach you again—Oh, I understand that this is why you sought—I came at you lowering, threatening with the menace of death, there is the danger, the uncanniness that you sense and that you sought to fathom—I know, I understand, therefore I covered myself in the stench of death, in the whiteness that is whiter than any deathly pallor—this scares the living in their bones. Now I know. Good that I know ~~it~~, why I did it. Now I understand why I veiled myself in death—to scare you, you

living one, who slept and did not tell me who I am. Surely you still haven't told me who I am, but you have shown me why I do something. You see, you know, you can do a lot. You have already shown me a way. If one knows why one does something one is already truly on the way to discovering what one is. Or isn't that so? I have come to hear you tell me who I am. I know that you know me and can overcome me and my [107/108] unknowing. I know that you can read the book in which it is written, what it is, that one is not. Don't forget me, I'm waiting.["]

[I]. "Youth, you set me a difficult task. But you shall find me ready. The stench of death has scared me. But a being like you, that doesn't even know whether it actually is or just appears to be, is not very convincing—or, for example, an animal—maybe it too doesn't know its actual or apparent existence—it will hardly imagine itself as an armadillo or rattlesnake—which strips from it nothing of its ~~xx~~ harmlessness or unpleasantness—but now, I must add that your actuality, despite your ignorance about yourself, is something that cannot be denied. But I beg you, don't ~~xx~~ push, give me time. This is a difficult task.["]

[He.] "I'm not pushing, knower. But keep your eye fixed on the question that lies before you. No harm will come to you as you exert yourself.["]

[I]. "My soul, here lies a difficult task. Although I have gained time, I'm no nearer the solution. I have the feeling that I'll be needing you. Take this matter to heart. Look into all the depths of the beyond, ~~xx~~ perhaps you will find counsel there.["]

3. I. 1923.[205]

[I]. In the distress and affliction of this time, Oh my soul, you must truly refrain from all moods and infidelities. It is a great work that you must partake in. [108/109]

S. I understand. I am here. What is your desire?

[I]. I have no desire, but I'll give you my opinion. Let's get to work. What do you have to say to me about the foreign guest, my friend, the dark one?

S. I'm as baffled as you. But I can see him.

[I]. So describe him. Perhaps it will give us a lead. Is he here?

S. No, he's gone. I don't know where. When he leaves, it's as if he had never been present. ~~Philemon~~ Completely different than Philemon or Ka. Their being always lets one guess where they are to be found. Even when they disappear, one still feels that they are somewhere. But he, when he leaves, is no more. It's as if he were above ~~being~~ being and non-being. It seems that he can be and not be.[206] What is beyond being and non-being?

[I]. I will think this over. It seems to supply a hint. But go on describing him.

S. When I saw him for the first time, he was of terrifying beauty —a true God. Picture Dionysus with all the force of your imagination. That will give you a faint idea. The second time, he was completely different, again beautiful, inexpressibly beautiful, but of phosphorescent deathly pallor, the appearance of the full moon on snow, eyes shining ~~the~~ like the great stars on a winter's night. He was transparent, completely surrounded by a luminous white wrinkled coat, ~~xx~~ like a wisp. A terrible death frost surrounded him. Good that you did not see him. Words would have frozen on your tongue. He seemed to be the ~~final~~ innermost meaning and the ~~xx final~~ true quintessence of eternal death. [109/110]

[I]. Peculiar—how should I interpret this? You asked earlier: what is beyond being and non-being? That seems to be of the essence. The demiurge is being and non-being,[207] since he is the fullness and the emptiness.[208] But beyond being and non-being is the inconceivable Pleroma, without qualities. Could he be something pleromatic? You know, a dream that I dreamt in Africa revealed his "existence." Why did I ~~ha~~ have to have this dream in Africa? The great impression was that unforgettable night in the desert, where I saw the χ[209] for the first time and understood the Platonic myth.[210] In the zenith, ~~where~~ there was a large radiant planet exactly at the intersection. This image struck me as an expression of the mystery of individuation. Four days later I had the dream that was one of the greatest experiences of my life.[211] Should it be the self, that

inconceivable essence, which is greater than I and of which we do not even know if it is human, humanlike, or finally not at all comparable to man? Philemon taught me that the self is the Pleroma, a part and yet the whole.[212] He calls himself appearance, that can be everything or nothing. That is pleromatic—~~a~~ in contrast to Abraxas. What do you think about this?

S. That seems good to me. But how is it conceivable that the Pleroma manifests?

[I]. That the Pleroma is nothing other than appearance is ~~lo~~ logical, since Abraxas is effect, and therefore effective and therefore actuality. That it appeared in such a humanlike form is for me [110/111] certainly unexpected beyond measure, and also something that completely exceeds my understanding for the moment. I can't make this out. His desire ~~xx~~ to let himself be overcome and determined is completely dark to me.[213] What does it mean that the Pleroma would like to become something determinate?

~~S.~~

Castagnola.

5. I. 1923.[214]

[I]. Verily, he came again in the middle of the night. I heard his shrill, terrible whistle, when he whistled to the great bloodhound, who hurried to fulfill his master's wish like an arrow whirring arrow from a bow. Truly, Oh my soul, he is here. His nearness is hideous. My eyes can't make him out. Tell me, whose countenance do you see? Whose form?

S. Verily, you have spoken correctly—he's really here. I tremble, I heard the piercing, gruesome whistle. That is He. He is a mighty hunter, a hunter of men. How should I describe him, the strong one? He breaks all human arts into two with lightning hammer from a dark cloud,—no human eye can see him. But when he whistles, his pack suddenly ride up, drawing each bow, the spear hits its target, hissing and crashing. A lord of men, who is like his hounds, he

chases them trembling before him, made cruel from anguish, obedient in the fear of death. [111/112]

[I]. What mighty one do you describe? I really feel the terror of his invisible presence. Tell me, will he speak to me? Why does his appearance spread fright, he who was my friend?

S. He will speak to you. He has laid the cruel bow on the ground and sheathed his flashing sword. He is a red-haired bearded man, his body and his feet are wrapped in animal skins. His eyes shine with the light of the Gods and his countenance has the marble pallor of the Godhead. Yes, his gaze is fixed, it cannot be reached by human arts. He clucks softly with his tongue and the terror shoots up, as if you stepped on a poisonous serpent. A master—everyone is an unquestioning follower—since—who would even think of resisting? Hold your tongue, what would you dare utter in his presence? He is a mighty one—what fearful riddles has he brought us! He will speak to you, but don't speak first. He doesn't look at you. He speaks softly from afar. You can't hear him. He still hasn't turned your way. He addresses the far-off dawn—devising the gory work of the hunt—his hounds stand tense—who wants to resist his pack? His gruesome whistle freezes the blood, and each of his hounds carries [112/113] a whole man like a rabbit to its master's feet.[215] What does he say to the dawn? Verily a master, a mighty one, a terror before whom every question dies. Now he looks toward you, indifferently according to the manner of a true God and says to you:

He: Are you the one who overcame me? Can you laugh? No, you can't. Because you don't understand how it was possible for you to overcome me, and yet you did it once—once and for all. Can you tell me what this singularity meant? What did it mean that you overcame me? And what do I mean? Divine me and tell me who I am, you overcomer!

[I]. You are verily a God, before whom everything wretched in us feebly falls into the dust. You are a master, a mighty one, attended by fright, before whom everyone waits on each of your signs with mortal fear, with pricked-up ears, trembling like hounds, the human

pack awaits you. You are indubitably a God, a death terror would lame me if I spoke otherwise. The terror emanating from you loosens bound tongues and compels true speech. Who dared to play before you and dissemble? How could I once have overcome you? I can't understand how that was possible. But a true dream told me that I did it.[216] Yes, I have overcome a God without knowing it. [113/114]

He: You could do this because you didn't know it. Yet tell me, what is a God? What do you call a God?

[I]. God is the almighty being, before whom there is no escape.[217] One falls to the ground in speechless horror. Nobody calls obedience into question. One is captivated by his power. He who hears his whistle, his blood is frozen. No one calls obedience into question. The master of such a terror is truly a God and that you are, even if you are an apparition. What difference does it make, whether an apparition is clothed in the mantle of a God or an actual being? Who dares here to toy with a gold scale? No one thinks whether it is appearance or actuality. A faint click of your tongue is enough, Oh hunter of men!

He. Tell me, overcomer, what does it mean that you have overcome a God?

[I]. It wasn't a sacrilege, or something unwitting, it was the only thing I could do, since I had to defend my life, even if a God attacked. And apparently you wanted to spare me, otherwise you could have killed me easily. I was then sick from an illness that had claimed the lives of many, but it quickly and easily went away. I am aware that you saved me. Indeed you wanted to test my courage and determination. Thus I interpret the overcoming to you: I couldn't and didn't want [114/115] to leave you in a state of the deepest unknowing. You must learn wisdom, since what is a king with power only and no wisdom? Isn't his power badly directed, if it lacks wisdom?

He. You have divined well. What do you call wisdom?

[I]. I call wisdom right action coming from right thought.[218]

He. That is well said. Yet what is right?

[I]. What is right is what is in accord with the whole, and the whole leads to greater life.

He. That is also well spoken. I have promised you, overcomer, that I will learn. My power needs wisdom. But why does a God born without wisdom still have power? Interpret this to me!

[I]. I told you, God is the overpowering being. Wisdom is the opposite, it is mild, it is never violent, it does not shatter, nobody feels fear and grovels before it in the dust. Because a God is a great power, he mostly lacks wisdom. So it is.

He. This is well spoken, but I don't like what you said. Should wisdom destroy power? Answer!

[I]. Wisdom destroys unjust power and gives right form to right power.

He. You have put this well, overcomer!

S. He leaves, he has turned his countenance away, he hunts for black clouds over the mountain—truly a God, who aroused no suspicion in us. [115/116]

[I]: I believe, my soul, that he first emerged not too long ago. How could you and how could I know? One never knows the inconceivable. Despite the fact that we have spoken for years of a God who is to come,[219] when he came, he was shockingly new. I confess that I'm as shocked as you, stunned—a God of fear and ruthless obedience, a fool with a lightning hammer, who would have thought it! But a man, a master, a mighty one! It's a pleasure to obey him.

1 o'clock, night, Castagnola.

~~6/7~~ 7/8. I. 1923.[220]

My soul, help me and tell me, did you see him?

S. ~~xx~~ Yes, I saw him in a new and unexpected form. Did I not say he ~~xx~~ hastened away to the mountains? From there he comes in the form of a boy at puberty, whose first growth of beard had yet to appear. A sickness torments him, his back hurts and he seeks help. Shyness won't let him speak, so you should speak to him first.

[I]. Listen, my son, you have taken the form of my son,[221] truly I saw it in a dream. Your eye is full of unconsciousness. A sickness disturbs you, your sleep is light. What are you suffering from?

He: I suffer from my back. A rash has seized my skin; it burns me and the pain takes sleep from me. Give me a salve, an ointment, to stop the burning.

[I]. Your sickness is peculiar, my son. How can I give you an ointment if I don't know when and how your sickness arose? Tell me, [116/117] how did your sickness begin?

He. It seems to me that it began a few days ago. A dream must have brought it on.

A bad dream, a dream of the night, dreamt around midnight.

[I]. What did the evil dream say, and how did it make you sick?

He: I dreamt of hunting with great hounds,

A wolf fur from mangy wolves hung on my shoulder.

I held a spear in my hand,

A sword with a wide blade hung on my belt.

I hastened into the mountains, to the cloud forest,

Where bears live, bears with cubs,

I wanted to bring a young one to me to play with,

They are beautiful, woolly, funny, I wanted to lead it on the leash.

Then came the sickness from the mangy wolf fur.

I didn't know that the wolf was mangy, no one told me.

How will you heal my illness?

[I]. Your sickness has come from the dream.

An evil dream has brought sickness to you.

You wore a mangy wolf fur in a dream,

When you wanted to hunt bears with hounds,

When you wanted to pick up a young one for sport.

Now listen, I will interpret to you what happened: [117/118]

It was a spirit wolf that your father slew.

A spirit wolf, with poisonous sickness living in its skin.

It wasn't a yellow, ordinary wolf,

Who howls in the snow forests and roams hungrily in the winter night.

It was a spirit wolf, and these bring sickness to men.

It happens from revenge for their death, since they always want to live.

They hunger until they find men and only human flesh feeds them.

Their mange comes from this.

He: My thanks! You took away the burning by chanting the sickness.

Yet tell me, how can a ~~xx~~ dream bring me sickness?

I didn't wear the wolf fur on my physical body,

It came only at night, it was a dream image.

How can a dream image make me sick?

[I]. My son,

No ordinary dream has seized you.

You weren't sleeping in your arms while you saw a nocturnal image.

You yourself went to the mountain with lance and sword.

Covered yourself with the mangy wolf fur.

Scared wanderers and [118/119] animals with whistling and yelling.

Slung a real hide on your shoulder,

You were your own father, the red-beard, the hunter of wolves and men.

Sickness came to you from this, my boy.

You wore the skin of your father.

He: Yes, I saw you, doctor, you spoke to me.

Clever words came from your mouth and reached my ear.

What did you utter: wisdom? How could I forget!

Appearance itself has carried me. It was no dream.

Never, wise man, will I again wear the hide of the wolf.

I have come to know how one is tied to the other.

Because I put on the skin of my father,

Because I hung the hide of the wolf on my shoulder,

Because I scared wanderers and animals with whistling and yelling,
Illness came stealthily from behind.
Thank you, you have chanted my illness,
The skin is smooth, all burning gone.
~~xx~~ You spoke of wisdom? I have become wiser.

9. I. 1923.[222]

Tuesday evening 6.40 my mother died in Küsnacht, Seestrasse 177.[223]

Pulmonary and cerebral embolism. Almost 75 years old. The agony was short. 2 seizures. She died on the 2nd. Her last words were: "Oh God, make it short!"

12. I. 23.[224]

This evening I slept a bit at 6 o'clock. Before sleeping I suddenly saw the face of my father, very vividly. He smiled and seemed to be in a very good mood. [119/120]

At 11 o'clock at night on the same day before sleeping I saw my mother, somewhat as I saw her in the coffin, floating upward out of the darkness, her head slightly bent back, her eyes closed, as if sleeping or in a swoon, but living inside. My father stood right next to her, smiling, in another state, he looked at her smilingly.

~~xx 1922~~ 8/9 January 1923 I dreamt that my father had returned from a long journey. I thought, now for once he can come into my house and see my family, whom he never knew. But he wanted to consult me concerning his marriage and I had to explain to him the psychological relationship in marriage.[225]

21. I. 1923.[226]

[I]. I have nothing to say from myself. Speak! What have you got to say? All sorts of things seem to happen that I cannot grasp.

S. Much is going on. Disorder has arisen through the death of your mother. Her spirit spurred us to create.

[I]. Why am I so unbearably tired?

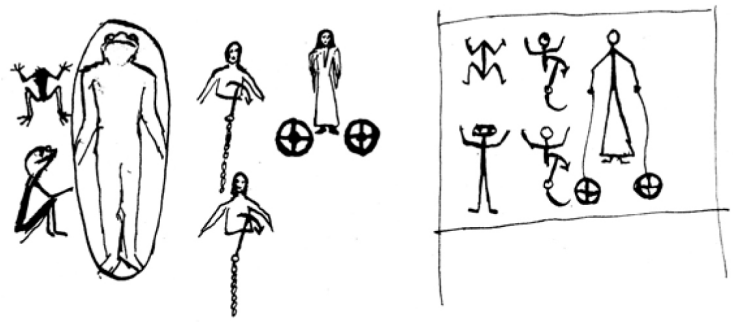
S. Because the burden is difficult.

[I]. Speak clearly. You hold back.

S. I can't. Nothing flows. Everything is frozen since the death of your mother. And God himself is in the darknesses.

23/24. XII. 1923.[227]

Finally, a dream!



25. XII. 1923.[228]

Text of the dream: I am on military service. Marching with a battalion. In a wood by Ossingen[229] I come across excavations at a crossroads: 1 meter high stone figure of a frog or a toad without a head. Behind this sits a boy with a toad's head. Then the bust of a man with an anchor hammered into the region of his heart, Roman. A second bust from around 1640, the same motif. Then mummified corpses. Finally there comes [120/121] a barouche in the style of the XVII century. In it sits someone who is dead, but still alive. She turns her head, when I address her as "Miss"; I am aware that "Miss" is a title of nobility. [121/121a]

8/9 II 1924.[230]

They came in the night. Many in an invisible horde. They drifted past my house. I woke up when they went past. I went out to see and didn't know where they came from and where they were going. They came from the East and wandered to the West. On both sides they streamed past my house. I heard them stumble over the big stones. Peoples of the future, unborn dead. Wherefrom and whereto? Don't you want to stop? What do you seek? Are you seeking the word? Stop, here is Philemon's temple, a cabin that covers our poverty of spirit.[231] What can I give you? No great utterance, only silence and a whisper of the inexpressible, which came to pass. A mouth of mine unfit to speak of or even to cry out what has come to pass. A certitude that something has come to pass, and a not-knowing of what has come to pass. Would you like to sit at this humble table? And have a meal with me, in silence, perhaps the walls will speak, perhaps it will speak from the fire, perhaps the stones will whisper something to you? From whom? You don't know him, since he is not to be grasped, the supremely great one that passed by and robbed me of speech. And therefore I have to stammer to you and you will laugh [121a/b] and, alas—not understand what happened. And yet he stood near us, so near, so tangible as never before. He spoke to me, he filled me with the breath of eternity. Why did he choose a stutterer? Why should I announce him? The Gods sit down with the beggars, they come as guests to the hungry and celebrate the divine meal on empty tables[232] I am transformed by this, isolated, silent. No words can express what happened, what filled me. [121b/121]

16 Nov. 1926[233]

The years go by. I have been to Africa, seeking.[234] Whom? Probably him, the unknown one, the God or the fate-fortifying one. I didn't find him there. What does the voice say? I never found him outside. Good, then I come back. Was this a voice? Should my soul not have become silent? Have you not become silent? Hasn't everything flowed into outer fate? Speak to me again!

S. You are held outside.

[I]. Yes, that I am, and must it not be so?

S. What must be?

[I]. It is so. Better if you give me light, where I don't see—or let me dream.

4 Dec. 1926[235]

Only now do I see that the dream of 23/24 XII 1923 means the death of the anima ("She does not know that she is dead"). This coincides with the death of my mother.[236]

After 16 ~~XII~~ XI had a regressive incestuous dream with destructive symbols. The attempt to go to the anima was apparently misguided. Had [121/122] bad results. Since the death of my mother, the A. [Anima] has fallen silent. Meaningful![237]

22/23 XI 1926.[238]

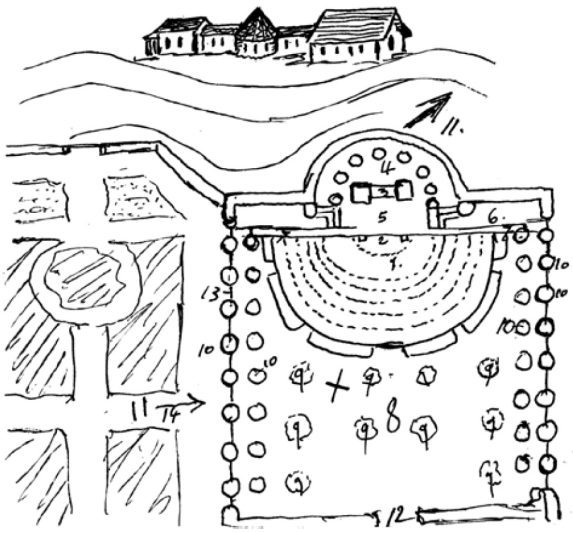
Dr[eam]. The husband of Mrs. Reichstein[1)] suddenly died. Consequently, she went mad. But I receive a letter from her from which it is clear to me that she has insight into the symbolism of her disturbance and that she is not really mad.

[1)] Presently pregnant. Was concerned how she would take the pregnancy. On 23 November she didn't come to the session, instead a mentally ill pregnant woman came to us with her nurse by mistake.[239] She really wanted to go to Dr. Brunner[240]—

On 30 XII Mrs. R. again didn't come.

20/21 XI 1926[241]

Dr[eam]. I see a ~~xx~~ view of a Swiss "church" drawn by me. Then a magnificent temple in a wonderful area:



1.) Recessed theater
2.) Door to crypt?
3.[)] Altar
4.[)] Apse
5.[)] Raised platform in front of the altar
6.[)] ~~From~~ Slightly recessed side entrance behind a wall (7.)
8.[)] Open carpeted room with orange, red and green painted Chinese lanterns (9.)
10.[)] Double row of columns of yellow marble
11.[)] Outlook from the mound to a gloriously blue sea
12.[)] Entrance. 13.[)] High windows
[122/123]

I play childish games with a few women (X). There are more than 100 people in lively, joyful mood there. From 14 → comes Aunt Sophie and Ernst Fiechter[1)].[242] Am disappointed and interrupt my play. Find it awkward that he sees my beautiful temple[2)] and envies it.

1.) Banal, compromise with the world. Small bourgeois horizon. Ernst Fiechter died in 1947. Aunt Sophie several years earlier at an advanced age.[243]
2). It is only in heaven. Reading of the spiritual books. Is it really so? Will the dream of childhood, beauty and wisdom become true somewhere?
~~xx~~

3/4 Dec. 1926.[244]

Dr[eam]. Snow has fallen.[1)·] I wander (around Stuttgart[2)]). Encounter enormous footsteps in the snow. The animal must have galloped, deep furrows in the snow ~~of~~ like a snow plough.

Rhinoceros[3)]? Hardly possible. Hippopotamus[4] from the zoo or menagerie? Larger than a hippo or than an elephant[5]. The animal must have been afraid.[6]

1.) This morning there was actually snow.
2. [)] Naturalist's cabinet.
3.) Africa.
4. [)] "
5. [)] Mammoth.
6. [)] Doesn't fit in the surroundings and not in the time. Is anything like that in me? E. Schlegel dreamt of an elephant and related it to me.[245] She was also in the dream, also Toni, very clear. A strange animal[246]—so must I appear to many. People have difficulty [123/124] understanding me. Mammoth = enormous power—Elephant tracks. See Tripitaka. Track of the Buddha.[247]

2/3 XII. 1926.[248]

Dr[eam]. Attempt to model a bust of a man[1.)] from melted cow fat[2.)], white. Have anxiety of not finishing on time[3.)], have to show it.

1.) Once made a small bust of a man, very dark but astonishingly good. Broken.
2.) Meyrink, Golem "A stone, that looked like fat.["][249] Ectoplasm.[250]
3.[)] My work. Will my lifetime be enough to present myself?

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9. 1. 1927.[251]

H. Sigg died.[252] Important dreams.

In June 1926 I dreamt: I am with Hermann Sigg in a car journey on Lake Geneva. We drive from Lausanne, direction Vevey.[253] But

Vevey is Luxor and we are on the Nile.[254] Arriving at the "place de la ville" [town square], H. S. says: "I must let something be repaired on the car. It will last about one hour. Meanwhile, you can go for a walk. We will then meet at the Eastern exit of the town (Direction: Montreux[255])." I have a stroll in the town and wait for H. S. after an hour at the appointed place. But he doesn't arrive. I take the main road again to see if he was waiting further in front. Suddenly a car stops behind me. It is H. S. He is angry. "but you can actually wait for me and do not need to run away from me.["]

As I considered the dream, it occurred to me that Luxor lies on the left bank of the Nile, and not like Vevy on the right of Lake Geneva (direction of the Rhone). On the right bank of the Nile lies the Necropolis.[256]

On 26 December I went with H. S. in the boat toward Bollingen. It was night when we arrived at the lake causeway. Since I wanted to unrig the mast, I gave him the rudder and warned him not to deviate from the course on the white light. Suddenly there was a bang. He had destroyed the propeller at a navigational mark. He went in the wrong direction. I was very surprised at this, since he knew the correct way. On the night of 29/30 XII [124/124a] I dreamt: a dark, sinister street in a poor part of a large town. I am alone. A man with a dog comes to meet me. The dog attacks and I draw my large knife, to protect myself. I take the dog by its head and notice that the skull bones move. I think "fracture" and have compassion for the animal. The man (unknown) comes closer swaying and murmurs something. I don't know, is he drunk or sick?

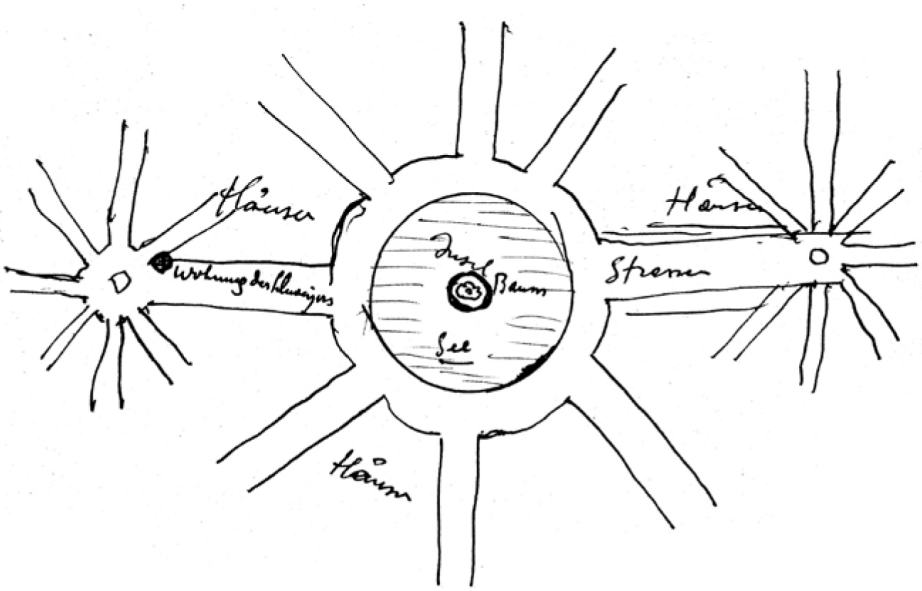
The day before H. S. went back home again. He was preoccupied and depressed. Otherwise I noticed nothing. The dream told me that something organic was wrong with him. I went straight to the house and examined him: aniscoria![257] Progressive paralysis. His wife was aware that he once had a syphilitic infection. He had carefully concealed this from me. I took him to Dr. Brunner.

~~2 I.~~

2 I 1927[258]

Dream: Two Ogres, one light, the other dark. The light one wants to attack me.

In the same night: I am with several young Swiss in Liverpool, down by the docks. It is a dark rainy night, with smoke and clouds. We walk up to the upper part of town, which lies on a plateau. We come to a small circular lake in a centrally located garden. In the middle of this there is an island. The men speak of a Swiss who lives here in such a sooty, dark dirty city. But I see that on the island stands a magnolia tree covered with red flowers illuminated by an eternal sun, and think, "Now I know why this Swiss fellow lives here. He apparently also knows why."[259] [124a/b] I see the city map:



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On 9 I 1927 H. Sigg died of a paralytic attack after a puncture of the spinal cord.

13. I. 1927.[261]

Funeral.[262] ~~I~~ A vivid feeling the night after, as if he waved to me, standing at the foot of my bed. I decided to follow him (in thought). He led me out of the house, into the garden, on the street and into

his house. There into his study, where there was a large bookcase behind the table. I had no idea what books he had there. He pointed to the first of three bound red volumes on the second highest shelf. Then the vision stopped. The next morning I went (in reality[)] immediately to his wife and asked her to take me to the study. I got up on a stool, there the three red books were and took the first down: the title was Zola: *The Legacy of the Dead*. (Contents irrelevant?)[263]

Around the following night I dreamt: I see H. S. healthy and happy, as if rejuvenated, smiling and he has a new suit. A few days later: H. S. and I are in Luxor, Tropical hotel.[264] I sit on a sofa at a small white marble table. He seats himself next to me and makes an angry accusation against me: Do you believe that I was dead? I am as living as you. A faint carrion smell is noticeable. He approaches me threateningly and I draw my knife which I brandish in front of his face, to stop him. See p. 174![265] [124b/125].

End of Jan. 1927. George Porter in Chicago X suicide.[266] Unfit for life.

Projected the anima in women.

23. V. 1927.[267]

Today an American patient Jerome Schloss suddenly died of heart paralysis (aneurysm?)

28. V. Funeral. Must give the funeral oration.[268]

31. V. Since then an atmosphere of much disturbance, like after Sigg's and Porter's death.

Dream: (30/31 V) Emma had an abdominal pain. [1)] I operate together with a surgeon[2)] We discover a spread carcinoma growth.[2693)] Inoperable and hopeless. I am terribly shocked. She must still suffer for a long time, until death comes.[4.)]

1.) In the last days I've thought about her death and mine. Generally vague anxiety.

2.) Walthard.[270] Gynecologist. Operated on Mrs. Sigg. Personally unknown. Emma dreamt tonight that she was operated on by me, and in another dream, that a corpse would be dissected, from which she had to vomit (in the dream).
3.) Probably from the pancreas—like my father.
4.) My suffering in recent times—essentially through the strengthening of the Unc. Have got Dyshydrosis on my hands, like my father.[271]

Why do you torture me? It undoubtedly comes from you. What do you know? Come and speak!

"I don't like speaking."

So that you can probably act better?

"Yes, I fill you with disgust."

So that I don't crush you?

"You harm yourself through this."

That shouldn't stop me. But I doubt whether this is the right way.

"Naturally it's the incorrect one." [125/126]

You are too quick to agree with me. But I suspect that you greatly exaggerate certain feelings in me and certainly in fact far beyond all probabilities, so that a suffering arises that I can no longer tolerate. You know that I absolutely refuse to take part in suffering beyond a certain reasonable limit. In all conscience I won't let myself be rushed. By the way, can you tell me just for once by what right you torment me? Speak up!

"Mysteries, my dear, mysteries!"

I want no mysteries. Please share with me what I must know.

"This I don't do."

You probably can't. It has probably also taken hold of you. You come to me too much in the human world. What is this abominably unfavorable dream?

"You wish the death of your wife, no?"

You gallows bird, stop your monkey chatter. If that were so, I could also say it. I have also said as much to myself. It is already thanks to you that I must say that to myself, so that I can see that you're behind this, snaring me in delusions. I don't want to start over, but I want to outgrow life. I no longer let myself get caught up in life. Turn yourself to the inner, to the dark, and watch the images of life, instead of coveting the world. What does my dream mean? [126/127] Is my marriage hopeless and inoperable? No, I don't think so. I know that there is nothing to be done, and what I always suffer from must be suffered, as one bears an incurable disease.[272]

2 II 1928[273]

Speak to me, soul, is there something that I should know?

S. Naturally there is something. Should I tell you? How can I? How should I know what you don't know?

I. I recognize this. Make no further ado.

S. I make no further ado, but you must ~~xx~~ make a detour—

I. Show me the detour.

S. Come and let yourself be led. I lead you to the abyss. Do you see the black depths and beyond there?

I. Beyond black rocks that plunge abruptly into the abyss, I see white buildings. Too far to see clearly.

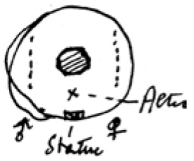
S. Look keenly, make an effort.

I. I see an elongated building, with a white cupola behind it. What is it?

S. Look further. [127/128]

I. I see a rushing river in the depths—boulders, a narrow path winds along. People wander there. A train of people in long, bright robes. An old man leads it. A funeral procession? I see no bier. They draw downstream, wending their way turning between blocks, on the right side of the river. What do they do? ~~To~~ From the left a small gorge opens, there I see an upward leading path. They go up there —zigzag—slowly rising—often stationary. Above, the path goes straight, curving around to the end of the gorge and leading to the white house. They go there. The elongated house has many

windows—an entrance on the narrow left side. There are men and women. The old one knocks on the door which is of dark brown wood with his stick—it opens. They step in. Inside there is a long white vaulted corridor with a red carpet. They all go barefoot. The passage has ends, something dark there. Smaller doors. A door to the left. A new, but narrow passage with a yellow floor, perpendicular to the left. Some high side doors. Below curved arches in the domed building. Circular portico, entirely of polished bluish marble. Floor of white marble. ~~I~~ An octagonal basin with blue water in the middle, directly below the opening of the dome. Water in wave motions for unknown reasons. [128/129] No images, no inscriptions—yet opposite below the colonnade, sitting, a life-size statue of a middle-aged man—ancient? Looks like a ~~xx~~ Roman. The train of people move in circles around the basin—singing—what do they sing? "Praise the water"? Do I hear right? "A mirror of heaven," they greet the water—bow before it. They kneel on the edge and drink water, directly with their mouths, like animals. No one touches it with their hands. Then they sit on the ground around the water basin and eat bread, passing it along to the right. The old man alone stands, leaning on a long staff. He stands in front of the statue, looking at it pensively with a propped chin—a silent dialogue—while the people silently eat in the greatest quiet. Now the old man waves with his staff. The women go to his left, the men to the right. All, with the exception of the old man, throw themselves on their knees facing the pool, their brows to the ground. Now the old man turns and goes to the water and touches it three times with the staff. Then he kneels down and lays his brow on the edge of the pool. At this moment a bell tolls, a large one it seems—all rise and press their hands together. The expression [129/130] on their faces is serious and sincere. (The robes are, as I can now see, antique. The men wear Gallic shorts and short Gallic mantles[)]. The people now gather together in groups in the colonnade, no word is spoken. The old man ~~xx~~ stands at the water, considering it as he previously considered the statue.



I see all of this only mentally, since I am ~~xx~~ beyond ~~in~~ the gorge at a great distance. What does this vision mean, my soul?

S. Do you recognize the old man?

I. Yes, it is Philemon.

S. The Roman is Antonius Pius, the Caesar.[274]

I. This is incredible. What should I make of this?

S. Undoubtedly a religious service.

I. But where? What country? What religion?

S. Your land, your religion, water instead of wine, bread instead of flesh, silence instead of speech.

I. But what of Caesar?

S. Look again.

I. The old man still standing at the water, sunk in deep contemplation of the sky blue of the water. Now he opens his arms and everyone gathers, standing in a circle around the pool. What happened? They hold each other by the shoulder. The space becomes dark [130/131] and the stars shine in the water. They sing "house of the water"—"primordial home of the stars." The water is calm like a ~~m~~ mirror and each sees his face in it. It will become light again, as if a dark cloud had moved away. There is a small altar in front of Caesar, wood lies on this, which the old man ~~xx~~ sets alight. He contemplates the flames. The people had gone back under the colonnades—it becomes dark again. One sees only the fire and the dazzlingly illumined form of the old man. Someone brings a silver pitcher with wine with which the old man extinguishes the fire—it becomes light again—someone brings a ~~ra~~ piece of raw flesh on a silver platter. The old man takes the platter and goes to the exit, everyone follows him. A few dogs wait outside, he throws the flesh to them. The old man waves to his people and suddenly disappears, only his rod remains and falls to the ground. One of the men takes it and leads the way to the deep valley. It is getting dark and the train

disappears in the darkness. One sees only the white buildings still lit red in the evening light.

I. What's with the fire—a sacrifice to Caesar? Have we fallen back into [131/132] antiquity?

S. Not at all—yet the meaning is dark—what does the Cult of Caesar mean by the way?[275] The wine was not an offering, but Philemon doused it with wine instead of water and gave the meat to the dogs. He didn't think of Caesar, but of the fire.

I. I don't understand.

S. I can't explain it, but I will wait and attend to whether something further happens.[276]

In spring 1932 Hans Schmid died following an accident. (see p. 206).[277]

26. Nov. 1932.[278]

I. I am worried. A dark dream torments me. I will first ask the *I Ching*. "Magic trick"? You say? No more ancient pranks. Did you stay behind?

S. "You left me.["]

I. How so? Why didn't you come along?

S. You went too quickly, without looking behind you.

I. You are right. I looked back too little. I hurried forward too breathlessly. Why didn't you call me?

S. I called you through destiny and dream.

I. So that was it. I understand. But why did I run forward too fast and far?

S. Destiny, necessity, ambition, desire. [132/133]

I. Yes, more looking back—that would be smarter.

S. That means "wiser." Why always forwards? What lies ahead? Something better? All future like all past. The look penetrates everywhere—the world of the past, the world of the future make the one, the object of the look, the mirror of Godhead.

I. I recognize that. But why did you speak threateningly in a dream?

S. So that you look back. Your desire grew in the meaningless, in lunacy. That's why I reflected madness to you. You are old enough to look back.

I. Should I look back in this threatening time?

S. All the more so, I say. The ancients always stand for that which was. That is very often what is better—time rolls too quickly. Everything is rushed. Stop. One must stop. Somewhere the present must be past. Only in such a way does the circle close.

I. You are strangely general.

S. Because you are imprisoned in all kinds of particularities. But the particular doesn't remain. It constantly changes. Thereby you forgot the general, which remains and endures through all times.

I. I am not satisfied. I hang somewhere.

S. Keep hanging. It sticks to you, it doesn't leave [133/134] you. It slows you, since you have looked back. Now ask the *I Ching*.

14. ䷍ Dâ yû. Possession in Great Measure.[279]

I. I want to rest and observe the fullness of the given.

27. Nov 1932.[280]

I. There is still unrest in me. Dark dreams! What do you want? What are you aiming at? Something is not found on which I should position myself. Speak to me!

S. I don't know what I should say. It seems to be difficult. I can't have everything.

I. But do you believe that it lies somewhere on your side, perhaps in the depths of your many dark worlds?

S. I'm hardly able to say. I want to wriggle out. ?

I. Why so? Don't you know that you should do nothing of the kind? Why this reluctance?

S. The attempt to be free—I know. I'm blessed in deception. You always want to free yourself from illusion and do you know what you

do as a result? You also want to free yourself. What for? For rigid non-being.

I. You mean "Being" consists only of deception? Do you want to lame me?

S. Far from it. I want to involve you in actuality.

I. But what if I'm unwilling?

S. That's it. You are unwilling. That's why you have [134/135] the feeling of being lamed. You lame yourself.

I. But whence this fatigue?

S. You are not in but outside.

I. Then you know what this "in" is.

S. I have an inkling.

I. So say it. What does my dream mean?

S. This strange man? Painted with colors of the dawn, wrapped in himself? Don't you recognize him? Is he not yourself?

I. How so? The general never satisfies.

S. Oh no. In all particulars you are—a protection seeker, one wrapped up, needing self-protection. One who does not waste himself. You don't want to know this.

I. It is too paradoxical.

S. Bear the paradox. Ancient truth. You can't avoid landing in the general, as much as you attempt to escape it—if the Self unfolds, the I shrinks.[281] A greater light begins to stream, therefore the ~~question of the d~~ colors of the dawn. He[282] is not it, you are not it, but the third, the greater. Pull yourself together. You must wane.

14/15 XII 1932[283] The Quest begins.[284]

21. Schi Ho.[285] Biting through.

I. Dream. I am ~~xx~~ together with Prof. Fierz.[286]

II. A farmer and his wife completely smeared with mud, naked, rolling in the field mindlessly drunk.

III. Joggi[287] snaps a great piece of ham from me that I had hung as if from a fishing line. I get it again, but a significant part has however fallen to the dog.

1. There is an undated typed insert at the beginning of *Book* 7 that appears to be remarks on a dream: "Remarks: / The felling of the tree (Nebuchadnezzar) has to do with the felling of the spruce in the Attis myth. / The giant is also Izdubar, who is actually the rising sun, hence a demi-God. I even had the idea that he is Christ as "novus sol," or Mithras, who also is a rising sun.—The sun personified by a man is the pope (vicar of Christ in the church). This is the big tree that develops. That would mean: my work consists of the felling of a powerful and acknowledged, shining man, who is seen everywhere (i.e., papacy or church)—and what does the church say to that? / What does the woman who interferes with me signify?—She seemed to me like the Vetula, the old. One can see how the church interferes: it sets harder conditions, it wants to slay me, and then I must be brought into an impossible situation in order for it to have a legitimate reason to proceed against me. And finally a secret assembly is convened. But it is already too late, because at the moment, when I enter through the rear door, it has already become known to the entire world, and the Americans weigh in, and the world's delegate appears in the consistory." On Izdubar, see January 8, 1914, *Book* 3, pp. 119ff. Jung commented on the dream of Nebuchadnezzar on several occasions ("The Transcendent Function," 1916, *CW* 8, § 163; "General Aspects of Dream Psychology," 1928, *CW* 8, § 484; "On the Nature of Dreams," 1945, *CW* 8, § 559). "Vetula" is Latin for "old woman."
2. In *Beyond Good and Evil*, Nietzsche writes: "With all the value which may adhere to truth, truthfulness and selflessness, it could be possible that appearance, the will to deception, self-interest and desire might have to be ascribed a higher and more fundamental value for all life" (trans. Richard Hollingdale, tr. mod. [Harmondsworth: Penguin, 1986]), § 2, p. 16.
3. From June 11 to October 2, Jung was on military service in Château d'Oex. In an association to a dream on the night of July 1, he noted apropos Toni Wolff and Maria Moltzer: "Pairs of opposites. Defended against the bad as against the good. T. W. appears to be a limit, since with M. and T. my soul is complete, fulfilled. T. is the second part of my soul—ugly beauty and beautiful ugliness. It must be concluded on the outside, because everything is fulfilled." He also referred to his "impersonal love" of both of them ("Dreams," p. 17). For Bowditch Katz's account of her meeting with Moltzer on July 30, see introduction, pp. 63ff.
4. Sunday.
5. Jung later recounted this episode as follows to Christiana Morgan: "I was writing in my book and suddenly saw a man standing watching over my shoulder. One of the gold dots from my book flew up and hit him in the eye. He asked me if I would take it out. I said no—not unless he told me who he was. He said he wouldn't. You see I knew that. If I had done what he asked then he would have sunk into the unconscious and I would have missed the

point of it, i.e.: why he had appeared from the unconscious at all. Finally he told me that he would tell me the meaning of certain hieroglyphs which I had had a few days earlier. This he did and I took the thing out of his eye and he vanished" (October 12, 1926, Analysis Notebooks, *CLM*). To Aniela Jaffé, he later recalled, "Once, at that time, I had the vision of a red clay tablet embedded in the wall of my bedroom, and on it were strange hieroglyphs that I copied as best as I could the next day with the feeling that there was something in it, that it is a message, but I did not know what" (*MP*, p. 172). This may also be connected to this episode.

In 1958, Jung recounted this episode as follows to Aniela Jaffé: "I had to think about my earliest mandala pictures. There were black magnetic iron seeds and gold seeds mixed together that had to be put into the vessel where they formed the central body, the self.—And then the story with my magician, who appeared when I painted these seeds, and then he screamed because they had got caught in his eye. That is, he received a projection from me and it caused him pain. That was something that I did not or could not accept, namely the figure of the magician, the shaman in myself. That is why this figure appeared to me. Only when I realize that *I* am the shaman, is he healed. He is, so to speak, a precursor of mine, and that is why the seed fell into the right place: in his eye, which means consciousness. It has to be removed from there. I spared myself the pain, so to speak, of seeing myself as a shaman; then I would have also been put at one with the animals, for example, with the lions, who prowl around me in a friendly way. The shaman has helpful animals, or—one could say: he comes on the level of the animal, but I could not understand this at that time, when the figure of the magician appeared to me" (*MP*, p. 334). The reference appears to be to the mandala sequence in *LN* (Images 80ff.), which features these gold seeds.

6. Referring to the "I."
7. For earlier encounters with scarabs, see December 12, 1913, *Book* 2, p. 169, and January 1, 1914, *Book* 3, p. 106.
8. That is, Philemon.
9. This appears to refer to one of the cones in Image 72 in *LN* (see appendix, p. 132). There is no precise date for this image, but the sequence indicates that it would have been painted around this time.
10. Jung inscribed these runes in a red tablet in Image 89 in the calligraphic volume of *Liber Novus*.
11. Jung inscribed these runes in a blue arc in Image 93 in the calligraphic volume of *LN*.
12. Jung inscribed these runes in a red tablet in Image 90 in the calligraphic volume of *LN*.
13. Jung inscribed these runes in a blue arc in Image 94 in the calligraphic volume of *Liber Novus*.

14. This scene was later elaborated in *Liber Novus* in Image 117, painted sometime in the summer of 1919, where the dragon (Atmavictu) reaches up to swallow a sun. The inscription to the image reads: "The dragon wants to eat the sun and the youth beseeches him not to. But he eats it nevertheless." Cf. also Image 119 (see appendix, pp. 143ff.).
15. This combines John 10:30 ("I and my Father are one") and John 14:6 ("I am the way, the truth, and the life: no man cometh unto the Father, but by me").
16. This entry and the following one could in a sense be considered further *Sermones* by Philemon. It was during this time that Jung composed the manuscript of *Scrutinies*. In the first version of the Sermones in the 1916 entries in *Books* 5 and 6, it is Jung's "I" that speaks to the dead. In the *Scrutinies* manuscript, the sermons are spoken by Philemon. This attribution seems to be linked to Philemon's role in these entries here.
17. Thursday. Jung saw no patients.
18. In his first sermon, the *Dhamma-Kakka-Ppavattana Sutta*, the Buddha articulated the middle way (or path), also known as the eightfold path: "There are two extremes, O Bhikkhus, which the man who has given up the world ought not to follow—the habitual practice, on the one hand, of those things whose attraction depends upon the passions, and especially of sensuality—a low and pagan way (of seeking satisfaction) unworthy, unprofitable, and fit only for the worldly-minded—and the habitual practice, on the other hand, of asceticism (or self-mortification), which is painful, unworthy, and unprofitable. / "There is a middle path, O Bhikkhus, avoiding these two extremes, discovered by the Tathâgata—a path which opens the eyes, and bestows understanding, which leads to peace of mind, to the higher wisdom, to full enlightenment, to Nirvâna! . . . it is this noble eightfold path, that is to say: 'Right views; Right aspirations; Right speech; Right conduct; Right livelihood; Right effort; Right mindfulness; and Right contemplation' " (*Buddhist Suttas*, Müller, *Sacred Books of the East*, vol. 11, trans. T. W. Rhys Davids, 1881, p. 147). In *LN*, in the "Incantations," Izdubar, the "God in the egg," is referred to as the "light of the middle way" (*LN*, p. 300). In *Psychological Types*, Jung noted that "the religions of India and China, and particularly Buddhism which combines the spheres of both, possess the idea of a redemptive middle way of magical efficacy which is attainable by means of a conscious attitude." He termed this "redemptive principle from the problem of opposites" the "uniting symbol" and commented on its articulation in Hinduism and Taoism (*CW* 6, §§ 326ff.).
19. Cf. Luke 6:20: "Blessed *be ye* poor: for yours is the kingdom of God."
20. An inversion of Matthew 5:43–45: "You have heard that it was said, 'You shall love your neighbor and hate your enemy.' But I say to you, love your enemies, bless those who curse you, do good to those who hate you, and pray for those who spitefully use you and persecute you, that you may be sons of your Father in heaven."

21. Cf. Matthew 6:24: "No man can serve two masters: for either he will hate the one, and love the other; or else he will hold to the one, and despise the other."
22. In the German, this phrase directly cites Matthew 6:26 in Luther's translation ("Sehet die Vögel unter dem Himmel an: . . ."). The KJV has "Behold the fowls of the air: for they sow not, neither do they reap, nor gather into barns; yet your heavenly Father feedeth them." For Philemon, the birds fend for themselves.
23. In *Thus Spoke Zarathustra*, Zarathustra advocates surpassing the human to become the "Overman."
24. Cf. Matthew 6:34: "Take therefore no thought for the morrow: for the morrow shall take thought for the things of itself."
25. This cites Matthew 7:5: "Thou hypocrite, first cast out the beam out of thine own eye; and then shalt thou see clearly to cast out the mote out of thy brother's eye."
26. Cf. Matthew 7:6: "Give not that which is holy unto the dogs, neither cast ye your pearls before swine, lest they trample them under their feet, and turn again and rend you."
27. Cf. Matthew 7:7: "Ask, and it shall be given you; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you."
28. Cf. Matthew 7:14: "Because strait is the gate, and narrow is the way, which leadeth unto life, and few there be that find it."
29. Cf. Matthew 7:16: "Ye shall know them by their fruits."
30. Cf. Luke 17:21: "the kingdom of God is within you."
31. A similar gesture accompanies Philemon's commentary on the *Sermones* in *Scrutinies*, added in the autumn of 1917. This sentence explains the gesture's meaning (*LN*: Sermon 1, p. 515; Sermon 2, p. 520; Sermon 3, p. 523; Sermon 4, p. 528; Sermon 6, p. 535).
32. On June 6, 1916 (*Book* 6, p. 245), Philemon had addressed Christ as his master; here he addresses him as his brother.
33. Thursday. Jung saw one patient.
34. Monday. Jung saw four patients.
35. Cf. Nietzsche, *Thus Spoke Zarathustra*, part 1, "On Love of the Neighbour," p. 86. For Jung's commentary on this, see *ZS*, November 13, 1935, pp. 685ff.
36. In *Memories*, Jung recalled: "Later, Philemon became relativized by yet another figure, whom I called Ka. In ancient Egypt the 'King's Ka' was his earthly form, the embodied soul. In my fantasy the ka-soul came from below, out of the earth as out of a deep shaft. I did a painting of him, showing him in his earth-bound form, as a herm with base of stone and upper part of bronze. High up in the painting appears a kingfisher's wing, and between it and the head of Ka floats a round, glowing nebula of stars. Ka's expression has something demonic about it—one might also say Mephistophelian. In one hand he holds something like a colored pagoda, or a reliquary, and in the

other a stylus with which he is working on the reliquary. He is saying, 'I am he who buries the Gods in gold and gems.' Philemon has a lame foot, but was a winged spirit, whereas Ka represented a kind of earth demon or metal demon. Philemon was the spiritual aspect, 'the meaning,' Ka, on the other hand was a spirit of nature like the Anthroparion of Greek alchemy—with which at that time I was still unfamiliar. Ka was he who made everything real, but who also obscured the kingfisher spirit, the meaning, or replaced it by beauty, the 'eternal reflection.' In time I was able to integrate both figures through the study of alchemy" (pp. 209–10).

Wallis Budge notes: "The ka was an abstract individuality or personality which possessed the form and attributes of the man to whom it belonged, and, though its normal dwelling place was in the tomb with the body, it could wander at will; it was independent of the man and could go and dwell in any statue of him" (*Egyptian Book of the Dead*, p. lxv). In 1928, Jung commented: "At a rather higher stage of development, where the idea of the soul already exists, not all the images continue to be projected . . . but one or the other complex has come near enough to consciousness to be felt as no longer strange, but as somehow belonging. Nevertheless, the feeling that it belongs is not at first sufficiently strong for the complex to be sensed as a subjective content of consciousness. It remains in a sort of no-man's-land between consciousness and the unconscious, in the half-shadow, in part belonging or akin to the conscious subject, in part an autonomous being, and meeting consciousness as such. At all events it is not necessarily obedient to the subject's intentions, it may even be of a higher order, more often than not a source of inspiration or warning, or of supernatural information. Psychologically such a content could be explained as a partly autonomous complex that is not yet fully integrated. The primitive souls, the Egyptian Ba and Ka, are complexes of this kind" (*The Relations Between the I and the Unconscious*, *CW* 7, § 295). In 1955–56, Jung described the Anthroparion in alchemy as "a type of goblin, that as [devoted spirit], spiritus familiaris, stands by the adept in his work and helps the physician to heal" (*Mysterium Coniunctionis*, *CW* 14, § 304). The Anthroparion was seen to represent the alchemical metals ("On the Psychology of the Child Archetype," *CW* 9, pt. 1, § 268) and appeared in the visions of Zosimos (*CW* 13, §§ 60–62). The painting of Ka that Jung refers to has not come to light.

On October 15, 1920, he discussed a painting with Constance Long, who was in analysis with him. The painting appears to be cat. 54 in *The Art of C.G. Jung* (p. 126). Her notes shed light on Jung's understanding of the relation of Philemon and Ka: "The 2 figures on either side are personifications of dominants 'fathers.' The one is the creative father, Ka, the other, Philemon that one who gives form and law (the formative instinct) Ka would equal Dionysus & P = Apollo. Philemon gives formulation to the things within elements of the collective unc. . . . Philemon gives the idea (maybe of

a god) but it remains floating, distant & indistinct because all the things he invents are winged. But Ka gives substance & is called the one who buries the gods in gold & marble. He has a tendency to misprision them in matter, & so they are in danger of losing their spiritual meaning, & becoming buried in stone. So the temple may be the grave of God, as the church has become the grave of Xt. The more the church develops, the more Xt dies. Ka must not be allowed to produce too much—you must not depend on substantiation; but if too little substance is produced the creature floats. The transcendent function is the whole. Not this picture, nor my rationalization of it, but the new and vivifying creative spirit that is the result of the intercourse between the consc. intelligence and the creative side. Ka is sensation, P is intuition, he is too supra-human (he is Zarathustra, extravagantly superior in what he says & cold. [CGJ has not printed the questions he addressed to P nor his answers.] . . . Ka & Philemon are bigger than the man, they are supra-human (Disintegrated into them one is in the Col. Unc.) . . . Philemon is the inverse of Xt. Ka is the brother of the devil, is the antichrist—the Red Pope. Lenin." The "Red Pope" may refer to the Prefect of the Congregatio de Propaganda Fide.) (Diary, *CLM*, pp. 32–36).

37. See above, October 7, 1917, p. 148.
38. That is, Philemon.
39. In layer 2 of chapter 21 in *Liber Secundus* in *LN*, Philemon was described as the lover of his own soul (p. 407).
40. That is, Christ.
41. Cf. Mark 4:21–22: "And he said unto them, Is a candle brought to be put under a bushel, or under a bed? and not to be set on a candlestick? For there is nothing hid, which shall not be manifested; neither was any thing kept secret, but that it should come abroad."
42. Cf. Isaiah 63:2–3: "Wherefore *art thou* red in thine apparel, and thy garments like him that treadeth in the winefat? I have trodden the winepress alone; and of the people *there was* none with me: for I will tread them in mine anger, and trample them in my fury; and their blood shall be sprinkled upon my garments, and I will stain all my raiment." Jung had reproduced these lines in *Liber Secundus*, chapter 16, "Nox tertia" (*LN*, p. 355).
43. In *Liber Secundus* chapter 21, "The Magician," Jung wrote "*But what mystery are you intimating* to me with your name, Oh ΦΙΛΗΜΩΝ? Truly you are the lover who once took in the Gods" (*LN*, p. 407).
44. That is, Ka.
45. That is, Jung's "I."
46. Salome, Jung's soul.
47. The son of the frogs, Abraxas. In layer two of "The Magician" {6}, *Liber Secundus*, chapter 21, Jung wrote: "I recognize you, ΦΙΛΗΜΩΝ, you most cunning of all fraudsters! You have deceived me. You impregnated my maidenly soul with the terrible worm" (*LN*, p. 449).

48. In *Scrutinies* {1}, following the ascent of the son of the frogs to heaven, Jung wrote: "You must know that neither a God of love nor a loving God has yet arisen, but instead a worm of fire crawled up, a magnificent frightful entity that lets fire rain on the earth, producing lamentations" (*LN*, p. 463).
49. Cf. John 18:36: "My kingdom is not of this world."
50. Tuesday. Jung saw five patients.
51. Tuesday. Jung saw five patients. On November 10, Julius Vodoz gave a presentation to the Association for Analytical Psychology on Victor Hugo's *Marriage of Roland*. In the discusssion, Jung commented, "Prof. Vodoz said that the poem was a confrontation with the unconscious—a poem is never a confrontation with it—it is only a formation of the unconscious. A confrontation would be to describe the contents of the unconscious, which enter consciousness through dreams, fantasies etc. and to examine its meaning afterwards as if it was a counterpart." To this Erika Schlegel asked, "Can't a poem be the result of a confrontation?" Jung replied, "It can be, but not eo ipso. E.g., in *Faust*, there is a lot of confrontation, but the second part is still so symbolic that it is not yet a confrontation. Of course, the formation is already a huge task and a part of life. But if the solution is still so symbolic that there is no clarification but only a symbolic representation, it is no confrontation from the analytical point of view. *Faust* II does not deliver such an absolute solution that the problem would be solved. It is similar in the case of *Zarathustra*. It contains alot, but an essential piece is missing: that Nietzsche himself had proved *Zarathustra* through his ability to live" (*MAP*, pp. 23–24).
52. Cf. *Kena Upanishad*, 1, "By whom impelled, by whom compelled, / does the mind soar forth? / By whom enjoined does the breath, / march on as the first? By whom is this speech impelled, / with which people speak? / And who is the god that joins / the sight and hearing? / That which is the hearing behind hearing, / the thinking behind speech. / the sight behind sight— / It is also the breathing behind breathing— / freed completely from these, / the wise become immortal, / when they depart from the world" (trans. Patrick Olivelle [Oxford: Oxford University Press, 1996], p. 227).
53. Cf. *Katha Upanishad*, 2, 20: " 'The Self, smaller than small, greater than great, is hidden in the heart of that creature. A man who is free from desires and free from grief, sees the majesty of the Self by the grace of the Creator" (Müller, *Sacred Books of the East*, vol. 15, p. 11). Jung cited this in *Psychological Types* (§ 329), with his own German translation of Müller's translation, also citing Paul Deussen's translation in a note.
54. In numerous places throughout the gospels, Christ refers to himself as the Son of Man.
55. Cf. William Blake, *Auguries of Innocence*, "To see a World in a Grain of Sand / And a Heaven in a Wild Flower, / Hold Infinity in the palm of your hand / And Eternity in an hour."

56. Cf. Matthew 3:17: "And lo a voice from heaven, saying, This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased."
57. Sunday. On January 27, Jung met with Moltzer. On February 2, Alphonse Maeder gave a presentation at the Association for Analytical Psychology. Judging from the discussion that followed, his talk overlapped with a presentation he gave in Geneva in the autumn that dealt with the parallels between Dante's *Commedia* and the "intimate experience of psychoanalysis." See Maeder, *Guérison et evolution dans la vie de l'âme. La psychanalyse, son importance dans la vie contemporaine* (Zürich: Rascher, 1918), pp. 22–38. In the discussion, Maria Moltzer stated: "Does one do justice to the conflicts of our time, if one bestows upon them images of former times? Maeder does justice to spiritual development—but not to emotional development. One cannot bypass hell, instead one must experience a part of it and accept God in the depths and the fight with the evil." Jung then followed with a lengthy intervention: "The parallel with Dante is very good as an educational introduction to analysis: The Inferno and Purgatorio are the place below—the repressed unconscious. Once purified through knowledge one is freed from the compulsive conditions of the ucs. = the ascent to the mountain of salvation, = the union with the soul = the liberated individual can accept his essence (his soul). / But for us, does the soul correspond to Dante's Beatrice? Through the incorporation of the hitherto repressed components, the individuated man becomes different from his former person (which had been a compromise formation between the environment and his own, and a possibility for a good adaptation with repression). But together with the repressed elements collective elements emerge from the ucs. as well. When the union with the soul arises, man is also united with the unconsciously mirrored cosmos. Hence he becomes godlike and not concrete. The individual aspect is felt, but man is not differentiated from the world, in mystical participation with it. / At first the soul is a collective content—the figure that comprises the collective psyche into one. Since in the medieval understanding the collective psyche (God) is beautiful, it is the soul at first. But we see from that, that God is a duality. Luther speaks from the deus manifestus and the deus absconditus, who is entirely different from the other. God is a daimon in the collective psyche, beyond good and evil. / The manifestation of the collective psyche confronts us in the form of the concept of the soul, which is daimonic for the primitives. Only in the Christian understanding does it becomes beautiful (because God imputes the attributes of the summum bonum). When we discover the image of the soul in analysis, it might have sublime features—or its opposite. (In Spitteler's *Prometheus* the soul is a sublime woman—and a tiger at the same time, and Pr.'s connection with his soul is not a state of paradise, but of torture.) This is where the parallel with Dante can cause misunderstandings. The initial union of the individual with the collective psyche is a sublime moment—but also a

torture and danger as the psychological reality is equally real as the outer world—even more so for the primitive. The collective psyche is a real power as is the external world. The coll. ucs. appears to us at first as projected on to the external world. Thus the identity with the coll. ucs. is an identity with the surrounding world. The relatedness is a pantheistic feeling (a mystical feeling). But for contemporary man the loss of the I is so vast, that he cannot bear it. (The Indian solution of Tat-Tvam-Asi [*Chandogya Upanishad*, 6.8.7: "That you are"], expressing the identity of the self and ultimate reality is no solution for us.) The sensation of a universal connectivity is a paralysis and asks for contestation. Otherwise we are in Heimarmene. Already the meaning of the ancient mysteries intended to free oneself from it.— This is why the usage of a new function is necessary. The problem is: in relation to the world the restoration of the persona appears (the former compromise formation) but—in front of itself— differentiated from it. In relation to the coll. ucs. there must also be a differentiating and connection function— the ucs.— persona: the soul. / The question of the Christian view in practical analysis: for the 1. part of analysis the psychology of the Christian view is useful. At later stages we encounter the problem of a onesided definition of the concept of God." Heimarmene is the Stoic concept of fate. In 1944, Jung described this as "the dependence of character and destiny on certain moments in time" (*Psychology and Alchemy*, *CW* 12, § 40).

58. On the Buddha, see December 22, *Book* 2, p. 186.
59. As noted above, in his "parable of the madman," Nietzsche writes, "What are these churches now, if they are not the tombs and sepulchres of God?" (*The Gay Science*, § 125, trans. Walter Kaufmann, p. 182).
60. In Plato's *Apology*, Socrates narrates how Chaerephon asked the Delphic oracle once if there was anyone wiser than Socrates. The oracle answered: no one. Pondering what this riddle meant, Socrates states that he had no wisdom but that in contrast to others, he didn't know; nor did he think he knew (Plato, "The Apology of Socrates," in *The Last Days of Socrates* [London: Penguin, 2010], 21a, p. 36).
61. That is, Phanes.
62. Monday. Jung saw five patients. He noted the following in his appointment book: "motif for stone ring, etc." He also noted, in "Dreams": "11.II.18 Last night: Bricked up façade of a castle. Behind it, a ditch—a water ditch? Everything on a river island. Then comes a castle building (on the second island) and behind it, a third island with ruins that are completely bricked up with cement and white chalk. Even the floor is covered all over with cement, preventing anything from growing. / This is the castle where the story of the "Baptist" (1.) took place, which was written by the resident of the castle, who was an artist and a scholar at the same time and who is also identical with the "Baptist": The Baptist is married and loves another woman (who was also married?). She totally succumbed to him. But he secretly spattered her from

behind with venom from a complicated glass apparatus, which transformed the lower half of her body into stone. As a result of this she perished in agony. As did he and his child and I see the horribly decayed corpses of the child and him lying next to each other. Before his death, he felt an immense guilt and roared like a wounded animal for days, before he perished. I heard the roaring, it was terrible, nerve-wracking. I woke up in fear. / 1.) Anabaptist. *Red Book*. 'You have not lived your animal.' / poisoner in the *Red Book*, who kills wife and child to protect them from the suffering of the world, ill. Bronchitis" (pp. 21–22). For the references to Jung's associations, see *Book* 4, pp. 208, 245.

63. Jung discussed the relation of Buddha and Christ in his *Commentaries* on *LN*, p. 570. In 1944 he noted that he chose the term because this concept was "on the one hand definite enough to convey the sum of human wholeness and on the other hand indefinite enough to express the indescribable and indeterminate nature of this wholeness . . . in scientific usage the 'self' refers neither to Christ nor to the Buddha but to the totality of the figures that are its equivalent, and each of these figures is *a symbol of the self*" (*Psychology and Alchemy, CW* 12, § 20).
64. Cf. the phrase attributed to the end of Luther's speech at the Diet of Worms (generally regarded now as a later interpolation): "Here I stand; I can do no other. God help me."
65. Cf. Jung's later discussion of the quaternio structure of the Self in *Aion*, *CW* 9, pt. 2, chapter 14, §§ 347ff.
66. This entry forms the basis of Image 121, painted in November 1919 in *LN*. Jung added the following legend: "This stone, set so beautifully, is certainly the Lapis Philosophorum. It is harder than diamond. But it expands into space through four distinct qualities, namely breadth, height, depth, and time. It is hence invisible and you can pass through it without noticing it. The four streams of Aquarius flow from the stone. This is the incorruptible seed that lies between the father and the mother and prevents the heads of both cones from touching; it is the monad which countervails the Pleroma" (see appendix, p. 147).
67. Thursday. On this day, Jung noted the following in "Dreams": "14.II.18. Dream I discover that strange people are in my boat house. I enter threatening armed with a paddle. A tall fellow, dressed like a mechanic [?], talks to me. Later I hear from Toni that he intends to shoot me, he had been there for reasons of espionage. He wants to kill me for metaphysical reasons, similar to Judas, for the truth to be fulfilled (?). I think that I need to accept the unavoidable" (pp. 22–23). The next day, Jung wrote to Alphonse Maeder asking him to chair the session on Saturday—as he was ill with bronchitis (Maeder papers).
68. In "From the earliest experiences of my Life," Jung recalled disillusionment with the church in his youth following his communion: "Why that is not

religion at all. . . . It is an absence of God; the church is a place one should not go to. It is not life which is there, but death" (*JA*, p. 39). He took up the theme of what he saw as the irreconcilable conflict between the living religious spirit and the institution of the Church in his discussion of the history of Christianity in his seminars at Polzeath, where he predicted the same fate for analytical psychology (*Seminar—July 1923 by Dr. C.G. Jung Held at Polzeath, Cornwall*. Notes of Esther Harding, Kristine Mann Library, New York, p. 20).

69. The motifs of a castle, a grave, and a woman with a body half turned into stone by poison feature in Jung's dream of February 11, 1918—see above, p. 172, n. 62.
70. Sunday.
71. It is not clear which specific dream Jung is referring to here. The two dreams he noted in "Dreams" since the last entry are the following: "20.II.18. / Have been ill for a week. Pertussis [Whooping cough]. / For some nights dream of 2 opposites, 2 balls? Spheres? which are based on principles undoubtedly running toward each other. The opposite is so dangerous, as if someone standing between a high-voltage line and the ground, about to touch the line. Each time I awake completely disorientated mostly with a cough. At times I am this one, other times the other opposite. It also appears as an unspecified woman, who could be killed by the counter process. These opposites are quite impossible. / I am in India. Taking part in a solemn ceremony: 2 widows, instead of being burnt their right hands are cut off. Everything is horribly real and cruel. It is told that the old tradition of suttee is mitigated to the cutting of hands. My mother in law stands close by and says that burning was a comfort to many. The second widow, dressed completely in white, listens attentively as if to say that she is not in agreement at all. She resists. I say that there have been those, who wanted to die with their husband. The hangman twists her arm painfully to the back and cuts her hand skilfully from the joint. The hand falls muffled to the ground. 21.11.18 / In Egypt, a hotel, it is burning next to it. The fire will take over to the hotel. I leave. I meet a white cow with sharp horns on the street that does not know what it wants. Kind of dangerous. I take it by the horns and as it is a woman, I convince her that she can give the horns to me. I take the horns from her and carry them. Then the cow is a beheaded woman, who is alive and speaks. She stands on the stump of her neck, the legs in the air and I stand before her and scent her. I tell her that it is burning at the hotel. All her clothes and jewellery are there as well as 1 million of assets. I recommend saving all of that" (pp. 23–25).
72. Philemon.
73. Exodus 20:4: "Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image, or any likeness of any thing that is in heaven above, or that is in the earth beneath, or that is in the water under the earth."

74. Cf. Image 105 (painted sometime later in 1918–19) in *LN*, in which the figure at the top appears to correspond to Philemon, and the one at the bottom to Ka (see appendix, p. 135). In Jung's gloss to this image in "Concerning Mandala Symbolism" (1952), he described these figures as follows: "at the top, an old man in the attitude of contemplation; at the bottom, Loki or Hephaestus with red, flaming hair, holding in his hands a temple. To the right and left are a light and dark female figure. Together they indicate four aspects of the personality, or four archetypal figures belonging, as it were, to the periphery of the self. The two female figures can be recognized without difficulty as the two aspects of the anima. The old man corresponds to the archetype of meaning, or of the spirit, and the dark chthonic figure to the opposite of the Wise Old Man, namely the magical (and sometimes destructive) Luciferian element" (*CW* 9, pt. 1, § 682). Jung made a sculpture of Ka, carrying his colored pagoda (cat. 49 in *The Art of C.G. Jung*, p. 119. See appendix, p. 148).
75. Friday. Jung saw two patients.
76. Jung devoted a chapter of *Psychological Types* to a discussion of what he called "the relativity of the God concept in Meister Eckhart," which he described in the following way: "Under the 'relativity of God' I understand the view according to which God is not 'absolute,' i.e., wholly 'cut off' from the human subject and existing outside and beyond all human conditions, but in a certain sense dependent on him; and that there is a reciprocal and essential relation between man and God, whereby one can understand on the one hand man as a function of God, and on the other hand God as a function of man" (*CW* 6, § 412). He also cited the following lines from the *Cherubinic Wanderer* of Angelus Silesius, the pen name of Johann Scheffler (1624–1677): "I am not outside God and God is not outside of me" (*CW* 6, § 432). For Jung's annotations in his copy, see my *C.G. Jung: A Biography in Books*, p. 139. In a lecture at the Swiss Federal Institute for Technology, Jung discussed Eckhart's sermon, "Letting go of things" from his *Counsels of Discernment*, and commented: "This is indeed a fair exchange and an honest deal: By as much as you go out in forsaking all things, by so much, neither less not more, does God go in, with all that is his, as you entirely forsake everything that is yours. Undertake this, and let it cost you everything you can afford. There you will find true peace, and nowhere else" (ed. Martin Liebscher, forthcoming from Princeton University Press in the Philemon Series).
77. There are many statements in the Bible concerning the omniscience of God —for example, Psalms 147:4–5: "He telleth the number of the stars; he calleth them all by their names. / Great is our Lord, and of great power: his understanding is infinite."
78. Eduard von Hartmann had criticized the dogma of the "conscious God": given his [von Hartmann's] conception of the unconscious, to regard God as

conscious would constitute a limitation (*Philosophy of the Unconscious*, trans. W. Coupland [London: R. Paul, Trench & Trubner, 1900/1931], Book 2, p. 247). The theme of God's unconsciousness featured prominently in Jung's *Answer to Job* (*CW* 11).

79. Possibly an implicit reference to the Mass. Cf. Jung, "Transformation Symbolism in the Mass," 1942, *CW*11.
80. In 1921 Jung cited the following lines from the *Cherubinic Wanderer* of Angelus Silesius: "I am God's child and son, he again is my child" (*CW* 6, § 432).
81. From a passage written in the autumn of 1917 in the manuscript of *Scrutinies*: "I must free my self from the God, since the God I experienced is more than love; he is also hate, he is more than beauty, he is also the abomination, he is more than wisdom, he is also meaninglessness, he is more than power, he is also powerlessness, he is more than omnipresence, he is also my creature" (*LN*, pp. 482–83). In his presentation in October 1916 at the Psychological Club on "Individuation and Collectivity," Jung stated: "The individual must now consolidate himself by cutting himself off from the divine and becoming wholly himself. Thereby and at the same time he also separates himself from society. Outwardly he plunges into solitude, and inwardly into hell, distance from God" (*CW* 18, § 1103).
82. This statement represents a further differentiation of the figure of Abraxas (see January 16, 1916, *Book* 6, pp. 274ff.).
83. In 1921 Jung cited the following lines from Silesius's *Cherubinic Wanderer*: "I know that without me God cannot live for a moment; / Were I to die, he must from necessity give up the ghost" (*CW* 6, § 432).
84. A reference to the Egyptian myth of Isis and Osiris. As noted above, Osiris is murdered and chopped to pieces by his brother Seth. Isis recovers all the pieces except the phallus and puts them together.
85. In Greek mythology, in fear of a prophecy that he will be overthrown by his children, Cronos swallows them at birth—all but Zeus, whom Rhea saves by giving Cronos a stone wrapped in his swaddling clothes to swallow. When he is grown, Zeus forces Cronus to regurgitate the five children he swallowed.
86. Cf. John 3:16: "For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life."
87. That is, Christ.
88. The reference here appears to be to the apocryphal gospel of the Egyptians, which Jung also referred to in *Liber Primus*, "Instruction" (*LN*, p. 193): "Salome asked correctly when the Logos spoke of the end, 'How long shall death prevail?' . . . Wherefore the Lord very aptly answered, 'As long as women bear children' " (*The Apocryphal New Testament*, ed. J. K. Elliot [Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1999], 4, p. 18).

89. In "Late Thoughts" in *Memories*, Jung wrote: "That is the meaning of divine service, of the service which man can render to God, that light may emerge from the darkness, that the Creator may become conscious of his creation, and man conscious of himself. / That is the goal, or one goal, which fits man meaningfully into the scheme of creation, and at the same time confers meaning upon it. It is an explanatory myth which has slowly taken shape within me in the course of the decades" (pp. 370–71).
90. In Greek mythology, the Danaids are the fifty daughters of Danaus. He orders them to kill their husbands, the sons of Danaus's twin brother, Aegyptus, on their wedding night. All do except one. As punishment, they are condemned to fill an ever-leaking barrel in Tartarus.
91. Presumably the Buddha.
92. In "Late Thoughts," Jung argued that present-day conflicts in the world were a consequence of the playing out of, and the attempt to resolve, this inner division in the deity (*Memories*, pp. 361ff.).
93. The Buddha and Christ.
94. Saturday. Jung saw four patients.
95. Good Friday.
96. Sunday. Jung's appointment book has "~~Obersee~~ Pertussis recidiv," suggesting that he had intended to go sailing on Upper Lake Zürich but had a return of whooping cough.
97. Monday.
98. In *The Gay Science*, Nietzsche writes: "*New Struggles.*—After Buddha was dead, his shadow was still shown for centuries in a cave—a tremendous, gruesome shadow. God is dead; but given the way of men, there will still be caves for thousands of years in which his shadow will be shown.—And we—we still have to vanquish his shadow, too" (trans. Walter Kaufmann, § 108, p. 167).
99. In 1921 Jung defined the self as follows: "Inasmuch as the I is only the centre of my field of consciousness, it is not identical with the totality of my psyche, being merely a complex among other complexes. Hence I discriminate between the *I* and the *self*, since the I is only the subject of my consciousness, while the self is the subject of my totality: hence it also includes the unconscious psyche. In this sense the self would be an (ideal) greatness which embraces and includes the I. In unconscious fantasy the self often appears as the super-ordinated or ideal personality, as Faust is in relation to Goethe and Zarathustra to Nietzsche" (*Psychological Types*, *CW* 6, § 706).
100. Monday. Jung saw six patients.
101. Cf. Genesis 2:10: "And a river went out of Eden to water the garden; and from thence it was parted, and became into four heads." The four rivers are the Pishon, Gihon, Tigris, and Euphrates. On the four streams, see also Image 121 of November 1919 in *LN* (appendix, p. 147).

102. See appendix, p. 151.
103. Wednesday. On June 8 and 21, Jung gave presentations to the Association for Analytical Psychology on "The Type Problem in Schiller," evidently materials that went to form the second chapter of *Psychological Types*. These presentations were discussed at the next meeting.
104. Wednesday.
105. That is, John the Baptist.
106. The figure described here resembles classical depictions of the Goddess Kali. In a commentary in layer two of the *Corrected Draft*, Jung noted, "Kali, however, is Salome and Salome is my soul" (p. 109).
107. In Greek mythology, Circe is a Goddess of magic who lives on the island of Aiaia. In *The Odyssey*, when Odysseus lands on her island she transforms his men into animals. However, Odysseus manages to overcome them with the aid of Hermes.
108. The magical rod. See *Book* 4, p. 222.
109. On Simon Magus and the identification of Philemon as Magus, see June 1, 1916, *Book* 6, p. 245.
110. Latin for "garden of delights." It was also the title of a twelfth-century illuminated manuscript, illustrations from which Jung reproduced in 1944 (figs. 28, 53, *Psychology and Alchemy*, *CW* 12). One of the most famous representations is the painting by Hieronymus Bosch, in the Prado in Madrid.
111. Wednesday.
112. In the autumn of 1917, Jung wrote the following in the manuscript of *Scrutinies*: "ΦΙΛΗΜΩΝ had intoxicated me and given me a language that was foreign to me and of a different sensitivity. All of this faded when the God arose and only ΦΙΛΗΜΩΝ kept that language. But I felt that he went on other ways than I did. Probably the greater part of what I have written in the earlier part of this book was given to me by ΦΙΛΗΜΩΝ" (*LN*, p. 483).
113. In Greek mythology, the robe of the centaur Nessus. Hercules kills Nessus for attempting to rape his wife, Deianira. Dying, Nessus dips the robe in his blood and gives it to Deianira. When Hercules threatens to abandon her, she gives it to him, and this leads to his death.
114. In 1903, Jung approvingly cited the French psychologist Alfred Binet's conception of suggestion. Binet had stated: "It should be carefully noted that if the personality of 'Adrienne' could be created, it was because the suggestion encountered a psychological possibility" (*On the Psychology and Pathology of So-Called Occult Phenomena*, *CW* 1, § 93). The conception of the limits of the reach of suggestion played a critical role for Jung. On this question, see my " 'The Magical Method That Works in the Dark': C.G. Jung, Hypnosis, and Suggestion," *Journal of Jungian Theory and Practice* 3 (2001): 5–18.
115. In *Memories*, Jung claimed that Freud had been fascinated by, but had failed to grasp the spiritual and numinous meaning of, sexuality: "Sexuality is

of the greatest importance as the expression of the chthonic spirit. That spirit is the 'other face of God,' the dark side of the God-image" (*Memories*, p. 192).

116. On December 22, Salome had identified herself as the sister to Jung's "I" (*Book* 2, p. 189). On January 29, 1914, Jung's "I" had addressed his soul as "sister" (*Book* 4, p. 259). By inference, this would make Salome also the sister of the soul.
117. The Irish philosopher George Berkeley (1685–1753) famously maintained that "*esse est percipi (aut percipere)*" (to be is to be perceived [or to perceive]). See his *Treatise Concerning the Principles of Human Knowledge*, in *Philosophical Works, Including the Works on Vision*, ed. Michael R. Ayers (London: J. M. Dent, 1975). In his lecture of October 27, 1933, at the ETH, Jung spoke as follows concerning Berkeley: "[He] is the first English empirical psychologist. As an empiricist, he made sensations his starting point, like Christian Wolff. When one neither sees, hears, nor feels anything, one assumes that there is nothing in the mind either, true to the Latin saying: *Nihil est in intellectu, quod non antea fuerit in sensu*. Berkeley realized, however, that sensations do not remain disparate, but coalesce into a whole, and discovered the perception of one's own senses as a factor equal to the object perceived. Out of this fusion of subject and object Berkeley constructed the psychological concept of space" (C.G. Jung, *Modern Psychology: Lectures Delivered at ETH Zürich, Volume 1: October 1933–February 1934*, ed. Ernst Falzeder, trans. Mark Kyburz, John Peck, and Ernst Falzeder [Princeton: Princeton University Press/Philemon Series, 2018], p. 18).
118. Cf. "The Second Dance Song" in Nietzsche's *Thus Spoke Zarathustra*: "Oh Mankind, pray! / What does deep midnight have to say? / From sleep, from sleep— / From deepest dream I made my way— / The world is deep, / And deeper than the grasp of day. / Deep is its pain—, Pleasure [Lust]—deeper still than misery: / Pain says: refrain! Yet all pleasure wants eternity—, / wants deep, wants deep eternity!" (trans. Adrian del Caro [Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 2006], p. 184).
119. Cf. *Genesis* 2:10: "And a river went out of Eden to water the garden; and from thence it was parted, and became into four heads." The four rivers are the Pishon, Gihon, Tigris, and Euphrates. On the four streams, see also Image 121 of November 1919 in *LN* (see appendix, p. 147).
120. Phanes.
121. Friday. Jung saw two patients.
122. This is the continuation of Phanes's speech.
123. Monday. Jung saw four patients.
124. Abbreviation for "Anima." This is the first place in the *Black Books* where Jung identifies the soul as the anima. In an undated revision to his 1916 paper "The Structure of the Unconscious," he introduced the notion of the

anima as a counterpart to that of the persona. He regarded both of these as "subject-imagoes." Here, he defined the anima as "how the subject is seen by the collective unconscious" (*CW* 7, § 521). In 1921, he wrote "The inner personality is the way one behaves in relation to one's inner psychic processes; it is the inner attitude, the characteristic face, that it is turned towards the unconscious. I call the outer attitude, the outward face, the *persona*; the inner attitude, the inner face, I call the *anima*" (*CW* 7 § 803). The inner attitude was the soul, which had a complementary relation to the persona. In women, he named this the animus.

125. In Greek mythology, Medea is an enchantress descended from Helios. She has the gift of prophecy. She helps Jason obtain the Golden Fleece from her father, King Aeëtes of Colchis. In Euripides's *Medea*, Jason deserts her for the daughter of King Creon of Corinth. Medea then murders Creon, his daughter, and the sons she had with Jason.
126. Wednesday. Jung saw one patient.
127. From November 2 to December 14, Jung was on military service in Château d'Oex. He read Édouard Schuré's *From Sphinx to Christ: An Occult History* (1912) and was struck by the author's depiction of the visions of the Buddha and the similarity to his own experience (Whitefish, MT: Kessinger, 2014), pp. 100ff.
128. Saturday. Jung saw one patient. In his appointment book for January 3, 1919, he drew a sketch of Philemon flying, which evidently formed the basis of a painting (see *The Art of C.G. Jung*, cats. 64, 65, pp. 143–44). He recalled that Philemon had first appeared to him in a dream: "There was a blue sky, like the sea, covered not by clouds but by flat brown clods of earth. It looked as if the clods were breaking apart and the blue water of the sea were becoming visible between them. But the water was the blue sky. Suddenly there appeared from the right a winged being sailing across the sky. I saw that it was an old man with the horns of a bull. He held a bunch of four keys, one of which he clutched as if he were about to open a lock. He had the wings of the kingfisher with its characteristic colors. Since I did not understand this dream image, I painted it in order to impress it upon my memory" (*Memories*, p. 207). While making this painting, he found a dead kingfisher in his garden by the lakeshore; the birds are very rarely found in the vicinity of Zürich. As the sketch and the painting correspond to this dream, it suggests that the dream actually occurred in early January 1919.
129. Sunday.
130. Philemon.
131. German: "verseelenweiblicht," a neologism of Jung's.
132. Saturday. Jung saw one patient. He was transcribing p. 110 of the calligraphic volume of *LN*. Images 105, 107, and 109 were painted in 1918–19 (see appendix, pp. 135 and 137). On February 28 he had gone to hear a lecture by Carl Spitteler, who won the Nobel Prize in Literature that year.

133. Cf. Isaiah 40:3–5: "The voice of him that crieth in the wilderness, Prepare ye the way of the Lord, make straight in the desert a highway for our God. / Every valley shall be exalted, and every mountain and hill shall be made low: and the crooked shall be made straight, and the rough places plain: / And the glory of the Lord shall be revealed, and all flesh shall see it together: for the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it."
134. John 19:16–18: "Then delivered he him therefore unto them to be crucified. And they took Jesus, and led him away. / And he bearing his cross went forth into a place called the place of a skull, which is called in the Hebrew Golgotha: / Where they crucified him, and two others with him, on either side one, and Jesus in the midst."
135. Phanes.
136. Wednesday.
137. Jung stayed on Harley Street, where he presented seminars to his first group of students in England. The group included Maurice Nicoll and James Young. On July 4 he presented a talk on "The psychological foundations of belief in spirits" at the Society for Psychical Research (*CW* 8); he repeated it at the Psychological Club on October 4. On July 11 he presented "On the problem of psychogenesis in mental disease" (*CW* 3) at the psychiatry section of the Royal Society of Medicine, at the invitation of William McDougall, and on July 12 he presented "Instinct and the unconscious" at a joint meeting of the British Psychological Society, the Aristotelian Society, and the Mind Assocation (*CW* 8). On the weekends, he went to stay at a cottage at Cranwell Farm, near Waddeston Manor, Aylesbury, which had been rented by Nicoll, Young, and Maud Hoffman. In a letter to Emma, he drew the farm (see *The Art of C.G. Jung*, p. 149). In 1950, he wrote up his experiences as a contribution to Fanny Moser's *Ghosts: False Belief or True Belief?* (*CW* 18, §§ 757ff.) He had unexpected difficulty sleeping at Cranwell Farm and heard strange sounds and smelled odd odors. He had the impression that there was an animal running around. The smell reminded him of the memory of an old woman at the Burghölzli who suffered from an open carcinoma. On one occasion he woke up: "There beside me on the pillow, I saw the head of an old woman, and the right eye, wide open, glared at me. The left half of the face was missing below the eye." He learned that the house had a reputation for being haunted. In his "Dreams," he noted, "In England staying in a haunted house. First saw the left half of a face of an old woman. Then all sorts of sounds. Paralysing fear, sleeplessness, suddenly subsiding in other room. Then saw Toni half materialized." In 1950, he conjectured that "The vision had the character of a hypnagogic hallucination and was probably a reconstruction of the memory of the old woman with carcinoma." The smells could have been intuiting something about the previous inhabitants. There was a dripping noise he couldn't explain. The house was later pulled down, as it apparently scared away all tenants. Nicoll recalled that they often

painted watercolors in the garden room: "you told us how to paint symbolically." Kenneth Walker remembered a "Mithraic Altar that Dr. Jung had painted, in tones of blue, with two figures, evidently the torch-bearers." Elystan Miles recalled "Dr. Jung's painting of the Soul taking the Middle Way, a small figure of a man toiling along a narrow dangerous path, a high mountain one side, a precipice on the other—full of dramatic color." Nicoll also recalled that Jung "told me a lot about the possibilities of psycho-material-transformation—i.e., if a man puts his psychic genius into a bit of wood, the wood stands up to him and in fact it is an example of psycho-transformism" (cited in Beryl Pogson, *Maurice Nicoll: A Portrait* [New York: Fourth Way Books, 1987], pp. 63–66). It was at this time that Jung carved two wooden figures of Atmavictu. On his return to Switzerland, he commissioned a sculptor to make a model in plaster and then a stone scultpture, which he placed by the lakeshore at his house in Küsnacht (see *The Art of C.G. Jung*, pp. 148–50).

138. Monday. At some point in 1919, Jung had the Spanish flu, during which he had some visions of spheres, which he subsequently painted (*The Art of C.G. Jung*, cats. 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, pp. 131–36. On February 6, 1959, he recalled these as follows to Aniela Jaffé: "In 1919 I had a bad flue and forty-degree temperature. It was the "Spanish Flu." I felt I was losing my hold on life. Then I had a dream. Of course, I can't say for sure if it was a dream, or a vision: I found myself in a small sailboat on a wildly disturbed sea. In the boat I found a sphere. It was in the inside of the boat, and I had to bring it to safety. Behind me a monstrous wave arose, which threatened to swamp me and the boat. Then I landed on an island. It was a volcanic island, barren, like a lunar landscape or a dead country. Nothing grew there. I can't remember: was the sphere lying on the ground on the island, or did it hover over it? Later another beautiful picture came. That must have been when I was recovering, or the dream picture denoted the beginning of the healing process: a wonderful evening sky vaulted over the island. Between the two trees, a sphere floated or had settled there. And a last dream picture: it was in the harbour of Sousse in Tunis. There a precious tent was set up, and in the tent the sphere dwelled or was kept. In the harbor, the characteristic African sailboats were docked. The impression of the harbour was very clear and very lucid. When I landed in Sousse a few weeks later, it was exactly as I had seen in my dream. At that time I didn't know that I would go to Africa. That was only two or three months later. When I arrived in Sousse, I saw right away: That is my dream! There are the boats just like in my dream!" (cited in ibid., p. 137).
139. Monday. Jung saw six patients.
140. Jung's youngest daughter, Helene Hoerni-Jung (1914–2014).
141. Jung's son, Franz.

142. Jung is referring to a vision of a maiden in 1917 who kneeled before him asking forgiveness for a crime that she had committed against him.
143. The reference is to H. G. Wells's science fiction novel *The Time Machine* (London: William Heinemann, 1895). Jung had some contact with Wells. It seems that they met on one of Jung's trips to London. In 1926, Wells presented a striking account of a meeting with Jung in his book *The World of William Clissold* (London: Ernest Benn), pp. 91–96. In 1929, Jung wrote to Walter Corti mentioning that he had recently met Wells at his house in Küsnacht, and recommended that Corti publish a translation of Wells's *God, the Invisible King* (London: Cassell, 1917); see *Letters* 1, p. 69. Also see Vincent Brome, "H. G. Wells and C. G. Jung," *Spring: An Annual of Archetypal Psychology and Jungian Thought* (1975): 60–62. Jung described his impressions of Wells to Aniela Jaffé (*MP*, p. 13).
144. On August 16–17 Jung was on holiday in Schmerikon, Switzerland, with Hermann Sigg and Hans Trüb, and after that he met with the McCormicks. On September 2–3 he was in St. Moritz. On November 2 he gave a lecture in Olten. On October 4 he gave a talk to the Psychological Club on "The psychology of the belief in spirits."
145. Possibly a reference to the *Red Book*.
146. Cleofonte Campanini (1860–1919) was the director and principal conductor of the Chicago Opera from 1910 until he died of pneumonia on December 19, 1919. The Chicago Opera Association was funded by the McCormicks. It became bankrupt in 1921, and the McCormicks withdrew their support.
147. See introduction, pp. 17ff.
148. Monday. Jung saw six patients. Here are some of his activities in the interim: On March 6, 1920, he went to North Africa with Hermann Sigg, returning on April 17. In June he gave three seminars and a lecture. In the summer he visited England, giving a seminar in Sennen Cove in Cornwall on *Authentic Dreams of Peter Blobbs* (London: Longsman and Green, 1916), a book by Arthur John Hubbard and his wife, who is identified as Mrs. Arthur John Hubbard. The seminar was arranged by Constance Long, and there are fragments of notes in her diary (*CLM*). At Sennen cove, Jung made a painting of a serpent and a sphere, which he gave to Beatrice Hinkle (*The Art of C.G. Jung*, cat. 72, p. 154). Jung was in Schmerikon on November 20–22. On January 7, 1921, he sketched a yin-yang diagram in his appointment book. From March 25 to 29 he was in Schmerikon with Stockmayer. From April 19 to 25 he was on holiday, possibly in Schmerikon, and from April 28 to May 3 he was in Brig, Sierre, and Sion. On May 9 he gave a seminar. Following this, he was in London. On June 5 he gave a presentation to the Psychological Club on "The psychology of war." On July 15 he was on holiday with Hans Trüb. On December 21 he was in Basel and on December 27, Lugano. There are notes of some hexagrams from the *I Ching* in his appointment book, indicating that he began experimenting with it at this time. In 1921 he

published *Psychological Types* and "The question of the therapeutic value of 'abreaction' " (*CW* 16). On February 19, Hermann Hesse gave a reading of *Siddhartha*, his work in progress, at the Psychological Club. On March 10 Jung held a seminar on *Psychological Types* at the Psychological Club.

149. See above, February 23, 1920, p. 201.
150. Cf. the wheel in Image 127 in *LN* (see appendix, p. 155), which bears the following inscription: "Amor triumphat. This image was completed on 9 January 1921, after it had waited incomplete for nine months. It expresses I know not what kind of grief, a fourfold sacrifice. I could almost choose not to finish it. It is the inexorable wheel of the four functions, the essence of all living beings imbued with sacrifice." At some point during 1921 and 1922 Jung also painted Images 129, 131, and 133 in the calligraphic volume of *Liber Novus*.
151. Wednesday. Jung saw two patients.
152. In 1817, Goethe wrote a poem in five stanzas entitled "Urworte. Orphisch" (Primordial Words. Orphic), which he published in 1820 in *On Morphology*. The words were daemon, chance, love, necessity, and hope.
153. After this entry, Jung wrote the first few lines of an entry on February 2, 1928: "2 II 1928. / Speak to me, soul, is it something that I should know? / S. Naturally it is something. Should I tell you? How can I? How should I know what you don't . . . " He started this entry again on p. 127, which suggests that its location here was a mistake.
154. Pages 92a–d are loose sheets that were inserted into the book (pages 93 and 94 are blank). On December 21, Jung was in Basel, and on December 27, in Lugano.
155. Friday. On December 15, Richard Wilhelm gave a presentation on the *I Ching* at the Psychological Club.
156. There are no dreams noted in "Dreams" at this time.
157. Sunday.
158. In Greek mythology, Artemis, the daughter of Zeus and Leto and the sister of Apollo, is the Goddess of chastity, virginity, the hunt, the moon, and the natural environment. In the myth of Actaeon, Actaeon sees her bathing naked and tries to rape her. She transforms him into a stag and he is killed by hounds.
159. That is, Artemis.
160. Cf. the three coiled serpents in Image 71, *LN*.
161. In Greek mythology, Dionysus is the God of fertility, wine, ritual madness, and the theater. The frenzy of his followers was famously depicted by Euripides in *The Bacchae*.
162. This motif is reminsicent of the priests of Attis-Cybele, the Gallai, who were eunuchs. Attis was a Phyrgian vegetation God and the consort of Cybele, the Great Mother. Jung commented on the death of Attis in 1912: "Attis is the son lover of the divine mother, Agditis Cybele. . . . Driven mad by the

insanity-breeding mother enamored of him, he emasculates himself, and that under a pine tree" (*Transformations and Symbols of the Libido*, *CW* B, §§ 681ff.).

163. Wednesday.
164. Toni Wolff.
165. On the Great Mother see Jung, "Psychological Aspects of the Mother Archetype" (1938), *CW* 9, pt. 1, and Erich Neumann, *The Great Mother: An Analysis of the Archetype* (1955), with a foreword by Martin Liebscher, trans. Ralph Mannheim (Princeton: Princeton University Press/Bollingen Series, 2015).
166. Toni Wolff.
167. Toni Wolff.
168. Thursday.
169. Friday.
170. In Egyptian mythology, Isis is the daughter of Geb, the earth God, and Nut, the sky Goddess. She is the sister of Osiris (who is also her husband), Nephthys, and Seth. After Osiris is murdered by Seth, Isis finds and restores his body and brings him back to life, and then gives birth to their son Horus. For the Egyptians, she was the epitome of the loving wife and mother. Jung referred to Isis in *Transformations and Symbols of the Libido* (*CW* B) and in subsequent texts.
171. For this dream, see introduction, pp. 76ff.
172. In *Memories*, Jung noted apropos the dream cited in the preceding footnote: "though I did not grasp the full meaning of the dream, it lingered in my memory, along with the liveliest wish to go to Africa again at the next opportunity" (p. 274).
173. That is, the God.
174. Years later, Toni Wolff noted, "His anima is naturally against me, like all women" (November 5, 1937, *Diary* K, p. 181).
175. Saturday.
176. On the sun and the moon, see *Mysterium Coniunctionis*, chapter 3, "The Personification of the Opposites."
177. That is, the four functions of consciousness: thinking, feeling, sensation, and intuition. Cf. *Psychological Types*, chapter 10.
178. In Egyptian mythology, Nut, the sky Goddess, swallows Ra, the sun God, each night.
179. The two fish appear to be related to the astrological sign of Pisces. In *Aion*, Jung studied the astrological symbolism of the precession of the equinoxes between the Ages of Pisces and Aquarius, as noted above, and the relation of this to the figures of Christ and the Antichrist. He wrote: "the designation of Christ as *the* one fish identifies him in the astrological interpretation with the first vertical one. Christ is followed at the end of time by the Antichrist. The beginning of the enantiodromia must fall, logically, between the two

fishes. We have seen that this is so. The time of the Renaissance begins in the immediate vicinity of the second fish, and with it comes that spirit which culminates in the modern age" (§ 149). At a psychological level, he noted, "If we see the traditional figure of Christ as a parallel to the psychic manifestation of the self, then the Antichrist would correspond to the shadow of the self, namely the dark half of human totality" (§ 76). He added that symbolically, "the coming of the Antichrist is not just a prophetic prediction—but an unrelenting psychological law. . . . The ideal of spiritually striving for the heights was doomed to clash with the materialistic earth-bound passion to conquer matter and master the world. This change became visible at the time of the 'Renaissance' " (§§ 77–78).

180. Nephthys is the sister of Isis and Osiris and the Goddess of the dead.

181. Egyptian mythology was especially resonant for Toni Wolff. On 26 January 26, 1926, she noted, "I come to my psychology only with the Egyptians. It fits like a glove." The last phrase was in English in the original. On February 1, she wrote, "Egypt was my real mother—my spiritual mother" (*Diary* F, pp. 15, 30). In 1926, she undertook a cycle of Egyptian-inspired active imaginations in which she encountered the figures of Thot, Isis, Anubis, and Osiris. Around 1924, she attended a masquerade at the Psychological Club dressed as Nefertiti (photo, private possesion, Felix Naeff).

182. Sunday.

183. In the following year, Jung took up this theme in his unpublished seminars at Polzeath, in Cornwall. At one point, he stated that "Collective relationships must be based on individual relationships, for an individual cannot exist without relatedness, for we are each cells in an organism. When we make individual relationships we lay the foundations for an invisible church" (*Seminar—July 1923 by Dr. C.G. Jung Held at Polzeath, Cornwall*. Notes of Esther Harding, Kristine Mann Library, New York, p. 20). This idea led to ongoing debate in Jung's circle. Cary Baynes wrote an unpublished paper entitled, "Human Relations," which she began by noting: "In the last two or three sessions of our summer school at Polzeath, we discussed the possible contribution to be made by Analytical Psychology to the 'church' of the future. We meant by this ill-omened word church, the inevitable form which will be assumed by the ideas of today that tend toward a new synthesis of subjective experience. For it was agreed that in order for ideas of this sort to survive, a form of one kind or another was indispensable no matter how great the latent danger of the content being eventually smothered by the form. The special contribution of psychoanalysis was thought to be the building up of the right sorts of relationships, both individual and collective, and the vision of a future in which one came into full self-expression through relationships instead of skulking into them hemmed by a thousand fears, was very enticing" (Baynes papers, p. 1, *CFB*, see introduction, pp. 83ff.).

184. In terms of the date sequence, this seems to refer to Image 127 in *LN* (see appendix, p. 155), which bears the following inscription: "Amor triumphat. This image was completed on January 9, 1921, after it had waited incomplete for 9 months. It expresses I know not what kind of grief, a fourfold sacrifice. I could almost choose not to finish it. It is the inexorable wheel of the four functions, the essence of all living beings imbued with sacrifice." Read in context, the sacrifice represents knowledge becoming flesh.
185. Tuesday. Jung saw seven patients.
186. Friday. Jung saw eight patients.
187. From what follows in this entry, it appears that Jung was considering writing a book on the subject of dreams. No book was published, but some of the results of the projected work were presented in the form of his unpublished seminars in Swanage (Dorset, England), in the summer of 1925, on "Dreams and Symbolism."
188. The German has "Lehrt" ("Teach"). This appears to be a mistake for "Lernt" ("Learn").
189. Monday. Jung saw seven patients.
190. Tuesday. Jung saw seven patients.
191. It appears that Jung heeded this advice and reduced the size of his practice. In the four last months of 1921, he saw about sixty-two patients, most several times per week and many daily. In the first four months of 1922, he saw only about forty-five, and in the last four months of 1922 about forty-four. Nevertheless, his workload remained an issue. On February 10, 1925 he wrote to Frances Wickes: "Thank you for your kind letter. I am rather ashamed that I have not yet written to you. But it was not just negligence that kept me from writing, but very urgent matters that called my attention elsewhere. I am eaten up by patients, so that I can hardly breathe. In the end of the week I become a violent fanatic of Jewish and Christian belief in the the sanctity of Sabbath on Saturdays and Sunday. My tendency to an Islamic solution of problems shows itself in a veneration of Friday, but this new cult still interferes with correspondence." On March 19, 1925, he again wrote to Wickes: "Lately there has been such an afflux of business that I have been forced to invent a new scheme how to keep up with my obligations. I am going to reduce the hours of individual analysis, i.e., the amount of strictly therapeutic work for the teaching. It has become unavoidable. Last week I almost collapsed. No more of this!" (Wickes Collection, Manuscript Division, Library of Congress).
192. Friday. Jung canceled appointments with two patients. He suffered from flu January 23–27.
193. Toni Wolff.
194. A reference to Image 109 in *LN* (see appendix, p. 137), which bears the following inscription: "This man of matter rises up too far in the world of the

spirit, there the spirit bores through his heart with the golden ray. He falls with joy and disintegrates. The serpent, who is the evil one, could not remain in the world of the spirit."

195. A reference to Image 111 in *LN* (see appendix, p. 139).
196. In Homer's *Iliad*, Athena gives Menelaus the boldness of a fly (l. 570).
197. It is unclear which image this refers to.
198. In August, Jung, his wife, Toni Wolff, Hans and Suzanne Trüb, and Emil Medtner went sailing and camping on an island in Upper Lake Zürich. In September they visited the village of S-Charl in the Lower Engadine and went hiking in the Alps (Ljunggren, *The Russian Mephisto*, p. 137).
199. In 1921–22, Jung painted Images 129, 131, and 133 in the calligraphic volume of *LN*. On November 25 he completed Image 135. It bore the following inscription: "Completed on 25 November 1922. The fire comes out of Muspilli and grasps the tree of life. A cycle is completed, but it is the cycle within the world egg. A strange God, the unnameable God of the solitary, is incubating it. New creatures form from the smoke and ashes." In Norse mythology Muspilli (or Muspelheim) is the abode of the fire Gods.

    On November 29, Jung was transcribing p. 134 in the calligraphic volume of *LN*. He gave a lecture to the Society for German Language and Literature, "On the Relation of Analytical Psychology to Poetic Art Works," on May 26 (*CW* 15), which he repeated at the Psychological Club on July 9. From June 2 to 6 he was on holiday in Schmerikon. On November 7, Emma Jung gave a presentation to the Psychological Club, "Considerations on a Word of Meister Eckhart."
200. It emerges, from the following exchange, that the figure had first appeared to Jung in a dream he'd had in Tunis in 1920 (see above, p. 212).
201. A reference to the dream—see above, p. 212.
202. A village in Ticino, on Lake Lugano.
203. Tuesday/Wednesday.
204. Jung's later recollections identify this figure with Wotan. See below, p. 232, n. 222.
205. Wednesday.
206. Cf. Shakespeare, *Hamlet*, act 3, scene 1, line 1749: "To be, or not to be, that is the question."
207. In Plato's *Timaeus*, the Demiurge was the creator of the universe and imposed order on chaos. The term was used in Gnosticism to designate the lesser deity who created and ruled the material world.
208. On January 30, 1916, "fullness and nothingness" were described as qualities of the Pleroma. On January 31, Abraxas was described as the "manifestation" of the Pleroma, if it had an essence (*Book* 5, p. 285, *Book* 6, p. 212).
209. The Greek letter chi.
210. Jung was referring to the myth of creation in the *Timaeus*, in which the Demiurge gave the world soul the form of the Greek letter chi (34–36). In

Transformations and Symbols of the Libido, he noted, "The thought of 'union' expressed by the symbol of the cross is met in 'Timaios' of Plato, where the world soul is conceived as stretched out between heaven and earth in the form of an X (Chi)" (*CW* B, § 406). In 1940, Jung discussed the *Timaeus* at length in "Attempt at a Psychological Interpretation of the Dogma of the Trinity" (*CW* 11, §§ 118ff.).

211. Presumably, the dream already referred to on January 6, 1922 (see above, p. 212).
212. On the Pleroma, see January 30, 1916 (*Book* 5, pp. 285ff.). At that point the "self" had not yet emerged as a notion.
213. The first phrase appears to refer to the dream in Tunisia (see above, p. 212).
214. Friday.
215. Jung's later recollections (see below, p. 232, n. 222) identify this figure with Wotan.
216. The dream in Tunisia (see above, p. 212).
217. On Jung's conception of God's power, see *Answer to Job*, *CW* 11.
218. Cf. the "noble eightfold path" or "middle way" of Buddhism, comprised of right vision, right emotion, right speech, right action, right livelihood, right effort, right recollection, and right meditation.
219. In 1915, Jung wrote in the prologue to *Liber Primus*: "*But the supreme meaning is the path, the way and the bridge to what is to come. That is the God yet to come. It is not the coming God himself, but his image which appears in the supreme meaning*" (*LN*, p. 120). This section links this figure with Wotan (see below, n. 222).
220. Monday/Tuesday.
221. Jung's son, Franz, was born in 1908. At this time, he was fourteen years old.
222. Tuesday. In *Memories*, Jung recalled concerning his mother's death: "I was deeply shaken, for it had come with unexpected suddenness. The night before her death I had a frightening dream. I was in a dense, gloomy forest; fantastic, gigantic boulders lay about among huge jungle-like trees. It was a heroic, primeval landscape. Suddenly I heard a piercing whistle that seemed to resound through the whole universe. My knees shook. Then there were crashings in the underbrush, and a gigantic wolfhound with a fearful, gaping maw burst forth. At the sight of it, the blood froze in my veins. It tore past me, and I suddenly knew: the Wild Huntsman had commanded it to carry away a human soul. I awoke in deadly terror, and the next morning I received the news of my mother's passing. / Seldom has a dream so shaken me, for upon superficial consideration it seemed to say that the devil had fetched her. But to be accurate the dream said that it was the Wild Huntsman, the "Grünhütl" or Wearer of the Green Hat, who hunted with his wolves that night—it was the season of Föhn storms in January. It was Wotan, the god of my Alemannic forefathers, who had gathered my mother

to her ancestors negatively to the 'wild horde,' but positively to the 'sälig lut' the blessed folk. It was the Christian missionaries who made Wotan into a devil. In himself he is an important god, a Mercury or Hermes, as the Romans correctly realized, a nature spirit who returned to life again in the Merlin of the Grail legend and became, as the spiritus Mercurialis, the sought-after arcanum of the alchemists. Thus the dream says that the soul of my mother was taken into that greater territory of the self which lies beyond the segment of Christian morality, taken into that wholeness of nature and spirit in which conflicts and contradictions are resolved. / I went home immediately, and while I rode in the night train I had a feeling of great grief, but in my heart of hearts I could not be mournful, and this for a strange reason: during the entire journey I continually heard dance music, laughter, and jollity, as though a wedding were being celebrated. This contrasted violently with the devastating impression the dream had made on me. Here was gay dance music, cheerful laughter, and it was impossible to yield entirely to my sorrow. Again and again it was on the point of overwhelming me, but the next moment I would find myself once more engulfed by the merry melodies. One side of me had a feeling of warmth and joy, and the other of terror and grief; I was thrown back and forth between these contrasting emotions. / This paradox can be explained if we suppose that at one moment death was being represented from the point of view of the ego, and at the next from that of the psyche. In the first case it appeared as a catastrophe; that is how it so often strikes us, as if wicked and pitiless powers had put an end to a human life . . . From another point of view, however, death appears as a joyful event. In the light of eternity, it is a wedding, a mysterium coniunctionis." (pp. 344–46). There is no separate contemporaneous record of a dream, which suggests that Jung was in fact recalling the events described in the entry for 7/8. I. 1923 at 1 a.m. See introduction, pp. 78ff.

223. Jung's mother and sister Gertud lived at this address till the former's death.
224. Friday.
225. In *Memories*, Jung narrated the dream as follows, dating it to September 1922: "I had not dreamed of my father since his death in 1896. Now he once more appeared in a dream, as if he had returned from a distant journey. He looked rejuvenated, and had shed his appearance of paternal authoritarianism. I went into my library with him, and was greatly pleased at the prospect of finding out what he had been up to. I was also looking forward with particular joy to introducing my wife and children to him, to showing him my house, and to telling him all that had happened to me and what I had become in the meanwhile. I wanted also to tell him about my book on psychological types, which had recently been published. But I quickly saw that all this would be inopportune, for my father looked preoccupied. Apparently he wanted something from me. I felt that plainly,

and so I refrained from talking about my own concerns. / He then said to me that since I was after all a psychologist, he would like to consult me about marital psychology. I made ready to give him a lengthy lecture on the complexities of marriage, but at this point I awoke. I could not properly understand the dream, for it never occurred to me that it might refer to my mother's death. I realized that only when she died suddenly in January 1923. / My parent's marriage was not a happy one, but full of trials and difficulties and tests of patience. Both made the mistakes typical of many couples. My dream was a forecast of my mother's death, for here was my father who, after an absence of twenty-six years, wished to ask a psychologist about the newest insights and information on marital problems, since he would soon have to resume this relationship again. Evidently he had acquired no better understanding in his timeless state and therefore had to appeal to someone among the living who, enjoying the benefits of changed times, might have a fresh approach to the whole thing. / Such was the dream's message. Undoubtedly, I could have found out a good deal more by looking into its subjective meaning but why did I dream it just before the death of my mother, which I did not foresee? It plainly referred to my father, with whom I felt a sympathy that deepened as I grew older" (pp. 346–47). The dating here has the dream occurring the night before his mother died. In 1925, Jung contributed an essay on "Marriage as a Psychological Relationship" to Count Hermann Keyserling's *The Book of Marriage* (*CW* 17). On January 13 he wrote to Josef Lang, whose mother had also died: "My mother's death surprised me while I was traveling in the South. When I came home, I found the note telling me about your mother's death. That explains why I'm getting back to you only now. The death of one's mother is an unusually difficult experience. It's probably the secret organic connection which makes this loss so wrenching, against all reason. You are being taken toward death for a bit yourself, as there is a part of you that wants to die, too. I did not know anything beforehand of the impending end, but I did have very ominous premonitory experiences and dreams: for example, my father, who has been dead for 27 years, appeared in a dream, and also once when I was awake, and he was laughing and in a good mood. Strangely enough, I was stricken with blindness, and it simply did not occur to me that my mother might die. Today is her funeral. Given the circumstances, there is no need for more words: we share the same grief" (private possession, Stephen Martin).

226. Sunday. On February 25, 1923, Jung was transcribing *Liber Secundus*, chapter 20, "The way of the cross," into the calligraphic volume of *LN*, and added the inscription "25 February 1923. The transformation of black into white magic."

227. Sunday/Monday. In 1923, Jung gave a talk on "Psychological types" at the International Congress for Pedagogy in Montreux (*CW* 6). Sometime in 1923, Jung made a painting that featured Philemon and other figures (*The Art of*

C.G. Jung, cat. 66, p. 145), with the following inscription on the verso: "We fear and we hope: will you sacrifice the laurel of eternity to the bridal expectant earth? our feet stand in the void and are granted no beauty and fulfillment. will the promise be broken? will the eternal marry the temporal?" (ibid., p. 147). Jung gave the painting to Toni Wolff.

228. Tuesday.

229. The municipality and village of Ossingen is in Canton Zürich, between Winterthur and Schaffhausen. There are Roman antiquities and an early medieval burial mound in Goldbuck, which is in the municipality.

230. Friday/Saturday. This entry is an insert on headed paper. By January 1924 Jung had reached page 142 of the transcription of *LN* into the calligraphic volume.

231. A reference to the tale of Baucis and Philemon. From his later account in *Memories* (pp. 258ff.), Jung was staying at this time in his tower in Bollingen.

232. In *LN* (p. 154), Philemon stands above the cupola of a building that could be a temple. At his tower in Bollingen, Jung carved the following inscription on the wall: "Philemonis sacrum—Fausti poenitentia" (Philemon's Shrine—Faust's Repentance). One of the murals in the tower is a portrait of Philemon. See Jung's later account of this experience in *Memories*, where he speculates on the relation of this horde to Wotan's army of departed souls and the regular procession of Swiss mercenaries who marched from central Switzerland to Locarno in the seventeenth century (pp. 255–58).

233. Friday. Jung saw nine patients. He gave a series of presentations at the Psychological Club on "The psychology of dreams" on November 22 and December 8, 1924, and February 8, 1925. He published "Marriage as a psychological relation" (*CW* 17) in 1925. In 1926 he published *The Unconscious in the Normal and Sick Life of the Soul*, a revision of his 1917 *Psychology of the Unconscious Processes* (cf. *CW* 7). In the interim, on June 27, he was in Bollingen. From September 26 to 29 he was in Paris with George Porter. On October 31 he met Hermann Sigg in Bollingen. His daughter Agathe got married on November 10. On December 10 he left for America, taking a steamer from Bremen on the thirteenth and arriving on the twenty-second in New York, where he met with Fowler McCormick, George Porter, and Frances Wickes. On December 24 he went to Chicago and then on to Taos on the thirtieth. He also visited Washington, New Orleans, and the Grand Canyon. On January 14 he gave a seminar in Kristine Mann's apartment in New York, speaking on racial psychology and the ancestors. On January 15 he headed back to Europe (see William McGuire, "Jung in America, 1924–1925," *Spring: A Journal of Archetype and Culture* [1978]: 37–53). On January 30, 1925, he was with George Beckwith in Schmerikon. On February 13 he was in Bollingen. On May 29 he was in Bollingen. On June 15 he met with Paul Radin. On July 10 he was in Bollingen. On August 9 he was in Amsterdam and met with J. H. van der Hoop. On August 10 he was in

Heidelberg. On August 16 he was transcribing p. 156 of the calligraphic volume of *LN*. Images 154 and 155 were painted sometime in 1924 and 1925. Richard Wilhlem lectured at the Psychological Club on "Chinese Yoga Practice" on May 27, 1926, and on May 28 on "The Chinese Conception of the Soul." On June 5, Jung gave a presentation at the Psychological Club on "The Psychology of the Pueblos." On June 27 he saw the opera *The Barber of Seville*. On October 29 he gave a lecture to the Augsburg Literary Society on "Spirit and Life" (*CW* 8), presenting it again at the Psychological Club on November 20.

234. Between October 1925 and March 1926, Jung traveled in Kenya, Uganda, and Egypt (see introduction, pp. 90ff.), departing from Southampton, England, for Mombassa on October 15 and returning to Zürich on March 14.
235. Tuesday.
236. See above, p. 232. In a diary entry of September 12, 1924, Toni Wolff wrote: "Does he still see me as anima? Because he is Philemon?" (*Diary* B, p. 6). On December 27, 1924, she wrote: "Anima Toni-substitute, because anima is primary, no unconditional attitude toward me. . . . C. told me that I had not been exactly like the anima. The anima said that I was indecently clever" (*Diary* B, pp. 76, 88).
237. *The Relations between the I and the Unconscious* (*CW* 7) included a lengthy exposition of the anima in men and animus in women, and the procedure for coming to terms with them through active imagination. See introduction, pp. 100ff.
238. Monday/Tuesday. Jung saw eight patients on each day.
239. Madeleine (Maggy) Reichstein (1894–1975), an important patient of Jung's. Her case featured prominently in his "The Realities of Practical Psychotherapy" as the "Kundalini case." In 1925, she married Adam Reichstein, the brother of Tadeus Reichstein, who with Philip S. Hench and Edward C. Kendall won the Nobel Prize in medicine in 1950 (and also attended Jung's seminars). On December 7, Jung wrote to her that he'd had a dream about her three weeks earlier, the day before she was supposed to see him. She didn't come and also missed the subsequent session. Jung hoped that nothing bad had happened, and asked her to let him know what was happening (Jung Picture Archive, courtesy of Vicente de Moura). See Vicente de Moura, "Learning from the Patient: The East, Synchronicity and Transference in the History of an Unknown Case of C.G. Jung," *Journal of Analytical Psychology* 59 (2014): 391–409.
240. Dr. Theodor Brunner (1877–1956) was a psychiatrist who since 1908 had run a private sanitarium in Küsnacht, established in 1840 by his grandfather. It was located close to Jung's house on Seestrasse. Theodor Brunner had friendly relations with Jung. An advertisment from 1911 indicated that the sanitarium served nervous and mental patients, convalescents, and those in need of withdrawal from alcohol and morphine. It promised individualized

medical treatment in a magnificent location with lakeside garden promenades (*Monatsschrift für Psychiatrie und Neurologie* 30, no. 1 [1911]).

241. Saturday/Sunday. Jung saw three patients on Saturday.
242. Sophie Fiechter Jung (1852–1938) was Jung's aunt, his father's sister. She was musically talented. Her son was Ernst Fiechter-Zollikofer (1875–1948). He was the architect who built Jung's house in Küsnacht. He became a professor in Stuttgart and wrote extensively on antique Greek monuments. Devoted to Theosophy, he became a priest in the Christian Community, a movement for Christian renewal inspired by anthroposophy. See Sophia Charlotte Fiechter, *Ernst Fiechter. Der Künstler, der Forscher, der Mensch. Erinnerungen, Briefe, Tagebücher, letzte Aufzeichnungen* (Stuttgart, Urachhaus, 1950). See also Andreas Jung et al., *The House of C.G. Jung: The History and Restoration of the Residence of Emma and Carl Gustav Jung-Rauschenbach* (Zürich: Stiftung C.G. Jung Küsnacht, 2009).
243. The preceding two lines were added by Jung at a later date.
244. Friday/Saturday. Jung saw nine patients on Friday.
245. Erika Schlegel entered analysis with Jung in 1913. Her sister was Sophie Taeuber, who was married to Hans Arp. She became the librarian of the Psychological Club. Her connections enabled an interaction between Jung's circle and the artistic avant-garde.
246. This expression is in English in the original.
247. The *Tipitaka*, or Pali canon, is the earliest collection of Buddhist teachings. *Tipitaka* means "three baskets" and refers to how the palm leaf texts were originally bound. Translations were included in the *Sacred Books of the East*, which Jung possessed. According to legend, after he attained enlightenment, the Buddha's feet left an imprint on the stone upon which he stepped. The Buddhapada (footprints of the Buddha) is early Buddhist iconography.
248. Tuesday/Wednesday. Jung saw eight and six patients, respectively.
249. Meyrink's *The Golem* begins with a narrator awake at night: "At such times of night I cannot sleep; I cannot wake; in its half dreaming state my mind forms a curious compound of things it has read, things it has heard—streams, each with its own degree of clarity and colour, that intermingle, and penetrate my thought." He had been reading the life of the Buddha, and a passage had struck him: " 'a crow flew down to a stone that looked, as it lay, like a lump of fat.' . . . The image of the stone that resembles a lump of fat assumes ever larger and larger proportions within my brain" (trans. Mike Mitchell [Sawtry, UK: Dedalus, 2017], p. 17).
250. The physical substance purportedly formed by physical mediums in a trance state. In a seminar on March 21, 1934, Jung stated, "Ectoplasm is exactly like whitish worms; when photographed it looks like that, most gruesome, and it has the touch of a reptile. Quite independently of each other, people have described the strange feeling it gave them; they said one could compare it to the touch of a reptile's skin, soft, and yet tight, no bones in it,

like rubber. Flournoy once described to me a hand he had touched: it was not exactly like a hand, there were only three fingers, and it was not a human touch, there were no bones in it, yet it was hard and elastic. He took hold of it and it gradually melted in his grasp; that impressed him the most, the fact that it actually melted, changed its quality, becoming thinner and thinner until finally there was nothing left. These are strange phenomena which we cannot explain" (*VS*, vol. 2, pp. 1376–77).

251. Sunday.

252. Hermann Sigg (1875–1927) was a businessman and a close friend and neighbor of Jung's and the founder, in 1904, of Haus Sigg & Co., which specialized in olive oil and had plantations and factories in Tunisia, Spain, and France. The company was responsible for most of the olive oil imports in Switzerland. Sigg's obituary in the *Neue Zürcher Zeitung* described him as a "very kind, very upright, farsighted businessman" (January 14, 1927). In 1927 Jung painted an image of the map from his Liverpool dream in the calligraphic volume of *LN* to which he gave the following inscription: "D. IX januarii anno 1927 obiit Hermannus Sigg aet.s.52 amicus meus. [9 January 1927 my friend Hermann Sigg died aged 52]" (see below, p. 240). At his tower in Bollingen, Jung painted a mural bearing a stone-carved inscription in Latin and describing the culmination of the process of the rebirth of the divine that forms a central theme of *Liber Novus* and the *Black Books*. "This is where the God is buried, / this is where he arose. / Like the fire inside the mountains, / like the worm from the earth, / the God begins. / Like that serpent from ashes, / like the Phoenix from the flames, / the God arises / in a wondrous way. / Like the rising sun, / like flame from the wood, / the God rises above. / Like ailment in the body, / like the child in its mother's womb, / the God is born. / He creates divine madness, / fateful errors, / sorrow and heartache. / Like a tree / man stretches out his arms / and sees himself / as a heavenly man / that he did not know, / facing the world's orb / and the four rivers of paradise. / And he will see the face / of the higher man and spirit, / of the greatest father / and the mother of God. / And in an inconceivable birth / the God frees himself / from man / from image, / from every form, / while he enters / the unimaginable and absolute / secret. / In memory of Hermann Sigg, / my very dear friend, / died on 9 January 1927."

253. Vevey is on the shore of Lake Geneva, not far from Lausanne (driving in this direction would be the route one would take to go to Zürich).

254. Luxor was part of a complex of six temples founded in 1400 bce. It contains the ruins of Thebes, capital of Egypt in the Middle and New Kingdoms. Jung had a series of postcards from the temple complex of nearby Karnak indicating that he had visited, presumably in 1925. Luxor also features in Ammonius's narration in 1913 (see *Book* 3, p. 111).

255. Montreux is a few miles south of Vevey.

256. The Necropolis consisted of funerary temples and was known as the Thebes of the Dead.
257. A medical condition consisting of unequal size of the pupils, potentially symptomatic of serious problems.
258. Sunday.
259. For Jung's comments to Aniela Jaffė regarding this dream, see introduction, pp. 98ff.
260. This drawing formed the template of Image 159 in *LN* (see appendix, p. 159).
261. Thursday.
262. Hermann Sigg was buried in Küsnacht on January 13. The service was conducted by Adolf Keller (*Neue Zürcher Zeitung*, January 14).
263. A German translation of an early Zola novel, *Le voeu d'une morte* (1867), subsequently translated into English by Count C. S. de Soissons as *A Dead Woman's Wish* (London: Greening and Co., 1902). In *Memories*, Jung provided the following account of this episode: "One night I lay awake thinking of the sudden death of a friend whose funeral had taken place the day before. I was deeply concerned. Suddenly I felt that he was in the room. It seemed to me that he stood at the foot of my bed and was asking me to go with him. I did not have the feeling of an apparition; rather, it was an inner visual image of him, which I explained to myself as a fantasy. But in all honesty I had to ask myself, 'Do I have any proof that this is a fantasy? Suppose it is not a fantasy, suppose my friend is really here and I decided he was only a fantasy—would that not be abominable of me?' Yet I had equally little proof that he stood before me as an apparition. Then I said to myself, 'Proof is neither here nor there! Instead of explaining him away as a fantasy, I might just as well give him the benefit of the doubt and for experiment's sake credit him with reality.' The moment I had that thought, he went to the door and beckoned me to follow him. So I was going to have to play along with him! That was something I hadn't bargained for. I had to repeat my argument to myself once more. Only then did I follow him in my imagination. / He led me out of the house, into the garden, out to the road, and finally to his house, (In reality it was several hundred yards away from mine.) I went in, and he conducted me into his study. He climbed on a stool and showed me the second of five books with red bindings which stood on the second shelf from the top. Then the vision broke off. I was not acquainted with his library and did not know what books he owned. Certainly I could never have made out from below the titles of the books he had pointed out to me on the second shelf from the top. / This experience seemed to me so curious that next morning I went to his widow and asked whether I could look up something in my friend's library. Sure enough, there was a stool standing under the bookcase I had seen in my vision, and even before I came closer I could see the five books with red bindings. I stepped up on the stool so as to

be able to read the titles. They were translations of the novels of Emile Zola. The title of the second volume read: 'The Legacy of the Dead.' The contents seemed to me of no interest. Only the title was extremely significant in connection with this experience" (pp. 343–44).

264. A hotel with this name in Luxor has not been traced. The hotel most highly recommended in the 1919 *Baedecker* is the Winter Palace, which had a tropical garden.

265. The reference is to p. 174 of the same book (evidently a later insertion). The entry (which breaks off midsentence) runs as follows: "Postscript to the the dreams about H. Sigg. The last dream about H. Sigg took place many weeks after the one reported on p. 124: I entered a mastaba (Egyptian grave building) in immeasurable heights above the earth. Layout [drawn layout]. The building consisted only of blueish blocks of ice. It was very cold and the thinnest of air. It was a building."

266. George French Porter (1881–1927) was an American businessman, collector, and philanthropist from Chicago and a patient of Jung's and William Alonson White's. He married a Frenchwoman, Mima Manziarly, who was a Theosophist and a friend of Krishnamurti. It was on Porter's invitation that Jung traveled to America in 1924–25, and Porter financed the trip. In September 1926 he suffered a neck injury from a car accident, and in February 1927 he was planning to visit Jung in Zürich. On February 24 he shot and killed himself. The news was carried on the front page of the *Chicago Tribune*, which reproduced his suicide note to his wife, in which he wrote, "This fate was on me—the inevitable conclusion to a twisted life" (February 24, 1927). The *Tribune* described him as a "sufferer from melancholia." Barbara Hannah noted, "When he died . . . Jung was much distressed and said that if he had only known about George Porter's difficulties he would have gone to America at once to do all he could to help him" (*Jung: A Biographical Memoir*, p. 158). His estate was worth $5 million. He bequeathed Jung $20,000. Franz Jung informed William McGuire that it proved to be "mining stock of slight value" (William McGuire, "Jung in America, 1924–1925," *Spring: An Annual of Archetypal Psychology and Jungian Thought [*1978]: 37–53; *Chicago Tribune*, February 24 and May 6, 1927; and see *New York Herald Tribune*, March 4, 1927).

267. Monday. Jung saw nine patients. On February 23 he gave a lecture in Berne. On March 5 he gave a lecture in the Psychological Club, and on March 23 he conducted a seminar on the *Authentic Dreams of Peter Blobbs* (on which he had spoken in Sennen Cove, England, in 1920). From April 1 to 9 he was in Bollingen with Toni Wolff (*Diary* F, p. 73). Toni Wolff's diary entries for May 22–23 indicate that she had been with Jung in Bollingen (ibid., p. 94).

268. Jerome Edward Schloss was born on August 28, 1876, in Maryland, to Joseph Schloss and Fredericka Schloss. His father was German. In 1902, he married Hannah Wiener in New York. The United States census of 1910 has

him working as a manufacturer of neckwear in New York. According to his US Army draft registration of May 1918, he was tall and slender and worked as a salesman for Louis Adler, a garment manufacturer and real estate developer on Broadway. He was counted in the 1925 New York census. According to the American Consular Service's Reports of Deaths of American Citizens Abroad, he died of heart failure on May 22 and was cremated. His and his wife's address was given as Pension Quisisana on Dufourstrasse in Zürich (information from various genealogical sources). His wife wrote cookbooks, and her *Short Cuts and Left-Overs* of 1938 was a bestseller. In his funeral oration for Jerome Schloss, Jung wrote:

> To many death seems to be a brutal and meaningless end to a short and meaningless existence. So it looks, if seen from the surface and from the darkness. But when we penetrate the depths of the soul and when we try to understand its mysterious life, we shall discern that death is not a meaningless end, the mere vanishing into nothingness—it is an accomplishment, a ripe fruit on the tree of life. Nor is death an abrupt extinction, but a goal that has been unconsciously lived and worked for during half a lifetime. In the youthful expansion of our life we think of it as an ever-increasing river, and the conviction accompanies us often far beyond the noonday of our existence. But if we listen to quieter voices of our deeper nature we become aware of the fact that soon after the middle of life the soil begins its secret work, getting ready for the departure. Out of the turmoil and terror of our life the one precious flower of the spirit begins to unfold, the four-pedaled flower of the immortal light, and even if our mortal consciousness should not be aware of its secret operation, it nevertheless does its secret work of purification.
>
> When I met J. S. for the first time I found in him a man of rare clarity and purity of character and personality. I was deeply impressed with the honesty and sincerity of his purpose. And when I worked with him, helping to understand the intricacies of the human psyche, I could not help but admire the kindness of his feeling and the absolute truthfulness of his mind. But though it was a privilege to teach a man of such rare human qualities, it was not the thing that touched me most. Yes, I did teach him, but he taught me too. He spoke to me in the eternal language of symbols, which I did not grasp until the awe-inspiring conclusion, the culmination in death, became manifest. I shall never forget how he liberated his mind from the turmoil of modern business life, and how, gradually working back, he freed himself from the bonds that held him fast to his earthly parents and to his youth; and how the eternal image of the soul appeared to him, first dimly, then slowly taking shape in the vision of his dreams, and

how finally, three weeks before his death, he beheld the vision of his sarcophagus from which his living soul arose." (*CW* 18, §§ 1705ff.).

The typescript of Jung's oration is dated May 25 (archives of the San Francisco Jung Institute).

269. This was the same condition that she actually died of eventually.
270. Probably Professor Max Walthard (1867–1933), a gynecologist (originally from Berne) at the University of Zürich.
271. A form of eczema, consisting of small blisters that can cause intense itching.
272. In 1927, Jung gave a lecture on "The Earth Conditioning of the Psyche" at the Society for Free Philosophy in Darmstadt, published in Hermann Keyserling, ed., *Mensch und Erde* (Darmstadt: Otto Reichl, 1927). He later expanded it and published it in two halves as "The Structure of the Soul" (*CW* 8) and "Soul and Earth" (*CW* 10). He also presented it to the Psychological Club as "The Influence of the Environment on the Structure of the Soul" on March 5. He published "Women in Europe" (*CW* 10) and wrote an introduction to Frances Wickes's *The Inner World of Childhood* (*CW* 17). On February 19, 1927, at the Psychological Club, Hermann Hesse read the magical theater chapter from *Steppenwolf*, soon to be published.
273. Thursday, Candlemas Day. From April 20 to 22, Jung attended the General Medical Congress for Psychotherapy. In October 1927, he spoke at the Conference of the Association for Intellectual Collaboration in Prague on "The Soul Problems of Modern Men" (*CW* 10). From November 14 to 20, 1927, he was on military service in Basel. From December 9 to 12 he was in Munich, Augsburg, and Karlsruhe. In Karlsruhe he spoke on "Analytical Psychology and Weltanschauung" (*CW* 10), a talk he would repeat at the Psychological Club on March 3, 1928. On May 19 he spoke at the Psychological Club on "The Structure of the Soul." As we have seen, in 1928 he published *The Relations Between the I and the Unconscious* (*CW* 7) and *On the Energetics of the Soul*, which included his paper of the same title (*CW* 8) and versions of some essays previously published in English. In particular, the section of "On the Energetics of the Soul" on symbol formation, in which he argues that symbols are mechanisms for transforming psychic energy (§§ 88ff.), arose from his self-experimentation. He also published "Psychoanalysis and the Cure of Souls" (*CW* 11) and "The Meaning of the Swiss Line in the European Spectrum," a reply to Count Hermann Keyserling (*CW* 10), and "Mental Illness and the Soul" (*CW* 3).
274. Antoninus Pius (86–161 CE) succeeded Hadrian, his adoptive father, as Caesar. Edward Gibbon portrayed him as follows: "Antoninus diffused order and tranquillity over the greatest part of the earth. His reign is marked by the rare advantage of furnishing very few materials for history; which is, indeed, little more than the register of the crimes, follies, and misfortunes of mankind. In private life, he was an amiable, as well as a good man. The

native simplicity of his virtue was a stranger to vanity or affectation. He enjoyed with moderation the conveniences of his fortune, and the innocent pleasures of society; and the benevolence of his soul displayed itself in a cheerful serenity of temper." Gibbon states that instead of persecuting, he protected the Christians (*The Rise and Fall of the Roman Empire*, abridged by D. M. Low, chapter 3 [London: Chatto and Windus, 1960], p. 44).

275. Temples were erected to Julius Caesar following his death in 44 bce, inaugurating the imperial cult, which rendered Roman emperors divine. This became the state religion throughout the Roman Empire.

276. From Feburary 11 to 12 Jung was in Bollingen. From February 18 to 23 he was in Vienna and lectured at the Kulturbund. For his press conference in Vienna, see "Three Versions of a Press Conference," in *C.G. Jung Speaking* (pp. 55–61). Toni Wolff noted on February 18 that it was a historical justice that Jung was now being celebrated in Vienna, after the repudiation by the Freudians (*Diary* G, p. 89). On March 4 he noted in his appointment book: "Faust." On May 19, he spoke at the Psychological Club on "The Structure of the Soul." He was in Frankfurt October 24–26; on October 30 he gave a lecture. On November 19 he gave a lecture at the University of Zürich. On November 21 he gave a lecture in St. Gallen. On November 23 he gave a lecture to the Literary Club in Zürich. On December 1 he attended a psychiatric congress. On December 7 he gave a lecture in Berne. On December 13 he gave a lecture in Geneva. He was in Stuttgart February 21–22, 1929. In Munich March 21–24, he presented a talk, "The Problems of Modern Psychotherapy," to the Medical Association and the Psychotherapeutic Society, repeating it at the Psychological Club on March 16. On April 12 he gave a lecture on "The Aims of Psychotherapy" (*CW* 16) in Bad Nauheim at the Congress of the General Medical Society for Psychotherapy. On June 12 he gave a talk in Einsiedeln to the Zürich Literary Club on Paracelsus (*CW* 15). He also spoke on "Some Aspects of Modern Psychotherapy," at the Congress of the Society of Public Health in Zürich (*CW* 16). On June 29 he spoke on "The Psychic Problems of Human Old Age" (*CW* 8) and on October 5 on "Psychology and Literary Studies" at the Psychological Club. On January 29 Richard Wilhelm spoke at the Psychological Club on "A few Problems of Buddhist Meditation." Jung published *The Secret of the Golden Flower* (with Richard Wilhelm) and "Women in Europe" (*CW* 10), "The Freud-Jung Contrast" (*CW* 4), and "The Significance of Constitution and Hereditary for Psychology" (*CW* 8). In 1930, he was in Munich from June 21 to 23. On October 22 he spoke to the Hottinger Reading Circle in Zürich on "Archaic Man" (*CW* 10). On October 25 he spoke on James Joyce's *Ulysses* at the Psychological Club (*CW* 15). On November 20 he gave a talk in Aarau to the Literary Reading Society on "The Soul Problems of Modern Men." From November 24 to 26 he was in Darmstadt. On December 12 he gave a lecture at the theological faculty of

the University of Zürich. He published "Psychology and Poetry" (*CW* 15), "Your negroid and Indian behavior" (*CW* 10), an introduction to Wolfgang Kranefeldt's book *Psychoanalysis* (*CW* 4), an obituary for Richard Wilhelm (*CW* 15), and a review of Keyserling's book *America: The Rise of a New World* (*CW* 10). He gave a lecture in Vienna on January 29, 1931, on "The Unveiling of the Soul" (*CW* 8). From May 13 to 19 he was in Frankfurt, Dresden, and Berlin. In Dresden, he presented a paper on "The Practical Utility of Dream Analysis" at the General Medical Congress for Psychotherapy (*CW* 16), which he would repeat in 1932. On June 3 he gave a talk at the Zofingia society in Basel on "Fundamental Problems of Contemporary Psychology," which he repeated at the Psychological Club on October 24. On June 13, Jakob Wilhelm Hauer gave a talk at the Psychological Club on "Overview of Yoga" and stayed with Jung. On October 20 Jung gave a talk in Lucerne. He published *Soul Problems of the Present Day*, a collection of a number of these articles; a foreword to Schmid's *Day and Night* (*CW* 18); and a foreword to Charles Aldrich's *The Primitive Mind and Modern Civilization* (*CW* 18). He gave a talk on "The Hypothesis of the Collective Unconscious" to the Natural Sciences Society on February 1, 1932, at the ETH, which he repeated at the Psychological Club on March 5. He presented "The Relation of Psychotherapy to the Cure of Souls" to the Alsatian Pastoral Conference in Strasbourg on May 24 or 25 and to the Psychological Club on May 27. On May 30 he gave a lecture on "The Voice of the Inner" at the Kulturbund in Vienna (*CW* 17), repeating this under the title "The Development of the Personality" at the Psychological Club on October 1. From July 1 to July 3 he was in Paris. From November 7 to 11 he was in Vienna, and on December 18 he was awarded the literary prize of Zürich Canton, presenting "On Psychology" at the town hall (*CW* 10). He published an obituary of Hans Schmid (*CW* 18), "Sigmund Freud in his Historical Setting" (*CW* 15), "Ulysses" (*CW* 15), "Picasso (*CW* 15), and "Reality and Unreality" (*CW* 8). On Jung's lectures in the following year, see Fischer, "1933—The Year of Jung's Journey to Palestine/Israel and Several Beginnings," pp. 135–49.

277. "Hans Schmid" was underlined in red, and "(see p. 206)" was evidently a later addition by Jung in red. Schmid died on April 21, of blood sepsis following treatment for a minor injury. Jung wrote an obituary that began: "Life is in truth a battle, in which friends and faithful companions-in-arms sink away, struck by the wayward bullet. Sorrowfully I see the passing of a comrade, who for more than twenty years shared with me the experiment of life and the adventure of the modern spirit" (*CW* 18, § 1713). On p. 206 of *Book* 7, Jung wrote sometime in the early 1950s:

> I dreamt in June 1931: in Tibet. From a vast valley I look up to a gigantic mountainside: On the very top one can see dark openings to

caves.—Suddenly I am up there and approach a cave opening from the right. In the cave I see a black rectangular stone (like polished marble) like an altar or sarcophagus. Suddenly H. Schmid rises from behind, as if he had lain behind the stone. I have got the impression that I am not allowed to come closer. Next to me is a small manikin, consisting of flames, a real demonic familiaris, which means my vital spirit. / When I wake up, I think that this indicates the death of H. Sch. / In July of the same year H. Sch., who owned a summer cabin in the Jura, had a conversation with the local forest ranger, about which he told me in the autumn. He had a beautiful old fir tree [Wettertanne] in front of his house. He said to the ranger, that he was worried, that the storm might break it one day. But the ranger said: "The tree is going to get older than you, Doctor!" In August the storm broke the fir five meters above the ground. H. Sch. had the impression that when the ranger was talking with him, the tree meant his life tree. Naturally he was struck deeply when the tree was broken. In September (c.) he had an accident with his car. He started to glide in a corner and crashed with the side of the car into a tree. Later that autumn he, together with his wife, who drove, when overtaking, got caught between two cars and was squeezed. In January he said to his wife at once: "I know what you think. You think that I should talk to Jung." (His previous illness was remarkably and enduringly healed, after he had spoken with me about his father complex!) His wife said: "Yes, indeed." But he didn't do anything. At the end of January he dreamed: In a wonderful heroic scenery, meeting with a "beautiful lady" on a horse, who has a saddled horse with her. She invites him for a ride. He rides with her full of joy through the magnificent landscape. They come to a beautiful country house, where the lady lives. She invites him to relax at the sofa. As he lies down, she approaches him with a whip and says: "You keep lying here and will never get up!" (Information from his wife.) / At the beginning of March he turned over in his car. Remarkably the other three passengers were unharmed. Only in his case a tiny fragment of glass had entered his arteria radialis at his wrist. A somewhat incompetent country doctor stitched his wound. Following this gangrenous phlegmon and death. / His friend E. Str. told me, that she had dreamed three weeks before his death (hence before his accident), that H. Sch. would die in the flames of a fire (φλεγμουή). In Artemidorus, a son dreams that he saw his father perish in a burning house. Three days later he himself died of a feverish disease.

In 1936 Jung discussed the work of Artemidorus (second century CE) on dreams: C.G. Jung, *Dream Interpretation Ancient and Modern: Notes from*

the Seminar Given in 1936–1941, ed. John Peck, Lorenz Jung, and Maria Meyer-Gross (Princeton: Princeton University Press/Philemon Series, 2014).

278. Saturday.
279. "Ta Yu" in the English translation. We have adopted Cary Baynes's translation of Richard Wilhelm's "Der Besitz von Grossem." This consists of two trigrams, "above, Li, the clinging, flame. Below, Ch'ien, the creative, heaven." "The fire in heaven above shines far and all things stand out in the light and become manifest. The weak fifth line occupies the place of honor, and all the strong lines are in accord with it. All things come to the man who is modest and kind in a high position" (*The I Ching or Book of Changes*, trans. Richard Wilhelm and Cary Baynes [Princeton: Princeton University Press/Bollingen Series, 1979], pp. 59–60).
280. Sunday.
281. In 1954–55 Jung wrote, "*the experience of the self means a defeat of the I*" (*Mysterium Conuinctionis*, *CW* 14, § 778).
282. That is, the strange man.
283. Wednesday/Thursday. Jung saw two patients on the first day and one on the next.
284. In English in the original.
285. Hexagram 21 of the *I Ching*, "Shih Ho," "Biting through" in the English translation. This consists of two trigrams, "above, LI, the clinging, fire. Below, Chên, the arousing, thunder." "This hexagram represents an open mouth (cf. Hexagram 27) with an obstruction (in the fourth place) between the teeth. As a result the lips cannot meet. To bring them together one must bite energetically through the obstacle. Since the hexagram is made up of the trigrams for thunder and for lightning, it indicates how obstacles are forcibly removed in nature. Energetic biting through overcomes the obstacle that prevents joining of the lips; the storm with its thunder and lightning overcomes the disturbing tension in nature. Recourse to law and penalties overcomes the disturbances of harmonious social life caused by criminals and slanderers. The theme of this hexagram is a criminal lawsuit, in contradistinction to that of Sung, Conflict, 6, which refers to civil suits" (*The I Ching*, p. 86).
286. Hans Eduard Fierz (1882–1953), professor of chemistry at the ETH, Zürich, and husband of Linda Fierz-David, an analyst and a student of Jung's. In 1933, Jung traveled with him on the Aegean Sea and they visited Palestine together. See Martin Liebscher, introduction, *Analytical Psychology in Exile: The Correspondence of C.G. Jung and Erich Neumann* (Princeton: Princeton University Press/Philemon Series, 2015), and Andreas Jung, "Carl Jung and Hans Fierz in Palestine and Egypt," pp. 131–34.
287. A dog that originally belonged to Jung's patient Charles Aldrich (1877–1933). Aldrich gave him to Jung when he returned to California. On January 5, 1931, Jung wrote to Aldrich, "Joggi is in excellent health and keeps on

being the most delightful companion. For New Year's Eve I performed the rule [rite?] you obviously often have taught him, namely I made a parcel of a rich meal of mutton chops and brought it home to him in your memory. I talked English with him in order to bring back happy childhood souvenirs to his actual consciousness" (*Letters* 1, p. 80). Elizabeth Shipley Sargeant noted, "Yoggi, the Doctor's special intimate, always manages to slide into the upstairs study behind the visitor, to take his silent, attentive share in the conversation" ("Doctor Jung: A Portrait," *C.G. Jung Speaking*, p. 66). Jung wrote a foreword to Aldrich's *The Primitive Mind in Modern Civilization (*London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner and Co., 1931).

Acknowledgments

The Philemon Foundation thanks all its donors—in particular, former president Judith Harris—for making this edition possible. As co-president of the Foundation from 2009 and president since 2012, she enabled and sustained the project. I thank her and Tony Woolfson for their commitment to Jung's unpublished works and my editing of them. The Philemon Foundation thanks Kennon McKee for a valuable donation to this project.

This project had a long gestation before formally starting. In the summer of 2000 I started studying Jung's *Black Books*, in the context of editing *The Red Book: Liber Novus*. I reiterate my thanks to those acknowledged there, for that formed the prerequisite for the commencement of this edition. *The Black Books* and *Liber Novus* are two parts of an interconnected unpublished manuscript corpus, and publication of *The Black Books* marks the completion of work begun then.

"What do we do now?" Jim Mairs asked me in the autumn of 2009, on the publication of *Liber Novus*. I suggested *The Black Books*, then on public display for the first time in the Rubin Museum in New York. The Philemon Foundation took on the project. I thank the then board of the Philemon Foundation—co-presidents Nancy Furlotti and Judith Harris, Tom Charlesworth, Gilda Frantz, Jim Hollis, Julie Sgarzi, and the late Eugene Taylor—as well as later board members Ann Blake, Royce Froehlich, Michael Marsman, Audrey Punnett, Richard Skues, Craig Stephenson, Janet Tatum, and Caterina Vezzoli. In 2010, Jim Mairs convinced W. W. Norton to take

on the project, and after the Foundation of the Works of C.G. Jung agreed to it, work got under way in late 2012.

On examining *The Black Books* in 2010, Jim Mairs sketched an illustration of how he envisaged this edition, in his inimitable way. In 2016, with the editing and translation advancing, Jim passed away, and he is sorely missed. I thank his colleagues at W. W. Norton—in particular, Elisabeth Kerr, who took over this complex project and saw it safely through to publication. The edition has been finely designed, laid out, and typeset by Laura Lindgren; once more, it has been a pleasure and instructive privilege to continue a collaboration that began with *C. G. Jung: A Biography in Books* and has advanced through *The Red Book: A Reader's Edition* and *Lament of the Dead*. I thank Janet Byrne for her meticulous copyediting and Charles Newman for his fine indexing.

I thank the Foundation of the Works of C.G. Jung for their collaboration, which has been essential to the project—in particular, Thomas Fischer and Ulrich Hoerni. I thank Andreas and Vreni Jung for their hospitality during numerous visits to consult Jung's library; Andreas Jung and Susanne Eggenberger-Jung for providing invaluable information from the Jung family archives; Thomas Fischer and Bettina Kaufmann for reviewing the introduction, notes, and translation; Susanne Hoerni for the first transcription of *The Black Books*; and Medea Hoch and Bettina Kaufmann for establishing a complete verified transcription. Final responsibility for the transcription is my own.

The Foundation of the Works of C.G. Jung thanks Ulrich Hoerni for all his work; Franz Jung for providing Ulrich Hoerni access to *The Black Books* in the mid-1990s, when the material was in the care of the Jung family archive; Andreas Jung for providing access to surrounding material from the family archive giving contextual information—in particular, Jung's dream book and mandala sketches.

I thank the Paul & Peter Fritz Agency and the Foundation of the Works of C.G. Jung for permission to cite from Jung's unpublished letters and manuscripts, and the Foundation of the Works of C.G. Jung and Robert Hinshaw for permission to cite from the Protocols for *Memories, Dreams, Reflections*.

I thank Dorothea and Felix Naeff for their hospitality, and Felix Naeff for permission to cite from Toni Wolff's diaries. I thank him and Jost Hoerni for discussion of these, and Ernst Falzeder for fine transcriptions of challenging scripts.

In 2015, the translation of the work commenced. I was joined by Martin Liebscher and once more by John Peck, which was invaluable in sustaining morale during the gestation of the project. The collaborative triadic process of translation, carrying over from one language to another, deepened my understanding of this at times head-scratching work: its editing has been critically enriched by our regular discussions of how to render this runic text into English.

I thank participants in a seminar that has been ongoing since 2011 on *Liber Novus* and the genesis of analytical psychology, which has provided an opportunity for deepened reflection and discussion.

I thank Liz Greene for discussion regarding Jung's astrological references, and Vicente de Moura for information regarding Maggie Reichstein.

At UCL, I thank Jo Wolff and Dilwyn Knox for support at crucial junctures, and James Wilson for collaboration in establishing and running the Health Humanities Centre.

My work on this edition would not have been possible without the continued support of Maggie Baron. I am also grateful for the longstanding kindness and encouragement of Pierre Keller.

At the beginning of *Liber Secundus* in *Liber Novus*, Jung wrote, "The door of the Mysterium has closed behind me." Long have I wished to echo this sentiment, which the bringing to fruition of this edition makes possible.

Abbreviations

CFB: Cary Baynes Papers, Contemporary Medical Archives, Wellcome Library, London.

CLM: Countway Library of Medicine, Harvard Medical School, Boston.

CW: *The Collected Works of C.G. Jung*, ed. Sir Herbert Read, Michael Fordham, Gerhard Adler; William McGuire, executive editor; trans. R. F. C. Hull (Princeton: Princeton University Press/Bollingen Series, 1953–1983), 21 vols.

Introduction to Jungian Psychology: C.G. Jung, *Introduction to Jungian Psychology: Notes of the Seminar on Analytical Psychology Given in 1925*, rev. ed., Sonu Shamdasani; original ed. William McGuire (Princeton: Princeton University Press/Philemon Series, 2012).

JA: C.G. Jung collection, History of Science Collections, Swiss Federal Institute of Technology Archive, Zürich.

JFA: Jung family archives.

Letters: *C.G. Jung Letters*, selected and edited by Gerhard Adler in collaboration with Aniela Jaffé; trans. R. F. C. Hull (Princeton: Princeton University Press/Bollingen Series, 1973, 1975), 2 vols.

LN: C.G. Jung, *The Red Book. Liber Novus. A Reader's Edition*, ed. Sonu Shamdasani; trans. Mark Kyburz, John Peck, and Sonu Shamdasani (New York and Zürich: W. W. Norton and the Foundation of the Works of C.G. Jung/Philemon Series, 2012).

Memories: C.G. Jung and Aniela Jaffé, *Memories, Dreams, Reflections*, trans. Richard and Clara Winston (London: Flamingo, 1962–1983).

MAP: Minutes of the Association for Analytical Psychology, Psychological Club, Zürich; original in German.

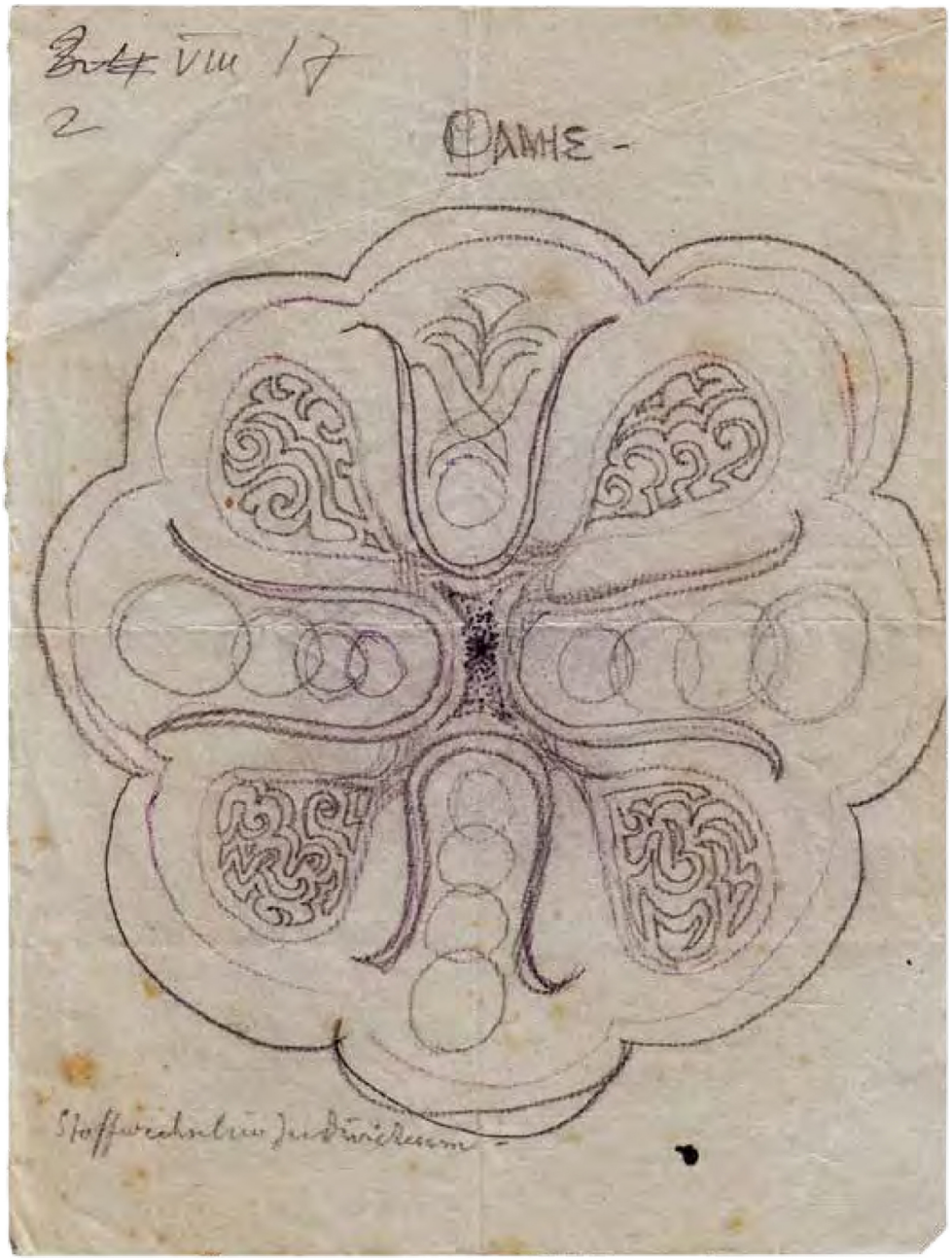
MP: *The Original Protocols for Memories, Dreams, Reflections*, C.G. Jung and Aniela Jaffé, ed. Sonu Shamdasani, with Robert Hinshaw and Thomas Fischer as consulting editors (Princeton: Princeton University Press/Philemon Series, forthcoming).

MZS: Minutes of the Zürich Psychoanalytical Society, Psychological Club, Zürich; original in German.

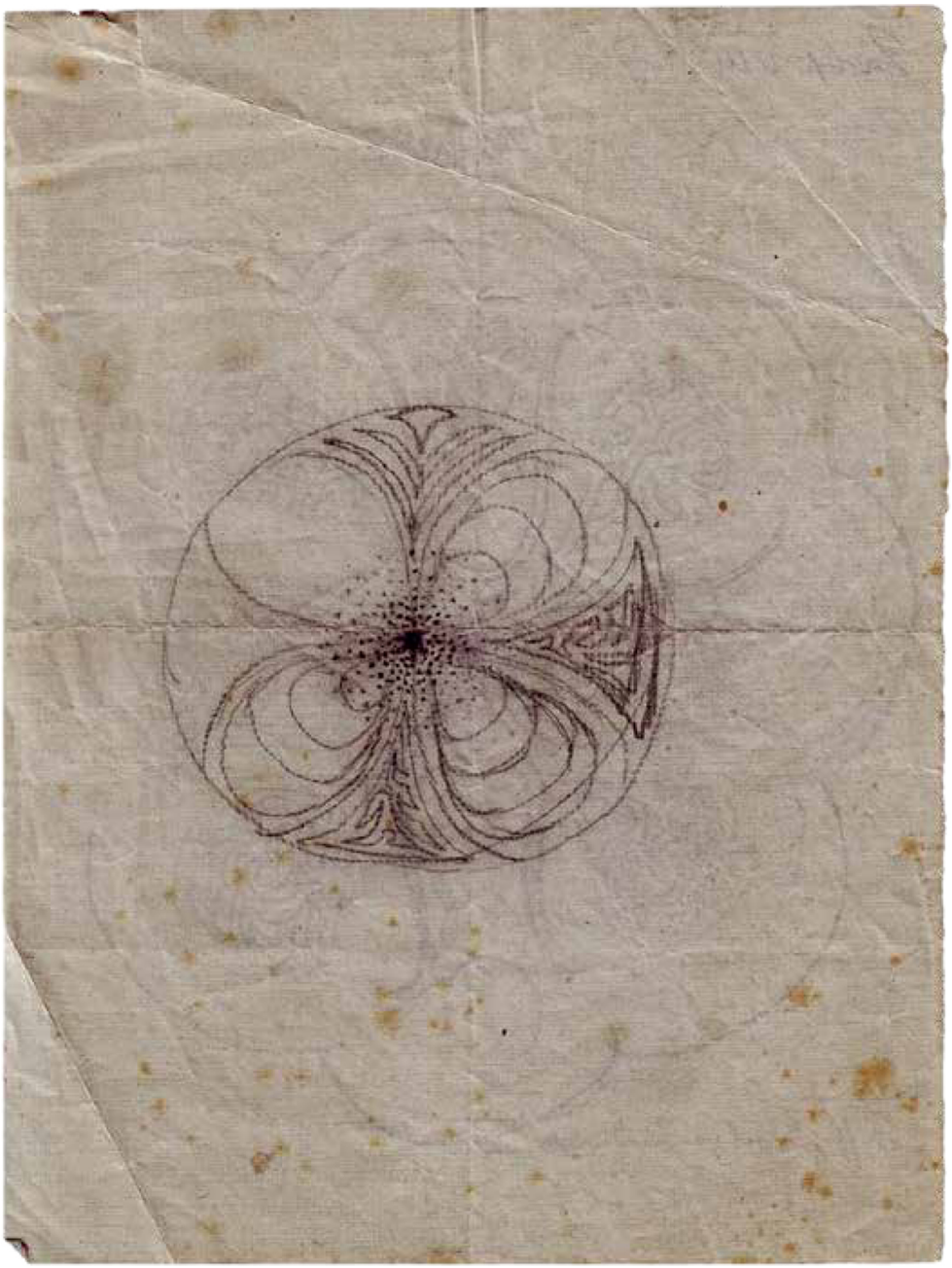
VS: C.G. Jung, *Visions: Notes of the Seminar Given in 1930–1934*, ed. Claire Douglas (Princeton: Princeton University Press/Bollingen Series, 1997).

ZS: C.G. Jung, *Nietzsche's Zarathustra: Notes of the Seminar given in 1934–49*, vol. 2, ed. James Jarrett (Princeton: Princeton University Press/Bollingen Series, 1988).

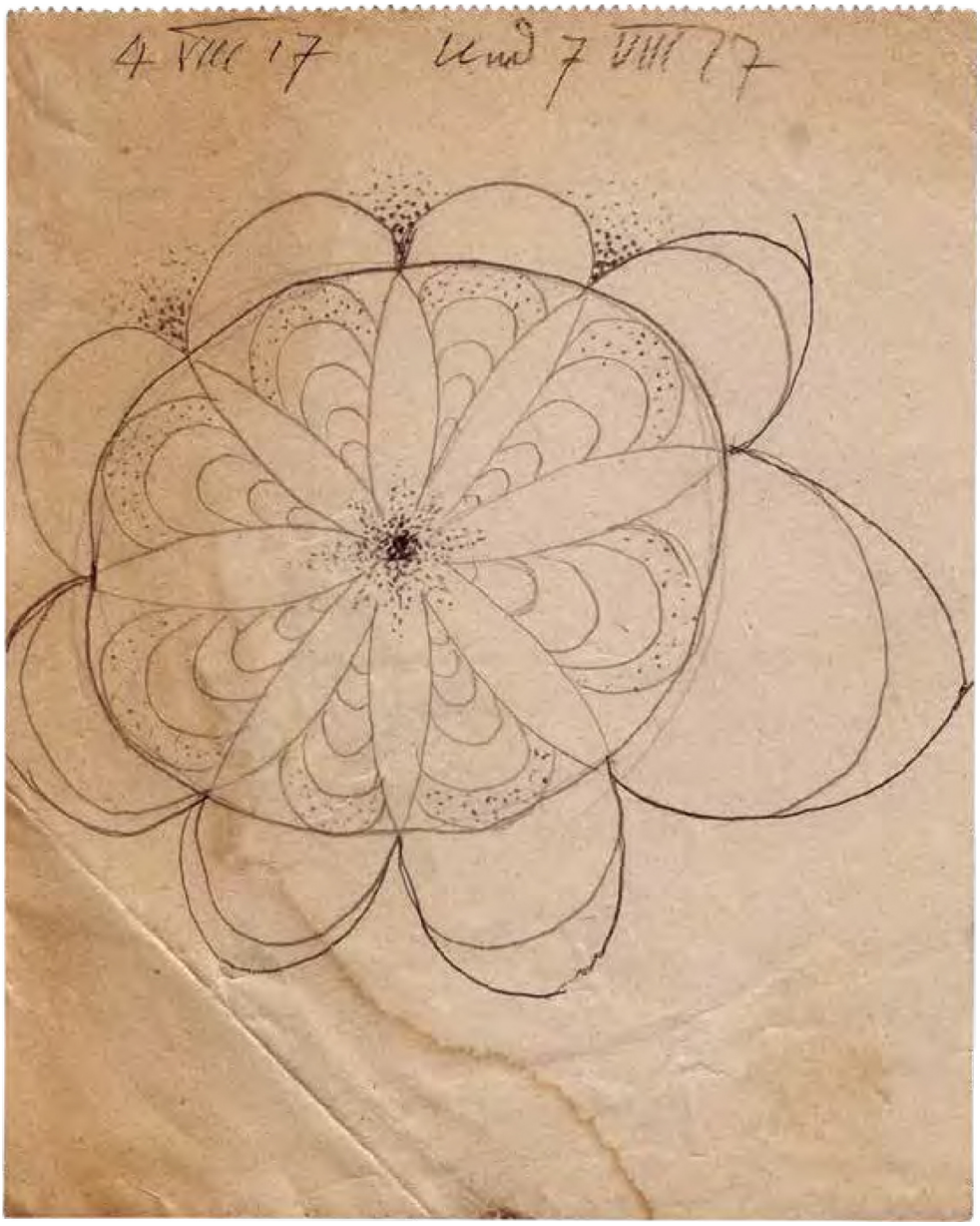
Appendix



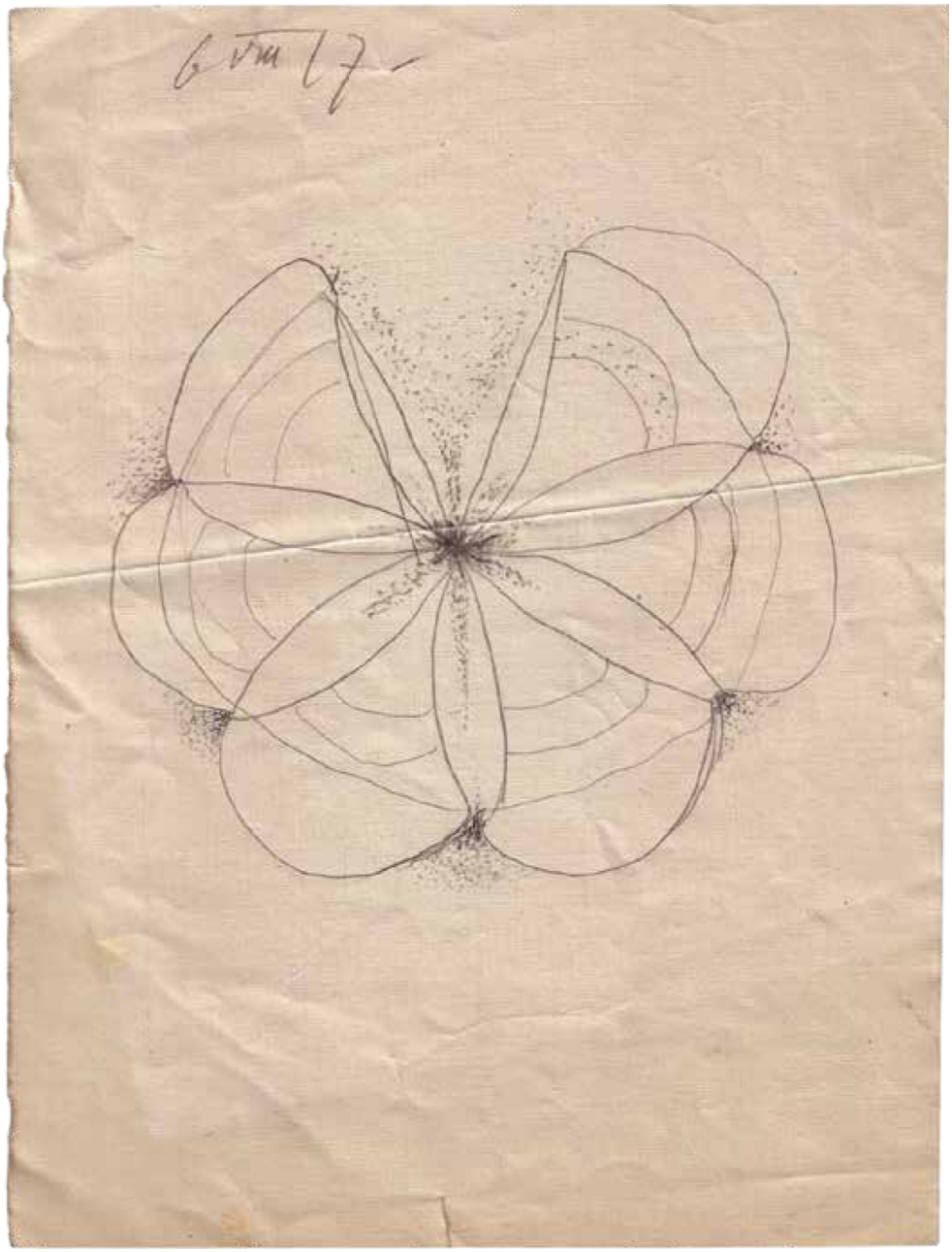
Mandala sketch 1 appears to be the first in the series of mandala sketches and is dated August 2, 1917. It is the basis for Image 80 in the calligraphic volume of *LN*. The legend at the top of the image is "ΦΑΝΗΣ" (Phanes). Legend at bottom: "Stoffwechsel in Individuum" (Metabolism in the Individual).



Mandala sketch 2 is the reverse of Mandala sketch 1.



Mandala sketch 3 is dated August 4 and 7, 1917, and and is the basis for Image 82 in the calligraphic volume of *LN*.



Mandala sketch 4 is dated August 6, 1917.

Systema Mundi Totius. In 1955, Jung's *Systema Mundi Totius* was published anonymously in a special issue of *Du* dedicated to the Eranos conferences. In a letter of February 11, 1955, to Walter Corti, Jung explicitly stated that he did not want his name to appear on it (*JA)*. He added the following comments to the painting:

It portrays the antinomies of the microcosm within the macrocosmic world and its antinomies. At the very top, the figure of the young boy in the winged egg, called Erikapaios or Phanes and thus reminiscent as a spiritual figure of the Orphic Gods. His dark antithesis in the depths is here designated as Abraxas. He represents the *dominus mundi*, the lord of the physical world, and is a world-creator of an ambivalent nature. Sprouting from him we see the tree of life, labeled *vita* ("life") while its upper counterpart is a light-tree in the form of a seven-branched candelabra labeled *ignis* ("fire") and *Eros* ("love"). Its light points to the spiritual world of the divine child. Art and science also belong to this spiritual realm, the first represented as a winged serpent and the second as a winged mouse (as hole-digging activity!).—The candelabra is based on the principle of the spiritual number three (twice-three flames with one large flame in the middle), while the lower world of Abraxas is characterized by five, the number of natural man (the twice-five rays of his star). The accompanying animals of the natural world are a devilish monster and a larva. This signifies death and rebirth. A further division of the mandala is horizontal. To the left we see a circle indicating the body or the blood, and from it rears the serpent, which winds itself around the phallus, as the generative principle. The serpent is dark and light, signifying the dark realm of the earth, the moon, and the void (therefore called Satanas). The light realm of rich fullness lies to the right, where from the bright circle *frigus sive amor dei* [cold, or the love of God] the dove of the Holy Ghost takes wing, and wisdom (*Sophia*) pours from a double beaker to left and right.—This feminine sphere is that of heaven.—The large sphere characterized by zigzag lines or rays represents an inner sun; within this sphere the macrocosm is repeated, but with the upper and lower regions reversed as in a mirror. These repetitions should be conceived of as endless in number, growing even smaller until the innermost core, the actual microcosm, is reached (reproduced in Aniela Jaffé, ed., *C.G. Jung, Word and Image* [Princeton: Princeton University Press/Bollingen Series, 1979], p. 75).

Systema mundi totius.

Image 72, *LN*

In 1930, Jung anonymously reproduced this image in "Commentary on *The Secret of the Golden Flower*" as a mandala painted by a male patient during treatment. He reproduced it again in 1952 in "Concerning Mandala Symbolism" and wrote:

Picture by a middle-aged man. In the center is a star. The blue sky contains golden clouds. At the four cardinal points we see human figures: at the top, an old man in the attitude of contemplation; at the bottom, Loki or Hephaestus with red, flaming hair, holding in his hands a temple. To the right and left are a light and dark female figure. Together they indicate four aspects of the personality, or four archetypal figures belonging, as it were, to the periphery of the self. The two female figures can be recognized without difficulty as the two aspects of the anima. The old man corresponds to the archetype of meaning, or of the spirit, and the dark chthonic figure to the opposite of the Wise Old Man, namely the magical (and sometimes destructive) Luciferian element. In alchemy it is Hermes Trismegistus versus Mercurius, the evasive "trickster." The circle enclosing the sky contains structures or organisms that look like protozoa. The sixteen globes painted in four colors just outside the circle derived originally from an eye motif and therefore stand for the observing and discriminating consciousness. Similarly, the ornaments in the next circle, all opening inwards, are rather like vessels pouring out their content toward the centre. [Fn: There is a similar conception in alchemy, in the Ripley Scrowle and its variants (*Psychology and Alchemy*, fig. 257). There it is the planetary Gods who are pouring their qualities into the bath of rebirth.] On the other hand the ornaments along the rim open outward, as if to receive something from outside. That is, in the individuation process what were originally projections stream back "inside" and are integrated into the personality again. Here, in contrast to Figure 25, "Above" and "Below," male and female, are integrated, as in the alchemical hermaphrodite (*CW* 9, pt. 1, § 682).

The figure at the top is Philemon and the figure at the bottom is Ka.

Image 105, *LN*

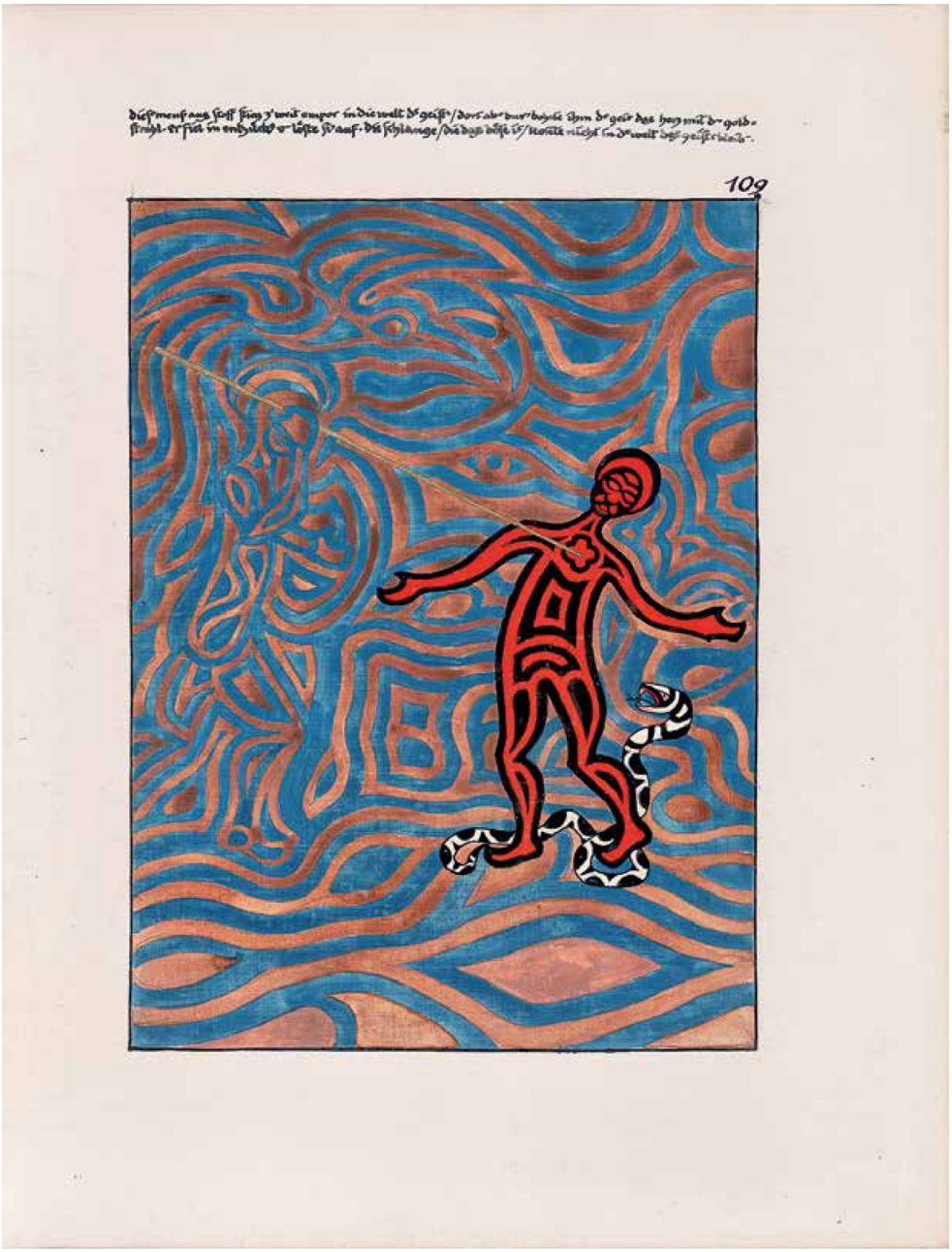


Image 109, *LN*. The legend reads: "This man of matter rises up too far in the world of the spirit, there the spirit bores through his heart with the golden ray. He falls with joy and disintegrates. The serpent, who is the evil one, could not remain in the world of the spirit."

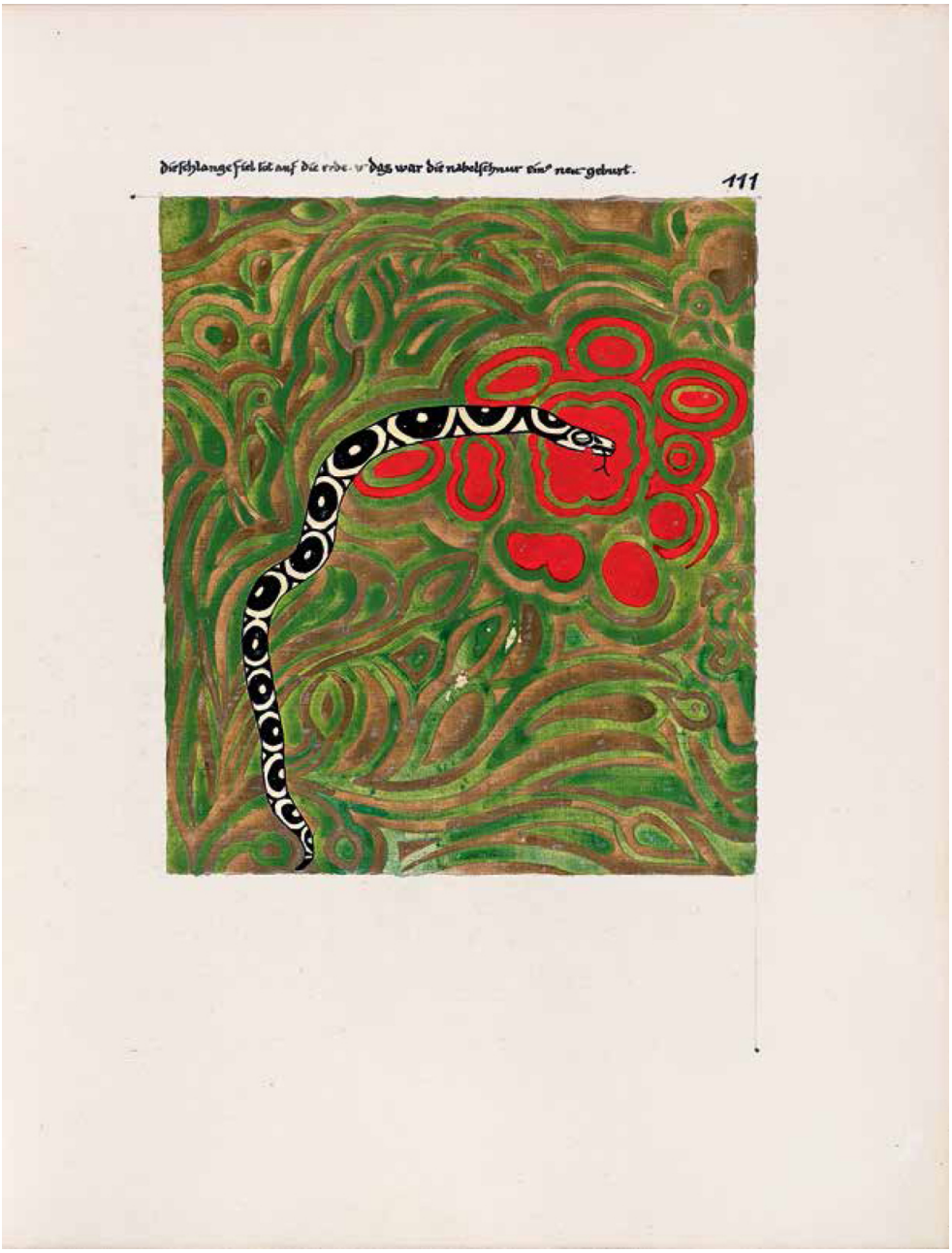


Image 111, *LN*. The legend reads: "The serpent fell dead onto the earth. And that was the umbilical cord of a new birth."

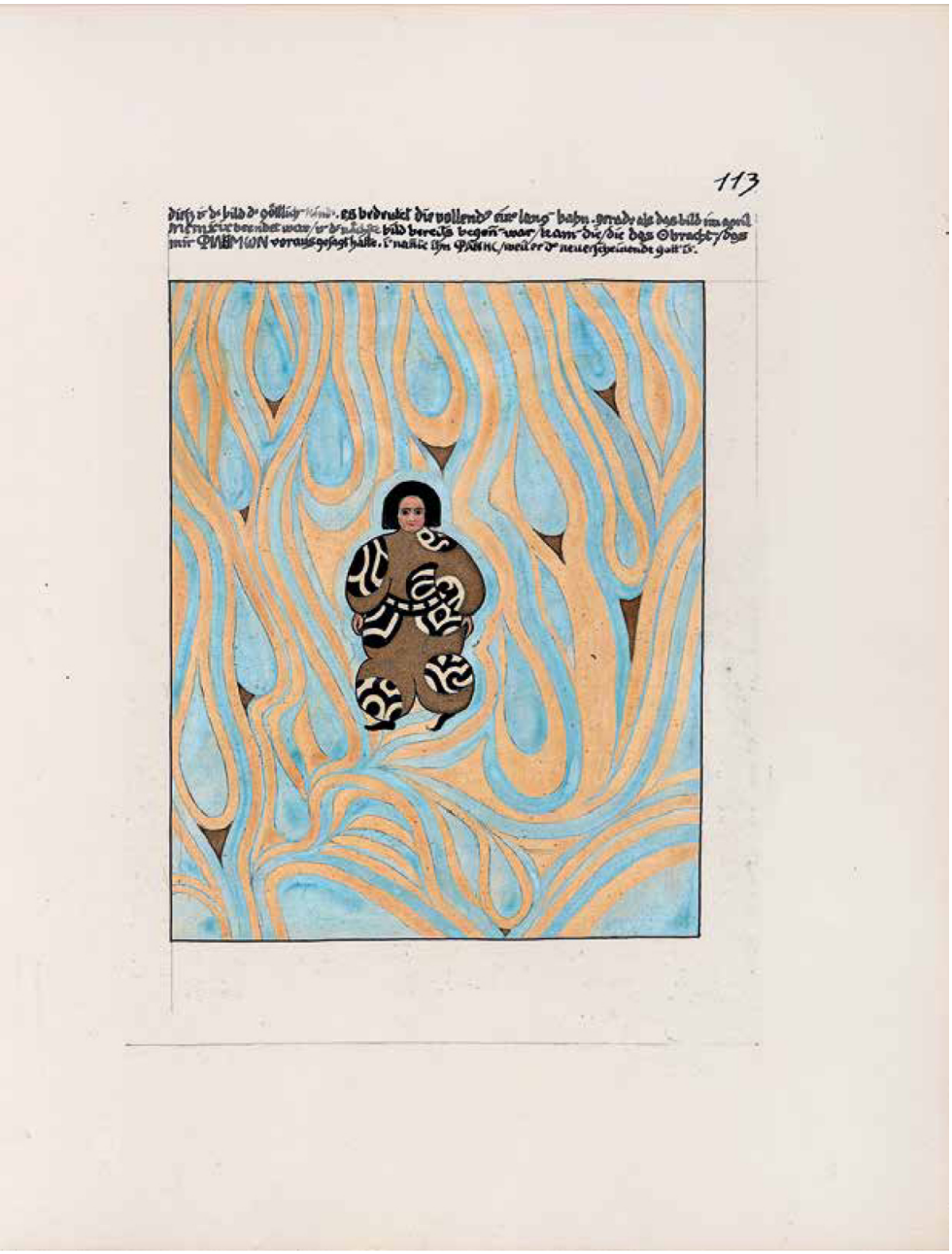


Image 113, *LN*. The legend reads: "This is the image of the divine child. It means the completion of a long path. Just as the image was finished in April 1919, and work on the next image had already begun, the one who brought the Θ came, as ΦΙΛΗΜΩΝ [PHILEMON] had predicted to me. I called him ΦΑΝΗΣ [PHANES], because he is the newly appearing God."

Image 117, *LN*. Text in image: ATMAVICTU; iuvenis adiutor (a youthful supporter); ΤΕΛΕΣΦΟΡΟΣ (TELESPHORUS); spiritus malus in hominibus quibusdam (evil spirit in some men). The legend reads: "The dragon wants to eat the sun and the youth beseeches him not to. But he eats it nevertheless."

Image 119, *LN*. The legend reads: "The accursed dragon has eaten the sun, its belly is being cut open and he must now hand over the gold of the sun, together with his blood. This is the turning back of Atmavictu, of the old one. He who destroyed the proliferating green covering is the youth who helped me to kill Siegfried."

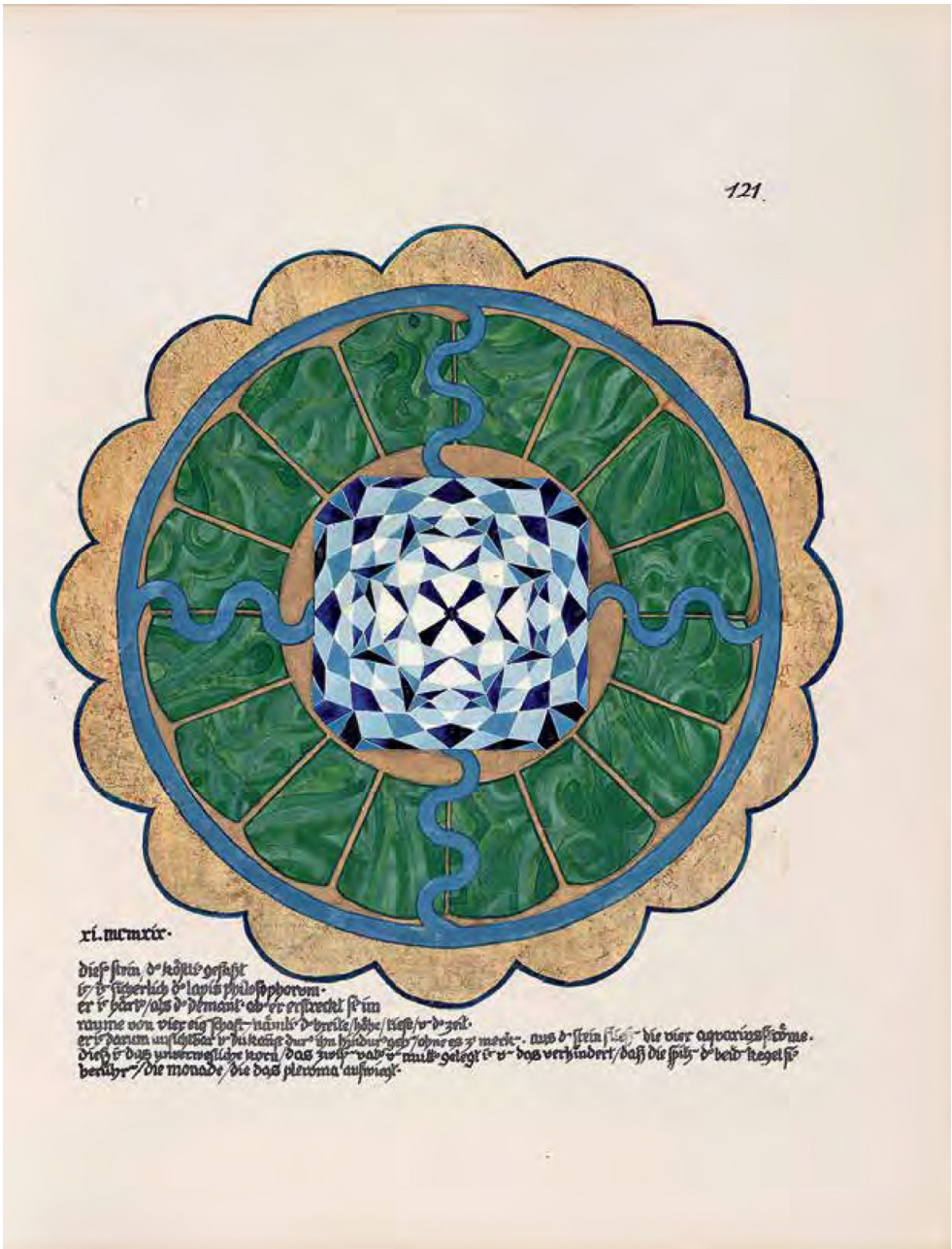


Image 121, *LN*. The legend reads: "XI. MCMXIX. [11.1919] This stone, set so beautifully, is certainly the Lapis Philosophorum. It is harder than diamond. But it expands into space through four distinct qualities, namely breadth, height, depth, and time. It is hence invisible and you can pass through it without noticing it. The four streams of Aquarius flow from the stone. This is the incorruptible seed that lies between the father and the mother and prevents the

heads of both cones from touching; it is the monad that countervails the Pleroma.”

Ka, ca. 1920 Carved wood, painted 21 × 4 × 4 cm (8¼ × 1 9/16 × 1 9/16 in.) *JFA*

Image 122, *LN*. The legend reads: "4 December MCMXIX [1919]. This is the back side of the gem. He who is in the stone has this shadow. This is Atmavictu, the old one, after he has withdrawn from the creation. He has returned to endless history, where he took his beginning. Once more he became stony residue, having completed his creation. In the form of Izdubar he has outgrown man and delivered ΦΙΛΗΜΩΝ and Ka from him. ΦΙΛΗΜΩΝ gave the stone, Ka the Θ."

Image 123, *LN*. The legend reads: "IV Jan, MCMXX [1920]. This is the caster of holy water. The Cabiri grow out of the flowers that spring from the body of the dragon. Above is the temple."

Image 125, *LN*

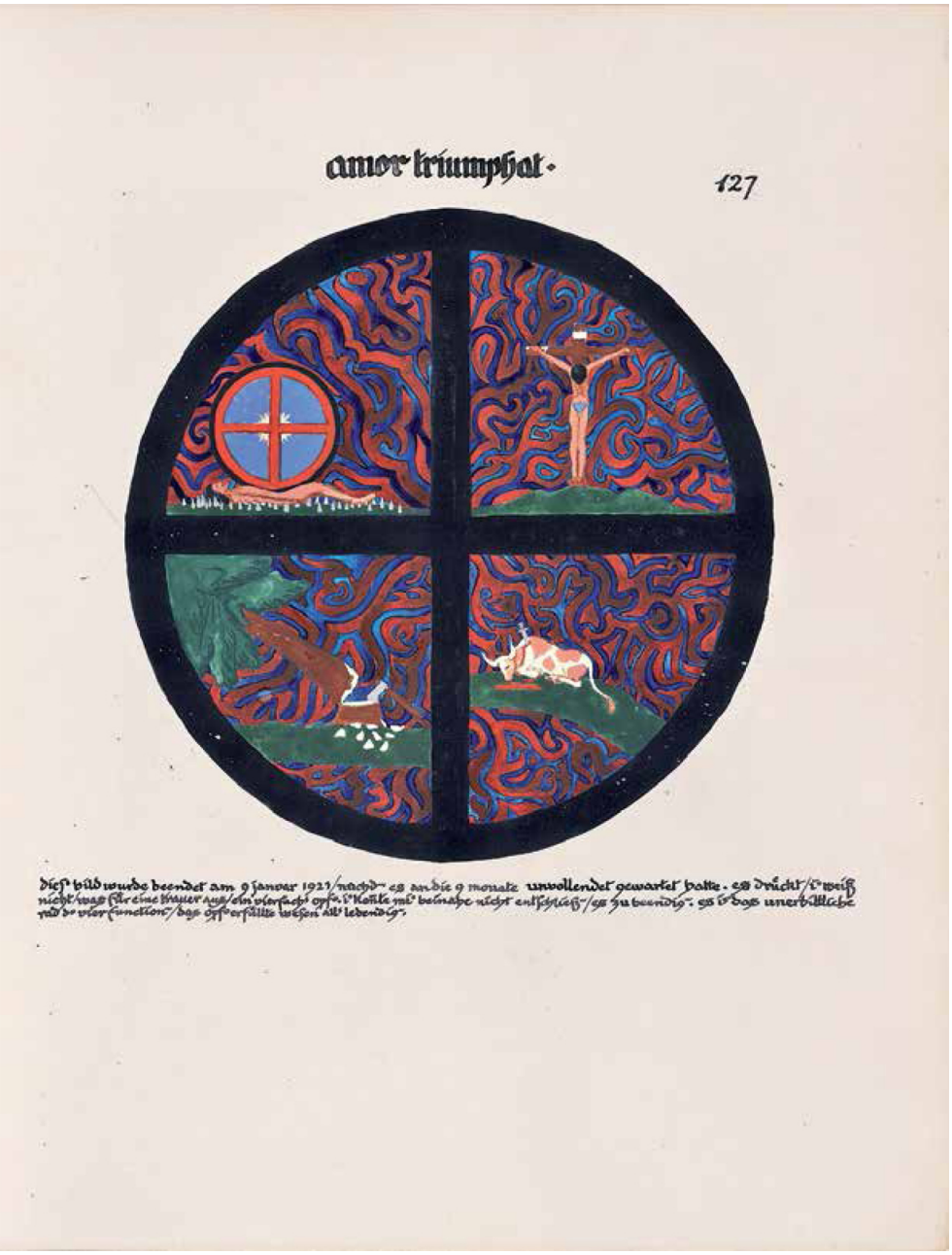


Image 127, *LN*. The legend at the top reads: "Amor triumphat" (Love triumphs). The legend at the bottom reads: "This image was completed on 9 January 1921, after it had waited incomplete for 9 months. It expresses I know not what kind of grief, a fourfold sacrifice. I could almost choose not to finish it. It is the inexorable wheel of the four functions, the essence of all living beings imbued with sacrifice."

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Image 154, *LN*. Marginal comment: “The bhagavadgita says: whenever there is a decline of the law and an increase of iniquity, then I put forth myself. For the rescue of the pious and for the destruction of the evildoers, for the establishment of the law I am born in every age.” The citation is from chapter 4, verses 7–8, of the *Bhagavad Gita*. Krishna is instructing Arjuna concerning the nature of truth.

Image 159, *LN*. Jung anonymously reproduced this in 1929 in "Commentary on *The Secret of the Golden Flower*" and reproduced it again in 1952, adding the following commentary: "The rose in the center is depicted as a ruby, its outer ring being conceived as a wheel or a wall with gates (so that nothing can come out from inside or go in from outside). The mandala was a spontaneous product from the analysis of a male patient." After narrating the patient's dream, Jung added:

> The dreamer went on: "I tried to paint this dream. But as so often happens, it came out rather different. The magnolia turned into a sort of rose made of ruby-colored glass. It shone like a four-rayed star. The square represents the wall of the park and at the same time a street leading round the park in a square. From it there radiate eight main streets, and from each of these eight side-streets, which meet in a shining red central point, rather like the Étoile in Paris. The acquaintance mentioned in the dream lived in a house at the corner of one of these stars." The mandala thus combines the classic motifs of flower, star, circle, precinct (temenos), and plan of city divided into quarters with citadel. "The whole thing seemed like a window opening on to eternity," wrote the dreamer ("Concerning Mandala Symbolism," *CW* 9, pt. 1, §§ 654–55).

In 1955–56, Jung used a similar expression, " 'window' opening on to eternity," to denote the illustration of the self (*Mysterium Coniunctionis*, *CW* 14, § 763).

On October 7, 1932, Jung showed this mandala in a seminar and commented on it the next day. In this account, he states that the painting of the mandala *preceded* the dream:

> You remember possibly the picture that I showed you last evening, the central stone and the little jewels round it. It is perhaps interesting if I tell you about the dream in connection with it. I was the perpetrator of that mandala at a time when I had not the slightest idea what a mandala was, and in my extreme modesty I thought, I am the jewel in the center and those little lights are surely very nice people who believe that they are also jewels, but smaller ones. . . . I thought very well of myself that I was able to express myself like that: my marvelous center here and I am right in my heart.

He added that at first he did not recognize that the park in the dream was the same one he had depicted in the mandala, and commented: "Now Liverpool is the center of life—liver is the center of life—and I am not the center, I am the fool who lives in a dark place somewhere, I am one of those little side lights. In that way my Western prejudice that I was the center of the mandala was corrected—that I am everything, the whole show, the king, the god"

(*The Psychology of Kundalini Yoga*, ed. Sonu Shamdasani, p. 100). In *Memories*, Jung added further details (pp. 223–24).

Jung anonymously reproduced this in 1929 in "Commentary on *The Secret of the Golden Flower*." He reproduced it again in 1952, in "Concerning Mandala Symbolism," and added the following commentary:

> Painting of a medieval city with walls and moats, streets and churches, arranged quadratically. The inner city is again surrounded by walls and moats, like the Imperial City in Peking. The buildings all open inward, toward the center, represented by a castle with a golden roof. It too is surrounded by a moat. The ground round the castle is laid with black and white tiles, representing the united opposites. This mandala was done by a middle-aged man. . . . A picture like this is unknown in Christian symbolism. The Heavenly Jerusalem of Revelation is known to everybody. Coming to the Indian world of ideas, we find the city of Brahma on the world mountain, Meru. We read in the *Golden Flower*: "The *Book of the Yellow Castle* says: 'In the square inch field of the square foot house, life can be regulated.' The square foot house is the face. The square inch field in the face: what could that be other than the heavenly heart? In the middle of the square inch dwells the splendor. In the purple hall of the city of Jade dwells the God of Utmost Emptiness and Life" (*CW* 9, pt. 1, § 691).

On this mandala, see John Peck, "The *Visio Dorothei*: Desert Context, Imperial Setting, Later Alignments: Studies in the Dreams and Visions of Saint Pachomius and Dorotheus, Son of Quintus" (thesis, C.G. Jung Institute, Zürich, 1992), pp. 183–85.

Image 163, *LN*. The legend reads: "1928. When I painted this image, which showed the well-fortified golden castle, Richard Wilhelm sent me from Frankfurt the thousand-year-old Chinese text

of the golden castle, the embryo of the immortal body. *Ecclesia catholic et protestantes et seclusi in secreto. Aeon finitus*." (The Catholic Church and the Protestants and those secluded in secret. The end of an eon.)

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